Henry W. Walker.
from his sister L.J.W.
Charleston, July 1830.
THE DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.
YES, MASTER OF THE HUMAN HEART! WE OWN
THY SOVEREIGN SWAY; AND BOW BEFORE THY THRONE.
AT THY COMMAND THE TUMULT ROLLS:
NOW PITY MELTS, NOW TERROR CHILLS OUR SOULS.
NOW, AS THOU WAVEST THY WIZARD-ROD, ARE SEEN
THE SAVES AND ELVES QUICK GLANCING OER THE GREEN.
AND, AS THE MOON HER PERFECT ORD DISPLAYS,
THE LITTLE PEOPLE SPARKLE IN HER RAYS.
THERE, MID THE LIGHTNING'S BLAZE, AND WHIRLWIND'S HOWL,
ON THE SCAFF'ED HEATH THE FATAL SISTERS SCOWL;
OR, AS HEL'S CALDERON BUBBLES OER THE FLAME,
PREPARE TO DO "A DEED WITHOUT A NAME."

HERE ARE THY WONDERS, NATURE'S DARLING BIRTH;
AND FAME EXULTING BEARS THY NAME OER EARTH.
THE

DRAMATICO WORKS

of

William Shakespeare;

With the Poems

Complaining of the Slights and Miseries

Sustained by the Poet, on Several Occasions, by a

Dramatist.

FIFTY ENGRAVINGS.

London,

CARLETON, MOTTENHAW.

1804.

REPRINTED.
THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakspeare.

PRINTED FROM THE TEXT OF THE
CORRECTED COPIES OF STEEVENS AND MALONE.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE POET, BY CHARLES SYMONS, D. D.

A GLOSSARY:

AND

FIFTY EMBELLISHMENTS.

CHISWICK:
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, COLLEGE HOUSE:
AND THOMAS WARDLE, 13, MINOR STREET.

N DCCXXVIII.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

BY CHARLES SYMONS, D.D.

walked on the high places of the earth; were conversant with courts; if he directed the movements of armies or of states, and thus held in his hand the fortunes and the lives of multitudes of his fellow-creatures, the interest, which he excites, will be immediate and strong; he stands as an example of the kind of man who, being possessed of many gifts, can do many good things, and who, therefore, is beloved by all who know him and who feel the power of his work. The man, who was a poet in mind, was a statesman in action.

By the grace of God, he was able to express himself in such a way as to touch the hearts of men. His thoughts were like the stars in the heavens, shining with a brilliance that can never fade away. He wrote with a pen that was immortal, and his words have become part of the language of the world.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford upon Avon; he married and had three children; that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town, was positively the only facts, in the personal history of this extraordinary man, of which we are certain possessed; and, if we should be solicitous to fill up this bare and most unsatisfactory outline, we must have recourse to the vague reports of unsubstantial tradition, or to the still more shadowy inference of lawless and vagabond conjecture. Of this remarkable ignorance of one of the most richly endowed and intelligent of the human species, who ran his mortal race in our own country, and who stands separated from us by no very great interval of time, the causes may not be difficult to be ascertained. William Shakspeare was an actor and a writer of plays; in neither of which characters, however he might excel in them, could he be lifted high in the estimation of his contemporaries. He was honored, indeed, with the friendship of nobles, and the patronage of monarchs; his theatre was frequented by the wit of the metropolis; and he associated with the most intellectual of his times. But the spirit of the age was against him; and, in opposition to it, he could not become the subject of any general or comprehensive interest. The nation, in short, knew little and cared less about him. During his life, and for some years after his death, interior draughts...
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LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BY CHARLES SYMONDS, D.D.

Whate'er any extraordinary display of human intellect has been made, there will human curiosity, at one period or the other, be busy to obtain some personal acquaintance with the distinguished mortal whom Heaven had been pleased to endow with a larger portion of its own ethereal energy. If the favoured man walked on the high places of the world; if he were conversant with courts; if he directed the movements of armies or of states, and thus held in his hand the fortunes and the lives of multitudes of his fellow-creatures, the interest, which he excites, will be immediate and strong: he stands on an eminence where he is the mark of many eyes; and dark and unscattered indeed must be the age in which the incidents of his eventful life will not be noted, and the record of them be preserved for the instruction or the entertainment of unborn generations. But if his course were through the vale of life: if he were unmingled with the factions and the contests of the great; if the powers of his mind were devoted to the silent pursuits of literature—to the converse of philosophy and the Muse, the possessor of the ethereal treasure may excite little of the attention of his contemporaries: may walk quietly, with a vell over his glories, to the grave; and, in other times, when the expansion of his intellectual greatness has filled the eyes of the world, it may be too late to inquire for his history as a man. The bright track of his genius indelibly remains; but the trace of his mortal footsteps is soon obliterated for ever. Homer is now only a name—a solitary name, which assures us, that, at some unaccounted period in the annals of mankind, a mighty mind was indulged to a human being, and gave its wondrous productions to the perpetual admiration of men, as they spring in succession in the path of time. Of Homer himself we actually know nothing; and we see only an arm of immense power thrust forth from a mass of impenetrable darkness, and holding up the hero of his song to the applause of never-dying fame. But it may be supposed that the revolution of, perhaps, thirty centuries has collected the crowd which then withdrew the father of poetry from our sight. Little more than two centuries has elapsed since William Shakespeare conversed with our tongue, and trod the selfsame soil with ourselves; and if it were not for the records kept by our Church in its registers of births, marriages, and burials, we should at this moment be as personally ignorant of the "sweet swan of Avon" as we are of the old minstrel and ringmaster of Meles. That William Shakespeare was born in Stratford upon Avon; that he married and had three children; that he wrote a certain number of dramas; that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town, we positively the only facts, in the personal history of this extraordinary man, of which we are certainly possessed; and, if we should be solicitous to fill up this bare and most unsatisfactory outline, we must have recourse to the vague reports of unsubstantial tradition, or to the still more shadowy inferences of lawless and vagabond conjecture. Of this remarkable eventuality of one of the most richly endowed with intellect of the human species, who ran his mortal race in our own country, and who stands separated from us by no very great interval of time, the causes may not be difficult to be ascertained. William Shak- speare was an actor and a writer of plays; in neither of which characters, however he might excel in them, could he be lifted high in the estimation of his contemporaries. He was ho- noured, indeed, with the friendship of nobles, and the patronage of monarchs: his theatre was frequented by the wit of the metropolis; and he was associated with the most intellectual of his times. But the spirit of the age was against him; and, in opposition to it, he could not become the subject of any general or comprehen- sive interest. The nation, in short, knew little, and cared less about him. During his life, and for some years after his death, inferior drama-
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ists outran him in the rare of popularity; and then the flood of puritan fanaticism swept him and the stage together into temporary oblivion. On the restoration of the monarchy and the theatre, the school of France perverted our taste, and it was not till the last century was somewhat advanced that William Shakspeare rose again, as it were, from the tomb, in all his proper majesty of light. He then became the subject of solicited and learned inquiry; but inquiry was then too late; and all that it could recover, from the ravage of time, were only a few human fragments, which could scarcely be united into a man. To these causes of our personal ignorance of the great bard of England, and on this address, I must add, the strange indifference of our country to the celebrity of genius. When he had produced his admirable works, ignorant or heedless of their value, he abandoned them with perfect indifference to oblivion or to fame. It seemed his thought that these should grow into the admiration of the world; and, without any reference to the curiosity of future ages, in which he could not conceive himself to possess an interest, he was contented to die in the arms of oblateness, a simple inhabitant of a provincial town; and Edmund, the youngest of the family, adopting the profession of an actor, resided in St. Saviour's-parish in London; and was buried in St. Saviour's Church on the last day of December, 1616, over his brother's grave, together with Richard, whose births interceded between those of Joan and Edmund, the parish register tells the whole history, when it records that the former was buried on the 4th of April, 1679, in the eighties of a previous year, and the latter on the 4th of February 1612-13, when he had nearly completed his thirty-ninth year.

In consequence of this monument, discovered in the year 1779, in the house in which, if tradition be to be trusted, our poet was born, sons have concluded that John Shakspeare was a Roman Catholic, though he had risen, by the regular gradation of office, to the chief dignity of the corporation of Stratford, that of high bailiff; and, of course, in conformity with this unquestionably conform to the rites of the Church of England. The asserted fact seems not to be very probable; and the document in question, which, drawn up in a testamentary form and registered accordingly, narrowly confines the Roman faith of him in whose name it speaks, having been subjected to a rigid examination by Malone, has been pronounced to be spurious. The trade of John Shakspeare, as well as his religious faith, has recently been the subject of controversy, and the testimony of Rowe, grounded on the tradition of Stratford, that his father of our Poet was a dealer in wool, or, in the provincial vocabulary of his country, a wool-dyer; and such he has been deemed by all the biographers of the fact was thrown into doubt by the result of the inquisition made by Mr. Scott, touching the records of the Sarl's court at Stratford, our John Shakspeare designated as a Glover, in the Sussex results over the ignorance of poor Rowe, and assumes no small degree of merit to himself, the discoverer of a long sought and a most important historic truth. If he had recollected the remark of the clown in the Twelfth Night, "that a sentence is but a cheverel glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outwards!" he would, doubtless, have pressed the observation into his service, and brought it as an irrefutable argument of the vanity of his old MS.

Whatever may have been the trade of John Shakspeare, whether that of wool-merchant or of glover, it seems, with the little fortune of his wife, to have placed him in a state of easy comfort. In 1590 or 1576, in consequence partly of his alliance with the Ardens, and partly of his attainment of the prime municipal honours of his town, he obtained a concession of arms from the herald's office, which confirmed him and his family on the title of the gentry of England; and, in 1574, he purchased two houses, with gardens and orchards annexed to them, in Henley Street in Stratford. But before the year 1573, his property in cases not now

William Shakspeare, or Shakspeare, (for the floating orthography of the name is properly and accurately Shakespeare) of the family of Arden (one of these vassal-entities) was baptized in the church of Stratford upon Avon, as is ascertained by the parish register, on the 26th of April 1564; and he is said to have been born on the 23rd of the same month, the day consecrated to the tutelary saint of England. His parents, John and Mary Shakspeare, were not of equal rank in the community; for the former was only a respectable tradesman, whose ancestors cannot be traced into antiquity, whilst the latter belonged to an ancient and opulent house in the county of Warwick, being the youngest daughter of Robert Arden of Wilverley, lord of the Manor of Ardencote, Warwickshire (as it is written in all the old deeds,) was of considerable antiquity and importance, some of them having served as high sheriffs of their county, and two of them (Sir John Arden and his nephew, the gentleman of Mr. Shakspeare), having enjoyed such a station of honour in the personal establishment of Henry VII. The younger of these Ardens was made, by his sovereign, keeper of the park of Alderca and baron of the wardenship of Crockford. He obtained, also, from the crown a valuable grant in the lease of the manor of Yoxall in Staffordshire, consisting of more than 4,000 acres, at a rent of 60 13s. 4d. in money. The freehold consisted of a house and fifty-four acres of land; and, as far as it appears, it was the first piece of landed property which was ever possessed by the Shakspeare family. Of this marriage the offspring was four sons and four daughters; of whom Joan (or, according to the orthography of that time, Josc,) and Margaret, the eldest of the children, died in infancy and one at a somewhat more advanced age; and Gilbert, whose birth immediately succeeded that of our Poet, is supposed by some not to have reached his majority, and by others to have attained to considerable longevity. Joan, the eldest of the four remaining children, and named after her deceased sister, married William Tuchard of a small estate in Stratford; and Edmund, the youngest of the family, adopting the profession of an actor, resided in St. Saviour's parish in London; and was buried in St. Saviour's Church on the last day of December, 1616, over his brother's grave, together with Richard, whose births interceded between those of Joan and Edmund, the parish register tells the whole history, when it records that the former was buried on the 4th of April, 1679, in the eighties of a previous year, and the latter on the 4th of February 1612-13, when he had nearly completed his thirty-ninth year.
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unattainable, had certainly declined; for in that year, as we find from the records of his borough, he was excommunicated, in consequence to his poverty, from the moiety of a very moderate assessment of six shillings and eightpence, made by the members of the corporation on themselves; at the same time that he was altogether exempted from his contribution to the relief of the poor. During the remaining years of his life, his fortunes appear not to have recovered themselves; for he ceased to attend the meetings of the corporation half, where he had once presided; and, in 1596, another person was substituted as alderman in his place, in consequence of his having been unfitted to hold the whole population of the place. But the favoured infant reposed in security in his crib, and breathed hence amid the atmosphere of poverty. The Genius of England may be supposed to have held the arm of the destroyer, and not to have permitted it to fall on the consecrated dwelling of his and Nature's darling. The disease made his last illness the charmers threshold; for the name of Shakespeare is not to be found in the register of deaths throughout that period of accelerated mortality. That he survived this decimating calamity of his townsmen, is indeed a miracle. Nobody was more likely than Shakespeare from the day of his birth till he was sent, as we are informed by Rowe, to the free-school or Stratford; and was stationed there in the course of his education, till, in consequence of the strictness of the religious order of the time, his father,征收 recalled to the paternal roof. As we are not told at what age he was sent to school, we cannot form any estimate of the time during which he remained there. But if he was placed under his master who had previously taught Shakespeare, he might have acquired, in a state of instruction for seven or even for eight years, a term sufficiently long for any boy, and sufficient to acquire something more than the mere elements of the classical language. In 1571, however, notices in these instances to speak with any confidence on the subject: and we can only assert that seven or eight of the fourteen years, which intervened between the birth of our Poet in 1564 and the known period of his demised fame in 1578, might very properly have been given in the advantages of the free-school. But what is to be done? It is to be asked: What were the attainments of our young Shak- speare? We can only enquire of those who, in his own statement, state with great confidence that he remained in his single state, has not been told to us, and cannot therefore at this period be known. But in the absence of information, it cannot be conjectured that he would be busy; and will soon cover the base desires with no other sentiment. Whilst Malone surmises that the young Poet passed the interval, till his marriage, or a large portion of it, at Stratford or some neighboring town, and that during this period Shakespeare cultivated the art of the actor, and that Malory mentions that he remained there during the same time at the head of the country. But the histories of Malory are not universally happy; and the assertions of Aubrey I am not disposed to attach more weight to, as they are not derived from a direct authority. If the head of a wife made it convenient for him to converse with a separate habitation, it is reasonable to conclude that a mind like his, ardent, and experi- ence, and "all compact of imagination," would not be patient of such a subject. But he would obtain knowledge wherever it could be, and not from the stores of the village, from those of the ancient and religious, which were deposited in the hands of the writers of his own country.
In 1595, before he had completed his eighteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter, as Rowe informs us, of a substantial yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford. We are unacquainted with the precise period of their marriage, and with the church in which it was solemnized, for in the register of Stratford there is no record of the event; and we are made certain to believe, from the action taken by it in the community, we may conclude that he was induced to it by inclination, and the impulse of love. But then it is poet's dream of happiness does not seem to have been realized by the couple: The building was spent, and not only the bridge-room; and whatever charms she might possess to fascinate the eyes of her boylover, are probably to a great extent in those powers which are requisite to impose a durable fetter on the heart, and to raise up a 'mind of the very highest order. No charge is intimated against the lady: but she is said to have been living in Stratford, and in consequence having his residence in the metropolis; and on her death, she is found to be only slightly and, as it were, carelessly remembered by his will. Her second pregnancy, which was prodigative of twins, (but she reared only one, born on the 25th of January, 1563-4), terminated her pride as a mother; and we know nothing more respecting her than the events of her short life, which was more than seven years, she was buried on the 9th of August, 1561, being, as we are told by the inscription on her tomb, of the age of sixty-seven. Respecting the habits of life, or the occupation of his youth, we know nothing certain, by which we may determine his sub stance, or even the place of his residence, subsequently to his marriage, not a floating syllable has been wafted to us by tradition for the gratification of our curiosity; and the history of his manhood is a perfect blank till the occurrence of an event, which drove him from his native town, and gave his wonderful intellect to the world, instead of its full stature on the earth. From the frequent allusions in his writings to the elegies he has been supposed that this, possibly, might be one of his amusements: and nothing can be more probable than the freshness of his life, and the fixed habitation in the country, than his strong and earnest attachment to all the purposes of field. As a sportsman, in his rank of life, he would naturally become a poacher; and then it is highly probable that he would find in the acquaintance of poachers, and associating with them in his leisure hours, would occasionally be one of their fellow intruders on the mansions of their rich neighbours. In one of these inconstant excursions on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, for the purpose it is said of stealing his deer, our young bard was detected; and, having farther irritated the knight by affronting him in the garden of Charlecote, he was compelled to fly before the exasperated master, and to take an asylum in the capital. Malone, who is prone to doubts, wishes to question the truth of this which is not contrary to all the young Shakespeare from his native county to the narratives of his contemporaries, the perversion of his creditors. But the story of the deer-stealing rests upon the uniform tradition of the country, confirmed by the character of Sir T. Lucy, who is known to have been a rigid preserver of his game; by the evidence displayed against his memory by Shakspere in his succeeding life; and by a part of the offensive ballad itself, preserved by a Mr. Jones of Tarble, a village near to Stratford, who obtained it from those who must have been acquainted with the fact, and who could not be biased by any interest or passion to falsify or misstate it. Besides the objector, in this instance, seems not to be aware that it was easier to escape from the resentment of an offended proprietor of game than from the averseness of a creditor. The passage, however, is found with the removal of the deliquent to a situation where he could no longer infest his parks or his warreens, the latter would pursue his debtor wherever bailiffs could find and writs. But the poet's first course of action was to abandon thernd, and to leave London, not possibly beyond the reach of the arrest; the bosile purposes of his provincial antagonist. The time of this eventful flight of the great bard of England cannot now be accurately determined: but we may somewhat confidently locate it in the years 1568 and 1569; for in the former of these we may conclude he has been present with his family at the baptism of his fourth child, and in the latter of them we cannot well assign a later date for his arrival in London, since we know that before 1585 he had not only written two lost plays, the Venus and Adonis and the Rape of Lucrece, but had entered upon the career of celebrity as an actor and a dramatic writer. At this agitating crisis of his life, the situation of young Shakespeare from the gla
d or aspect, severe and even terrible. Without friends to protect or assist him, he was driven, under the frown of exasperated power, from his profession; from his native fields; from the companionship of his childhood and his youths; from his wife and his infant offspring. The world was spread before him, like a dark ocean, in which no fortunate isle could be seen to glitter amid the gloomy and sullen tide. But he was blessed with youth, and health; his conscience was unwounded, for the adventure for which he suffered, was regarded, in the estimation of his times, as a mere step in the course of his guilt than the robbing of an orchard; and his heart, rich and tender, could throw luster over the black waste before him, and could enable him to elevate his creation of a character. We may imagine him, then, departing from his home, not indeed like the true Alman captive as he is described by the poet—

But touched with some feelings of natural sorrow, yet with an unaltering step, and with hope
vigorous at his heart. It was impossible that he should despair; and if he indulged in san
guine expectation, the very prospect him not to
be a visionary. In the course of a few years, the
exile of Stratford became the associate of the friends of nobles, the favour of
narchs; and in a period, which still left him in the vigor of old age, he returned to his birth
place in affluence, with honour, and with the plaudits of the judicious and the noble residing
in his court.
for that he should be kindly received by
who knew him, and some of whom were
ered, if not with his family, at least with
ative town. The company to which he
himself was the Earl of Leicester's or
own's; which had obtained the royal
in 1574. The place of its performances,
Post became enrolled among its mem-
was the Globe on the Bankside; and its
ger subsequently purchased the theatre
achieved (the oldest theatre in London),
they had previously rented for some
; and at these two theatres, the first of
was open in the centre for summer re-
ations and the last covered for those of
and were acted all the dramatic productions
skapeare. That he was at first received
company in a very subordinate situation
be regarded not merely as probable, but
true; that he ever carried a link to light
equaters of the theatre; or ever held their
, must be rejected as an absurd tale,
not, no doubt, by the lovers of the mar-
, who were solicitous to obtain a contrast
hambility of his first to the pride of his
great fortunes. The mean and servile
lation, thus assigned to him, was incom-
ne with his circumstances, even in their
afflicted state; and his relations and
ious, though far from wealthy, were yet
remote from absolute poverty, to permit
it to act for a moment in such a degrading
lot. He was certainly, therefore, none
admitted within the theatre; but in what
acter cannot now be known. This
soever, soon became of very little con-
nee; for he speedily raised himself into
eration among his new fellows by the
ess of his pen, if not by his proficiency
ctor. When he began his career as a
acter, or to what degree of excel-
ained in his personation of dramatic
ers, are questions which have been fre-
ly left unsatisfactory. Indeed, many of
publications, which appeared toward
of 1599, we know at least we are un-
and accomplishments he avows a very favo-
able opinion. Marlowe, as well as Shakespeare,
appears to have been offended by some passages
in this production of poor Greene's; and to both
of these great dramatic poets Chettle refers
the short citation which we shall now make
from his page: "With neither of them that
take offence was I acquainted, and with one of
them" (concluded to be Marlowe, whose moral
character was unhappily not good) "I care not
if I never be. The other (who must necessa-
be Shakespeare) whom at that time I did
not see much spare as since I wish I had; for
that, as I have moderated the hate of living au-
thors, and might have used my own discretion,
especially in such a case, the author being dead,
that I did not see as sorry as if the original
fault had been my fault; because myself have
seen his demeanor no less civil than he is ex-
cellent in the quality he possesses. Besides
divers of worship have reported his meekness
of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his
facetious grace in writing, that approves his
art." Shakespeare was now twenty-eight years
of age; and this testimony of a contemporary,
who was acquainted with him, and was himself
an actor, in favour of his moral and his pro-
essional excellence, must be admitted as of con-
siderable value. It is evident that he had now
written for the stage; and before he entered
upon dramatic composition we are certain that
he had completed, though he had not published,
his two long and laboured poems of Venus and
Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece. We cannot,
therefore, date his arrival in the capital later
than 1596, or, perhaps, than 1597; and the four
or five years which interfered between his de-
parture from Stratford and his becoming the
object of Greene's malignant attack, constituted
of a busy and an important period of his life.
Within this term he had concluded the friend-
ship of the young Thomas Wriothesley, the liberal,
the high-souled; the romantic Earl of Southamp-
ton; and probably had accustomed him through-
out his life; and he had risen to that celebrity,
as a poet and a dramatic, which assured his
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Posed either partially, as working on the ground of others, or deducing them altogether from his own fertility, thirty-five or (if that were not enough) Pericles, in consequence of his own testimony in favour of its authenticity, and of a few touches of the GOLDSMEN PEREY, Iraon, and thirty-six dramas; and that of these it is probable that such as were founded on the works of preceding authors were the first essays of his dramatic talent; and such as were more perfectly his own, and are of the first spark of excellence, were among the last. While I should not hesitate, therefore, to station Pericles, the three parts of Henry VI., (for I cannot see any reason for throwing the first eight books of Part I. from the protection of our author's name, "Love's Labour Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The TAMING of the Shrew," "King John," and "Richard III." among his earliest productions, I should, with some confidence, place Henry IV., Part I. of Richard II., Richard III., "Othello," "Twelfth Night," and "The Tempest," with his latest, assigning them to that season of his life, when his mind seemed in the conscious principle of power. Whatever might be the order of succession in which this illustrious family of genius sprang into existence, they soon attracted notice, and speedily compelled the homage of respect from those who were the most eminent for their learning, their talent, or both, under the names of Jonson, Sidney, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Donne were the associates and the intimates of our Poet; The Earl of Pembroke, and Montgomery were avowedly his admirers, and Queen Elizabeth distinguished him with her own, and her successor, James, with his own hand, honoured the great dramatist with a letter of thanks for the compliment paid in Macbeth to the royal family of Scotland.

The circumstance which first brought the two lords of the stage, Shakespeare and Jonson, into that relationship which continued undissolved, as there is reason to believe, during the permission of mortality, is reported to have been the grace given by the former to the latter, when he was offering one of his plays before the latter for the last time of representation. The manuscript, as it is said, was on the point of being rejected and returned with the severity of Shakespeare, ultimately glancing his eye over its pages, immediately approved it, and, with the influence, obtained its introduction on the stage. To this story some specious objections have been raised; and there cannot be any necessity for contending for it, as no lucky accident can be required to account for the introduction of amity between two men of high genius, each treading the same broad path to fame and fortune, yet each with a character so peculiarly his own that he might attain his object without wounding the pride or involving the interests of the other. It has been generally believed that the intellectual superiority of Shakespeare excelled the enmity of Jonson. It is well that of these asserted facts no evidence can be adduced. The friendship of these great men seems to have been unbroken during the life of Shake-speare; and, on his death, Jonson made an offer of his memory, just, and appropriate panegyric. He places him above not only the modern but the Greek dramatists; and he professes for him admiration short only of idolatry. They who can discover in the sonnet which the exulting poet must be gifted with a very peculiar vision of mind. With the flowers, which he swore upon the grave of his friend, three out of five were not blended one poisonous or bitter leaf. If, therefore, he was, as he is represented to have been by an impartial and able judge, (Drummond of Hawthornes) "a great lover and praiser of himself; a continuer and censor of others; jestous of all ones excellence;" those about him, &c., &c., how can we otherwise account for the uninterrupted harmony of his latter years, or to the friendship so perfect and ardent. At its commencement, in 1593, when Shakespeare was twenty-nine years of age, Southampton was not more than nineteen; and, with the love of general literature, he was particularly doted on, the exhibitions of the theatre. His attention was first drawn to Shake- speare by the poet's dedication to him of the "Venus and Adonis," as "the dedicator calls it," of his invention; and the acquaintance thus made between characters, and hearts like theirs, would soon mature intimate and friendship. In the following year (1593) Shakespeare's "The Rape of Lucrece," was addressed by him to his noble patron in a style of gallantry and eloquence, and we may infer from it that the poet had then obtained a portion of the favour which he sought. That his fortune was in a manner assured by the munificent patronage of Southampton cannot reasonably be doubted. We are told by Sir William Davenant, who so sorely possessed the means of knowing the fact, that the peer gave at one time so large an amount of money to his dramatist that the magnificent present of a thousand pounds. The degree of patronage and kindness extended to Shakespeare by the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, we are altogether ignorant, but we know that he was placed from time to time by them to Hensinge and Condell, that they were distinguished themselves as his admirers as friends. The nobility of his day among the hamagiers of the transfiguring and sublime side of their imagination. But we must not indulge conjectures, when we can gratify ourselves with the report of one of our most noble and learned men. "The worlds of Shakespeare are perfect in every respect, and to certainties, Elizabeth, as it is confided by the poet, through the influence of his patronage or society, and with the influence of an intimate notice and regard. She was unapproachable for the adornment of the stage; and, with literary mind and her discriminating eye, it is impossible that she should overlook; and not looking over, she should not appreciate the genius of his man, whose genius formed the prince of her reign. It is affirmed that, delighted the character of Puffa as drawn in his parts of Henry IV., she expressed a wish the gross and disproportionate which the Elizabeth and not without the fire which which he offered to her vanity, it does not so that he prided in any degree by her. She could not bear his impudence, his genius: but unless it was immediately attended to her personal or her political; she had the soul, and not inferior to her in the arts of governmen some of the virtue of his Scottish suitor, he resembled the love of letters, and in his own cult learning. Hence it came, upon the strength of his attachment to the general cause of was strong; and his love of the arts
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

as particularly warm. Before his ac-

te, the English throne he had written, as

before noticed, a letter, with his own

shakespeare, acknowledging, as it sup-

pliment paid to him in the noble

Macbeth; and scarcely had the crown

fallen upon his head, when he granted

patent to our Poet and his company of

and thus raised them from being the

unfortunate's servants to be the servers

of the patent is dated on the 15th and

the name of William Shakespeare

and on the list of the patentees. As

of Elizabeth had occurred on the

preceding March, this early attention

to the company of the Globe may be

as highly complimentary to Shakes-

peare, and as strongly demonstrative

of sovereign's partiality for the drama,

as our patronage of our Poet was not in

the way beneficial to his fortune. If

were too parochial for an effective

effect of his production on his pleasures

and it. James soon became too weary to

see means of bounty for the reward of

of learning. Honour, in short, was

shakespeare gained by the favour of two

sovereigns, each of them versed in

each of them fond of the drama, and

soon capable of appreciating the tran-

sition of his genius.

If I were especially gratifying to us to ex-

press readers some portion at least of the

history of this illustrious man during

his residence in the capital,— to announce

his characters and his associates, a

rich only we can obtain from Fuller;

his habits of life; to record his con-

3; to commemorate the books which

he wrote; to intimate the positions he

in succession from his pen. But

of this nature is indulged to us. All

and efficient portion of his moral

which constituted considerably more on the part of

Stratford register we

certain that his only son, Hamner, was

the twelfth year of his age, on the 11th

of June 1597. With the exception of

free purchasers made by him at Strat-

of them being that of New Place,

view to the establishment of the silk manufac-

tory in his dominions; and, either in this year

or in the following, Shakespeare enriched his

garden at New Place with one of these exotic

and at that time very rare trees. This plant of

his hand took root, and flourished till the year

1722, when it was destroyed by the barbarous

ax of one Francis Gastrell, a clergyman, into

whose worship the place Hands New Place had

most unfortunately fallen.

As we are not told the precise time, when

Shakespeare retired from the stage and the

metropolis to enjoy the tranquillity of life in his

native town, we cannot pretend to determine

it. As he is said, however, to have passed some

years in his establishment at New Place, we

may conclude that his removal took place either

in 1612 or in 1613, when he was yet in the vigour

of life, being not more than forty-eight or forty-

nine years old. He had ceased, as it is probable,

to tread the stage as an actor at an earlier period;

for in the list of actors, prefixed to the Volpone

of B. Jonson, performed at the Globe theatre,

and published in 1605, the name of W. Shaks-

peare is not to be found. However versed he

might be in the science of acting, (and that he

was versed in it we are assured by his directions

to the players in Hamlet) and however well he

might acquire himself in some of the subordinate

characters of the drama, it does not appear that

he ever rose to the higher honours of his pro-

fession. But if they were above his attainment,

they seem not to have been the objects of his

ambition; for by one of his sonnets* we find

that he lamented the fortune of his son having

him to the stage, and that he considered himself

as degraded by such a public exhibition.

The time was not yet come when actors were to be

the companions of princes; when their fates,

as of illustrious men, were to be written; and

when stations were to be erected to them by

public contribution.

The amount of the fortune, on which Shakes-

peare retired from the busy world, has been

the subject of some discussion. By Gildon, who

forbears to state his authority, this fortune is

valued at £300. a year; and by Malone, who,

calculating our Poet's real property from ar-

authentic documents, assigns a random value to

his personal, it is reduced to £200. Of these two

valuations of Shakespeare's property, we con-

clude that Gildon's approaches the more nearly

to the truth, for if it is calculated from the

timate of the personal property, of which he

professes to be wholly ignorant, be added the

thousand pounds, given by Southampton, (an

act of munificence of which we entertain not a

doubt,) and the £200. as a preceptive fee, as an

interest of 10l. per cent., of the three hun-
dred pounds a year will be made up. On the

smallest of these incomes, however, when mo-

ney was at least of five times its present value.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

romper. There is not, probably, in

compass of literary history, such

stance of a proud superiority to what

called by a rival genius,

"The last infirmity of noble minds."

Sich was now exhibited by our illus-

liquist and poet. He seemed

"he could not or he would not God.

or Spenser, the romancer of La Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have

stung the man so severely that he never forgave it.

But Shakespeare's self-control has its limits:

and the lines in question, with some alterations,

which he distinctly names in the tract, the ap-

pearit, and a competency of fortune

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blog patronage: the three or four

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of New Place are not dis-

and the chasm may not

or, or note our record; and the chasm may not

readers would not object to

and of the three or four

and our note

for the story of our Poet's

and the history of John Combe,

name of Stratford, and a noted mo-

if my readers would not object to

slept he intended to write his epitaph if he hap-

posed to outlive him; and since he could not

now what might be said of him when he was

ded; he desired it might be done immediately;

upon which Shakespeare gave him these four

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in the hundred his love is not voided.

the perfect body, he to this day is a Combe.

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was then, as it would appear, in the full vigour and enjoyment of life; and we are not informed that his constitution had been previously weakened by the attack of any malady. But his days, or rather his hours, were now all numbered; for he breathed his last on the 23rd of the ensuing April, on that anniversary of his birth which completed his fifty-second year. It would be gratifying to our curiosity to know something of the disease, which thus prematurely terminated the life of this illustrious man; but the secret is withheld from us; and it would be idle to attempt to obtain it. We may be certain that Dr. Hall, who was a physician of considerable eminence, attended his father-in-law in his last illness; and Dr. Hall kept a register of all the remarkable cases, with their symptoms and treatment, which in the course of his practice had fallen under his observation. This curious MS., which had escaped the cunniy of time, was obtained by Malone; but the recorded cases in it most unfortunately began with the year 1612 and the preceding part of the register, which most probably had been in existence, could no where be found. The mortal complaint, therefore, of William Shakspeare is likely to remain for ever unknown; and, as darkness had closed upon his path through life, to darkness now must close, to his last and his death, awfully to cover it from the eyes of succeeding ages.

On the 23d of April 1616, two days after his decease, he was buried in the church of Holy Trinity, Stratford, a place which had been long consecrated by the interment of the illustrious members of the Shakspeare family. 

The monument raised to his memory either by the respect of his townsmen, or by the piety of his relations, was placed with a conformance of thought, resting on a cushion and in the act of writing. It is placed under an arch, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, the capitals and bases of which are gilt. The inscription, which is no where to be found, nor on any other authority, to have been modelled from the face of the deceased; and the whole was painted to bring the imitation nearer to nature. The face and the hands wore the carnation of life, the eyes were bright, the hair was golden, the beard auroral; a brown gown, without sleeves, hung loosely over a scarlet doublet. The cushion in its upper part was green; its lower crimson; and the tassels were of gold colour. This certainly was not in the highest classical taste; though we may learn from Panassius that statues in Greece were sometime coloured as we have here described. The whole was intended, by those who knew the poet, to convey some semblance of his lineaments and dress, it was a monument of rare value; and the tastefulness of the Shakspeare family, as it has been preserved, is not without the admixture of an attitude of his muse over the tomb, is a species of free-stone; and at the stone of the sculptor was most probably under the guidance of Doctor Hall, it bore some promise of likeness to the mighty dead.

Immediately below the cushion is the following inscription:

Jubilœum Postera; securitas, et membra

There lived: poetae noster: Olympeus habes

On a tablet underneath are inscribed these words:

Mag. passanter, qui dixit hoc se fortis

Humanae rei, quae nutricis est prætextura

Hinc substituntur monumenta-Signorum, qui in tempore tuo graviora conscriberunt

Tum mortem non adducere: ubi fetusque spes

Tabulae, sed non sanctus. si tamen, ut inter homines

Tum mortem non adducere: ubi fetusque spes

Sed non sanctus. si tamen, ut inter homines

The last of these inscriptions may have been written by Shakespeare himself under the apprehension of his bones being stumbled with those of many of his townsmen, into the charnel-house of the parish. But his fear has continued unviolated, and is likely to remain in its holy repository till the last awful scene of our perishable globe. It was to be wished that the two preceding inscriptions were more worthy, than they are, of the tombs which they are attached. It would be gratifying if we could give any faith to the tradition, which asserts that the bust of this monument was sculptured from a cast moulded on the face of the departed poet; for then we might assure ourselves that we posse some authentic resemblance of this prematurely intellectual mortal. But the cast, if one, must have been made after death; and we know neither at whose expense the monument was constructed; nor by whom it was executed. We meditate with no considerable interest. I cannot, however, persuade myself that the statue is not a likeness of the poet; and even if the history of Stratford has lost for us the monuments that were erected in his memory, we have the testimony of Chettle and Ben Jonson, the former of whom seems to have been acquainted with the poet, and the latter admirable qualities, from the fiction of his dramatice copies, and the latter, to an extraordinary degree of the admiration of the man, to have lost all his natural jealousy of the successful competitor for the poet. "Let me now cite Jonson, from whose pages the following occurs: "I cannot but admire, if I loved," he says in his Discoveries, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side folly as much as any. He was indeed, honest, of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and geniue expressions," &c. &c. When Jonson apostrophizes his deceased friend, he calls him, "My bountiful Shakespeare," and the title of "the sweet swan of Avon," so generally given to him, after the example of Jonson, by his contemporaries, scarce to have been given with reference as much to the vanity of his temper as to the literary or poetic character. The devotion of Shakespeare to the works of the Earls of Pembroke and Mont. gomery, his fellows, Hemings and Condell, professors of their profession; in their publication was "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as William Shakespeare;" and this preface to the public.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKE-PEARE.

pears evidently to have been dictated by their personal and affectionate attachment to their departed friend. If we wish for any further evidence in the support of the moral character of Shakespeare, we may find it in the friendship of Southampton; we may extract it from the pages of his immortal works. Dr. Johnson, in his much-quoted Preface, seems to have taken a view, very different from ours, of the morality of that period. His candles, perhaps, have not been bright enough to enable him to see the true character of Shakespeare's first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience; and is so much more careful to please than to instruct that he seems to be doing any other purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of moral duty may be selected, (indeed!) but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; (Would the preface-writer have wished the thing had been better?) he never deprecated the ties on ethics like the office of his Ciceron! he he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtues a a distribution of the wicked; he carries his persons strong and right and wrong; and at the close diametrically without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of the age cannot excuse for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue, it is a place or right. Why this commonplace on justice should be comp- pressed into the station in which we here most strangely find it, I cannot for my life conjecture. But absurd as it is made by its association in this place, yet more absurd is this improper cession to a paragraph which means little, and which, intending curses, confers dramatic praise on a dramatic writer. It is evident, however, that Dr. Johnson, though he says that a system of moral duty may be selected from Shakespeare's writings, wished to insinuate that his scenes were not of a moral tendency. On this topic, the first and the greater Johnson seems to have entertained very different senti- ments.

"Look, how the father's face (says this great man) Lives in his house: even as the rose In his wofulness and best of hue."--Shak.

We must point out here that all these scenes are rich in sterling morality, and that they must have been the well of Shakespeare. The only exception of his morals must be drawn from a few of his sonnets; and from a story first suggested by Antony Wood, and afterwards told by Oldys on the authority of Betterton and Pope. From the Sonnets we can collect nothing more than that their writer was blindly attached to an unprincipled woman, who preferred a young and beautiful friend of his to himself. But the story told by Oldys presents something to us of a more tangible nature; and as it possesses some interest, we may as a story, and rest it, as to its principal facts, on the authority of Wood, who was a native of Oxford and a veracious man, we shall not hesitate, after the example of most of the recent biographers of our Poet, to relate in the very words of Oldys. If tradition may be trusted, Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, on his journey to and from London. The land- lady was a beautiful woman and of a sprightly wit and her husband, Mr. John Davenset, (afterwards mayor of that city) a grave, melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company.

Tbeir son, young Will Davenset (afterwards Sir John Davenset, together with a little page boy, in the town, of about seven or eight years old; and so fond also of Shakespeare that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old towncman, observing the boy running home- ward amidst a crowd, of which he was a part, he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his father, Shakespeare. There is a good boy, said the other; but have a care that you don't take God's name in 'sm!' Oxford's gib, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakespeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey.

On these two instances of his frailty, under the influence of the fair sex, we can obtain no support, or rather the support of his own evidence, and one resting on authority which seems to be not justly quoted reasonable, depend all the charges which can be brought against the strict personal morality of Shakespeare. But they will be nothing surprising. What weakness did not diminish the respect, command, and affection of his patrons, or the love, conciliated by the benignity of his man- ners; or the admiration exacted by the triumph of his genius?

The Will of Shakespeare, giving to his younger daughter, Judith, not more than three hundred pounds, and to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, and her husband, a house, and a little farm, which was valued, as it is called by the testator, "My broad silver and gilt bowl," assigns almost the whole of his property to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, and her husband; who, he appears to be his executors. The cause of this evident partiality in the father appears to be discoverable in the higher moral and religious education which actual in his daughter, who is reported to have resembled him in his intellectual endowments, and to have been eminently distinguished by the piety and the Christian benevolence which activated her con- duc. Having survived her estimable husband fourteen years, she died on the 18th of July 1609; and the inscription on her tomb, preserved by Dugdale, commemorates her intellectual aspe- ctivity and influence, in his religious profession In this inscription, which we shall transcribe, bears witness also, as we must observe, to the piety of her illustrious descendant.

Witty above her sex: but that's not all; She was better than a man, for she was able. Nothing of Shakespeare was in her; but this Witty, and good, and beautiful, and wise, This you may, dear reader, but not the best. Thar, younger, hast an o'er true head. To carp with her, that were but all. That jest, put not yourself in know. These two, with modesty, noble--

Judith, his younger daughter, bore to her husband, Thomas Quiney, three sons: Shakes-peare, who died in his infancy; Richard and Thomas, who deceased, the first in his 21st year, the last in his 19th, unmarried and before their mother; who, having reached her 77th year, and in February 1628-9, being buried on the 9th of that month. She appears either not to have received any education, or not to have profited by the lessons of her teachers, for to a devil, still in existence, she affixed her mark. We have already spoken of the birth, marriage, and death of Susanna Hall. She left only one daughter, Elizabeth, who was baptized on the 30th of March 1605. Eight years before her grandfather's death, and was married on the 20th of April 1609, to Mr. Thomas Nashe, a country gentleman, as it ap- pears, of independent fortune. Two years after the death of Mr. Nash, who was buried on the 8th of April 1627, she married on the 5th of June 1629, in St. John Bernard, Knight, of Abington, a small village in the vicinity of Northampton. She

* See Som. 141. 141. 147. 15, 172.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

In the year 1592, Shakespeare, the eldest son of John and Mary Shakespeare, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, the seat of a family of ancient lineages. His parents were not wealthy, but affable, and kind to their neighbors. He was educated at the grammar school of his native town, where he acquired a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and was designed for a career in the Church. However, he was more interested in the dramatic arts, and at an early age he began to write plays for the town plays. He was soon recognized as a genius, and his plays were performed at the Globe Theatre in London, where he became the most celebrated playwright of his time. Shakespeare's works, including Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello, have stood the test of time and continue to be performed and studied today.
TEMPEST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, the honest old Counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, Lords.
FRANCISCO, Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Boatman.
Master of a Ship, Boatman, and Martello.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.
Icarus.
Juno, a Spirit.
Nymph, Reapers,
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE.—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards on an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatman.

Shipmaster.—Boots, here, master: what cheer? Men: Good: speak to the mariners: fall to yardly, or we run ourselves aground: beat, beat it.

Boots. What, no signs? Where’s the master? Play the men.

Shipm. I pray now, keep below. Men. Where is the master, boatman? Boots. Do you not hear him? You may see his bea

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these rotters for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! trouble us not.

Gom. Good: yet remember whom thou hast deceived.

Boots. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command three elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hang a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you live so long; and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it be so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say.

Gom. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good mate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Boatman.

Boots. Down with the topsail; yare, lower, lower, lower: bring her to try with main-cable. A cry of seamen. A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you want? Shall we give over, and drown? Have you a mind to sink? No, a posy o’your throat, you bawling, bilious, uncharitable dog?

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoremonger, insolent hole-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gom. I’ll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstitched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enr. Mariner; boat.

Mar. All lost! no prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Crew cut.

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gom. The king and princes at prayers! let us assist them.

For our case is as theirs.
TEMMEST.

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants; Had I not
Four or five women once, that trusted me!
Pros. Thou hast 'tis, and more, Miranda: But
how is it.
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remembr'st it, e'er thou canst'rt here,
How thou canst'rt here, thou may'st.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of very worth.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
Of society the prince of being time.
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess—no worse is.
Mira. O, the heavens!
Pro. That foul play had we, that we came from thence!
Or blessed was I, we did!I
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we seav'd there.
But bess'dly hopt hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have lorn'st you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee mark me,—that a brother should be
So perfidious!—be whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The management of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the sigillaries it was the first,
And since the prince of that state so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rap'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heartily,
Pros. Being once perjurate how to grant ants,
How to desy them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash for over-stopping; that the creature
That was mine; I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new-form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts in' th'state
To what tune please them; and now he was
Theivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And nick'd my verdure out on' t!—Thou at
Mira. O good sir, I do.
Pros. I pray thee mark me, I—
I than neglecting worldy ends, all dedicate
To closer care, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O've'rest all popular rate, in my false brother
Away! an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary so great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He believ'd himself
Not only with what's past, but what he was
What but my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogatives; hence his ambition
Growing.—Dost hear?—
Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pros. To have no scene between this part he play'd:
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man—my library
TEMPEST.

Was darkness large enough; of temporal royalties
He thought me now incapable; confederate
(So dry he was forsworn) with the king of Naples,
To give him usual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The darkness, yet savour'd, (also, poor Milan)
To most ignoble stooping.

Misc.  Out the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Misc.  I should
To think but nobly of my grandson;
Great as he is, he's like his brother's snit;
Which was, that he in lies o' the premises,—
Of honourable name, I have not so much tribute—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the darkness; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereas
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Forgot to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, 'tis the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
And did not return.

Misc.  Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I got out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a blasted
That wrings mine eyes to it.

Pro.  Hear a little farther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which men and women as, without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Misc.  Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro.  Well demanded, wenches; my tale provokes that question.
Dear, they did not—(so dear the love my people bore me) nor act
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fair painted their foot ends.
In few, they hurried as aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged;
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Industiously had quitted it; there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the wide sides, whose pity, singing back to us,
Did us but lessen wronging.

Misc.  Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro.  O! a churlish
Thou wert, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have drest'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burning ground; which raged in me
An undergrowing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Misc.  How came we ashore?

Pro.  By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, now
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Bo burners, knives, and other necessary,
Which since have staved much, so, of his personal
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prized more my darkness. "Would, I might
Better see that man!"

Misc.  Now I arise:

Pro.  Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this baying we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can; that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Misc.  Heaven's thanks thank you for 'tis now! and I pray you,
For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro.  Know thus far forth,—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my presence
I find my means doth depend upon
A most amorous star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after drop. Here ceases more questions:
Throw art thou not to sleep? 'tis a good dozing,
And give it way;—I know thou cannot but choose.

Misc.  Come away, servant, come; I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariadne; come.

Enter Ariadne.

Ari.  All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dance under his fire, to ride;
On the court's clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariadne and all his quality.

Pro.  Hail thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the torment that I bade thee!

Ari.  To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beach,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I found amazement. Sometimes, 'twas divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I blame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the
Precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And slight out-running were not: The fire, and
Cracks of phosphorous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble.
Yes, his great Trident shake.

Pro.  My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari.  But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plunge'd in the foaming brine, and quaff the vessel,
And all are dead with me: the king's son, Ferdin
And with hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair.)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, Hellicempius,
And all the devils are here.

Pro.  Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari.  Close by, my master.
Pro.  But are they, Ariadne, safe?

Ari.  Oh, that is the king's ship:
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest of the fleet.

Pro.  Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep mouth, where once
Thus call'd me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vest'd Bermoutho, there she's still;
The mariners all under arms, and
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest of the fleet,
Which I dispair'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean.
4

Tempest.

ACT I.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast how'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master; I will be correspondent to command,
And do my speaking gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph of the sea;
Be subject to no slight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: hence, with diligence.

Exeunt Ariadne, and Caliban.

Ari. Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake! I

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heavenness in me.

Shake it off; come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields as kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Petch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What! ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak!

Cal. [aside]. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee;

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariadne, like a Water-nymph.

Pro. Fine apparition! My quinsy Ariadne,
Hark in this ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exeunt.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As a wicked dew as e'er my mother's breath
With raven's feather from unwoolsoxen sone
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And bluster you also.

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
Have cramps.
Side-sitches that at midnight thy breath up-archs
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more
Stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st
First,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;
Would'st give me
Water with tears in it; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That born by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And sho'd thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and
Fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you
Stay me
In this hard rock, while you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whose stripes may move, not kindness: I have
Used thee,
Flith as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee.
TEMPEST. 5

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Col. O ho, O ho!—Would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Caliban.

Pro. An abhorred slave!

Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each

One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known; but thy

vile racer,

Though thou didst learn, had that it 's which

good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou

Deceivably cou'dst into this rock,

Who hadst so'd a rock of more than a prison.

Col. Then taught me language; and my profit

was, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you

For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-sseed, hence!

Fresh in soul, and be quick, thou wert best,

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, ma-

lice!

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;

Fill all thy bowels with ashes; make thee roar,

That beast be tremble at thy din.

Col. No, pray thee.

I must obey: his art is such power, [Aside.

It would control my dam'd soul, Seteclo-

And make a vessel of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing;

And Dianando following him.

Ariel's Song.

Come give me these yellow sandals,

And the vane hand;

Courtly wind when you have, and bird's-

(Th' wild sweet white) hirse;

Foot so finely here and there;

And, courtly spriters, the burden bear,

Candy, song.


The work goes back;

[Dispersely.

Black, hind! I hear

The strain of stormy character;

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? 'Tis the air,

Or the earth?

It sounds so more; and sure it waits upon

Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the king my father's wreck,

This music crept by me upon the waters;

Allying both their fury, and my passion,

With its sweet air: hence I have follow'd it,

Or it hath drawn me rather.—But 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five my father lies;

If his bones are crost made;

These are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But dark infer a re-change;

Into something rich and strange,

Beaumonks hourly ring his knell:

[Burden, ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd

father:—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fregid carvings of thine eye advance,

And say, what thou seest yonder?

Mira. What is it? a spirit! I

Lord, how it looks about! I believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form; I do not know his

Pro. No, wrack; it eats and sleeps, and hath

such senses

As we have, such: this gallant, which thou seest,

Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's sancter, thou might'st

call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,

And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing not done

I ever saw so noble.

It goes on, I see, [Aside.

As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll

Free thee

Within two days for this.

Mira. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend—vouchsafe my

prayer

May know, if you remain upon this island;

And that you will some good instruction give,

How I may bear me here; My prime request,

Which I do not pronounce, is, O you wonder!

If you be maid, or no! [Aside.

Mira. No wonder, sir;

Mira. Certain a maid.

Fer. My language brave:—

I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How the best I

What wrought thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?—

Sir. A single thing, as I now am, that wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples; he doth love me;

And, that he does, I weep; myself am Naples;

Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at eventide,

The king my father wretched.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!—

Fer. Yes, 'faith, and all his lords; the duke of

Milan,

And his brave son, being twins.

Pro. The duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,

If now 'twere fit to do it:—At the first sight

[Aside.

They have chang'd eyes:—Believe me,

I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good air;

I have fear my dones not enow against your word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? This

Is the third man that 'er I saw; the first

That 'er I spake for; pity move my father

To be inclin'd my way?—

Sir. O, if a virgin,

And my affection not gone far, I'll make you

Queen of Naples.

Pro. They are both in either's power: but this sort

business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

[ Aside.

Make the prius light:—One word more; I charg

thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp

The name thou should'st not; and hast put thyself

Upon this island, as my man to win me
From me, the lord on't.

Mira. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a

temple.

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Pro. Follow me.—To FERD. Speak not yet for him: he's a traitor.—Come.

[Exeunt Mira and Ferdinand. Sea-water shall thou drink, thy food shall be

The fresh-brook musickers, with'er roots, and

hanks,

Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer.
TEMPEST.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Breech you, sir, be merry: you have some
(And we have all of joy); for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the mer-
chants,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wits;
By and by it will strike.

Sir. Sir.

Seb. One."—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's
offered.

Comes to the entertainer—
at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.  

Art. And the current that o'er come them.  

Sword, sword, knave, gun, or need of any engine,  
Woe! I know not; but nature should bring forth.  
Of its own kind, all solson, all abundance,  
To feed my innumerable.

Art. No marrying among his subjects!  

Sword, knave, gun, or need of any engine,  
Woe! I know not; but nature should bring forth.  
Of its own kind, all solson, all abundance,  
To feed my innumerable.

Sword, sword, knave, gun, or need of any engine,  
Woe! I know not; but nature should bring forth.  
Of its own kind, all solson, all abundance,  
To feed my innumerable.

Art. And the current that o'er come them.  

Sword, sword, knave, gun, or need of any engine,  
Woe! I know not; but nature should bring forth.  
Of its own kind, all solson, all abundance,  
To feed my innumerable.
TEMPEST.

ACT II.

1. I'll teach you how to flow,
2. Do so; to ebb.
3. Hereditary sloth instructs thee.

4. If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
5. Willies thus you mock it? how, is stripping it,
6. More you of it! Ebbing men, indeed,
7. Most often do so near the bottom run,
8. By their own fear, or sloth.

9. 'Pray thee, say on:
10. The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
11. A manner from thee; and a birth, indeed,
12. Which throes thee much to yield.

13. Thus, sir:
14. Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
15. (Who shall be of as little memory,
16. When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
17. (For his it's spirit of permission, only
18. Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
19. Th'as impossible that he's unbounded,
20. As he that sleeps here, swims.

21. I have no hope

22. That he's unbounded.
23. O, out of that no hope,
24. What great hope have you? no hope, that way,
25. Is another way so high a hope, that even
26. Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
27. But doubts discovery there. Will you grant,
28. Twixt me,
29. That Ferdinand is drowned?

30. He's gone.

31. Then tell me,
32. Who's the next heir of Naples?
33. Claribed.
34. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
35. Ten lepers beyond man's life; she that from
36. Naples
37. Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
38. (The sun's moon, most tiding, till now-born
39. chin,
40. By rough and razzamatazze: she, from whom
41. We were all asea-shall'd, though some cast
42. again;
43. And, by that, destin'd to perform an act,
44. Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come,
45. In years and my discourse.

46. What stuff is this?—How say you
47. Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of
48. Tunis.
49. So is she heir of Naples; twixt which regions
50. There is some space.

51. A space whose every cubit
52. Seems to cry out, How shall that Claribed,
53. Wherefore we back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis.
54. And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
55. That now a youth seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
56. Than now they are: There be, that can rule
57. Naples,
58. As well as be that sleeps; lords, that can prate
59. As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
60. A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
61. That mind; I do? what a sleep were this
62. For your advancement! Do you understand me?
63. Methekins, I do.

64. And how does your content
65. Tender your own good fortune?
66. I remember,
67. You did supplant your brother Prospero.

68. True.

69. And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
70. Much fester than before: My brother's servants
71. Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

72. But, for your conscience—
73. Where lies that? hit us a kype, 'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
74. This deity in my bosom: twenty conscience,
75. This and that, did the same; the devil, candied betwixt them,
76. And molls, ere they molest! Here lies your bro-

77. No better than the earth he lies upon,
78. 'If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Lie trembling in my bare-foot way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-calf; sometime an i All women with sadness, who, with crown- tongues, Do kiss me into madness! —Let now! be! Now, here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me, For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat; Perchance he will not mind me.

True. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to hear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing! the wind! you'll same black cloud, you'll huge wave, looks like a foul hundred that would spread his digress. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head! you'll same cloud cannot choose but fall by lightning.—What have we here? a man of a fish! A dead man! A fish! he smells like a dead man! He stinks, and fish-like smell; a kind of, of the nestest, Poor John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this whole monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lone beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Leg'd like a man, and his fins like arms! War! war! —Oh, truth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. (Thunder.) Amen! the storm is come again; my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no such shelter hereabouts. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows, I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a flute on his Hand.

Ste. I shall no more see to me; so, here I shall die, and so.

This is a very merry tune to sing at a man's funeral.

Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.

The master, the scullion, the boar's-eating, and I, Lord! May, and Martin, and Marcy.

But none of us can stand for Kate.

Would every one to a sailor; Go hang, and hang the more, you scientist, for I see you. Worst of all, yet the science of an able seaman. I can only wish my wherefore she did grind them, nor, nor, nor, nor, nor.

Thou art, thou, boy, and let her go hang.

This is a very sorry tune: but here's my comfort. [Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me! O! Ste. What's the devil?— Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and man of land! Ha! I have not seared my dressing to be shoeed now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, whilst Stephano breathes at nostrils. Cal. The spirit torments me! O! Ste. This is some monster of the site, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an eye; Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if he be for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever rode on sea's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me! pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home hastily.

Ste. I shall be, and does not take after the winter. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drink wine alone, it will go near to remove his fire: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; will pay for him that hath him, and that sumptuously.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling.

Ste. Come in your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, est; open your mouth; this will make your shaking, I can tell, and that somnily: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chops again.

True. I should know that voice: It should be — But he is drowned; and these are devils! O! defend me!—

Ste. Both thy other mouth call me! Mercy! mercy! This is a devil; and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long scope.

True. Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; —be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any he Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How canst thou be to the siege of this moon-calf? Canst thou vent Trinculo?

True. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke!—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm over? I bid thee amend the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neurotanians!—Scare!—

Ste. Pr'ythee do not turn me about; my stomach is not content.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not spirits. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him. —

Ste. How didst thou come? How can't thou biddst swear by this bottle, how thou canst't hinder, I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was born.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly. Ste. Here, swear, and come up, and make a start.

Triam. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck with him. Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Triam. O Stephano.

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a drench by the mole, where we are gone. Where now, moon-calf! how does things again? Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven? Ste. Out of the moon, I do assure thee; I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have some thee in thee, and I do adore thee; My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and himself.

Ste. Calm. Scare! I swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear. Triam. By the good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afraid of him!—a very weak monster!—The man 'tis the moon,—a most poor creation, a monster; Well drawn, monster, in good worth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; And kiss thy foot; I pray thee be my god. Triam. By this light, a most petitish and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear upon thee a subject.
ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero’s Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a Log.

FERD. There be some sports are painful; and their

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are visibly done; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would
Be as heavy to me, as’tis odious; but
The abundance which I serve, quickens what’s
dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father’s crabbed;
And he composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ever refresh my
labours;
Most busy-ness when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

MIRA. Alas, now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would, the light’d ing had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjep’d to pile! Pray,
Set it down, and rest you; when this burns,
’Twill weep for having wore it: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He’s safe for these three hours.

FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRA. If you’ll set down,
’Till he, or she, or the Log, the time:
Pray, give me that;
it carry it in the pile.

FER. No, precious creature:
I’ll rather crack my sinews, than
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRA. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do
With much more reason, if I had my good will is to it,
And yours is against it.

FER. Poor worm! thou art infected; this
Visitation shews it.

MIRA. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble mistress; tis to refresh me
With, when you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

MIRA. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your jest to say so!

FER. Admir’d Miranda! Indeed, the worst to the world! Full many a lady
That ey’d thee, best regarded, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too-diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarr’d with the noblest grace she ow’d,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature’s best.

FER. I do not know
One of my sex: no woman’s face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how friends are abroad,
I am skilled of; but, by my modesty,
The (Jewel in my dowry,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father’s precepts
I therein do forget.

FER. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(Would not, so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The fresh-dy blow my master, dear my soul
Speak:—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there reside,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient logman?

MIRA. Do you love me?

FER. O heavens, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,
And crown what I profers with kind event,
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief I;
Beyond all limit of what else the world;
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRA. Poor worm! I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

FER. Of two most rare affection! Heaven in grace
On that which breeds between us!

MIRA. Wherefore weep you?
FER. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cour-
ing!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence! I
Am young, Miranda, or I am mightily
If not, I’ll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I’ll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

MIRA. My husband then?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e’er of freedom: here’s my hand,
SC. 3.

Enter. Ahw. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell, Till half an hour hence.

Serv. A thousand! thousand! [Exit Mens. and Min.]

Psal. So glad of this as they, I cannot be Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For I have never time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another Part of the Island.

Enter STEPHEN AND TRINCULO; CALIBAN following with a Bottle.

Trin. Tell not me: when the bout is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore be up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink with me.

Trin. Servant monster! the folly of this island!

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; I have no standard.

Trin. We'll not run, monster monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet my nothing neither.

Trin. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be't a good moon-calf.

Cal. I have been thy homeworl: Let me lick thy shoe: I'll serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou hast, most ignorant monster; I am in ease to justle a constable; Why, thou dost boast of it thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drank so much sack as I to-day? Well, think tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster!

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! will thou let him be a king?

Trin. Lord, gooth he! that a monster should be such a matter!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Trin. Calca, keep a good tongue in your boot; if you prove a mulieer, the next t'he poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Will thou be pleased?

To breaken once again the salt I made thee? So, Marry will I; kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Exit ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee Before, I am subject to a tyrant; A scurvy, that by his cunning hath Cheated me of this island.

Trin. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monster, thou! I would my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Trin. If thou trouble him any more in his sight, by this hand, I will supplant some of thy things.

Trin. I said nothing.

Sen. Morn then, and no more.—[To Caliban.]

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this site; From me he got it. If thy greatness will

Revenge on him—for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Sen. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Sen. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yes, yes, my lord; I'll yield him the place.

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Cal. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied almanac is this? Thou scurvy patch.

I do believe thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, shall drink nought but brine: for I'll not shew him Where the quick freshest are.

Sen. Trinculo, run into no further danger: Interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, shut turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock dastard of thee.


Sen. Bidst thou not say he lied?

Cal. Aye, lie, lie.

Sen. Do I not take thou that. [Screes him.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Sen. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wits, and hearing too!—A pox o'your bottle! this can suck, and drinking do. A blurstone on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Sen. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, there is a custom with him The afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first wi'his book; or with a log under his skull, or punch him with a stake, or cut his waxyard with his knife: Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sat, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: They all do hate him, As rustily as I: Born but his books; He has brave steels (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck within, And that most dainty manner; in order, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax As a greatest does least.

Cal. Is it so brave a live? Cal. Ay, lord; she will be thine thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Sen. Monster, I will kill this man: his daugh- ter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces;) and Trinculo and thou shall be vice- roys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Cal. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I best thee; but while thou livest, keep a good tongue In thy head, Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Will thou destroy him then?

Cal. I am not on mine honour. Ari. This I will tell my master.

Cal. Thou makst me merry; I am full of pleasure; Let us be• josound: Will you toll the cattle You taught me while alive?

Sen. At thy request, monster; I will do reason, for any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Song: Thou art, and thou art; and thou art, and thou art; Thou art free.]
 TEMPEST.

ACT III.

Col. That's not the tune.
[ARIEL, playing the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.
Stro. What is this same?
Pro. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.
Stro. If thou best a man, show thyself in thy likeness: If thou best a devil, take'st as thou list.
Pro. O, forgive me my sins!
Stro. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:
[Mercury appears.
Pro. Art thou afraid?
Stro. No, monster, not I.
Pro. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum to such a strain: and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then in dreaming,
The thronging sounds of happy stamping feet,
Ready todrop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I try'd to dream again.
Stro. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I may be rest, and not in want of music for nothing.
Pro. When Prospero is destroyed.
Stro. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Pro. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.
Stro. Lead, monster; we'll follow: I would,
I could see this taboret: he lays it on.
Pro. Will come I'll follow, Stephano.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, and FERDINAND.

Pro. By'tis lakin, I can go no further; sir,
My old bones ache; here's a maske trod, indeed,
Through fortie frights, and medesmans! by your patience,
I needs must rest my strength
Col. Old lord, I cannot blame thee;
Who am myself attach'd with wearness,
To thee; this is of my spirit: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: be is drown'd,
Whom thus we strive to find; and the sea mocks
Our fruitless search on land: Well, let him go.
Stro. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[Aside to SEBASTIAN.

Do not, for one impulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEB. The next advantage.

Pro. Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Stro. I say, to-night: no more. Salome and strange Music: and PROSPERO about
Invisible. Enter several strange Shapes; bringing
in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle ac-
tions of salutation; and inviting the King, &c. to
eat, they depart.

Alon. Much harmony is this! my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvelous sweet music!

Ant. Give them what kind of meat, I think, what were these?

SEB. A living drollery: Now I will believe
That there are unicorns: that, in Arabia
There is a tree, the phoenix's throne; one phoenix
At last that's in my name: my fellow mi-

Alon. I'll believe both;

Pro. What does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did

Though fools at home condemn them.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there pre-
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse, Such shapes, such gestures, and such sound, ex-
pressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Stro. They vanish'd strangely.

Ant. No matter, since, for we have
Wallops of flesh & that or there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which now we
shall
Each puffer-out on five for one, will bring as Good warrant of.

Pro. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a Happy
claps his wings upon the table, and, by a quaint
device, the Banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in it,) the never-satiated sea
 Hath caused to bech up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you amongst men
Being most unfruit to live: I have made you mad;
[Sound ARIEL. King, &c. draw their swords.
And even with such like valour, men hang and
Drown

Above the proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are like invulnerable; if you could hurt,
your swords are now too many for your
strengths,
And will not be split: But, remember,
(For this's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did ambitious good Prospero,
Expost'ud unto the sea, which hath requited it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul
Deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Inseed the seas and shores, yes, all the crea-
tures.
Against your peace: Three, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdurance (worse than any death)
Can be a pleasure,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wrath to guard
you from;

[Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.


ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before Prospero’s Cell.

Pros. Ayr, with a twinkle.
Ayr. Before you can say, Come, and go, and break the twine, and cuss, or so; Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mowse;
You shall know what love is;
Pros. Deavre, my dearest Ariel: Do not approach me.
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ayr. Eard, and dry.

Pros. Light them as a beacon.
Fare, be thy second.
Ayr. As I showed thee.
Ayr. I shall do it.

Pros. So shall I.

Pros. You love me, and believe me. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before Prospero’s Cell.

Pros. If I have too narrowly punished you, Your compensation makes amends; for I have given you here a thousand of mine own life; Or for that which I live, whom once again Tender to thy hand; all thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and These haughtily stood the test; that, here, after Heaven, I only this my rich gift. O Ferdinand, Do not smile at me, that I boast hereof. For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, And make it lie behind her.

Pros. I do believe it, Against no oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition.
Worthy percy’s, take your designe: But if thou dost break her virgin knot before A circumstance of much time, the most opportune place, the strongest suggestion Our fair Genie can, shall never melt Whose honour last long; to take away The edge of that day’s celebration,

When I shall think, or Paphian steeds are
Or might have stood’d below.

Pros. Poky speaketh.
Ayr. And, talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel? I thee industrious servant Ariel!

Ayr. What would my potent master here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy master follow thy last service
Did work perform; and I must use thee In such another trick: go, bring the rabbit, For whom I give thee power, here, to this place: Insult to quick motion; for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mind; if I my promise, And they expect it from me.

Pros. Presently.
Ayr. Ay, with a twinkle.
Ayr. Before you can say, Come, and go, and break the twine, and cuss, or so; Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mowse;
You shall know what love is;
Pros. Deavre, my dearest Ariel: Do not approach me.
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ayr. Eard, and dry.

Pros. Light them as a beacon.
Fare, be thy second.
Ayr. As I showed thee.
Ayr. I shall do it.

Pros. So shall I.

Pros. You love me, and believe me. [Exit.
TEMPEST.

ACT IV.

Cutting the cloud towards Paphos; and her son
Dove drawn with her: here thought they to
done.

Some wand'ring charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's touch be lighted; but in vain;
Mary's lot minion is broken: he, his arrows,
Sверe he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows, and be a boy right ou.
Highest queen of state.

Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

June. How does my bounteous sister! Go
with me,
To hush this twain, that they may prosper be;
And honour'd in their kind.

Juno.

Enter Flora, riches, marriage, increasing,
Long continuance, and beauty.

Flora sings her blessing on you.

Juno.

Enter Earth's increase, and fruitful plenty;
Flora and gardeners never empty;
Flora, with cheerful germs her hands growing;
Plants bring new life, and health.

Earth's increase as on you.

Juno.

Enter Flora's blessing on you.

Flora.

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charming: May I be bold;
To ask these spirits, which by mine art

Flora.

I from their consides call thee to my

Enter Flora and Juno, with a voice whispering, and send Isis

on employment.

Flora.

This is a voice whispering: There's some mystery to do: hush, and be mute,

Juno.

Ys we our spell is mar'd:

Juno.

Enter Flora.

Juno.

With your god's care, and ever in your

Flora.

Leaves your circle, and on this green land

Juno.

Is it a mere ceremony: Juno does command:

Juno.

A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter Flora and Juno.

Flora.

Ys, heard thou art a soldier, of August weary,
Come hither from the narrow, and be merry:
Make holyday. you are Islay's hosts put out.
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Rappers, properly dressed: they join
With the nymphs in a group of dance; towards the end
Of which there appear, suddenly, and speaks
After which, in a strange, belated, and confused
Manner, they heavily mount.

Pro. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast and Caliban, and his confederate
Of the minute, the minute of their plot:
This moment! [To the spirits.] Well done!-
 avoids no more.

Flora.

Never till this day;

Pro. You do look, my son, you are the cheerful air:
As if you were disd'ed: we are our actors,
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Shall be met with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, as my commander: when I presented

Ari. I thought I had told thee of it; but I fear'd,

Ari. Ay, I told you, air, you red hot-w

drink your air.

For breasting in their faces; beat the ground;

Ari. I have heard thee do it; and I went

towards their proper; I beat my tabi

Ari.

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Enter Flora, Juno, and Juno.

Flora.

This is a voice whispering: There's some mystery to do: hush, and be mute,

Juno.

With your god's care, and ever in your

Flora.

Leaves your circle, and on this green land

Juno.

Is it a mere ceremony: Juno does command:

Juno.

A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter Flora and Juno.

Flora.

Ys, heard thou art a soldier, of August weary,
Come hither from the narrow, and be merry:
Make holyday. you are Islay's hosts put out.
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Rappers, properly dressed: they join
With the nymphs in a group of dance; towards the end
Of which there appear, suddenly, and speaks
After which, in a strange, belated, and confused
Manner, they heavily mount.

Pro. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast and Caliban, and his confederate
Of the minute, the minute of their plot:
This moment! [To the spirits.] Well done!-
 avoids no more.

Flora.

Never till this day;

Pro. You do look, my son, you are the cheerful air:
As if you were disd'ed: we are our actors,
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
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ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Ferdinand in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Ferd. Now does my project gather to a head; and I shall now go upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ariel. In the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, you and your work should cease.

Ferd. I did say so; and now I'llraid thee tempest. Say, my spirit, how favest thou thy king and his followers?

Ariel. Confound together in the same fashion as you give in charge; just as you left them, sir; all a-praying. In the time groves which weather sends you. They cannot budge, till you release, the King, his brother, and yours, above all three distracted; And the remainder mourning over them, From sun of sorrow, and dismay; but chidest Him you term'd, sir, The good old lord, Gonzalo; His tears ran down his beard, like winter's drops From coves of tears; your charm to strongly works them.

If thy now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.


Prospero. Mine would, sir, were I humane.

Prospero. Hath thou, which art but air, a thought, of their affections? and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick.

Yet, with my nother reason, against my fury, I take part; they are not all at enmity. In virtue than in vengeance: they are pentimento, The sole drift of my purpose dare extend.

Prospero. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.]

Prospero. Ye rocks of hills, boughs, standing likewise, and groves.

Prospero. So, that on the same with pristine foot 407 Do the chase the oblique and with the wind. When he comes back; you tempests, that gives moonshine do the glossy oaks neglects wood. Wherefore the caw not: and yere, whose pastime Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoices To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid These night-blooming woods and woods are brought The moonrise, call'd forth the mutinous winds.

And twist the green sea and the sand's vault; Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder. Have I given fire, and sited Jove's stout oak. With his own bolt; the strong, high-promontory Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up the pian, and cedars, and pines; have I made walk their sleepers; op'd and let them forth. By my poor potent art. But this rough magic I here abuse: and, when I have required Done heaven's deeps, I do put on my heart the work upon mine senses, that with unknown charms I shall make him slumber. To work mine end upon their senses, that But these are strong, the night-staff, and weep Bury it certain fathoms in the earth. And, deeper than ever plumb line sound, I will strain upon the oar; and I will make all the round my破碎. Re-enter Ariel, with a stent signal, attended by Gonzalo; and Antonio in his manner, attended by Alarbus and Frangipani: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand chambered, which Prospero. A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsought fancy, care thy brains; Now useless, hold within thy skull there stand, For they are spell-stopp'd.——

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man; Mine eyes, even sojourn to the noise of thine; Falsely doth despise. —The charm dissolves space; And as the morning steals upon the night, Modulating the secret, so their rising seizes. Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that moisture Their clearer reason. —O my good Gonzalo, My true preserver, and a loyal air To him thou follow'st; I will pay thee grace, House, both in word and deed. —Now stand. Didst thou, Alarbus, me and say changes
TEMPEST.

Act V.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt prick'd so for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You both mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expedi'd remorse and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive
Unnatural thought thou art!—Their understanding
Begin to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foal and mazy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—
Artel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[End Artel.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.
[Artel re-enters, singing, and helps to arm Ar'tel.

Artel. Where the beaks crack, there suck I;
In a crowded bell I lie;
There I mock when woes do cry.
On the bell's back I do fly,
With summer, merrily.
And how I love thee now!
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
[End Artel.

Pro. Way, that's my dainty Artel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so—
To the king's ship, inviolable as thou art:
There shall thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatchets; the master, and the boat-swain.

Being awake, enforce to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.
Artel. I drink the air before me and return
Or best your pulse twice beat. [End Ar'tel.

Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits:—

Inhabit:—Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Doth now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A most hearty welcome.

Alon. Where thou beest beat, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to amuse me.
At late I have here, I know:—thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind ascendeth, with which,
I fear, a madness held me:—this must crave
(As if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I reign; and do esteem
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—but how should
Be living, and be here!—

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; and hence, how cannot
Be measure'd, or confin'd. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll swear,

You do yet taste
Some felicities o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends.

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded;
End to End. And End.
I here could pluck his highest brow upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Sad. The devil speaks in him. [Aside.
Pro. Not a

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call breaker
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy wanton fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perform'd, I know,
Thou must restore.
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen accidents: till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.—Come bitter
[Aside.
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Ungle the spell. [Exit Ariel.]
How fares my grandsire?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.
Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano,
and Trinculo, in their native apparel.
Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but for
nothing; we are, Coraglio, fully-monster, Coraglio!
Trin. If these be true spirits which I wear
in my head, here's a good head now.
Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will disassemble.
Ste. Ha; ha;
What things are these, o Lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?—Very like; one of them
Is the lean fish, and, no doubt, the miserrible.
Perc. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords.
Then say, if they be true—This mis-shape
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
floods fly.
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have youth and wit, and this demi-devil
[For he's a bastard one] had plotted with them.
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know, and away—this thing of darkness I
Acknowledged mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Ste. I am not this Stephano, my drunken butler!
Ste. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?
Ariel. And Triton is ceasing to pipe: Where
should they
Find this grand liquor that hath glided them?
How can't thou in this pickle be?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last; that, I fear me, twice out of my hours: I
shall not fear dyspepsie.
Ste. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but
a cramp.
Perc. 'Tis the king of the isle, sirrah.
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Ariel. This is as strange a face as ever I look'd
[At Calmian.
Perc. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it randomly.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter.
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drollery for a god,
And worship this dull fool?
Perc. Go to! away!
Perc. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.
Ste. Or steal it, rather.
[Alex. Cal. Ste. and Trin. go.]
Per. Sir, I invite you to come in, and tour your
place to my poor cell; where you shall take your
rest for this one night; which (part of it) I'll
now discourse on; as I do not, shall not;
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by;
Since I came to this isle; and in the me,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to N.
Where I have hope to see the Capitaine
Of these our dear-bedeathed solemnities
And hence retire me to my cell.
Every third thought shall be my good
TEMPEST.

ACT V.

Adm.
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[Aside.] Please you, draw near.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'ertrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,

Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assails
Merry itself, and frees in faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, Gentleman of Verona.
PROTEUS, Antonio, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish Rival to Valentine.
EDES, A Low for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a Knave to Valentine.
LANCE, Servant to Proteus.
PANTINO, Servant to Antonio. Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.
MINTO, the Uncle of Silvia, and Proteus. SERVANT, the Nurse of Julia.
LUCCETTA, Wandering woman to Julia.

SCENE.—Sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on the frontiers of MANTUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. O cease to persuade, my loving Proteus; Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits; Woe't not, affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honours love, I rather would entreat thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than living daily stagger'd at home. Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therewith.

Evan as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu! Think on thy Proteus, when thou, happy, sweet Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness.

When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy griefs to my holy prayers.
For I will be thy headman, Valentine.
Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's but a small story of deep love.
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love.
For he was more than over seas in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love.
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots I say, give me not boots.
Val. No, I will not, for you are over boots in love.
Pro. Wilt thou be in love, where scorn is bought gratis?
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one finding men's mirth,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. 19

Say, if by your circumstance, you call it so, by your circumstances, I fear, you'll rue it.

'Gainst you so cold at; I am not Love, even is your master, for he masters you; but is as yoked by a fool, should not be chronicled for wise. As in the sweetest bud or canker-swells, so sitting busy in the finest wits of all.

As writers say, As the most forward bud by the canker ere it blow, as the young and tender wit to folly; blushing as the branch, is verdant even in the prime, so fair effects of future hopes; forget time to count their lot, to lead desires:

The adieux my father at the road my coming, there to see me ship'd, all theirs will I bring thee, Valentine, sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave, let me bear from thee by letters, love and news, and what news else has in absence of thy friends; wise will visit thee with mine.

Happiness becalm thee in Milan! to my own! and so, farewell! for Valentine, a season honours humours, a season love.

His friends, to dignify them more, myself, my friends, and all for love, is, then least metamorphos'd me; neglect my studies, lose my time, my credit, and the world at length; with a walkers week, heart sick with night.

Enter Speed.

Sir Proteus, save you; Saw you my step?

All now be parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Twenty to one thou, he is shipp'd at Mil.

Why play'd the sheep, in loving him, sheep play'd the sheep? shall very often stray, sheep ford be a while away.

The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep; but seek my master, master seeks not me: therefore I am no shepherd for follower follow the shepherd, end for food fowls follow not the sheep; then followeth thy master, thy master for thou not thee: therefore thou art a such another proof will make me cry

Oh, thou least heart! get thee thou my letter.

Ay, sir; I, a lusty mount, gave your lady, a found master; and she, a heed over me, a lusty mount, nothing for my

Enter Speed.

Here's too small a pasture for such a store of mount.

Speed, If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

In that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

You mistake; I mean the pound, a plough

Speed, From a pound to a pin! a fold is over and over;

'Tis a threat too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

But what said you? she did not.

Speed, I.

Pro, Nod, I, why, that's nobly.

Speed, You mistake, sir; I say, she did not; and you ask me, if she did not; and I say, I.

That set together, speed, pound.

Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Thus well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Why, sir, how do you bear with me? speed, Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having neither cut the ends, hairy, for my pains.

The letter; but you have a quick wit.

And yet it cannot overtake your slow pace.

Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed, Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

You, sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, by so much as a breath for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

What said she?

Sir, by no means to make this thy pain. To notify thy beauty, I thank you, you have tender'd me; in requital whereby, henceforth keep your letters yourself; and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Enter Speed, begone, to save your ship from wreck;

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destined to a sister death on shep;

I must go send some better messenger; I fear my Jullia would not deign my lines.

SCENE II. The same. Garden of Julia's House

Enter Jullia and Lucetta.

Jull. But stay, Lucetta, now we are alone Would'st thou then comend me to full love?

Luc, Ay, makam; so you stumble not thy.

Jull. Of all the fair resort of gentlewomen, that every day with para encounters;

Luc. In my opinion, which is worthless to me.

Jull. Please you, repeat their names in my mind.

According to my simple state of mind.

Luc. What think'st thou of the more?

Jull. As of a knight well-spoken

Luc. And as I, you, I never shall that she;

Jull. What think'st thou of Lucetta?

Luc. Well of his youth, I think;


Luc. Lord, bow! to see us
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERON

Jul. How now! what means this passion at this name?

Lec. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing

shame.

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should encense thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Lec. Then thus,—of many good I think him

best.

Jul. Your reason?

Lec. I have not other but a woman's reason;

I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love

on him?

Lec. Ay, if you thought your love not cast

away.

Jul. Why, be of all the rest hath never mov'd

me.

Lec. Yet be of all the rest, I think, best loves

ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but

small.

Lec. Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show

love.

Lec. O, they love least, that let men know their

love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Lec. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say, from whom?

Lec. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say: who gave it thee?

Lec. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from

Proteus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the

way,

Did in your name receive it; pardon the faith I

pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth!

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Lec. To plead for love deserves more fee than

hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Lec. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Jul. And yet, I would, I had o' eylook'd the

letter.

It was a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What food is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe,

Ay.

Pie, the bow whereby is this foolish love,

That, like a tasty bebe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all hobbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chic Lecetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy ensue'd my heart to smile

My patience is, to call Lecetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What ho! Lecetta?

Re-enter LECETTA.

Lec. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Lec. I would it were:

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,

And not upon your maid.

Jul. What 'lt you look up

So gingly?

Lec. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Lec. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Lec. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SCENE III.  
The same. A Room in Antonio's House.  
Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,  
Wherewith my brother bid you in the cloister?  
Panth. Twice of his nephew, Proteus, your son.  
Ant. What, what of him?  
Panth. He wondered, that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;  
while other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out;  
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away;  
Some, to the studious universities.  
For why, or for all those exercises,  
He said you thought Proteus most;  
And did request me, to importune you;  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
as having known no travel in his youth.  
Ant. Nor need't thou much importune me to that.  
Whereas this month I have been hammering,  
I have consider'd well his loss of time;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being try'd and pruned in the world:  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the wise course of time:  
Dost, tell me, whither went I best to send him?  
Panth. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.  
Ant. I know it well.  
Panth. Twice good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.  
There shall be practise ditts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.  
Ant. I like the compact; well lost thou advis'd;  
And, that thou may'st at pleasure how we at home,  
The reception of it shall make known;  
And to promulgate his expedition,  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.  
Panth. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-  
phonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
As the prince of Catania, Count Corregor;  
And to commend their service to his will.  
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus  
Come, in good time,—now will we break with him.  
Exit Proteus.  
Panth. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn;  
O, what virtue shall I do, who now, in your name,  
To seal our happiness with their consent?  
Despatch, Despatch!  
Panth. How now? what letter are you reading there?  
Panth. Your pleasure, your lordship's wish; 'tis a word or two.  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Delivered by a friend that came from him.  
Ant. Lead me the letter; let me see what news,  
What may God give, what may my heart,  
That he writes.  
How that he lives, how well belov'd  
And daily praised by the emperor;  
Wishing with him, partner of his fortune,  
What you have suffered to his wish?  
Ant. As once relying on your lordship's will,  
And depending on his friendly wish;  
My will is something suited with his wish;  
That now I thus suddenly proceed;  
For that I will, and there an end;  
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time  
In the entiress in the emperor's court;  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.  
To-morrow be in readiness to go;  
Excuse it not, for I am preposerty.  
Ant. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.  
Panth. Look, what thou wou'dst, shall be sent after thee.  
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.  
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed  
To hasten on his expedition.  
I have a son that in his heart doth burn  
To love thee, father, for my Julia's letter.  
Lost he should take exceptions to my love;  
And with the excessive envy of my own excuse,  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
How this spring of love resembles  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!  

Re-enter PANTHINO.  
Panth. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;  
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you go.  
Ant. What is it but my heart rejoices therein?  
And yet a thousand times it answers, no,  

[Exeunt.  

ACT II.  
Enter VALENTINE and Speed.  
Speed. Sir, your glove.  
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.  
Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.  
Val. Had I let you see, my glove; it is mine:  
Sweet Valentine, the thing divine!  
Ab Silva! Ab Silva!  
Speed. Abnul Silva! Abnul Silva.  
Val. How now, sir?  
Val. She is not within hearing, sir.  
Speed. Why, sir, who bade you call her?  
Val. Why, if you will know her?  
Val. Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I must go.  
Val. If you'll be still too forward, Speed.  
Val. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.  
Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silva?  
Val. Speed. She that your worship loves?  
Val. Why, how know you that I am in Speed.  
Val. Every time, by the special marks you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to your arms like a main-constent; to retch song; like a rubbing-red-beard; to walk with one that had the restlessness: to sigh, like a boy that had lost his A B C; to walk with a young wench that had buried her fast, like one that takes diet; to walk with a youth that is a young goose at Holmasons. You were well taught, to every like a cook; who  
Val. Look you, I can hardly without your royse you how the gentleman is, so to say, a cook; who  
Val. Speed. Are all these things  
Speed. They are all true.  
Val. Speed. Without you I would add, without your eyes you see how the gentleman is, so to say, a cook; who  
Val. Bef, tell me Silva!
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT II.

Scene. She that you gone on so, as she sits at speed. 

Vad. Hast thou observed that I even she I mean. speed. Why, sir, I know her not. 

Vad. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not? speed. She she not hard-favoured, sir? speed. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd. speed. Sir, I know that well enough. speed. What dost thou know? speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well.

Vad. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infatuate. speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count. speed. All painted and how out of count! speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that so esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty. speed. You never saw her since she was deformed. speed. How long hath she been deform'd? speed. Ever since you loved her. 

Vad. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and all these years, if you will. speed. If you love her, you cannot see her. speed. Why, sir. speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered! speed. What should I see then? speed. Your own present folly, and your passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garner his house; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your face. speed. Well, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe your nose. speed. True, sir. I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the better to chide you for yours. 

Vad. In conclusion, I stand affronted to her. speed. I would you were set so, your affection would cease. speed. I might she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves. speed. And have you? 

Vad. I have. speed. Are they not lament was? speed. They are, and for her. speed. Tell her all you can write. speed. Good heavens, sir! she have a letter. speed. She'll give you one. speed. Sir Valentine and servant, to you, two thousand speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him. 

Vad. As you enjoined me, I have write your letter. 

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; While I am much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship. speed. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very evertly done. 

Vad. Now trust me, madam, it came hardily off; For being ignorant to whom it goes, speed. I writ at random, very doubtfully. speed. Pray you think you think too much of so much pains? 

Vad. No, madam, so it stand you, I will write, Pray, write a commend, a thousand times as much: And yet— speed. Why? speed. A short period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it—and yet I care not; And yet take this again—and yet I thank you. speed. Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more. speed. And yet you will; and yet another ye speed. What means your ladyship? do you mean like it? speed. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ But since unwillingly, take them again; 

Vad. I'll. speed. Madam, they are for you. speed. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request But I will not read them, when she hath made I would have had them writ more movingly. speed. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another. speed. And, when it's writ, for my sake read over And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so. speed. If it please me, madam! what then? speed. Why if it please you, take it for your labour And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit Servant. speed. O jest unseen, inexpressible, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple. 

My master sees to her; and she hath taught her suitor, she being her pupil, to become her tutor. O excellent device! was there ever heard better? That my master, being scribe, to himself shew write the letter? speed. Now, sir, what are you reasons with yourself? speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that has the reason. speed. To do what? speed. To be a spokesman from madam Sili. speed. To whom? speed. To yourself: why she wos you by figure. speed. What figure? speed. By a letter, I should say. speed. Why, she hath not writ to me? speed. What need she, when she hath made write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive it? 

speed. No, believe me. speed. No believing you indeed, sir: you perceive her earnest? speed. She gave me none, except an an speed. Why, she hath given you a letter. speed. That's the letter I write to her. speed. And that letter hath she deliv there an end. speed. I would, it were no worse. speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well for often have you writ to her; and she, she, Or else for want of idle time, could not do Or fearing else same messenger, that me discover. 

Herself hath taught her love himself to bear. 

All this I speak in print; for in pr Why make you, sir? 'tis dinner. speed. I have dined. speed. But hearken, sir; the lean Love can feed on the air. I nourish'd by my victuals, and meat; O, be not like your min be moved. 

SCENE II. Verona. A Room.

Enter Proteus as

Pro. Have patience, good sir. 

Jul. I must, where is no Pro. When possibly I er Jul. If you turn not out, I Keep this remembrance. 

Pro. Why then well 'll take you this,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

I reign with a holy kiss, of for my true constancy; I resign me in the day, till, for thy sake, I some soul meet chance of its forgetfulness! thing; answerest not; not any title of tears; longer than I should; [Exit] [Exit]

I am going without a word! this if it cannot speak; rich than words to grace it.

Pantuino.ans are said for.

I come:—

We poor lovers doth. [Exit.


Sil. Servant—

Pac. Mistress—

Speed. Master; Sir Thibio frowns on you. Pac. Ay, boy, it’s for love.


Sil. Sir Thibio; do you change colour?

Pac. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Tho. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than in your sir. Pac. You have said, sir. Tho. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. Pac. I know it well, sir; you always and ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, as quick shot off.

Pac. ‘Tis a jest, madam; we thank the gry.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Pac. I, sweet, sweet lady; for you gave fire: Sir Thibio borrows his wit from dyspeps’s looks, and spends what he kindly in your company. Tho. Sir, if you spend word for me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. Pac. I, sir, I give it; you chequer of words, and, I think, not to give your followers; for it is here, liveliness, that they live by.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, he’s my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia.

Sil. Sir Valentine, your father.

Duke. What say you to a letter? Of much good news?

Sil. My lord, I will.

Pac. To say how mercifully.

Duke. Know you I—

Sil. Tryman?

Pac. Ay, my good—

Duke. To be of worth, and—

Sil. And not write—

Duke. Hath he—

Pac. He never.

Duke. You

Sil. I know not—

Wehave—

Duke. And those—

Omitting.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act II.

How do you Lady I and how times your love?

Your love?

Pros. My nature is too weak to weep for you;

I know not how you joy but in a lover's love;

I have done penance for contentious words;

With bitter faster, with repentant grounds;

With nightly tears, and daily burning sighs;

I am no wise to such correction.

Pros. How do you Lady I and how times your love?

I am no wise to such joy on earth;

Now do no worse than be of love.

Pros. Enough; I read your face. You know not

Pros. The more I see, the more I love you;

The more I see, the more I love you;

And so the more I love you.

Pros. And so the more I love you.

Pros. How do you Lady I and how times your love?

I am no wise to such correction.

Pros. How do you Lady I and how times your love?

I am no wise to such joy on earth;

And so the more I love you.

Pros. And so the more I love you.

Pros. How do you Lady I and how times your love?

I am no wise to such correction.

Pros. How do you Lady I and how times your love?
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SCENE V. A Street. 

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launces! by mine honesty, welcome to Verona.

Launce. Forbear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is next undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I’ll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pensees, you shall have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with his fortune?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. Purr, for I am merry, thou art not.

Launce. Not, no.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with my master?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her. Those were the same sort thou! I understand them not.

Speed. What a block art thou, that thou cannot;

My staff understands me.

What thou sayst not.

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I’ll bet thee, none of my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand under and understand it all.

Speed. But tell me true, will it be a match? will it be a marriage? will he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his fist, and say, nothing, it will; will it be a conclusion then, that it will.

Launce. Then shall never get such a secret from me; nor, I think, such a miserable. Speed. To tell me that I get it so. But, Launces, sayst thou, that my master is become a notable lubber, as then reported him.

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Launce. A notable lubber, as then reported him.

Speed. Why, then, whereon am I, then mistake.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant the master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a notable lubber.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not how he speak, if thou wilt go with me to the alehouse; so, if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Launce. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity as to go to the ale with a Christian.

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. An Apartment in the Palace. 

Enter Porson and Valentine.

Porson. For to leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn? To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn? To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn; And even that power, which gave me first my oath, Provokes me to this thralloped perjury. Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear: O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast slipt, Teach me by thy tempted subject, to excuse thine. At first I did adore a twinkling star, But now I worship a celestial sun. Unfeudal vows may loosely be broken; And he who wits, that wants resolved will To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better— Fe, fie, unaverted tongue! to call her bad, Whose sovereignty so off thou hast professed With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths, I cannot leave to love, and yet I do; But there I leave to love, where I should love. Julia I love, and Valentine I love; If I keep them, I needs must lose my self; If I lose them, thus find I by their loss; For Valentine, myself. For Julia, Silvia, To me I am as dearer than a friend; For love is still most precious in itself; And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair! Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alive, Remembering that my love to her is dead; And Valentine I’ll hold an enemy, Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. I cannot now prove constant to myself; Without some treachery used to Valentine; This night, he being at me with a corded lute; To clime celestial Silvia’s chamber-window, Myself in connexion, I myself in connexion. Now presently I’ll give her father out Of their designs, and let their purpose go. Who, all enrag’d, will banish Valens For Thibio, he intends, shall wed by Bet. Valentine being thus disposed of Some trick, some trick, blunt Thibio’s 
y

Love, lend me wings to make me fly.

As thou hast lent me wit to play.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT III.

SCENE I.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile; We have some secrets to confer about. (Exit Thurio.)

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, and deserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else so worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should this scheme fail, you'll send her away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down
Being unprepared, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest

Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Valentine her courting, and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous limb might err,
And so unworthily, (a rashness that I ever yet have shudd'rd,) I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which myself hast now disclosed to you,
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of
Knowing that tender youth is soon sugger
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept
And thence she cannot be conveyed out.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have

How he her chamber-window will see
And with a corded ladder fetch her off
For which the youthful lover now is;
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please your lordship, you may take
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my heart.
Hath made me publisher of this pret
Duke. Upon mine honour, I say,
That I had any light from thee of thine,

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine

Enter Valentine.

Val. Please it your grace, that

That stays to bear my letters to
And I am going to deliver then
Duke. Be they of great import.

Val. The truer of them doth
My health, and happy being at
Duke. Nay, then no matter;

I am to speak with thee of

That touch me near, wherein
’Tis not unknown that I am
To match my friend, Sir Th
Val. I know it well, my

Were rich and honourable

Is full of virtue, bounty, y
Beseeching such a wife as
Cannot your grace wish in
Duke. No, trust me; she

Proud, disobedient, stubb
Neither regarding that she
Nor fearing me as she
And, may I say to thee,
Upon advice, hath drew
And, where I thought
Should have been shown.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Lun.: The blackest news the heart can

Speed.: Why, man, how black! Lun.: Why, as black as ink.

Speed.: Let me read them.

Lun.: Lie on thee, jot-head; I read.

Speed.: Thou first, I can.

Lun.: I will try thee; Tell me the

Speed.: Marry, the son of my great

Lun.: There: and saint Nicholas

Speed.: Imprimis. She can milk.

Lun.: Ay, that she can.

Speed.: Item. She knows good ale.

Lun.: And therefore comes thine

Blessing of your heart, you brew;

Speed.: Item, She can

Lun.: That’s as much as to say,

Speed.: Item. She can knit.

Lun.: What need a man care for

a wench, when she can knit him

Speed.: Item, She can read and eat

Lun.: A special virtue for them

was washed and accursed.

Speed.: Item, She can spin.

Lun.: Then may I set the word

when she can spin for her living.

Speed.: Item, She hath many names

Lun.: That’s as much. I say, but

that, indeed, know not but their

fate forore have no names.

Speed.: Here follow her virtues.

Lun.: Close at the heels of her

speed. Item, She is not to be the

respite of her breath.

Lun.: Well, that must may

breakfast: Read on.

Speed.: Item, She hath waited

Lun.: That makes no matter: I will

Speed.: Item. She doth talk to him

Lun.: It’s no matter for that

in her talk.

Speed.: Item. She is slow in

Speed.: Item, She is not as

Lun.: O villain, that set this

vice! To be slow in words! virtue: I pray thee, out with

Speed.: Item. She is proud.

Lun.: That will not, and cannot be taken from

Speed.: Item, She was not.

Lun.: Canst not for thy

love craves.

Speed.: Item, She is curst.

Lun.: Well, the best is

blue.

Speed.: Item, She will of

Lun.: After liquor be it

not, I will; for good this.

Speed.: Item, She is the

Lun.: Of her tongue

write down she is slow t

not; for that I’ll keep

Speed. Item, She had

Lun.: Stop there; I

and not mine, twice

R electro that once.

Speed. Item, She

Lun. More haste

prove it: The crow

therefore it is that covers the

Speed. And man

Lun. That’s in
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV.

2 Our. Whither travel you?  
1 Val. To Verona.  
2 Our. Whence come you?  
3 Val. From Milan.  

2 Our. Do you long sojourn there?  
3 Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stood,  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.  
1 Our. What, were you banish'd then?  
2 Our. For what offence?  
3 Val. That which now torments me to re- 

bear it.  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;  
But yet I did him mandibly in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.  
1 Our. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so;  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?  
3 Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.  
1 Our. Have you the tongues?  
3 Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy.  

Or else I often had been miserable.  
3 Our. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's hat  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.  
1 Our. Him, sir; a word.  
3 Speed. Master, be one of them;  
It is an honourable kind of thievish.  
1 Edw. Peace, villain!  
2 Our. Tell us this: Have you any thing to take  
1 Our. Nothing but my fortune.  
3 Our. Know, then, that some of us are gentle- 

men.  

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of wily men:  
Myself was from Verona banish'd,  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.  
2 Our. And I from Mantua, for a gentlemans,  
Whom, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.  
1 Our. And, I, so like petty crimes as these.  
But the worst of all,—for we cite our faults,  
That they may bold expost' our lawless lives.  
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd  
With goodly shape; and by your own report  
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,  
As we do in our quality much want.  

3 Our. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:  
Are you content to be our general?  
To make a virtue of necessity.  
And how we do, in this wilderness?  
3 Our. What say'st thou? will thou be of our  

consort?  
Say ay, and be the captain of us all;  
We'll do thee homage, and be rule'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander and our king.  
1 Our. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.  
2 Our. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have  

off'd.  
3 Our. I take your offer, and will live with you;  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poor passengers.  
3 Our. No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, let us go, we'll bring thee to our  
And slew thee all the treasure we have got;  
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace.  

Enter PROSERPINA.  

Prov. Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colours of commanding him,  
I have access my own love to prefer;  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy.  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my basehood to my friend;  

When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been foremost  
In breaking faith with Jolita whom I lov'd:  
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope.  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love  
The more it grows and flames on her still.  
But here comes Thurio; now must we to his  

window  
And give some evening musick to her ear.  

Enter THURIO, and MUSICIANS.  

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus! art ye come before?  
Prov. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know that!  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.  
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not  
Prov. Sir, but I do; or else I would be b  
Thu. Who? Silvia?  
Prov. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.  
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, g  
men,  
Let's turn, and to it lustily a while.  

Enter Host, at a skylark; and JULIUS in boy's r  

Thu. Now, my young gentle! methinks  

allycholyly: I pray you, why is it?  
Marry, mine host; because I merry.  

Thu. Come, well have you merry  
where you shall hear musick;  
gentleman that you ask'd for.  
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?  
Thu. Ay, that you shall.  
Jul. That will be musick.  

Host. Hark!  
Jul. Is he among these?  

Host. Ay: but presence be known.  
Who is Silvia? What is she,  
That all our scenes are now  

Holly, fair, and wise to the;  
The hearest rock grace d  
That she might admired be  
Is she kind, as she is fair  
For beauty's lives with  
Love deck to her eyes rag  
To help him of his bls  
And, being help'd, take  
Then to Silvia let us ri  
That Silvia is excel  
She excels such morts  
Upon the dull ear  
To her lit as garli  

Host. How now at before?  
How do you, man?  

Jul. You mistake;  

Host. Why, ho you  
Jul. Not so? b  

my very heart-at:  

Host. You hav  
Jul. Ay, I wou  

have a slow hear  

Host. I precise  

Jul. Not a w  

Host. Hark!  
Jul. Ay! t  

Host. You  

one thing?  
Jul. I wou  

thing. But,  
talk on, ofte  

Host. I tel  
me, be lover  
Jul. Wher  

Host. Gou  
by his ma  

present to  
Jul. Pe
Two Gentlemen of Verona

Sir. Sir Thurlow, fear not you: I will so plead,

That you shall say, a man within her drift, excell,

That you shall say, my cunning drift excell,

Thou, Where meet we?

Proc. At Saint Gregory’s well.

Proc. Have you seen, or Musician?

Serena appears above, or at his window.

Proc. Music, good even to your ladyship.

Ser. I thank you for your music, gentleman; who is that, that speake?

Proc. Our lady, if you knew her pure heart’s truth.

You’ll quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Ser. Sir Proctor, as I take it.

Proc. Sir Proctor, gentle lady, and your servant,

What is your will?

Ser. That I may compact yours.

Proc. Than your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you be your house to bed.

Then subtle, perjur’d, false, dishonourable man!

Think’st thou, I am so shallow, so credulous,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast devised so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love appear.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for the wrongfull suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself.

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

No, I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

Jul. Twere false, if I should speak it.


Jul. Say, yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives; to whom, thysell art witness,

And art thou not his father?

F’stil wrong him with thy importunity?

Proc. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Ser. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,

Assume thysell, my love is buried.

Proc. Sweet lady, let me take it from the earth,

Go to thy lady’s grave, and call her hence.

Ser. Or at the least, in her sepulchre shine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Proc. Aside. Didst thou mistake me for your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

So that I’ll speak, to that I’ll sigh and weep:

For, seeing the semblance of your perfect self

Is ever devoured, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If there be a substance, you would, sure, discover it.

And take it as a shadow, as I am.

Ser. I am very truth to be your lord, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well,

To wear a shadow, and the false shadow send to me in the morning, and I’ll send it back;

And so good rest.

Proc. As wreathes have o’re

That wait for execution in the morn,


Jul. How, girl, will you go?

Host. What a hallilion, I was last

Host. I pray you, where is the host?

Host. Thysell, at your house: there

Ser. Hush, marry, at your house: there

Jul. Nor so; but it hath been the

That ever I watch’d, and the

Scene III.

Enter Eglamour.

Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship’s importune.

I am thus early come, to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in.

O Eglamour, thus a gentleman,

Think not, I flatter, for I swear, I do not.

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished;

That art not ignorant, what dear good will I bear unto the bless’d Valentine.

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Upon whose grave thou wouldest pure charity.

Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Martius, where, I hear, he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company.

Upon whose faith and honour I expose,

Urged not my father’s anger, Eglamour.

But think upon my grief, a lady’s grief;

And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy end.

Which beares and fortune supplies

Plagues, I do desire thee, even from a valley.

As full of sorrows as the sea

To bear me company, and if not, to hide what I have;

That I may venture to de-

Egl. Madam, I pity you.

When will you go?

Ser. This evening.

Egl. Where she

Jul. At fire.

Ser. Where I intend.

Jul. Go, Good-mur.

Ser. Go.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

She sat, as she sits at this, gazed on, so that even she herself knew not the beauty that shone upon her, nor her beauty upon her. She was painted, and her beauty was painted on. She was loved, and the love was painted on. She was beautiful, and the beauty was painted on. She was all beauty, and the beauty was painted on. She was all love, and love was painted on. She was all affection, and affection was painted on. She was all grace, and grace was painted on. She was all sweetness, and sweetness was painted on. She was all virtue, and virtue was painted on. She was all modesty, and modesty was painted on. She was all truth, and truth was painted on. She was all charity, and charity was painted on. She was all goodness, and goodness was painted on. She was all innocence, and innocence was painted on.

Val. What means your ladyship to do you like this?

Sil. Yes, sir! the lines are very quaintly intoned, but since unwillingly, take them again.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you; you write them, sir, at my request, but I will not read them; they are for you. I would have had them writ more moving.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship other.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake re-read it.

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, no.

Val. If it please me, madam; what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your lady. And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit Sil. Speed. O jest unseen, incalculable, invisibly As a nose on man's face, or a weathercock stooping! My master seeks to her; and she hath tang! suitor, he being her pupil, to become her tutor O excellent device! was there ever better?

That my master, being scribe, to himself write the letter.

Val. How now, sir? what are you r with yourself?

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a speakeoman from you.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why she writes.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ:

Speed. What need she, when 'twere to write to yourself? Why, do you jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you; you perceive her earnest.

Val. She gave me none, except;

Speed. Why, she hath given me that the letter I writ.

That letter hath an end.

Val. I would, it were no;

Speed. I'll warrant you, all that was here writ to be.

Or else some idle time

Or fearing some sense disorder,

Herself hath taught her by love.

All this I speak in print

Why must you, sir?

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but bear

beauteous Love can feed,

nourished by my vi

meat; O, be not like

be moved.

SCENE II. Veron.

Exeunt

Pro. Have pa

Jul. I miss,

Pro. When

Jul. If you turn Keep this sense

Pro. Why

take y
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pau. Here is my hand for my true constancy; and when that hour o'ertakes me in the day, Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgiveness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
This tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should; [Exit Julia.

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word! 
y, as true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better dews than words to grace it.

Enter Patingo.

Pau. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pau. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The street. A Street. Enter Launce, leading a Dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Lameres have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious sea, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial court. I think, Crab my dog be the nearest-named dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father walking, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her head, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted our sheep one tear; be it a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my gran-
dam having_hovered, look you, swept before blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this stone is my father:—so, this left slip is my mother:—so, so, this left shoe is my mo-
dier:—say, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it hath the Werner sole: this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this my father: A vengeance on't! there 'tis; now step, this stuff is my sister;—for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is myself, and I am myself; and I am myself: Ay, so, so. Now come in my father;—Father, peace, peace! now aloud why should the stone speak a word for weeping; now she I kiss my father:—well, he weeps on:—now I to my mother, (O that she could speak like a wood woman:—well, I kiss her: there 'tis: here's my mother's breath:—now come to my sister: mark how she makes now the dog all this while, a tear, nor speaks a word; but spits the dust with my tears.

Enter Puck.
NO GENTLEMEN OF VERO

Pet-like perfection;  
Nurse of his name:  
In days of his days:  
A world old;  
In judgment ripe;  
Mind his worth  
Now altogether,  
And in mind,  
I am a gentleman.  
And if he make this  
Express love,  
V's counselor.  
Is come to me,  
Is a great postulate;  
And his time a while:  
Me news to you,  
And a telling: it had been  
Then according to his  
And you, Sir Thirio:  
Not off he to it?  
No presently. [End Duke.  
Dame, I tell your lady,  
Me, but that his mistress  
I'd in her crystal looks  
Now she hath entranc'd  
She stands for beauty  
She folds them priz'd  
She should be blind; and, being  
The way to seek out you.  
I love hath twenty pair of eyes  
Love hath not an eye at all  
Lovers, Thirio, as yourself;  
Great love can while.  
Sister Parson.  
Have done: here comes the  
Dear Protesa!—Mistress, I  
Come with some special favour.  
Is warrant for his welcome his  
And he off have wish'd to hear from.  
It is: sweet lady, entertain him  
A servant to your ladyship  
A mistress for so high a servant  
A servant; but too mean a servant  
To such a worthy mistress  
Of discourse of disability  
Entertain him for your servant  
My will is boast of, nothing else  
My need yet old want his need  
We are welcome to a worthless misfortune  
Be on him that says so, but yourself  
You are welcome?  
Not; that you are worthless.  

Enter Servant.

My lord your father would speak with you.  
Wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Serv.  
Come, Sir Thirio.  
Once more, new servant, will you  
To confer of home affairs;  
I have done: we lack to hear from you  
I'll both attend upon your ladyship.  
[Enter Sylva, Trimmer, and Serv.  
Now, tell me, how do all from whose  
Your friends are well, and have the  
So much recommended  
And how do yours?  
I left them all in health.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SCENE V. The same. An Apartment in the Palace. Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be foreswear'd To love fair Silvia, shall I be foreswear'd To wrong my friend, shall I be much foreswear'd And even that power, which gave me first my oath, Provokes me to this triplefold perjury. Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sense Teach me, thy tempted subject, to esteem At first I did adore a twinkling star But now I worship a celestial sun Unheedful vows may usefully be broken And he who will, that wills ready To learn his wit to exchange the best For, he, unrenervous tongue! 'twere not Whose sovereignty so off thou art With twenty thousand soul-cutting lines I cannot leave to love, and yet But there I leave to love, with Julia I lose, and Valentia If I keep them, I need not If I lose them, thus may For Valentine, myself! To myself am devoted For love is still sure And Silvia, without her And Julia, without her Shew Julia first I will forget her Remember her And Vale For love is still sure And Vale She is as true as the sun Is not My staff understands me.
GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pre. My gracious lord, the discovery.

Pro. My gracious lord, the law of friendship bids us.<n
Pre. For I would prevent your further steps.

Pro. But, when I call to mind my duty, my lord,

Pre. Which, else no worldly word could

Pro. Of your father's love, I know, my

Pre. How true, my lord, these sieges of

Pro. I will not, my lord, however false his

Pre. All these are servile to deceitful men.

Pro. But, my lord, the children of our

Pre. By heaven, by heaven, we prove, when you

Pro. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that

Pre. An honest part of his truth.

Pro. I must obey my love, by loving him;

Pre. To a base effect! Our stars are

Pro. Our sin is, our thoughts insensible;

Pre. My goods, my lands, my depositions;

Pro. On my heart, to my heart's content.

Pre. Of a note of what I should in need of

Pro. That is, I leave at thy dispose,

Pro. My Lord of Verona, you shall, I pray,

Pro. I am impatient of your tardance.

ACT III.

SCENE I.


Pro. We have some secrets to content about.

Pre. Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will?
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here, whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nothwithstanding her age esteem not.
Fal. What would your grace have me to do
in this?
Duke. Win her with gifts, if she respect not
words;
Duke. Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorning at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, it's not in hate of you,
But rather to beguile more love in you.
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the gods are meet if I be left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, if you saw, she doth not mean away;
Flattery, and praise, commend, extol their graces,
Though never so black, say, they have angels' minds.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Fal. A woman sometimes scorner what best
contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorning at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, it's not in hate of you,
But rather to beguile more love in you.
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the gods are meet if I be left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, if you saw, she doth not mean away;
Flattery, and praise, commend, extol their graces,
Though never so black, say, they have angels' minds.

Duke. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Fal. Yet, sir, I mean, is promis'd by her
friends;

Duke. A youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
Fal. Why then, I would resort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Fal. What then, but one may enter the doors?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, a t

Duke. Why then, a ladder.

Duke. To cast up with a pair of stairs

Duke. Would serve to scale.

Duke. Sall, leader with us.

Duke. Now, will you advise me whom?

Duke. We'll see.

Duke. That's it.
No Valentine, if Silvia have forebore
to give you more,
She's for your sake,
That that's a sign that you are
A harmless, innocent, kind, good man,
If you will believe it.

Silvia know that I am banished from the court,
For I have been there,
And I have given up my place,
And I have taken leave of you,
And I have given up my place,
And I have taken leave of you,
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And I have taken leave of you,
And I have given up my place,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Scene II. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke and Thibio; Proteus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you.

Now Valentine is boundless from her sight.

Thi. Since his exile she hath despised me more,
Then sworn my company, and railed at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This is but normal love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Disolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts;
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Pro. Good, my lord; and Proteus,
My daughter's love, according to your proclamation, gone?

Duke. So believe; but Thurio,
Pro. No longer than I pray
Let me not live to look
Duke. Thou know'st the effect
The match between two
Pro. I do, my lord
Duke. And yet
Pro. She
Duke. What is
Pro. She
Duke. What
Pro. She

The. Therefore, as you unwind her love for him,
Lest it should ravell, and be good to none.
You must provide to hollow it on me; or which must be done, by prancing me an answer
As you in worth despise Sir Valentine,
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you of this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's account,
You are already lord of firm constance;
And cannot soon retract and change.
Upon this warrant shall you proceed;

Where you with Sylvia must be found
For she is famous, heavy,
And, for your friends' sake, lover
Where you may temporize,
To hate young Valentine;

Pro. As much as I can,

But you, Sir Thurio,
You must by these

By waitful constancy
Should be full soon

Duke. Ay, ay,
Pro. As

You say,
Write,
Methinks,
That

End.
TLEMEN OF VERONA.

When to her beauty I cast my eye,
In breaking with the light,
And not withstandning her,
With her spaniel-like, the
The more it grows so
But here comes the
window,
And give some every

Eugene

Enter Two

Thu. How now,
before us t,
Pres. Ay, gentle
Will ever any
Thu. Ay, by no,
Pres. Sir, but I
Thu. Wha? t
Pres. Ay, Sir
Thu. I thank

men.

Enter, then, an

Eugene Host.

Enter Host, e

H_ost. Now
allychobly;
Jul. Mar
merry.

Host. Co

you where
gentleman

Jul. E

Jul. Y

Jul. 1

Host.

Eugene, th

fortune,
some of us are gentle

govern'd youth,
any of awful men:

as banished,
I away a lady,

Manast, for a gentleman,
I, I stabbed unto the heart,

like perty criminesse as these,

for we cite our faults,

d exceed our lawless lives.)

You, are beautify'd

e, and by your own report,

man of such perfection,

quality much want a,

because you are banished, man,

the rest, we partake to you:

to be our general !

me, in this wilderness ?

I say'th thought. Will them be of our

be the captain of us all,

homage, and he ra'd by thee,

our commander and our king,

if thou secon our counter, thou art

d, we shall not live to brought what they have

like your offer, and will live with you

that you do no outrage

or poor passengers.

Nor, we dote such vile, s, base pracht

with us, we will bring thee to our cow

then, all the treasure we have go

with ourselves, all rest at thy dish

ENE II. Milan.

Count of the Pal

Enter Proteus.

4. Already I have been false to You

But now I must be as unjust to Thine

for the colour of commending him

my own love to prove I

Sylvia is not fair, too true too

be corrupted with my wrongness;

then I protest true loyalty to her.

she took me with my falsehood to
But what says me to my little Jewe
Law. Marry, she says, your dog was a
and tells you, currish thanks is good enough
such a present.
Pro. But she received my dog?
Law. No, indeed, did she not; here he
brought him back again.
Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from
Law. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was at
from me by the hangman's boys in the man
place; and then I offered her mine own;
is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore
gift the greater.
Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog ag
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here
A slave, that, still an end turns me to shun
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my busy
For 'tis no trusting to you foolish love;
But, chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and true
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain th
Go presently and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave
taken;
She's dead, belike.
Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.
Jul. Aha!
Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?
Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you
well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love
You dote on her that cares not for your love
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewith
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my is
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture
Your message done, be home unto my cham'
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
34

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VER

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Least, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn slave—
What bailing, and what stint, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wits their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.]

Pre. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not saith your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg;
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

[Exit Proteus.]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pre. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to thy presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I should have had a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjured Proteus;
Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pre. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're below'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's below'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hast two;
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one;
Thou counterfeit to true friend! I say,

Pre. In love, who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pre. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, three you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pre. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion. Valentine!

Pre. I'll, thou common friend, that's without faith or love,

(For such is a friend now), treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes, sought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom! Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a strayer for thy sake.

The private we care not!

'Jimost all fees

Pre. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not saith your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg;
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

[Exit Proteus.]

Pre. But, if I depart, I...

Jul. And Jul...

Val. And Julia hers...

Pre. How!

Jul. And Julia hers...

Pre. How!

Jul. And Julia hers...

Pre. How!

Jul. How!

Pre. How!

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Pre. How!

Jul. How!

Pre. How!

Jul. How!
coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disarrangements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benediction, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shakespeare. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Earl. It is not meet to call the Council a riot; there is no fear of God in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desirous to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot; take your visamments in that.

Shakespeare. Ha! of my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Earl. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: for there is also another device in my praxis, which, peradventure, prays good discretion with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Shakespeare. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Earl. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her granddaugher, upon his death-bed's bed (Gost deliver to a joyful resurrection!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we might give her a harp and a harp, and deal with a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shakespeare. Did her grandaughter leave her seven hundred pounds?

Earl. Ay, and her father is make her a peer penny.

Shakespeare. I know the young gentleman; she has good gifts.

Earl. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shakespeare. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is there his name?

Earl. Shall I tell you a lie? I do desire a liar, as I do desire one that is false; or, as I desire one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be mused by your well-wishers. I will beat the door [knock] for master Page. What, box! Got pless your house here!

Emperor Page.

Page. Who's there?

Shakespeare. Here is God's blessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender; that, peradventure, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your liking.

Page. I am glad to see your worship's well: I thought you might be for me, master Shallow.

Shakespeare. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do you your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd: how doth good mistress Page? and I love you always with my heart, is; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you; by you and no, I do.

Shakespeare. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Shakespeare. How does your fellow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-eun on Cosulate.

Page. He could not be judged, sir.

Shakespeare. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shakespeare. That be will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shakespeare. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair:—is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Earl. He spoke as a christian ought to speak.

Shakespeare. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort controvert it.

Shakespeare. If he be confessed, it is not reviled: it is not that so, master Page! He hath wrong'd me; in-
All unkindness.

[Scene all but SHEL. SLENDES, and
SNO. I had rather than forty shilling I
look at Songs and Sonnets here.]

Scene Simple.

How now, Simple! Where have you been
with my self, last! You have not?

Shel. Come, come; come, come; we stay
with you with you, marry this, this
is a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,
a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a,

Shel. Give ear to his motions, master B.

ENE. But this is not the question; the

SNO. Nay, there's the point, sir.

ENE. Nay, marry is it; the very point of it;

[Scene all but SHEL. SLENDES, and

SNO. Why, if it be so, I will marry is
reason according demands.

ENE. But can you affection the 'oman
amongst to know that of your mouth, or
when the voices of the philosophers hold that the
pursuit of the mouth; Therefore, precise
you carry your good will to the head!}

Shel. Can't Abraham Stealer, can't

ENE. Nay, God's lords and his ladies, y
peak passable, if you can carry her

SHEL. That you must; Will you, app
SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,

Host. What says my bully rook? Speak scholar- ly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; caudal; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sat at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou art an emperor; Cesar, Keiser, and Pherez, I will entertaine Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector! for he shall write for a French thrift.

Fal. Do so, good mine host. Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[Exit Host.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old clowk makes a new jerkin; a whithered servingman, a fresh tapster: Go: adieu. Bardolph. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

Pist. O base Gongarlan wight! wilt thou the sport wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceded? His mind is not heroick, and here's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so accout of this tinderbox; his cheeks were too open: his itching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! ho! a flower for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sir, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kites ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must concy-catch;

I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lad, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourse, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rigtly, so I am Sir John Falstaph'.

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well: out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, To her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eylids: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on simmerhill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did come over my extremities with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to search me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be chester to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thon this letter to mistress Page; and thor this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. What to the cavaliers master Doctor and find any old abusing o English.

Rug. I'll go

Quick. Go; at night, in the fire. An hon- servent shall I aent you, no worst fault is, something has his fault; you say, your

Now, Aye, to

Quick. And

Sim, Aye, &

Quick. Does like a grocer; Sim, No, foes with a little y

Quick. A so

Now, Aye, &

Quick. Of his hands, as

Sim, Yea, i

Quick. Well fortune! Tell what I can for

Rug. Out, Quickly. We good young Simple in the
ions in my head, which be
come!

an her star!

seal!

commits, I:

more of thee now to P.

shall she undo it?

off, with thee;

I prove, but well with the

could do it;

shall not seek:

with power; I have promis

for the saving of to me

true honor.

Mankind in short: o b

2. See Dr. Cane's Eri


Rug. Sh-h! I pray you, sir,

hustly and earnestly put in, coming, if he does

in the house, here with him.

it's pithless, and if we

ought, you will have a rope and a

will not, kind fellow, go

to house to that, and it will

he is given to your care:

in that way. Not so.

that part. Put it in

with a bitter

dye.

nose! You're not in

not wear a coat to shov to

he. I doubt not but this week.

Rug. Here, sir.

Com. You are John Rugby, and you

Rugby! Come, take your rapier, and

my level to do court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the po

Com. By my troth, I tarry too lon

( preliminary: here is some sing

short, but I will not for the world I s

Quest. Ah me! he'll find the young a

not be mad.

Am I? (drub, drub!) sit it in my

chair! 'Tis serious! "Putting Simple out.

By rapier.

Quest. Good master, be content.

Com. Verily shall I be content a

while. The young man is an honest

Com. That shall be honest man do I

there is no honest man shall do my

Quest. I beseech you, be not so fer

of the truth of it: He came of an

use from parson Hugh.

Com. Well.

Now. Ay, forthwith, to desire her to-

Quest. Peace, I pray you.

Com. Peace, your tongue.—Spe-

Now. To desire this honest gentleman

me to speak a good word to miss

Page for my master, in the way of in

Quest. This is all, indeed, he, but

put my finger in the fire, and need no

Com. Sir Hugh send a you!—Rug

me some paper?—Tarry you a little

Quest. I am glad he is so quiet; if he

thoroughly moved, you should have I

in, and so melancholy.—But noth

man, I'll do your master what g

and the very yea and the no is, if

Doctor, my master—I may call him a

book you, for I keep his house: an

wrong, brow, bok, score, dress meat:
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

What a Herof of Jury is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—some that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young galant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner away me! Why, he hath not been three in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parlour for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to done.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll never believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, In my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, and me send home!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one telling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the triffe, woman; take the honour.

Mrs. Ford. What is it!—disperse with trifles:—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an entertainment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What is that—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford.

Mrs. Ford. These knights will hack; and so thou should'st not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light; here, read, read, read, observe how I might be knighted.

I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear: praised women's modesty: and gave such ordnary and well-behaved reproof to all scurrility, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adorer and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of Greens Dance. What tempered, I true, threw this whale, with so many taws of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor! How shall I be revenged on him! I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like!

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differ.

Mrs. Ford. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, mine is not from the same.

Mrs. Page. I wish a thousand of these letters, writ with blank paper and different names, (more more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the book when he would put us two; I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. What, I find you twenty lascivious tacres, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very name; the very head, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted with; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself in this. I have never heard of him by this.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it! I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never see sea again. Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting place, show of comfort in his soul; and lead on with a fine-baited delay, till be hath pawn'd his horses to mine. Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll

Mrs. Page. You are come, Anne?

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I know not.

Mrs. Page. You are come, good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. What came with us, that we had an hour's talk with you.
one with another, Pow:  
ansry; Ford, perfec.

get  
among hot; Present, or  
with Ringwood at thy wris-

say! For well,  
whye, for forgot, do to 
mere comes, or cocke a.

Nym-  
 speak sense, the per-
port, with that see.  

for Pow, I kno-

g. He be, whom, we should have been a;

t, but I have a cause, is necessary. He burnes 
out and the long. My 
speak, and I avow for
Nym, and I must be, we 
not the honest;  

is the honest. We  

of the, quoth she very 

rest of the wise, 

had hast, 

dale a drawing: of.

It, well,  
who such a Catholic: a 
town condemn'd h, 

and would follow. Well,  

Mr. ? 

that go, trouble? — If s 

now, sweet Frank! who  

ely! I am hot and wise. 

now, no monument my wife;  
be hard to turn them together: a is 
so confident; I would have nothing 
head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Pow. Look, where my running 
garter comes; there is either liquor 
so money in his purse, when he lies. — How now, mine host?

Lace: Host and Shallop.  

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou 

gatman; cavalier-justice, I say.  

God. I follow, mine host; I follow 

ever, and two my, good master Pow;  

Pay, will you go within? we have an

Host. Tell him, cavalier-justice; 

Bull-rook.  

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought 

here; the Welsh priest, and Cane-

ductor.  

Host. Good mine host of the Garr 

with you.  

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook? Tho

Shal. Will you [to Pow] go with u-

at my mercy host hath had the me 

their weapons; and, I think he hath 

them contrary places; for, believe a 

person is no juster. Hark, I w 

what our sport shall be.  

Host. Hark thou no suit against 

a guest-cavalier? 

Shal. None, I pray you; but I'll g  
pottage of burnt sack to give me recor-
tell him, my name is Brook; only  

Host. My hand, bully; thou hast f  

and regard; said I well? and thy 

to Brook; it is a merry knight.—W  

tellers?  

Shal. Have with you, mine host.  

Pow. I have heard, the Frenchman 

was ill his recapt.  

Shal. Tell us, I could have told: 

these times we stand on distance, y
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say), but in the way of honesty;—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as a sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been carls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good Mercury.

Quick. Merry, she has receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven! Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you want of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealous man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven; Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well; but I have another messenger to your worship: Mrs. Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fictions a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whow're the other; and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, I say; in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infestation to the little page; and, truly, Mistress Page is an honest woman. Never a wife in Windsor leads better a life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take ill, pay all, go to bed where she lists, rise when she lists, all as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no reply.

Quick. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both; there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman.—This news discountenance me. [Exit Quickley and Romano.

Pist. This punk is one of Capi's carriers:— Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your lights; Give five; she is my prize, or ocean whom they all! [Exit Pertro. Fal. Nay'n thou so, old Jack! go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Edward BARDOUL.

Ford. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath his distraint of sack. Brook is his.

Fal. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in Brooks are welcome liquor. Ah! ah! in Page, have I recens.

Re-enter BARDOL.

Ford. Bless you, sir; Fal. And you, sir; Ford. I make bold parision upon you.

Fal. You're well.

Ford. Give us leave, draw.

Ford. Sir, I am a much; my master
Fal. Good master quittance of you.

Ford. Good Sir Jo charge you; for I think myself in bett you are: the which I to this season's money go bold. Fal. Money is a powers. Ford. Truth, and I troubles me if you take, all, or be hanged.

Fal. Sir, I know be your porter. Ford. I will tell ye the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good glad to be your servant. Ford. Sir, I hear brief with you;—long known to me, means, as desire, to you. I shall whenin I must say: imperfection: but, one eye upon my of, turn anothe own: that I may pass you: thou a haughty haughty ah an offender.

Fal. Very well, s Ford. There is his wife's husband's name.

Fal. Where, is aloud. Ford. I have long you, bostoned much a dotting observant to meet her; feel'd could but alibar; only bought many p give largely to may have given; briefly hath pursued me; v of all occasions. B ed, either in my m I am sure, I have: clout be a jewel: intangible rate; and th

Like a shadow:

Pursuing shall that.

Fal. Have you in factious at her hand Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what gun Ford. Like a fal man's ground, so by mis-taking the p Fal. To what put to me!
Brook, I desire more ac-

don, I see for yours; not to

7 must let you understand, I

5 cry plight for a tender man,

3 hat something embolden'd

2 d intrusion; for they say, if

1 I ways do tie open,

0 old soldier, sir, and will one,

8 I have a bag of money here,

6 will help me to bear it. Sir,

4 for excusing me of the excus-

2 not how I may deserve to

0 you, sir, if you will give me

8 I master Brook; I shall be

6 vant.

4 you are a scholar,—I will be

2 and you have been a man,

0 though I had never so good

8 to make myself acquainted

6 discover a thing so young,

4 much lay open entire own,

2 good Sir John, as you have

0 bills; as you hear them se-

8 enter into the register of you

6 am with a reproof the same

4 now, how easy it is to be told

2 sir; proceed.

0 gentleman in this new, and

8 in Ford.

6 loved her, and, I protest

4 with her; followed her with

0 or; engrossed opportunities

8 every slight occasion, did

6 you me sight of; if presents to give her, but her

0 say, to know what she would

8 I have pursued her, as her

6 which hath been on the wish

4 for whatsoever I have more

2 and in my way, I have more

0 Ford. Would it apply well to the

8 if your affection, that I should wish

6 would enjoy! I methinks you prescribe

4 not very properly.

2 Ford. O, understand my drift! she

0 is greatly on the excellency of her hon-

8 est; is my soul does not present it

6 too bright to be looked against. No

4 come to her with any detection in

2 my desires had instance and argument

0 made themselves; I could drive her if

8 the ward of her gravity, her reputation,

6 oath, a thousand other her,

4 which now are too strongly embattled

0 me! What say you to 'er, Sir John?

8 Ford. Master Brook, I will first make b

6 your money; next give me your bill,

0 last, as I am a gentleman, you shall

8 will, enjoy Ford's wife.

6 Ford. Or good sir!

8 Ford. Master Brook, I say you shall.

6 Ford. What no money, Sir John, y

8 want none.

8 Ford. What no mistress Ford, master

6 you shall want home. I shall be will

4 tell you, by her own appointment

4 as you came in to me, her assistant,

0 receive, parted from me; I say, I shall

8 her between ten and eleven; for at 9

6 the jambos rascally knave, her husband

0 to part. Come you to me at night; I

0 know how I spend.

8 Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance

4 you know Ford, sir? Ford. Hang him, poor cuckoldly h

0 knew him not;—yet I wrong him to

8 poor they say, the jealous wittily kno-

0 mences of money; for the which his wi-

0 say well-enowed, I will use her as

8 the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and the

6 heart's home.

8 Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; I

4 might avoid him, if you saw him.

8 Ford. Hang him, mechanical salt-horse

6 I will stare him out of his wit; I will

0 with my candle it shall have like
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Hast. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is value, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-

vater as de Englishman:—Scorre Jack-dog

pierce; or, by gar, me vell cut his ears.

Hast. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vell is dat for?

Hast. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-

de-claw me; for, by gar, me will have it.

Hast. And I will provoke him to't, or let him

wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hast. And moreover, bully, — But first, master

guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero blen-

der, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hast. He is there; see what humour he is in;

and I will brine the doctor about by the fields:

will it do well?

Shall. We will do it.

Page, Shal. and Senio. Addien, good master doc-
tor.

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest; for he

speaks for a Jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

[Enter Page, Shal. and Stamo.}

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest; for he

speaks for a Jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Page. For I am his sir; but, first, shall he try

impatience; throw cold water on the choker:

goon about the fields with me through Frogmore: I

was bring thee where Mrs. Anne Page is

at a farmhouse a feasting; and thou shall woo her:

Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar,

I love you: and I shall procure a you de good

guest, de earl, de knight, de lord, de gentle-

men, my patients.

Hast. Perforce, he will be thy adversary

towards Anne Page; said I well.

Caius. By gar, 'tis well; well said.

Hast. Let me wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[Enter Page, Shal. and Senio.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Ev. pray you now, good master Siomer's

serving-man, and friend Simple by your name,

which way have you looked for master Caius,

that calls himself Doctor of Physick?

Sim. Marry, sir, the prize-ward, the park-

ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every

way but the toweway.

Ev. I most humbly desire you, you will

also look that way.

Shal. I will do so.

Ev. 'Pll press my soul! how full of choler I

am, and tremping of mind! — I shall be glad, if

he have deceived me — how melancholy I am — I

will know his urgings about his knife's corset,

when I have good opportunities for the

fork — 'Pll press my soul!

[Scene.

Ev. To shallow rivers, to whose falls

Mebusseus birds ring madrags:

There will we make our pods of roast,

And a thousand fragrant parties.

To shallows.

Mebusseus —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Mebusseus —

And a thousand vaguous parties.

To shallows.

Sim. Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Ev. He's welcome:

[Enter Page, Shal. to whose falls —

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapon is he? —

Sim. No weapons, sir; there comes my mas-

ter, master Shallower, and another gentleman

from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Enter Page, Shal. etc.

Shal. How now, m'nate,

row, good Sir Hugh, &

the dier, and a good of

and it is wonderful.

Shal. Ah, sweet Anne, Page. Save you, good

Shal. 'Pll press you from him

Shal. What the awo

you study them both, page.

Page. And youthful at home, this raw rheumatis

Shal. There is reasons.

Page. We are better,

mister, master person.

Shal. Fery well: What

Page. Yonder is a

who believe, having re

person, is as much

and patience, that ever

Shal. I have lived flower

ward; I never saw him learning, and so wide of his

Page. What is his name?

Shal. I think you know

Caius, the renowned Freas. O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. I know him, and I had as lief you would

Page. Why?

Ev. He is no more knav

can, and he is a k

tively know, as you wo

anne Page —

Page. I warrant you, he'll

fight with him.

Shal. O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his

them asunder; — here comes

Enter Host, Caius, etc.

Page. Nay, good master pu

weapon.

Shal. So do you, good ma

Disarm this man, and let them keep their limbs w

English.

Caius. I pray you, let's a m

your ear; Verfere vell you

Ev. I pray you, use your

Caius. By gar, you are du

dog, John spe.

Ev. I pray you, let us no t

other men's hands to touch, shi

and I will one way or amends — I will knock your

knife's cognoscent for missing

and appointements.

Caius. Damnable — Jack Rugby

Jarrers, have I not stay for it

have I not, at de place I old a

Ev. As I am a Christian you, this is the place ap

ment by mine host of the Star.

Hast. Peace, I say Guiliel: and

Welsh; soul-courer and bo

Hast. Peace, I say; hear

Garter. Am I not politic I am

Machiavel? Shall I lose me the
gives me the partions, and the

I lose my pardon! I say, none

he gives me the prov-scrub:

I give me thy hand, terrify

thy hand, ortiatal; so — Boy, de

deceived you both; I have de

wrong places: your hearts as

skins are whole, and let burning
scene II. The Street in Westminster

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, but: you were wont to be a follower you are a leader: Whether bad you rine your master's heart.

Ford. I had rather, forsooth, go like a man, than follow him like a dog.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering bony you'll see you'll be a courier.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Where have you done? Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your son at home! Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may: for want of company: I think, if hands were dead, you two would mar. Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two o' bands.

Ford. Where have you this pretty child? Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the devil is my husband had him off: Whose knight's name, sirrah!

Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. He, he! I can never hit o There is such a league between my g and he!—Is your wife at home, Indeed she is.


Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep no use of them. Why, this boy will carry twenty miles, as easy as a cannon; point blank, twelve score. He piece wife's inclination; he gives her folly in advantage: and now she's going to my Falstaff's boy with her. A man may shower sing in the wind—and Falstaff with her!—Good plot! they are just resolved wives have damnation togeth
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I' ll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you my case, this blessed hour! (Exit Robin.)

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, I shall miss me. [Exit Mrs. Page.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to them: we'll use this unholy some humility, this gross wanty puppet—I' ll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour! Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'd you speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bote of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the fire-vellant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kinschief, Sir John: my brow becomes nothing else; nor that well either.

Fal. By the lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that pass, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art thus and that, like a many of these liaising hathorn buis, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckleryburn in simple time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou dostserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kilm.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heavens knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, as you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Red. [aside.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, watering and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will enconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tat-

[FAUSTUS hides himself.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown; you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What is the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? O stay upon you! how am I mistaken in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming thither, wo-

man, with all the
Let me see! O let me follow your friend's counsel.

Sir John Falstaff! Are these alone but three? Help me a here; I'll never thank you; they serve him and find him.

To cover your master, hence to master Ford. — You disregarding John, Robert, John! [Exit servants.] Go take up them, where's the coward-bold Sirs; carry them to the banish; quickly, come.

Caius and Sir Hugh, hence, come near: If the signet which I must protest at me, there is no chance of it this kind for the wealth of Windsor.

Ford. By gar, no; I am; there is no hope. Page. No, sir, master Ford! are you blamed? What spirit, what devil suggest insinuation! I would not have your dis reusable at the charge. Caius. By gar, I see it is an honest w—— Ford. Well; I promised you a do long, come, walk in the park; I pray you to it hence; I will hereafter make an excuse, mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, I will speak him. Do invite you to to morning to my house to breakfast; a hasting together; I have a fine hawk shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Caius. If there is one, I shall make two.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall be fond.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Enter Msn. q. by your leave; your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these boistersome eggs.

Hard. With eggs, sir? Fal. Simple of sport, I'll trim my beards. [Exeunt Bandos.]

Quick. Marry, sir, I come from Master Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I ha'the sign in the name for her.

Quick. Alas the day! for her; she has done a thing to mistook their erection. Fal. So did I mine, to woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments what harm you do her. She goes this day 

Now, Master Brook; if you do not raise a bird, more to come to 

nine; I must carry her make you amends, I warrant. Fal. We will, I will do her assure that she will bid her think what a mark 

frailty, and that I will tell her. 

Fal. Do so. Between nine 

Eight and nine, sir. Fal. Well, be gone; I will 

Quick. Peace be with you 

Fal. I marvel, I hear not he sent me word to stay with 

O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. What hath passed between Ford? That, indeed, Sir I Fal. Master Brook, she was at her house the hour; 


Fal. No, Master Brook; nato, her husband, master continual 'lurnam of jestion instant of our encounter, she kissed, protested, and the logue of our comedy; and of his companions, and 
gated by his distemper, and, his house for his wife's love, Ford. What, whilst we Fal. While I was there. Ford. And did he search; not find you? Fal. You shall hear. As go it, comes in one mistress p 

ence of Ford's approach; and Ford's wife distraction, into a buck-basket. Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-buck in with foul shirts and smocks in, and a dozen napkins; if there was the rankest com smell, that ever offended no Ford. And how long is it 

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, I have suffered to come to tell you good. Being thus ere a couple of Ford's knives, b 

forth by them, I will stick all foul clothes to Datchel, on their clothes; for I shall speak with master in the door; who twice what they had in that, for fear, lest the lusus know

Fal. Sir, will you hear me! 

Bard. No, good master Fenton. Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in freeing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton. [Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fal. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter 

in such a righteous fashion as I do, Perform, against all checks, rebukes, and man. 

I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Ames. Then, mother, do not marry me to yond'fool.

Mrs. Ford. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Ames. Alas, I had rather see quick' the earth 

and how to deal with tarnips. 

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton, 

I will not be your friend, nor enemy. 

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

Ames. She says, I am so afflicted I: till then, farewells, sir:--she must needs go in; 

Her father will be angry. [Exeunt Mrs. Page and Ames.]

Bard. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan. 

Quick. This is my doing, now.--Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a pretty one! Look on master Fenton;--this is my doing.

Quick. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night. 

Quick. Now beaven send thee good fortune 

A kind heart be hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Ames; or I would master Shallow had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but specially for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errant to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: 

What a beast am I to slack it! [Exit.

SCENE V. A Room in the Carter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a corve of butchers' offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out, and buttock, and give them to a dog 

for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with so little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen I, the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of slavishness in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abbore; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thane's ward for my belly's sake, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins.

Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.
see it. Her haramin ing; she desires you a - by between eight and word quickly: she'd want you. 

Her: Tell her so; and I will let her come in your service.

A squire: The worst, sir. will not miss: we're off! Not of finance. 'Tis righ thin, I think that is so.

Adl. Why? I came to know you and Ford's wife. John, is my service will not lie to you as she appeared last night, sir. Adl. Master Brook, I do change my mind. I'll be the peevish one. Mr. Brook, dear sir, must come in. I can't have her, she's not what I proposed. Ask her pseudo-mistress, and, forsooth, she'll have a waist there. Adl. We'll not you, and I think it best we wish our Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and their Mr. Page, be at master Ford's air think't them? Good. Sure, he is by this; or will be present but truly, he is very uncommon, as is throwing into the water. Mistress Ford d
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.


Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Page. Why? Mrs. Ford. Why, woman, your husband is in his study, — he's there on your side with my husband; — so rails against all married mankind; so cursus all Eve's daughters, of what came; but what is this that he doth? and what is it, he of his forehead, crying, peer out, peer out! that any madman, or fiend, or thing that be, seem but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his dissembler he is in now; — I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Page. Why, does he talk of him? Mrs. Ford. Of none but him; and swears, he was not lost, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; — and hath drawn him and the rest of their company, from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here; — now shall he see his own foolishness.

Mrs. Page. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page? Mrs. Ford. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Page. Ford. I am undone! — the knight is here. Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him, better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

REJOICE FALLopathy.

Fall. No, I'll come no more nor the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Also, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall passe out; — otherwise you might slip away ere he come. What shall you do there?

Fall. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Page. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fall. Where is it? Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, nor coffin, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fall. I'll go out then.


Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Also, the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fall. Good heavens, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Page. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her husband's hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.


Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

The Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbids her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Ford. Heaven grant his band's ended; and the Earl afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband, Mrs. Page, ay, in good talks of the basket too, kinsman intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; — men to carry the basket up to the door with it, as they did Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll let's go dress him like the woman, Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct shall do with the basket. O for him straight! Mrs. Page. Hang him, — cannot make him honest. We'll leave a proof, by it Wives may be merry, as We do not act that oftens 'Tis old but true, Still is.

Re-enter Mrs. Ford; Mrs. Ford. Ford. Go, sit, take your shoulders; your man shall bid you sit down, walk.

Mrs. Ford. Come, come, sir; Mrs. Ford. Pray heaven, it knight again.

Mrs. Ford. I hope not; — I had lead.

Mrs. Page, Ford, Page, Shall.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove how have you any way then to Set down the basket, villa my wife: — You, youth in here! — O, you panderer rag a gins, a pack, a conspirator, shall the devil be shamed, come forth; behold you scoundrel to bleach him Mrs. Page. Why, this passes! not to go loose any longer; —

Eva. Why, this is lunatic mad dog: Shalt Induced, master Ford indeed.

Eva Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I; Ford. Mistress Ford, the modest wife, the virtuous and jealous fool to her husband cause, mistress, do I Mrs. Ford. Ford. Heaven be my you suspect me in any dish Ford. Well said, brazen-ford. Come forth, sirrah.

[Pulls the cT. Page. This passes.


Ford. I shall find you are Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; wife's clothes too? Come Ford. Empty the basket. Mrs. Ford. Why, man, w Ford. Master Page, as I is one conveyed out of my house basket; Why may he be house I am sure he is: my jealousy is reasonable the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a die a fire's done this Eva Page. Here's no man. Shalt. By my fidelity, this Ford; this wrongs you. Eva. Master Ford, you:
follow the imaginations of your own

Mrs. Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor in no where else, but in

Mrs. Ford. Help to search my bosom this.

Page. I had not what I seek, show no con

Mrs. Ford. Let me for ever be your e eye,

Page. To have a hollow walnut for his wif e.

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt c

Page. A witch, a queen, an old cozenin,

Mrs. Ford. I'll post her:—Out of my door, y

Page. I' ll conjure y e, you baggly, y poket, you renown; out! out! I'll conju r;

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think y

Mrs. Ford. May, he will do it:—To a good

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pit

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass that he did not;

Mrs. Page. I'll have the credulity hallowed, and

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him pub licly shamed:

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it then, 

[Exeunt.
Eesa Fal. Was there, was even now with me.
Sim. Pray you, sir, of Brentford?
Fal. Ay, marry, I would you with her.
Sim. My master, to her, seeing her got sir, whether one Miss a chad, had the chas.
Fal. I spoke with Sim. And what as
Fal. Marry, she as beguiled master Sir
him of it.
Sim. I would I e woman her self; I had with her too, from
Fal. What are the
Sim. May I not e
Conceal thou
Sim. Why, sir, th\n mistress Anne Peng\n master's fortune to
Fal. Tis, 'tis
Sim. What, sir, if
Fal. To have her
man told me so.
Sim. May I be so
Fal. Ay, Sir Tyk.
Sim. I thank you
master glad with th
Fal. Thou art a
John: Was there a
Fal. Ay, that the
faith taught me me before in my life: a
ther, but was paid

Eesa Bard. Oust, alas, age?
Host. Where be

Bard. Run away soon as I can be off, from behind 0
mire; and set sport
man devil's, three 1
Host. They are y
villain; do not say
honest in.

Enter S. Eesa. Where is th
Host. What is th
Eesa. Have a ca
there is a friend of
there is three coast
all the hosts of Renal
brooke, of horses am
will, look you: yo
and vizing stones;
should be contered

Enter Caesar. Vere is m
Host. Here is a
doubtful dilemma.
Caesar. I cannot
me, dat you make;
de Jarmoy; by m;
the court is king's
will; adieu.
Host. Here and
knight; I am and

Fal. I would all for I have been co

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son;
And three or four more of their growth, we'll
Like umbels, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their flight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dare to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And still to tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves: dishorn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.
Eesa. I will teach the children their behavours;
And I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn
the knight with my taper.

Falstaff. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all
the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white,

Page. That silk will I go buy, and in that

shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [Aside.] Go send to
Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go get us
properties,
And tricking for our fairies
Eesa. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
And fairy honest knaveries.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[Exit. Eesa. Ford."
I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And done but he, to marry with Nan Page,
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he his husband best of all affects;
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; be, none-but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come in crave her.
[Exit.

SCENE V. A Room in the Carter Inn.
Enter Host and Starch.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what
-thick-skin I speak, breathe, discourse; brief, short,
quick, snapp.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir
John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted
about with the story of the profane, fresh and
new; Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an
anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Host. There's an old woman, a fat woman,
gone up into his chamber; he'll be so bold as
to stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak
with her, indeed.

Host. It is a fat woman! the knight may be
robbed: I'll call: Bolly knight! Bolly Sir John!
spoken from th' wings military: Art thou there?
I! it is thine host, thine Ephesman, call.

Host. [above.] How now, mine host?
Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarrying
the coming down of thy fat woman; let her de-
scend, bawly, let her descend; my chambers are
honourable: Fye! privacy! fye! fye!
SCENE VI.  A Breakfast Room.  [Enter  Jane and Miss Woodhouse.]  

Jane.  Miss, here is your breakfast.  Will you have some?  

Miss Woodhouse.  Thank you, Jane.  I have just had a cup of tea.  

Jane.  Yes, Miss, but you must have something more.  

Miss Woodhouse.  Well, if you think it necessary, I will have some bread and cheese.  

Jane.  That is good, Miss.  I know your appetite is not what it used to be.  

Miss Woodhouse.  Yes, Jane, you are right.  I have not been able to eat much lately.  

Jane.  Miss, you must take care of yourself.  

Miss Woodhouse.  I will, Jane, I promise.  

Jane.  Just put the food away, Miss, and I will go back to the kitchen.  

Miss Woodhouse.  Thank you, Jane.  

Jane.  Good-morning, Miss.  

Miss Woodhouse.  Good-morning, Jane.  

[Exit Jane.]  

[Enter the Devil, disguised as a Bishop.]  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss Woodhouse.  May I ask you a question?  

Miss Woodhouse.  Please, please.  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss, do you believe in the existence of the Devil?  

Miss Woodhouse.  I do not know, Sir.  I have never thought much about it.  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss, I will tell you a secret.  I am the Devil, and I am about to take you to hell.  

Miss Woodhouse.  No, no, not hell, please, Sir.  I will do anything to avoid that.  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss, you are a good and virtuous woman.  I will spare you.  

Miss Woodhouse.  That is a great relief, Sir.  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss, you must understand that I am the Devil.  

Miss Woodhouse.  Yes, Sir.  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss, I will give you a warning.  

Miss Woodhouse.  What is it, Sir?  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss, if you do not keep your thoughts pure, I will not be able to help you.  

Miss Woodhouse.  I will, I promise.  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Miss, I will leave you now.  

Miss Woodhouse.  Thank you, Sir.  

Devil, disguised as a Bishop.  Good-day, Miss.  

[Exit Devil, disguised as a Bishop.]  

Miss Woodhouse.  Thank goodness he went.  I was so frightened.  

[End of Scene.]
SCENE III. The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in great pain when you see your term, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Artie.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.]

My husband will not rejoice so much at the absence of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor’s marrying my daughter: but ‘tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her bow of fairies? and the Wicah devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all cooched in a pit hard by Herne’s oak, with obscured lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff’s and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will be way by mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We’ll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such wretches, and their treachery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts; be poli, I pray you; follow me into the forest, and when I give the water-ords, do I tell you: Come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised, with a buck’s head on.

Falstaff. The Windsor boll hath struck twelve; the hot-blooded god-assists me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns—O pow’rful love! that in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—do, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A faun done first in the form of a beast:—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl:—think on’t, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fatter, I think, the fatter: send me a cool rat-time, Jove; who can blame me to play my tallow? Who comes here! my deer do?—

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer, my maie deer?

Mrs. Page. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves; half kissing-combs, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Falstaff. Divide me like a braise-buck, each a branch! I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodland man? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes retribution. As I am a true spirit, welcome me!—

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?—

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!—

Mrs. Page. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away. [They run off.]

Falstaff. I think, the devil ed, let the oil that is fire; he would never—

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Pistol; attended by his pages, with music superb.

Quick. Fairies, black You moon-ahine rest You orphans, be up Attend your office, as Cster Hoppemblin, mak Piar, Elves, list you Joy.

Cricket. To Windsor ch Where fires thou find unsewed, There pinch the maid Our radiant queen bat. They are fair shall die!— I’ll wink and couch ev. Exeunt. What, Page! And a maid, That, ere she sleep, Raise up the organs a Sleep she as sound as But those as sleep, Pinch them, arms, leg and shins.

Quick. About, about Search Windsor Cast Slew good luck, oun! That it may stand til In state as wholesome Worthy the owner, as The several chairs of With juice of balm, A each fair instaly, With loyal blazon, ev And nightly, meadow Like to the Garter’s The expresse that I Move tittle-tiffle fra And, Hamb unt qui me In manner like Like sapphire, pearl, Buckled below fair kin Fairies use flower to Away; disperse: Bu Our claim of women Of Herne the hunter, Evens. Pray you, loci in order set: And twenty glowwont To guide our measure But, stay; I smell a Falstaff. Heaven deft fairy! lest he transfor Plut. Vile worm, A in the high Quick. With trial set If he be chaste, the fl And turn him to no; It is the flesh of a cot Plut. A trifle, come Evens. Come, will the [Exit.]

Falstaff. Oh, oh, oh! Quick. Correct, con About his view; at And as you trip, still Evens. It is right; in and inquiries.

I say out I go on but Just to be 

Kindled with
Now, good Sir John, how like you Wycliffe?

See you these, husband? I do not these fair

become the forest better than the town?

Took. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now,—

Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly k

ike ere his horns, master Brook: And, i

God, he hath enjoyed nothing of forf

t, bucket-basket, his cudgel, and twenty-

I condemned, which must be paid to Master

his wages are arrested for it, master Bro

Mrs. Falst. Sir John, we have had it

we could never meet. I will never tell

my love again, but I will always con

May. I do begin to perceive that I am

true. Ay, and an ex toot; both the pro

ceeds.

Falst. And these are not fairies! I wa

ten times in the thought, they were r

true: and yet the guiltiness of my min

sudden surprise of my powers, drove th

ese of the topography into a received be

cret: and the teeth of all rhyme and rea

son were fairies. See now, how wit a

cake a Jack will: when he is upon ill er

May. Sir John Falstaff, will God, and

poor Roger, and James will not lose y

Falst. Well rid, lady Hugh.

Mrs. And have you your jealousies j

for you.

Falst. I will never mistreat my wife

whom am able to woman as good Le

Falst. Have I laid my brain in the on

sidel, that it I must to prevent so

will be true! Am I furnished with a

side it! Shall I have a corroboration of

this? I was equivocated with a piece of t

rrow.

Mrs. See, it is not good to give par

Pity is all potty.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or undutiful title:
Since therein she doth evitrate and shun
A thousand irreverent cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy:
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have taken a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORIOLO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentlemans, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CIN. SISS.
VII. FOTI BELIO, Uncle of Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEER.
MALTOLLO, Senator to Olivia.

FABIAN, Servants to Olivia.
CLOWN.

OLIVIA, a rich Cowess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MILLA, Olivia's Woman.

SCENE—I City in Illyria; and the Sea Coast near it.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Cinio, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again—'tis a glorious sound,
That gives to stray Enchantress power to draw
That breathes upon a bank of violet,

Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,

Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute so full of shapes is fancy,

That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curlo?

Cur. The hart.

Page. Well, what reme
give thee joy !

What cannot be ckeawd,

Pet. When night-dogs are chald.

Edw., I will dance and en
ing.

Mrs. Page. Well, I wil

master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, w

Good husband, let us ever

And laugh this sport o'er!

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it

To master Brook you yet a

For he to-night shall lie w
TWELTH

NOW will the love, when the rich gods hath kindled the shock of all affection, that live in her! when live, brain, as. These sovereign thieves, are all supper, MP1
her sweet perfections) with one self, way before me to sweet beds of his love; thoughts lie rich, when canop- bove.

SCENE II. The Sea Coast.

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. It is Illyria.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elyzium.

Perchance he is not drown’d.—What thinkest thou?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself saved?
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance may be.
Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you, we have chance,
Assured yourself, after our ship did split.

When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hang on our driving boat, I saw your brother most provident in peril, blind himself of courage and hope both teaching him the practice.

To a strong mast, that livered upon the sea,
Where, like a toad on the dolphin’s back, I saw him hold acquaintance with the wave so long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there’s good mine own escape unlaid with to my hope,
Where to thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know’st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born.
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.
Cap. It was a very late; for but a month ago I went from hence; and then you fresh in warmer, as you know, what great ones do, he soon will prattle of, that he did seek

The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What’s she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count.
That did some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
To say she hath abjur’d the company of right of men.

Vio. O, that I saw’d that lady;
That might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion, mellow
That my estate is; because she will admit me no kind of suit,
Not the duke’s. I saw there, ther’s a fair behaviour in thee, captain; and though that nature with a beauteous will
Be not close in pollution, yet of these will keep, then had a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character,
In every, and I’ll pay thee boundlessly,
Guaranteed you what I am, and you may say,
For such degrees as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I’ll serve this duke;
But shalt present me as an enchanter to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
As I speak to him in many sorts of music,
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir And. Marty, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thou thought'st free: I pray you, bring your hand to the battery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends; many more.

Sir And. Let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you can make me put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I, believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pompow! my dear knight!

Sir And. What is pompow? do or do not? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, bad but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hast thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not mend by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't it not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here bad enough, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none of the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life yet in a man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fel low to see the strangest mind in the world; I delight in masques and revells altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever be the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can eat a capper.

Sir To. And I can cut the motion too.

Sir And. And, I think I have the back trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a certain before them? I are they like to take dust, like mistress Malvoli's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galiard, and come home in a cornet? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-piece. What dost thou think of it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revells?

Sir To. What shall we do else? we were not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it's legs and thighs. Let me see thee capper; ha, ha, ha!-excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Enter VALENTINE, and VALENTIA. If the Duke could wards you, Cesario, you advanced; he hath known you already and you are no stranger. I see. You either fear his judgement, that you can speak of his love: Is he inconstant? No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Cesario, and VALENTIA. I thank you. Here is Duke. Who saw Cesario, VALENTIA. On your attendance. Duke. Stand you awhile Than knowest not so less but I thee to the book. Therefore, good youth, add to your grace, and tell them, they will not. Till thou have audience. For if thou art a stranger, Duke. Be clausor, and rather than make unhappy 

For say, I do speak with thee. Then I, Duke. O, then unfold the surprise, that it shall become thee better. Than in a number of more, VALENTIA. I think not so, my Duke.

For they shall yet believe thee. That say, thou art a man: Is not more smooth and mellow as the mail-dressed organ. And is all semblative to the know thy constellation. For this affair—-So lady. Duke. All, if you will; for I may, when least in company, and than shalt live as free To call his fortunes thine. VALENTIA. To woo your lady: yet I, Whose er I wos, myself we

SCENE V. A Room i Enter MARIA as Mar. Nay, either well or I will not open the door. She may enter, in way of the hand thee for thy absence. Cleo. Let her hang me; I in this world needs no fear. Mar. Make that good. Cleo. Shall see none of me. Mar. A good lenient way where that saying was born Cleo. Where, good mistress. Mar. In the case; and to say in your foolery. Cleo. Well, God give the me; and those that ven of talents. Mar. Yet you will be absent: or, to be turned away as a hanging to you! Cleo. Many a good hanger rage; and, for turning it out. Mar. You are resolute Cleo. Not so neither; but points. Mar. That, if one break or, if both break, your Cleo. Aip, in good faith
and at her feet,

fixed foot shall grow.

Sure, my noble lord,

to her sorrow

will admit me,

and lead all civil mankind

thither.

with her; my lord; with

the passion of my love

and my dear heart;

to act my own

in thy youth; in thy aspect;

my lord.

Dear lady, believe it

thy happy years

are: Diana's

rubens; the small

shirt and sound;

women's part;

is right agn

over or five attend his

myself am best.

—Prosper well in so

reply as thy heart,

me.

I'll do my best,

[Here, a certain woman

would be his wife.

as Olivia's

and Clown.

so where those lusts

were so wide as a

excuse: may lady

be; he that is well

in a colour.

as to fear.

answer: I shall send

of, I fear nor

Meas.

tenant till a monarch; for give the dry foot of

then in the fool not dry; bid the dishonest

mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer

honest; if he cannot, let the bother mend

Any thing that's mended, is but patched; if

that transgresses, is but patched with sin;

sin, that annuls, is but patched with virtue

that this simple suppliasm will serve; so

will not, what remedy? As there is no

cackled but clamour, so beauty's a howe

the lady make take away the fool; then:

say again, take her away.

Oh, sir, I hate them take away you.

Ca. Manifestion in the highest degree!—L.

I mean to say, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Ca. Can you do it?

Ca. Dextrously, good madonna.

Oh. Make your proof.

Ca. I must catechise you for it, madonna.

Oh. Make your answer with virtue, answer me.

Oh. Well, sir, for want of other silences

hide your proof.

Ca. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oh. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Ca. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oh. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Ca. The more fool you, madonna, to me

for your brother's soul being in heaven,—

away the fool, gentlemen.

Oh. What think you of this fool, Malvolio?

Mal. Yes; fool shall do, till the pangs of d

dake him: Infamy, that decays the wise,

will make the better fool.

Ca. God send you, sir, a speedy Infamy

the bawdy: Heaven pour your Kitty! Sir Toby

beaten that I am no fox; but he will not

be ward for twopenny that you are on fool

Oh. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight

in horror. I saw him put down

this day with an ordinary fool that has no

than a stone. Look you now, he's a

as good already; unless you laugh and mis
TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to conc it. Good morning, let me
sustain no account; I am very compact, even to the finer winter sugar.

Oth. Whence came you, sir?

Fie. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good
right one, give me modest assurance, if you be the boy of the house, that I may proceed in my
speech.

Oth. Are you a comedian?

Fie. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very faults of malice, I swear, I am not that
lady of the house.'

Oth. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Fie. Most certain. If you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is
not yours to reserve. But this is from my committee; I will stick on with my speech in your
praise, and then show you the heart of my mes-

Oth. Come to what is important: I forgive you the praise.

Fie. Also, I took great pains to study it, and
his poetical.

Oth. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you,
keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gate;
and allowed your approach, rather to venture at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,
be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'twas
that time of moon with me, to make sure in so skilling a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your
way.

Fie. No, good swabbor: I am to hurl here a half
-bottle.—Some mollification for your giant,
sweet lady.

Oth. Tell me your mind.

Fie. I am a messenger.

Oth. Sure, you have some hideous matter to
deliver, when the courtesy of it is so scarce.
Speak your office.

Fie. It alone concerned your ear. I bring no
overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold
the olive in my hand: my words are as full of
peace as matter.

Oth. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
what would you?

Fie. The readiness, that hath appear'd in me,
have I learn'd from my entertainment. What
I mark what I would, as secret as such
enfranchise: to your ear, divinity; to any other's,
pronunciation.

Oth. Give us the place alone; we will hear this
divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir, what is your
name?

Fie. Most sweet lady,—

Oth. A comfortable doctrine, and much may
be said of it. Where lies your text.

Fie. In Othello's bosom.

Oth. In his bosom! In what chapter of his
bosom?

Fie. To answer by the method, in the first of
his heart.

Oth. O, I have read it; it is hereby. Have
you no more to say?

Fie. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oth. Have you any commission from your
lord to negotiate with my face? you are now
out of your text; but we will draw the curtain,
and shew on the picture. Look you, sir, such
as one as I was, this presents: 'tis not well
done.

[Foiling.

Fie. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oth. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and
weather.

Fie. 'Tis beauty truly blunt, those red and
white.

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the emerald she alive,
If you will lend those graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
to express a touch of modesty, that you
not extort from me what I am willing to
in; therefore it charge me in manner
words to express myself. You must kiss
name is Schia, which I called Rodrigo; my father was
Musella, whom, I know,
had been pleased; would we had so ended;
and, sir, altered that; for, some hour if
You took me from the breach of the sea,
my sister drowned.
Sot. A lady, sir, though it was said she
resembled her, was yet of many acom
and beautiful; but, though I could not, with
some wonder, over rate believe that, yet
she was published here, she bore a
that every could not but call fair; she is drest
already, sir, with mild water, though I saw
drowned her remembrance again with more.
Sot. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment
Sot. O, good Antoino, forgive me your tro
Sir. If you will not murder me for my
let me be your servant.
Sot. If you will not undo what you have
that is, kill him whom you have recover
once; say he is full of kindness; and I am yet so
manner of my mother, that upon the least
eye will tell tales of I am bound to the count Orlando's court;
well.
Sot. The gentleness of all the gods go
I have many enemies in Orlando's court,
else would I very shortly see thee there;
but, come what may, I do adore thee so,
that danger shall seem sport, and I will

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Villa; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the

a man.—How now! t'catch the plaguer?
It's perfection, this stealth.
Well, let it be...
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

CLO. What is love? / 'Tis not hereafter: / Present mirth hath present laughter; / What's to come is still unwearyed: / To-morrow, that which now you know, / You know not what. Youth and experience / Teach not the same. 

SIR AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TO. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, P'pairce.

SIR TO. To bear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the wee kin' dance indeed! Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

SIR AND. As you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

CLO. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR AND. Most certain: let our catch be, Thou knave.

CLO. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knave! I shall be constrained in't, to call thee knave, knave.

SIR AND. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin fool; it begins, Hold thy peace.

EMER MALCOLM

MAR. What's a courtship? / If my lady have not called up volo, and bid him turn you, and trust me.

SIR TO. My lady's a Catalina; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ru merry men we be. Am not I am not of her blood? Ti there dwell a man in Balgon?

CLO. Bespeak me, the knave feeling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well disposed, and so do I too; I better grace, but I do it more.

SIR TO. O the twelfth day of.

MAR. For the love o' God!

EMER MALCOLM

MAL. My masters, are you

you! Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gamble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squawk out your cosiers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice! I there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up!

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. Farewell, dear hearts, since I must mad be gone.

MAR. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO. His eyes do sneeze his dogs are almost done.

MAL. 'Tis even so.

SIR TO. But I will never die.

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.


CLO. If 'tis am i you do.

SIR TO. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?
Mr. I will drop in his way some occasions of love; wherein, by the colour, the shape of his leg, the manner of his eye, and the expression of his face, I can make it most seem you may see something; on a forgotten matter we can make a stipulation of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Aud. I have’t in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letter I now write, that I come from my self that she is in love with him.

Mr. My purpose is, indeed, a horse colour.

Sir Aud. And your horse now would him an ass.

Mr. Yes, I doubt not.

Sir Aud. O, it shall be admirable.

Mr. Sport no al, I warrant you: I will let him think, in my Physick will work with him. I will open it two, and let the fool make a third. I shall have the letter, observe his conduct of it. For this night, to bed, and dream event. Farewell.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilice.

Sir Aud. Before me, she’s a good I wen Sir To. She’s a beggar, true bread, a.

Cat angels me: What o’ that!

Sir Aud. I was a sloven once too.

Sir To. Let’s to bed, knight.—Thou had’st send for more money.

Sir Aud. If I cannot receive your a smell, any way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if the better not I’d be ened, call me Cat.

Sir Aud. If I do not, never trust me, lest you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I’ll go burn some-thing late to go to bed now; come, knight.

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke’s Pal.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prices not quantity of dirty lands; The parts that fortune bestow'd upon her, Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune: But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems, That nature pranks her in, attract my soul. To be, But, if she cannot love you, sir? Duke. I cannot be so answer'd. "Sooth, but you must. Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is, Hath for your love so great a pang of heart As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her; You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd? Duke. There is no woman's sides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention. Also, their love may be call'd appetite, No motion of the liver, but the palate,— That suffer servitude, cloyment, and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much: make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe Olivia. Vio. Ay, but I know,— Duke. What doth thus know I? Vio. I will tell what love women to men may owe: In fact, no woman be as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, Should your Lordship. Duke. And what's her history? Vio. A blush, my lord: She never told her love, But let concomitant, like a worm i' the bud, Feed on her damask cheek; she pli'd in thought; And, with a green and yellow melancholy, She sat, like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed? Yet men may say more, swear more; but, indeed, Our shows are more than will; for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love. Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy? Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's And all the brothetos too;—and yet I know not: Sir, shall I to this lady? Duke. Ay, that's the theme. To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, My love can give no picture, bide no dainty. [Exit.]

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHERE, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian. Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy. Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some nottable shame? Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a dairy-baiting here. Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will foil him black and blue:—Shall we, Sir Andrew? Sir And. As we do not, it is pity of our lives. Enter Maria.

Maria. Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettie of India! Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour; observe him, for this is no mockery: for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Clore, in that the ghost of jesting! [The men hide themselves.] Lie thon there; [Music down a letter.] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tick- lings. [Exit Maria.]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; or once told me, she did herself come thus as fancy, it should be one a Brisket, she uses me with spect, than any one else that should I this? Sir To. Here's an overwe Fab. O, peace! Contempi turkey-cock of him; how h vacemed plumes! Sir To. Peace, I say. Mal. To be compost Malvolio Sir To. Ah, rogue! Sir And. Pistol him, pist Sir To. Peace, peace! Sir Mal. There is example &t Strachy married the yeoman Sir And. Fire on him, Jes Fab. O, peace! now ho' imaginacion blows him Mal. Having been three her, sitting in my state,— Sir To. O, for a stunts eye! Mal. Calling my oftren branched velvet gown; h day-bed, where I left Olivi Sir To. Fire and all that them I know my place, as I do theirs.—to ask for my ki Sir To. Bolts and shackle Fab. O, peace, peace, pes Sir And. Akin of my people start, make out for him; and, perchance, wind up; with some rich Jewel: countries thither to me? Sir To. Shall this fellow! Fab. Though our silence with rare, yet peace. Mal. I extend my hand to ing my familiar smile with i control! Sir To. And does not To o'the lips then? Mal. Saying, Comte Toby cast me on your niece, give i speech.— Sir To. What, what? Mal. You must command your Sir To. Out, scab. Fab. Nay, patience, or w of our plot. Mal. Besides, you want the with a foolish bought; Sir And. That's me, I wa Mal. One Sir Andrew: Sir And. I know, I was I me fool. Mal. What employment! Fab. Now is the woodco Sir To. O, peace! and the intimate reading aloud to h Mal. By my life, this 3 these be her very C's, her U thus makes her great I tempt of him? Sir And. Her C's, her U's that Mal. [reads] To the unknown my good wickers: her very leave, wax.—Seth — and I Laurece, with which she us lady: To whom should this Fab. This wins him, liver
Mat. I may command where I adore.

She may command me; I serve her, the lady. Why, this is evident to any forms of piety. There is no obstruction in this; the end. What should that alphabetical notion portend? If I could make that rest anything in me, swiftly.—I, O, A, I—

She, O, ay, make up that: he is in a cold sweat.

Oth. Never will cry upon't, for all though it be as rank as a fox.

Mat. M.—Malvolio!—M.—why, that is my name.

Oth. Did not I say, he would work it the ear is excellent at faults.

Mat. M. But then there is no compass to the requital; that suffers under probation should follow, but O does.

Oth. And O shall end, I hope.

Mat. Tis, O, or I'll confound him, and make him cry, O.

Mat. And then I comes behind.

Oth. Ay, as you had an eye behind you might see more distraction at your heels, fortunes before you.

Mat. M, O, A, I.—This simulation is a

wise figure; and yet, to crush this a bit would show it to me, for every one of these is

And so in my name. Soft! here follows pros-

This is fall into the kind, receive. In my to

If I do not, I must my sense, and my great

He looks about, and says, what, you and}

That you have, errant, and come to us. This

we break the

the treasure of your eye,

I; for many she, and
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WIL...
Dear lady,—

Seek ye me, if you will, to do me good; for so did I observe when I was in business with you. But I hope you will not be so rash as to attempt to injure me, for then I must be upon my guard, and so must you. What should make me think, when I see your letters, that you have no regard for my welfare? I hope you will not be so thoughtless as to write to me without considering the consequences of your actions. For I have reason to believe that you have been acting in a manner which is not in keeping with the spirit of our agreement.

In the meantime, I must bid you farewell, and wish you health and happiness. I shall be happy to hear from you again, and hope that we may be able to resume our correspondence.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

Sir,

Did she see thee the white, old man? I tell thee that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now,

Fad. This was a great argument of love in toward you.

Sir And. I sought thee, that's all.

Fad. He did show favour to the youth in his youth, he did not vex him, to exasperate him, to excite his enmity; he put fire in his heart, and he was gone in his liver. You should there have controll'd her; and with some excellent justness, you may have had youth do duty to duty. This was looked to the human hand, and this was found now; the gift of this opportunity you let us wash and you are now reduced to the point of lady's opinion; you were hanged like a Dutchman on a Dutchman's head, unless you do down it by some handable attempt, either of fear, or policy.

Sir And. And be it any way, it must be vexed; the policy I hate: I had a better be tortured as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortresses in the basis of vexation. Challenge me with the young man to fight with him; hurt him in the least places; my niece shall take note of it: and now thy self, there is no love broken in the man; more prevail in man's commendation's woman, till repeat of vexation.

Fad. There is no way but this, Sir Andre: Sir And. Will either of you bear me a enough to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand, and hate; it is no manner how witty, be ignorant, be full of invention; take with the licence of ink; if then show him a picture, picture shall not be amiss; and so many as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although they were big enough for the bed of Wars in England, set 'em down, go about it. Let it be the letter that I should
You have desire to purchase; and your store, 
Souk, is not for idle markets, sir.
Sbe, I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
AM.
To the Elephant.
Sbe. I do remember.

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.
Enter OLIVIA and MAVOLIO.

Oh, I have sent for him; he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or
I speak too loud.--
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And smiles well for a servant with my fortunes;
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange
manner. He is sure possessed, madam.
Oh. Why, what is the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile; your
ladyship were best to have some guard
about you, if he come; for sure, the man is
tainted in his wits.
Oh. Go call him hither,—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?
Oh. Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad
occasion.
Mal. What, lady? I could be sad? This does
make some obstruction in the blood, this
cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the
eye of one, it is with me as the very true somet.'tis
Please you, and please all.
Oh. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the
matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in
my legs: It did come to his bands, and commands
shall be executed, I think, we do know the sweet
hand.
Oh. Will thou go to bed, Malcho?
Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-hearted, and I'll come
to thee.
Oh. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
so, and kiss thy hand so oft?—
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. What dost thou request? Yes; Nigntingales
answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous
baldness before my lady?
Mal. Be not afraid of greatness.—Twas well
said.
Oh. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. Some are born great.
Oh. It is.
Mal. Some achieve greatness.
Oh. What say'st thou?
Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.
Oh. Heaven restore thee!

Enter a Miller who commanded thy yellow stockings:

Oh. Thy yellow stockings!—
Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.
Oh. Cross-gartered?
Mal. Do not object, if thou desirest to be so:—
Oh. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me see one of a serventstill.
Oh. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Sir. Madam, the young gentleman of the count
Dr.oomo's is returned; I could hardly entreat him
back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.
Oh. I'll come to him. (Exit Servant.) Good
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my
cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a
special care of him; I would not have him
merry for the half of my dowry.

MAL. Oh, ho! do you come worse man than Sir Toby?
I concur directly with the le
on purpose, that I may appe
for the incites me to that in
knowledge, says she: she is
erty with certainty,—but thy
means of state,—put thyself in
—and, consequently, as
or, as a sad face, a reverent
touche, in the habit of some
forth, I have lashed her; he
and Jove make thee. Thank
away now. Let this fail:
not Malvolio, nor at
fellow. Why, every thing ad
no strain of a scruple, no-se
obstacle, no incredulity or
—What can be said? Noth
come between me and the
Well, Jove, not I, and
is to be thanked.

Re-enter Marina, with Sir Toby

Sir To. Which way is it soerry
all the devils I little, and Legitou
I'll speak to him.

Fad. Here he is, here he
Sir To. Go off: I discard
Mar. Go off: I discard
Mar. Go off: I discard
Mar. Ah, I do shew:
Sir To. Go to, go to,
Mar. Go to; I do not deal
gentle with him; let
Mar. Malvolio! ho wist wot
defy the devil; consider, he

MAL. Do you know what
Mar. La you, an you ap
how he takes it at heart! 'I'm

Fad. Carry his water to ti
Mar. Marchy, and morni
I live. My lady for more than I'll say.
Mar. How now, mistress
Mar. O lord.

Sir To. 'Pray he, hold th
way: Do you not see,
alone with him.
Fad. No way but gentle
the fiend is rough, and will;
Sir To. Why, how now,
dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir To. Ay, biddy come w
'tis not for gravity to say
San a: Hang him, foul coil
Mar. Get him to say his
Toby, get him to pray;
Mar. My prayers, miss?—
Mar. No, I warrant you,
goodness,
Mal. Go, hang yourself
shallow things: I am not
know more hereafter.
Sir To. Is't possible?
Fad. If this were played
condemned it as an in
Sir To. Have a geniun bat
of the device, man.
Mar. Nay, pursue him to
take air, and taint.
Fad. Why, we shall make
Mar. The house will be
Sir To. Come, we'll have
My niece is a
that is he is mad; we may ev
Belch and Pam are, in the name of God, possessed of the man. Let me engage with you in this scheme; that is not the matter I challenge this for. I am very brief, and exceeding good sense. I now simply offer going hence; where is to thy chance to kill me.

Sir To. Thou killst me like a rogue, I have a villain. Still you keep on the windy side of the law; good.

Sir To. Fear thee well; and God have mercy upon me if I return! He may have mercy upon me but my hope is in the worst, and so look to thy enemy. I found, we then were able, and thy own enemy.

Andrew Longchek. Sir To. If this letter move him not, his heart is frozen; I'll give't him.

Sir To. Yes, Sir Andrew; so much for me, the corner of the orchard, like a ham built up, is mine; we ever thine service, draw; and then, as there swear horridly; for it comes in to, that a terrible oath, with a swearer scarce barely twanged off, gives manhood no approbation than ever proof itself would be earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Sir To. Nay, I will not deliver his letter; the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; if an employment between his lord and my niece to lose no man; therefore this letter, being no matter, will live no terror in it. He will find it comes from a clog; if, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word; march; set upon Ague-check a notable roper; and drive the gentleman (as I know youth will) into a state of passion of his rage, skill, fury, and impertinence with fright from both, that the old man will as another by the look, like cockatrice.

Olivia and Viola.

Ed. Here he comes with your niece; your
THIRTEENTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

surely as your feet hit the ground they step on; They say, he has been frozen to the soppy. Sir And. Fox out, I'll not meddle with him. Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabbau can scarce hold him yonder. Sir And. Plague out; as I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in store, I've seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capleit. Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show out; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [Aside.

Enter FARIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [so Far.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil. Fak. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better be thought of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he promises, he will not hurt you. Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [Aside.

Fak. Give ground, if you see him furious. Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the durios avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, Sir Andrew. Vio. Pray God, he keep his oath! [Drew.

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [Drew.

Ant. Put up your sword:—if this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him deny you. [Drew.

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you? Ant. One, sir, that for his love daries yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will. Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Drew.

Enter Two Officers.

Fak. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers. Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To ANTONIO. Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [To Sit ANTONIO.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily; and reise well. 1 Of. This is the man; do thy office. 2 Of. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orlando. Sir To. You do mistake me, sir. 1 Of. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well. Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows, I know him well. Ant. I must obey,—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it. What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amast'd; But be comfort. 2 Of. Come, sir, away.

Vio. I must entreat you of some of that money. Vio. What money, sir? For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompte'd, Out of my lean and low abodes. I'll lend you something; my b Old way; and when I make division of my poor. Hold, there is half my coffers. Ant. Will 'tis possible, that my deserts Can lack persuasion? Do not Let that it make me so nax. As to upbraid you with thou. That I have done for you. Vio. Nor know you I by voice, or I hate ingratitude more in a Than lying, vanity, babble Or any taint of vice, whose Inhabitats our frail blood. Ant. 2 Of. Come, sir, I pray you. Ant. Let me speak a little you see here. I snatch'd one half out of the Reliev'd him with such an And to his image, which, Most venerable worth, did I 1 Of. What's that to us I away. Ant. But O, how vile god— Thou hast, Sebastian, done; In nature there's no blend None can be call'd deform Virtue is beauty; but the Are empty trunks, o'erflour 1 Of. The man grows you come, come, come. Ant. Lead me on. [Exe. Vio. Methinks, his worth Mon fly. That he believes himself; Prove true, imagination, That I, dear brother, be Sir To. Come hither, kn The man; 'tis but a sage know. Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; Yet living in my blood; ever In favour was my brother; still in this fashion, colour. For him I imitate; O, if I It tempers are kind, and salt Sir To. A very dishonest pe a coward than a horse; his in leaving his friend here in paying him; and did he. Fak. A coward, a most d In his. Sir And. 'SILD, I'll after him. Vio. Ne To. Do, cut him some thy sword. Sir And. I am not do.— Vio. Come, let's see the Vio, Sir To. I dare lay my mon yet.

ACT I

SCENE I. The Street before.

Enter Sebastian.

Cleo. Will you make me I for you? Sir. Go to, go to, thou a Let me be clear of thee. Cleo. Well hold out, I hate thee; nor I am not sent to but you come speak with is not master Casario; no neither.—Nothing, that is
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YC

Clos. She loves another.—Who calls, ha?

Mark. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will be thankful to thee for't.

Clos. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clos. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your own wis'dom?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clos. But as well then you are mad, indeed, if you be so better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me: keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clos. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the less, vent, restore it: endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bubble babble.

Sirs. Topas.

Clos. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

—Who, I, sir! not I, sir. God bless you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clos. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am about for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man is by rights.

Clos. Well—a-day—that you were, sir! Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clos. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clos. Nay, I'll never believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I will require it in the highest degree;

I pr'ythee, begone.

Clos. I am gone, sir.

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice;

Like to the old rige,

Your need to sustain,

Who with dagger of death,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries ah! ha! to the devil;

Like a mad lad,

Pure thy nails, and,

Adams, goodman discreet. [Exit.

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air: that is the glorious sun; this pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:

And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus;

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?

I could not find him at the Elephant:

Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service:

For though my soul disputes with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,

And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

To try other trust, but that I am mad,

Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,

She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,

As, I perceive, st

That is deep enough.

Enter

Oli. Blame not well.

Now go with me into the chantry: And underneath Pight me the full

That my nose may

May live at peace

What time we according to my

Seb. I'll go with you; and

Oli. Thee lead hence.

That they may st

SCENE I. TI

Enter

Fsd. Now, as last.

Seb. Good man, as request.

Fsd. Any thing. 

Seb. That is, please desire my

Enter Duke

Duke. Belong

Seb. I know

Fsd. Tho. you are the worse for m

Duke. Just th

Seb. No, sir, t

Duke. How c

Seb. Marry, sir

Duke. By me y

Seb. You to be one o


Fsd. But that

Seb. I would yo

Duke. O, you

Seb. Put your

Duke. Weil I

Seb. A double decker

Duke. Prime, en the old saying

Duke. Why, t

Seb. By my y

Duke. To be one o

Duke. There's gold.

Duke. But that

Seb. I would yo
Antonio and Officers.

Farewell, here comes the man, sir, that spoke

Duke. That face of his I do remember, Yet, when I saw it last, it was beasmer'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war A howling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk unprintable With which such scullion grapple did he With the most noble bottom of any feet, Than very envy, and the tongue of los, Cry'd fame and honour on him. — Where art thou, sir?

Othello. Othello, this is that Antonio That took the Phoenix and her freight, and Cassio,

And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg Here in the streets, desperate of shame and spirit, private brawl did we apprehend him. Farewell, noble pirate, sir; drew on my side But, in conclusion, just strange speech upon I know not what Terrors, but distraction. Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thing. What foolish boldness brought thee to the mercy

Whom thou, in turn so bloody, and so dead, Had made these enemies.

Othello. Othello, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me; Antonio never yeas thieve, or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Othello's enemy. A witchcraft knew I better: That most ungrateful boy there, by your side, From the race's sea's spring'd and bony mouth Did I redeem; a wretched past hope was he; In his life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication; for his sake, Did I expose myself; pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him, where he was best; Where being apprehended, his false course Not meaning to partake with me in danger, Taught him to face out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wish; denied me mine own

Which I had recommended to his use But half an hour before.

Duke. How can this be?

Othello. Farewell, here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.

But to these, fellow, fellow, thy words are nothing.

Three months hath this youth been tended upon me; But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Othello. What would my lord, but that he may not have.

Othello. Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? Cassio, you do not keep promise with me. Farewell, Madam?

Duke. Graceless Olivia, What do you speak? — Good my lord?

Farewell, my lord would speak, my duty tasketh me. Still no cruel. Still as constant, lord.
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby. Oh! What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke his head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too; for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pond. I'll be at home. Oth. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil inordinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. O'd's liflings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing: and that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby. Vin. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you. You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I beseech you, fear, and hurt you not. Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickked you othergates than he did. Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—So, dot, did see Dick surgeon, not?

Clown. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; him he was set at eight I went this morning. Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue. Oth. You are with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir To. Will you help me?—An as-head, and a coxcomb, and a knife! a thin-faced knife, a gilt

All. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]

Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your son: But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and By that I do perceive it hath offended you; For I have, in a sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago. Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons; A natural perspective, that is, and is not. Sebastian. O, my dear Antonio, How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, Since I have lost thee. Act. Antonio are you?

Sebastian. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

An apple, eat in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? Oth. Most wonderful! Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor can there be that deity in my nature, In any here and every where. I had a slaver, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. Oth. Of charmed what kin are you to me? [To Viola.] What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So would he suited to his watery tomb:

If spirits can assume both form, You come to fright us,

Sebastian. But am in that dimension Which have no shape, that is, as you call it. Were you a woman, as the I should my tears let fall a

Ari. Thrice welcome, Viola. My father had a niece. And so bad news is she. Vin. And died that day of birth

Ari. Had num'ber'd thirteen ye. Oth. O, that record is liv He fixt. The indeed, his son That day that made my sin! If nothing lets in, But this my masqueline use Do not embrace me, till I,

Next. If place, time, fortune, or That I am Viola; which I I'll bring you to a captain Where lie my maiden's help. I was preserv'd, to serve you. All the occurrence of my fortune Hath been between you and lady. So. Comes it, lady, you took :

But nature to her bias draw! I would have been contrarie Nor are you therein, by my view! You are betroth'd both to a s

Duke. Be not amaz'd; r

If this be so, as yet the glass Which have share in this one, Boy, thou hast said to me:

Thou never should'st love w. And all those sayings And all those sweet words As doth that orbited continent That severs day from night.

Duke. And let me see thee in thy p. I am the captain, that die shore, Hath my maid's garments: tion,

Is now in durance, at Malvoli A gentleman and fondly: Oth. He shall enlarge him hither and yet, alia, now I remem They say, poor gentleman, Re-enter Clown. w A most extracting frenzy, From my remembrance cle

How does he, sirrah? Clown. Truly, madam; he be stave's end; as well as a w do; he has been with a left have given it you to-day: madman's epistles are no not much when they are do. Oth. Open it, and read it. Clown. Look then to be we fool delivers the madman done.

Oth. How now! art thou Clown. No, madam, I do by your ladyship will have it s must allow nor. Oth. 'Pre'y thee, read it! th Clow. So I do, madonna; wilt, is to read thus: the princes, and give el Oth. Read it you, sirrah. Fac. [Reads.] Be the Le me, and the world shall kno
T W E L V E T H N I G H T

put me into doubtless, and given your discretion a rule over me, you have I the beauty of my own
well on your ladyship. I have your own letter
induced me to the resemblance; I put you in with the,
I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you
shame. Think of me as you please. I love
them a little unthought of, and speak out of

The muddly—and Malv

Oth. Did be write this?
Clu. Ay, madam.
Dude. This favours not much of distract, but
Oth. See him deliver'd, Fabian, bring, sir
bather.
End Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought of.
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance; not, so please
you.
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Dude. Madam, I am most apt to embrace you
offer—
Your master guide you [To VIOLETT]; and, if
your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding.
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
Oth. A sister?—you are sho—

R e - w r i t e F a b i a n , w i t h M A L V O L I O .

Dude. Is this the madman?
Oth. Ay, my lord, this same:

Here now, Malvolio?
Mal. Malvolio, you have done me wrong;
Notions wrong.
Oth. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. 'Pray you, peruse that
letter:
You must not now deny it is in your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in formal, or phrase;
Or say 'twas not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
suspicion;
Guide me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to
you,
To get me yellow stockings, and to town;
Then Sir Toby, and the lighter people;
And, acting this to an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kne in a dark house, violated by the priest,
And made the most notorious jest, and call,
That ever invention play'd on? tell me why.
Oth. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do beswear me, it was she
First told me, then wast mad; then can't in
smiling,
And in such terms which here were presuppose'd
Upon thee in the letter, 'Pray thee, be content:
The practice hath most shrewdly passed upon
then;
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VIKTITO, Duke of Vienna.
ANGELO, Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the Deputation.
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.
LUCIO, a Factor.
Two other like Gentleman.
VARVURUS, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, Two Friars.
PETRUS, A Justice.
ELDON, a simple Constable.

FRISIT, a foolish Gentleman.
CLOWN, Servant to Mrs. Over-
ASHCROFT, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissenting Friar.
ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, betrothed by Claudio.
FRANCIS, a Nunn.
MARIANNE OVER-SONE, a Maid.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, 

SCENE—Vienna.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escalus. My lord,

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am not to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the list of all advice.
My strength can give you; then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any;
That we remember: there is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—

Call hither, I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escalus. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Angelo. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character
That, to the observer doth t

Folly unfold: Thyself and t

Are not thine own so proper

Thyself: upon thy virtues, th

Heaven doth with us, as we

Not light them for themsev--

Did not go forth of us, twe

As if we had them not. Bjs

touch'd,

But to fine lenses: nor nam

The smallest scruple of her

But, like a thifty goddess,

Herself the glory of a credit

Both thanks and use. But I

To one that can my part in

Hold therefore—Angelo;—

In our remove, be thou at t

Mortality and Mercy in Vie

Live in thy tongue and hear

Though first in question, is

Take thy commission.

Angelo. No

Let there be some more test

Before so noble and so gus

Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No m

We have with a leaven'd us

Proceeded to you; therefore

Our haste from hence is of

That it prefers itself, and is

Matters of needful value. W

As time and our concernin

How it goes with us; and

What doth befell you here;

To the hopefull execution d

Of your commissions.
MEASURE

Yet, give leave, my lord, or let me bring you something on the table. My haste may not admit it;
I need you on mine honour have to do with any scruple: your scope is as mine own
to enforce or qualify the laws, to your soul seem good. Give me your hand, privily away: I love the people,
do not like to stage me to their eyes: nought do I well, I do not wish well
nor loud applause, and so to vehemence;
c for I think the man of right discretion, at times affect it. Once more, fare you well,
lag. The heavens give safety to your purposes best. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

[Exit.]
[Enter._
I thank you: Fare you well. 
[Exe.]
I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
have free speech with you; you shall concern
look into the bottom of my place;
swer I have; but of what strength and nature
is not yet instructed.

[Aside._
'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
if we may soon our satisfaction have
asking that point.
[Enter.
I'll wait upon your honour.
[Exe.]

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Licio and Two Gentlemen.

Now, if the duke, with the other dukes, come
to composition with the king of Hungary,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

[Exe.]

[Enter._
that he rages.

[Enter._
By what, to command me to com
of the captain and all the rest from their
orders; they put forth to steel: There's not
order of us all, that, in the thanksgiving be
must, flesh relish the petition well

[Exe.]

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._

[Enter._
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Cloud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The weight of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis lost.
With how much liberty, my Lucio, would comes this restraint?
Lechery! From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty!

As suret is the father of much fast,
So vhat accepts by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint; Our natures do purgate,
(Cloud. Unhappily, their proper base.)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrepent, and for certain of my creditors:
And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the double of mine, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, my Lucio?
Claud. What, but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder? God, that's a libel.

Lucio. Lechery! I Claud. Call it so.

Lucio. Away, sir; you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word [Take him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Juliet's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, have that we do the demecateness lack
Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower Retaining the coffer of her friends; 

Claud. From whom we thought it meet to hide our eyes.

Till time had made them for us. But it chancees, The stealth of our mutual entertainment, With so much green gross is well on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps! And now the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness; Or of those that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who in the next, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spurs: Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, 

Lucio. In steward:—But this new governor, Aware of all the enrolled penalties, Which have, like unequaid armour, hung by the walls,

So long, the thirteen sodiace have gone round, And none of them been worn, and, for a name, Now pate the drowzy and neglected act Frathly on me:—'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, if it is; and thy head stands so straight, one should think it to be, and one be in love, may sigh it off.—Send after the duke, and apparel to him.
Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

Lucio. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister rune, And there receive her approbation: Accepting her with the danger of my state. Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deity; bid herself many him. I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prose and speechless dialect, Such as mover men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may, as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; so for the enjoying of the life, who I would be sorry should but foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good Lucio. Within two hours Claud. Come, officer, we

SCENE IV. A

Enter Duke and Friar. No: holy father—thought;
Believe not that the friebn, q
Can pierce by the immoderate use Torus to restraint; Our natures do purgate, (Cloud. Unhappily, their proper base.)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrepent, and for certain of my creditors:
And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the double of mine, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, my Lucio?
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Enter Duke and Friar. No: holy father—thought;
Believe not that the friebn, q
Can pierce by the immoderate use Torus to restraint; Our natures do purgate, (Cloud. Unhappily, their proper base.)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrepent, and for certain of my creditors:
And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the double of mine, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, my Lucio?
Claud. What, but to speak of would offended again.

Lucio. What is it? murder? God, that's a libel.

Lucio. Lechery! I Claud. Call it so.

Lucio. Away, sir; you must go.
Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word [Take him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Juliet's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, have that we do the demecateness lack
Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower Retaining the coffer of her friends; 

Claud. From whom we thought it meet to hide our eyes.

Till time had made them for us. But it chancees, The stealth of our mutual entertainment, With so much green gross is well on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps! And now the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness; Or of those that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who in the next, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spurs: Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, 

Lucio. In steward:—But this new governor, Aware of all the enrolled penalties, Which have, like unequaid armour, hung by the walls,

So long, the thirteen sodiace have gone round, And none of them been worn, and, for a name, Now pate the drowzy and neglected act Frathly on me:—'tis surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, if it is; and thy head stands so straight, one should think it to be, and one be in love, may sigh it off.—Send after the duke, and apparel to him.
Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

Lucio. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister rune, And there receive her approbation: Accepting her with the danger of my state. Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deity; bid herself many him. I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prose and speechless dialect, Such as mover men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may, as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; so for the enjoying of the life, who I would be sorry should but foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good Lucio. Within two hours Claud. Come, officer, we
MEASURE

Scene. It is a man's voice: Gentle Luce.

Turn you the key, and know his business
You may, I may not; you are yet unsure
When you have vow'd, you must not spend

But in the presence of the prince:

There, if you speak, you may not show your
Or, if you show your face, you must not
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[Exit PHIL.

Luce. Peace and prosperity! Who's that?

Enter Lucio.

Luce. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those choose

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so steady
As bring me to the light of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
Of this unhappy brother Claudio?

Luce. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask

The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Luce. Gentle and fair, your brother kind

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Luce. Woe me! for what?

Luce. For that, which, if myself might be his

Judge,

He should creative his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Luce. Sir, mock me not:—your story.

Luce. 'Tis true, I would act,—though 'tis my

familiar sin

With maidens to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so;
I hold you as a thing ask'd by, and scent'd;

Of your remembrance, an immortal spirit;

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,

As with a solemate.

Lucio. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luce. Do not believe it. Fœnness and truth,

'tis time

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd;
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time,

That from the sweetness the bare fellow brings

Tendering fœnness; even so her plentiful womb

Layworth his full thirst and husbandry.

Lucio. Some one with child by him?—My cousin

Juliet?

Luce. Is she your cousin?

Lucio. Adopted; as school-maidens change their

 debian,

By vain though apt affection.

Shall I let him marry her?

Luce. This is the point.

The case is very strangely gone from hence;

How many gentlemen, my self being one,

In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn

Those that know the very nerves of state,

Stand just as were of an infinite distance

From his true-ventured design. Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,

Gorra lord Angelo; a man, whose blood

Of more brookish, one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense;

The dark sublime and blent his natural edge,

In points of the mind, study and fear.

As to give her to one he loves.

Luce. O let him marry her?

Lucio. She it is.

Luce. The case is very strangely gone from hence;

How many gentlemen, my self being one,

In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn

Those that know the very nerves of state,

Stand just as were of an infinite distance

From his true-ventured design. Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,

Gorra lord Angelo; a man, whose blood

Of more brookish, one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense;

The dark sublime and blent his natural edge,

In points of the mind, study and fear.

As to give her to one he loves.

Luce. She it is.

Luce. She it is.

Luce. She it is.

Luce. She it is.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Exe. I say now, sir! What's your name? And what's the matter?

Edw. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ing. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Edw. If you please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are; and void of all profession in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ing. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow? I can.

Edw. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ing. What are you, sir?

Edw. Why, sir, a tapster, sir; a parcel-badw; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, may be so richly, plecked down in the suburbs: and now she prefers a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. He, sir, know you that?

Edw. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour.--

Escal. How! thy wife?

Edw. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman.

Escal. Doth thou detest her therefore?

Edw. Nay, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a badw-house, it is a pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable? It is very, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman candidly given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Edw. Ay, by mistress Ever-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defiled him.

Esc. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Edw. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

[Dies Angelo]

Edw. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence), for sted'pruins; sir, we had but two in the house, which had very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pieces; your housekeeper saw such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Edw. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth; and here, this very man having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;--for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Esc. No, indeed.

Edw. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the afore-said prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Edw. Very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were as they were of the thing you wast of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Edw. Very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tellous fool: to the purpose.--What was done to Elbow's wife, that she be cause to compla what was done to her.

Escal. No, sir, nor me.

Edw. Sir, but you shall honour's leave; and, I master Froth here, air; pound a year; whose father-- wasn't not at宣扬er.

Froth. All-hollond eve, Escal. I have so; because and good for winter.

Edw. Why, very well, sir.

Ing. This will last out; when nights are longest the and leave you to to.-Hoping, you'll find good co

Escal. I think no less; I hovest.

Now, sir, come on: What wife, how is her once.

Edw. I beseech you, sir man did to my wife.

Edw. I beseech your hon--

Escal. Well, sir: What is her name?

Edw. I beseech you, sir, man's face:—Good master Froth do the costs I would know of you Escal. He's in the right: you to it?

Edw. First, an it like yo appertected house; esc. his and his mistress is a respe

Escal. By this hand, he is speter person than any o

Edw. Varlet, thou liest varlet:--I have never respected with man, Escal. Sir, she the respect he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wh inferior? Is this true?

Edw. O thou catfish! O wicked Henniball! I respect I was married to her! It she, or she with me, think me the poor devil's thou wicked Henniball, or of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you might have your action of Edw. Marry, I thank yo it; What is your worship o

Escal. Truly, officer, yeel off in him, that thou dost not, let him cost till thou know's what the Edw. Marry, I thank yo. Thou seest, thou wicked come upon thee; thou art to con--

Escal. Where were you?
MEASURE

Froth. Here, sir; give me this;'s very good. | Eust. Are you at fourscore pounds a year?
Froth. Yes, sir, and more, sir. | Eust. What trade are you of, sir?
Froth. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster. | Eust. Your mistress's name?
Froth. Mistress Overdone. | Eust. Hath she had any more than one bason?
Eust. None, sir; Over done by the last. | Eust. None!
Froth. None!—Come hither to me, master Froth. | Eust. None, sir. | Eust. None—Come hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?
Eust. Pompey. | Eust. What else?
Froth. Pompey. | Eust. What else?
Froth. Truth, and your burs is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the bestman sense, you Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoever you colour it as being a tapster. Are you not come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.
Eust. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.
Eust. If the law would allow it, sir?
Eust. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.
Froth. Dance your worship means to geld and spay all the youth in the city.
Eust. No, Pompey.
Froth. None, sir; in my poor opinion, they will let them: if your worship will take order for the drape and the knaves, you need not to hear the bawds.
Eust. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.
Froth. If you hang and bring all that offends that way but for ten years together, you're glad to tine out a commission for more bawds. If this are held in Vienna ten years, I'll read the interest cause in it, after three pence a day: if you live here been this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.
Froth. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in respect of your prophecy, thank you,—I advise you, in none not find you before me again upon any misgiving whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat me in your tent, and give you a shrewd Caesar to nin; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you blocked, so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.
Froth. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.
Eust. Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade; the valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.
Eust. Come hither to me, master Eustace; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?
Eust. Seven years and a half, sir.
Froth. I thought, by your readiness to the offer, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together! I say. And a half, sir.
Eust. Ah! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so off upon: Are there not men in your word sufficient to serve it? Eust. None, sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are violent, they are glad to choose me.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mistakes the very ciphers of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your ho-

ter! [Reeling.]

Luc. [To Isab.] Give't not o'er so: to him
again, entreat him:
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more taints a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must be needs die?

Ang. Maidens, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon
And neither heavens, nor man, grieve at the
mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But you might do't, and do the world no
wrong.

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced: 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold. [To Isabella.]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a
word.

May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The solemn oracles thronchro, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slit him like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. 'Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabella! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. Aye, touch him: there's the vein.

[Aside.]

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Aha! aha! aha!

Who 'll fill the soles that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If Ang. which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man made, known.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

If the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to-
morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him;

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our
children.

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross avessor? Good, my God, bethink
you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

Luc. Aye, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept;

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed; now, 'tis awake;
'Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd;
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born),
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Ang. I show it most,
For then I pity those
Which a dissip'm'd off
And do him right,
Wrong.
Lives not to act amends
Your brother dies too.

Isab. So you must I
sentence:
And he, that suffers:
To have a gentle arm
To use it like a giant.

Ang. Could great n
As Jove himself does,
For every petulant
Would use his heaven
Thunder.

Merciful heaven! Thou rather, with thy

Spilt on the unwedg'd
Than the soft myrtle
Drest in a little brief
Most ignorant of what
His glassy essence Flatly
Plays such fantastic
As make the angels
Would all themselves

Luc. O, to him, b
lent;

He's coming, I perceive

Prov. I

Ang. We cannot w
self:

Great men may jest w
But, in the less, fool

Luc. Thou'rt in it

Isab. That in the

word,

Which in the soldier

Luc. Art advis'd:

Ang. Why do you r

Isab. Because all

others,

Hath yet a kind of m

That which the vice o't

Knock there, and all

That's like my broth

A natural guiltiness,

It not sound the a

Against my brother's

Ang. Such sense, that my s

you will.

Isab. Grant me my lo

Ang. I will bethink

row.

Isab. Hark, how I'l

Ang. How I brie

Isab. Aye, with sue

Luc. You had ma

Isab. Not with fro

Or stones, whose ran

As fancy values the

That shall be up at h

Ere sun-rise; prayer

From fasting maid's,

To nothing temporal

Ang. To-morrow.

Luc. Go to; it is

Isab. Heaven keep

Ang. For I am that way g

Where prayers cross.

Isab. Shall I attend your k
Measure

Ang.  At any time there is no
Thou, Save your honour!

[Enter Leontes, Hermione, and Provo.

Ang.  What's this? what's this? Is this her fault
mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Who
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is he,
That lying by the candle, in the sun,
Do, as the cartoon does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray me than,
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary,
And pitch our envy there? O, ye, ye, ye!

That trust thou? or, what art thou, Angelo?

Duke.  What more shall they do, for those things
That make her good? I mean, her brother live:
Thisice for the robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
Is coming eveny, that, to catch a saint,
With saint's vast faith thy hook? Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that does good as well.
This is in loving virtue; never could the apostate,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Shall win me quite;—ever, till now,
When mist were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how! [Exit.

SCENE III.  A Room in a Prison.

Enter—Duke, seated like a Friar, and Provo.

Duke.  Ha! loo you, Provo! so, I think you are.
Provo.  I am the provost: What say you will, good
Duke.  Roast by my charity, and my blessing
wheretober
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison; do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Provo.  I would do more than that, if more were
needed.

[Enter Julieth.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Whom, seeing in the flames of her own youth,
She blisted in her report; She is a vital child:
And he that got it, sentenced: a young man
Best fit to do another such offence,
Thus die for this.

Duke.  When must he die?
Provo.  As I do think, to-morrow.—
I was provided for you; stay a while.

[To Julieth.

Let you shall be conducted.
Duke.  Repeat you, fair one, of the sin you
commit.
Julieth.  I did, and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke.  I'll teach you how you shall arrange your
conscience,
But by your presence, if it be sound,
Withoutly put on.
I'll gladly learn.
Duke.  Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Julieth.  Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.
Duke.  So then, it seems, your most offenseful
act
Was mutually committed?
Julieth.  Mutually.
Duke.  Then was your sin or heavy, or that
is,
Julieth.  I do confine it, and repent it, father.
Duke.  'Tis meet, sae, daughter: But lest you do
repeat
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,

Long
That I

To you
A man
Their
In state
False
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

As to put metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isah. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which shall you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanliness,
As is this brother stand'd?

Isah. Sir, believe this, I'll give my body too my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compass'd
desires
Stand more for number than for account.

Isah. How say you? Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;-
Now, the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Ang. Please you to do't, I'll take it as a partil to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Isah. Please you to do't, at partil of your soul,
Were equal part of sin and charity.

Isah. That do I beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me hear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayers.
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me: Your cases perverses not mine; either you are
ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isah. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. The wisest wishes to appear most bright
When doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enblush'd beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me;
To be receiv'd plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isah. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isah. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loose of question, that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No easy means to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To bind him, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isah. As much for my poor brother, as myself;
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whipps I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed.
That longing I have been sick for, ere I yield'd
My body up to shame.

Isah. Then must your brother die.

Isah. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
That you have slander'd so?

Isah. I mean in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses; lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to fond redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a
tyrant;
And even prov'd the sliding of your brother
A incertum than a vice.

Isah. O pardon me, my lord; it falls out
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean.

I something do excuse thee. For his advantage that I gave

Ang. We are all frail.

Isah. If not a froward, but only be,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, we

Isah. Ay, as the glasses we

Ang. Which are as easy broke as t' women. - Help, because men
Are profligate by them. Nay, can
For we are so full of our compass
And credulity to take, and

Ang. And from this testimony of:
(Since, I suppose, we are me
Than faults may make our
bold
I do arrest your words; Be
That is, a woman
If you be one (as you are w
By all external warrants), t
By putting on the desist, at

Ang. I have no tongue but
Let me rain yet you again.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I
Isah. My brother did love me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel

Isah. I know, your virtue
Which seems a little foster
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe:
My words express my pur

Isah. Ha! little honour!
And most pernicious purp

Ang. I will proclaim thee, Ang.
Sign me a present pardon
Or, with an outstretch'd th' Alms,
What man that ever

Ang. Who will be
My unsoild name, the name
My vouch against you, as I
Will so your accusation over
That you shall stifle in your
And smell of cutumery. I ha
And now I give my

Isah. Fit thy course to my sharp

Ang. Lay by all nicety, and profa
That naught they see for

Ang. By yielding up thy body to r
Or else he must not only die
But thy unkindness shall his
To lingering sufferance. I t

Ang. Or, by the affection that now
I'll prove a tyrant to him: A
Say what you can, my false

Isah. To whom shall I comf
Who would believe me! O
That bear in them one and ti
Either of condensation or a
Bilding the law make court'
Hunting both right and wo
To follow as it draws! I'll t
Though he hath fallen by proe
Yet hath he in him such a m
That had he twenty heads to
On twenty bloody lips, he
Before his sister should her
To such abhorr'd pollution.

Thou, Isabel, live chaste, te
More than our brother is ow
I'll tell him of Arthur.
And fit his mind to death, f
ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Prince's Palace.

Enter Duke, Claudius, and Provost.

Duke. So then, thou hope of pardon from thy
Angels?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicines
But only hope;—I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; all other death
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou
art
Sorcerie to all the skies above it.

That doth this habitation, where thou keepest,
Hourly afflicts; merely, thou art death's poet;
For he that labors by thy flight to slay,
And yet cannot follow him still; this art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou beart
Are more by business: This art by no means
realized.

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm; Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou canst procure; yet greatly hath
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself.

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That I must eat of: Thou art no youth.

And what thou hast, forget: This art not
recollectable.

Yet for the complexion shifts, strange effects
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;

For, like an earth whereon lights beam down,
Thou hast the heavy riches but a journey,
And death walks here; Friend hast thou none;

For thou art haskole, which doth call thee sire,
The more effusion of thy proper joint,

Be sure of the grace, supper, and the chemist,

For yielding time no sooner: Thou hast too youth,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

Dressing on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and dost beg the aches
Of labor and old, and rich

That hast neither heat, affront, limbs, nor
Beauty.

To make thy riches pleasant. What's in this
The heavy name of life! Yet to this life
The most of thousands and death: ye yet death we fear,
The more here and there.

And many a day I pray thee:

Come to live, I find, I seek to die;

And seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
company! Is there much there? come in: the wise dis
servant is a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, we long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Hor. My business is a word or two with Claud;

And very welcome. Look, salier, here's your sister.

Claud. Fly'st thou, a word with you.

Hor. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I

may be concealed.

Yet hear them. [Enter Duke and Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Hor. Why, as all comforters are, most good to

Lords Naples, having affairs to heaven,

Thanks for his swift ambassador,
MEASRE FOR MEASURE.

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-rubbed ice;
To be imprison’d in the view-less winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—All too horrible!
The weightiest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, aeh, manner, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Josh. Alas! alas!

Cloud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin do you to save a brother’s life,
Nature disperses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Josh. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Will you be made a man out of my vice?
It’s not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister’s shame! What should I think
Heaven shield, my mother play’d my father fair!
Forsuch a warped slip of wildness
Never issue from his blood. Take my deficiency;
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Recover thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I’ll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No words to save thee.

Cloud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Josh. Thy sin’s not accidental, but a trait;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
’Tis more than thou dost diet quickly.

[Living.

Cloud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Josh. What is your will?

Duke. Might you, if you displease with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you:
the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Josh. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay renders me taken out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

Duke. [To CLAUDIUS, aside.] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo hath the purpose to corrupt her, but hath not made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she having the truth of honour in her heart, and graces him that graces dental which he is most glad to receive: I am confessed to Angelo, and know this to be true: therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Cloud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will see to be rid of it.


[Exit Cloudius.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What’s your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no more shall touch her heart.

Prov. In good time.

[Exit Provost.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace’ning the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assaulter that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding: and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this sub- stitute, and to save your brother?

Josh. I am now going to relieve him: I had rather my brother die b than be unlawfully bed is the good duke deceiv’d, and I can speak lips in vain, or discover

Duke. That shall not I the matter now stands occasion: he made trial fasten your ear on my 4 have in doing good, and I do make myself beque uprightness do a poor benefit; reform your i law; do no stain to you and much pertain the ab tur, he shall ever return

Josh. Let me hear you spirit to do any thing that is the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, a

Josh. Have you not been sister of Frederick, the carried i

Duke. I have heard of it with her name.

Duke. Her should this was affianced to her by o pointed: between while and limit of the solemn rick was wrecked at sea, vessel the dowry of his heavily this befall to who she lost noble and his love toward her ever with him the portion on her marriage-silver; wi husband, this well-seem

Josh. Can this be D Duke. Let her in tear them with his comfort whole, pretenting, in her mourn: in few, bestow’d tation, which she cast, a marble to her tears, is relevants no.

Josh. What a merit was this poor maid from the v in this life, that it will b row out of his her b

Duke. It is a rapture th and the care of it is but keep us from dish

Josh. Show me how y Duke. The continuance of let in unkindness, that in al quenched her love, hath, the current, made it no Go to you to Angelo: any plausible obedience; agr the point: only refer you —first, that your stay will that the time may have: in it, and the place an this being granted in cu We shall advise this wro your appointment, go in counter acknowledge it compel him to her: rec this, is your brother save ed, the poor Marias ad rupt deputy scaled. The make fit for his attempt. carry this as you may, benefit defends the deceit think you of it v

Josh. The image of it giv and, I trust, it will grow perfection.

Duke. It lies much in y you speedily to Angelo;
MEASURE

Scene II. The Street before the Prison.

Enter Drake, as a Visitor; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Drake. Oh, heavens! what stuff is here!

Elbow. 'Tis never merry world, since two murders, the merriest was put down, and the worst allowed; by order of law, a furious gale to keep him warm; and furious with fox and lath-ansoms too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing.

Drake. Come your way, sir!—Bless you, good father Elbow.

Elbow. And you, good brother father! What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Drake. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Elbow. Eye, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou canst be done, is the means to live! Do thou but think, Whom he to cram a purse, or clothe a back, From such a little vice, to say to thyself—

Took their unsavory and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinking dependingly! Go, mend, go, mend.

Drake. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Elbow. Nay, if the devils have given thee proofs for sir.

Drake. Then will prove his. Take him to prison, officer; correction and instruction must both work, for this rude beast will profit.

Elbow. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning; the deputy cannot abide a whoremonger; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good a mile in his errand.

Drake. That were we all, as some would seem to be, free from our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lexio.

Elbow. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Lexio. I spy comfort; I cry, hail! Here's a gentleness, and a friend of mine.

Drake. Here now, noble Pompey! What, at the heels of Caesar! Art thou in full triumph? Be there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be laid now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clout'll'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, manner, and method? It's not drown'd! It's not drown'd! Ha! What say'st thou, trout? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it to, and few words? Or how? The trick of it? Drake, shall that, and that still worse? Lexio. How doth thy dear master, thy mistress? Because she still? Ha?

Drake. True, sir, she hath eaten up all her bed; she is herself in the rub.

Lexio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh where, and your barley saved; an unkindly consequence; come be so. Are going to prison, Pompey? This year, sir.

Drake. Why? It's not amiss, Pompey: Fare-
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

can let you understand.—The greater tile of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio: A very superficial, ignorant, unseeing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or the current of his life, and the business he had helmed, must not a war, raised need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the universe, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier; therefore, you speak most foolishly; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your matter.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with deeper love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, pray answer he may, let him know you wish to make his answer before me: if he be honest you have spoke, you have honest motion to make it, and honest call to call upon you; and, pray you, name your name!

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. H. shall known you better, sir, if I may believe you.

Lucio. I fear not you, Duke.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unartificial an opponent. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you will forecast this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first thus art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this! I cannot trust if Claudius die to-morrow, or no such.

Duke. Wh. should be die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bowl with a tandem, the duke, we talk of him, return'd again: this ungenerous agent will unpeople the province with constancy: approns must not built in his house-caves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark, dark answers; he could never bring them to light: 'would ye have return'd? Marry this Claudius is condemned for Hyhecuring. Farewell, good friar; I pray thee, farewell. The duke, I say to thee again would exclamation! I have now past it; yet, and I say to thee, thou would mount with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic; say, as I said so. Farewell.

Lucio. No might or greatness in mortality Can rise; the cage was winging with a covey. What king so strong, Can the gall up in the slave's rous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, BAWD, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Duke. Good, methinks ye, go; but your honour is accounted merciful man good my lord so be it.

Escal. Double and triple adjournment, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make knowledge too great to play the tyrant.

Proc. A bawd of eleven, continuance, may be your house. Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me; mistress Kate kept down was witness she him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage, his child a year and a quarter to name, Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Lucio. That fellow is a fellow of much leisure;—let him be called before us.—Away with your prisoner. Go to; no more words. [Exit BAWD and Officers. Protest, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudius must die to-morrow; let him be vinas, and have all charity, my brother wrought by my p. be so with him.

Proc. So please you, this frie him, and advised him for the death.

Escal. Good even, sound full Duke. Think good.

Escal. Of whom you are or Duke. Not of this country, it is now.

To use it for my time: I am a Tis ungracious order. Late come I in Imperial business. I, a his kis.

Escal. What news abroad?

Duke. None, but the most of this omens, that the disaffection it are not, is only in request: gerous to be aged in any kin is virtuous to be constant in. There is much, to much, in societies secure; but security fellowship excites: great runs the wisdom of the way old enough, yet it is every di. you, sir, of what coming.

Escal. One, that, above all tended especially to know he Duke. What pleasure was the Escal. Rather rejoicing to than marry, at any thing w make me rejoice: a gent person. But leave we prayer lap, they may prove; I desired to know how y pared, I shall make it: orderly sent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have Lucio's measure from his judge, humbles himself to thebetter yet, and the maltster the calling, have I been to the extreme of my love to his own, that to bane forced me to t.


Duke. If his own life is of proceeding, it sha I therein, if he chance to hum, I. Escal. I am going to visit y with you. Pater me with you, Pater me with you, for his sword of heaven. Should be as holy as severe; Pater in himself to know, He grace to stand, and virtue go to more by less to others pay. Than by self-offence weights Shame to him, whose cruel and sense of his own 

Twice, revile shame on Angel To unple my vice, and his I, what may man within his Though angel on the earth may, When made in Mocking' grace on the far To draw with idle spiders! At bow'd too' ran and substantial Craft against vice I am not And with his newest, to His old preferred, but desip So disguise shall, by the day. Pay with falsehood's face a
ACT IV.

SCENE I. - A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discovered singing; a Boy entering.

SONG.

Take, oh take those deep desires,
That so sadly were forewarn'd;
And those eyes, the brake of day,
Lights that dokindled the morow.

But my woees bring again,
Stars of love, but need't in vain,

Mariana. Break off thy song, and haste thee away:
Here enter a man of comfort, whose advice hath often still'd my bewailing discontent.

[Exit Boy.

Enter Duke.

Duke. I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so.--
My woe is much disheas'd, but bless'd my woe.

Mariana. Most good; though modestly hath such a charm,
To make best, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for
Me here to-day? much upon this time have I
promis'd hope to meet.

Mariana. You have not been inquired after: I have
sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. Duke, I do constantly believe you: - The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may he, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mariana. I am always bound to you. [Exit Duke.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome. What is the news from this good deputy?

Duke. He hath a garden circumcised with

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And in that vineyard is a pitched gate;
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
The other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
These have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
This way?

Duke. I have 'tis a wise and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty dissimper;
It action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Bearing you 'good', concerning her observance?

Duke. No, none, but only a repair 'tis the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I keep such' him know,
I have a servant comes with me along;
The stay upon me; whose persuasion is,
Some word or news of your brother.

Duke. To well borne up;
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this; - What, what! within? come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

Mariana. Is she by, be acquainted with this maid;
I cannot to do you good.

Duke. Do you permis'd yourself that I respect you?

Mariana. I do desire the like;

Duke. May I your permission, sir, your knowledge;
And have you any, sir, you can send us?

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
To tell a story ready for your ear:

Mariana. How?
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Act II, Scene 1

Proct. Are you agreed?

Cle. Sir, I will serve him; for if I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth often ask forgiveness.

Proct. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Ahker. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Ahker. Come, come, sir, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me there; for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I care you a good turn.

Proct. Call birber Balthasar and Claudius;

[Enter Clown and Ananias.

One has my pity: not a jot the other. Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudius, for thy death: To-morrow midnight, and by sight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast look'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:

He will not wake.

Proct. Who can do good on him?

Claud. Well go, prepare yourself. But mark, what noise!

Kicking within.

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Clai-

dus.

By and by:

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve.

For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Viewed, good Proct! Who call'd thee here of late?

Proct. None, since the curfew rang.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Proct. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Proct. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's none in hope. Proct. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd.

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;

He doth with holy abstinence subdued

That in himself, which he spurns on his power

To quality in others: were he mean'd

With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[Proct returns, speaking to one at the door.]

Proct. There he must stay, until the officer

Ate to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet?

Proct. But he must die to-morrow?

Duke. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Proct, as it is,

You shall hear more ere morning.
it with my life.

*Proe.* Pardon me, good father; it is again my oath.

*Duke.* Were ye sworn to the duke, or to deputy?

*Proe.* To him, and to his substitute.

*Duke.* You will thank you have made no vow; it the duke at home the justice of

*Proe.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certain

Yet, since I see you earnest, that neither

decent, integrity, nor my persuasion, can

cure attempt you, I will go further than

in my duty, to pluck all tears out of you. Look

at, here is the hand and soul of the duke.

Know the character, I doubt not; and the

is not strange to you.

*Proe.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return

duke; you shall anon overread it at

pleasure; where you shall find, within a
twenty days, he will be here. This is a thing

Angier knows not; for he this very day sees

letters of strange trata; perchance of

duke's death; perchance, entering into a

monastery; but, by chance, nothing of

what. Look, the unbounding star calls up

Shepherd. Put not yourself into amaze

how these things should be; all difficulties

beset when they are known. Call you

turner, and off with Barnardine's head

will give him a present shrift, and advise

for a better place. Yet you are am red;

she shall absolutely resolve you. Come as

it is almost six a.m. dawn.

**Scene II.** Justice Room in the same.

*Starts down.*

*Proe.* Now, I am as well acquainted here, as I

am house of profession; one would think

were met in the house's own house, for it

is more of her old customs. First, he
To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive!  
**Duke.** Let this be done:—Put them in secret hold.

Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

**Prov.** I am your free dependant.

**Duke.** Quick, despatch,

And send the head to Angelo.  [Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo:—

The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To send publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

**Re-enter Provost.**

**Prov.** Here is the head: I'll carry it myself.

**Duke.** Convenient is it: Make a swift return;

For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

**Prov.** I'll make all speed.

[Exit.  

**Jahk.** [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

**Duke.** The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

**Enter ISABELLA.**

**Jahk.** Ho, by your leave.

**Duke.** Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

**Jahk.** The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hast yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

**Duke.** He hath receiv'd him, Isabel, from the world;

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

**Jahk.** Nay, but it is not so.

**Duke.** It is not other: Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

**Jahk.** O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

**Duke.** You shall not be admitted to his sight.

**Jahk.** Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Notorious world! Most damned Angelo!

**Duke.** This nor hurts him, nor prudits you a jot;

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

In every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow:—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried

Not to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Granting revenge to your heart, and
great honour.

**Jahk.** I am directed by you.

**Duke.** This letter then to friar Peter give;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this mid-day, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and

'Will perfect him withal; and he shall bring you

Before the duke: and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be about. Wend you Command these fretting waters

With a light heart; trust not in

If I pervert your course.—Whom

**Enter Lucio.**

**Lucio.** Friar, where is the Provost?

**Duke.** Lucio, O, pretty Isabella, I

heart, to see thine eyes so in

patient; I am false to dine at

and bran; I dare not for myself

one fruitful meal would set a

say the duke will be here to

Isabel, I lov'd thee far too

fantastical duke of dark cou

home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the duke is my

homen to your reports; but I

not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest

as I do: he's a better w

him for.

**Duke.** Well, you'll answer

well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go

can tell thee pretty tales of

Duke. You have told me already, sir, if they be true

were enough.

**Lucio.** Yes, marry, did I? I, to

forbear it; they would else go to

the rotten medlar.

**Duke.** Sir, your company is not:

Rest you well.

**Lucio.** By my troth, I'll go

lane's cart: If bawdy talk

have very little of it: Nay, if

of burn, I shall stick.

**SCENE IV.**  
**A Room in An**

**Enter ANGELLO and Es.**

**Escal.** Every letter he hath vouch'd other.

**Ang.** In most uneven and ditto,

His actions show much like to heaven;

he, his wisdom be not to meet him at the gates, and red

cities there.

**Escal.** I guess not.

**Ang.** And why should we p

before his enemies, that,

dress of injustice, they should ti

rations in the story?

**Escal.** He shows his reason

despatch of complaints; a

from devices herein, which

power to stand against us.

**Ang.** Well, I believe, but

Betines!' the morom, I'll callly,

Give notice to such men of no;

As are to meet him.

I shall, sir.

**Ang.** Good night.—

This deed unshakes me quite, a

pregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A

And by an eminent body, that e

the law against it:—But that he

Will not proclaim against her, m;

How might she tongue use? Ye

her 1—no:

For my authority bears a click

That no particular scoundrel once

But it confounds the breathet. I

liv'd,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

his virtuous youth, with dangerous
exces times to come, have taken courage, living a dishonour'd life,
son of such shame, Would yet he had it
on once grace we have forgot,
one right; we would, and we would not.

NE V.  

There is no letter from the Town.

FRANKENHUR (in his own house, and FRIAR PETE)

Three letters at this time deliver me.

From London, we know our purpose, and our plot.

Be being about, keep your instructions,

or else there be no special drift;
sometimes you do himself from this to

Our minister. Go, call at Flavia's

also where I stay: give the like notice,

Rowland, and to Cranmere, sound the trumpet to the gate:

Flavia's first,

It shall be speeded well.

[Enter Varrius.]

Flavia, Varrius; thou hast made

where I make; there's other of our friends

Here am I, my gentle Varrius. [Exit.

NE VI.  Street near the City Gate.

FRIAR PETE, and MARIAN.

I speak not indirectly, I am loud;

they the truth; but to accuse him on

our part: Yet I am advised to do it;

He shall have purpose.

Be sure'd by him,

besides, he tells me, that, if I had

set upon him, not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,

not to be cast away.

I would, FRIAR PETE.

Peace; the friar is come.

FRANKENHUR (in.

or. Come, I have found you out a stand

or may have such venture on the duke,

I may say you; Twice have the trumpet

those and greatest citizens

are the gates, and very near upon

is{s} uniting; therefore hence away.

[Exit.

ACT V.

1. A public Place near the City Gate.

FRIAR PETE, MARIAN, and FRANKENHUR, at a dis-

and set as here before. Duke, Varrius, Fran-kenhur, Sadler, Muchant, LUCIO, PROVOST, Or-

untailing our city.

ly very worthy cousin, fairly met—

the due; we are glad to see you.

We welcome you to your royal

many and hearty thankings to you both,

enough inquiry of you; and we hear

of your journey, that our soul

sight your fort; we wish you success;

You are, indeed, a young and

our business concludes; and I should

as in the words of covert hours,

If he

He is

come

To it

Was

As it

I can
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

[Inc.]
That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord; no, my good lord.

Duke. Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Lucio. I wish you now then: 'Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant for yourself; take heed to it.

Lucio. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed. I went
To this pernicious callisthene's den.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Lucio. It is to be said to the matter.


Lucio. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and knew'd,
How he reliev'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his encompassable intertemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate
Mistress remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morrow be-
times
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. Most likely this is.

Lucio. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wreath, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st at;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish;—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou canst not here to complain. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep ye his patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fare too;—An officer!
To prison with her;—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This need'st be a practice,
—Who know'st of your intent, and coming hither?

Lucio. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows
That Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! This a good friar
Belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be bound.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar

I saw them at the prison; a saucy friar,
A very saucy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
Dame. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mrs. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo.

What, since thou nowst, was worth the looking out?

This is the hand, which, with a word's contract,
Was fast behind'd in slime: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Dame. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Casually, she says.

Duke. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman.

And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Between myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
 Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In beauty; since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her.

Upon my faith and honour.

Duke. As these come light from heaven, and words
From breath, as there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: as this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confin'd here.

A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My guardians here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mighty member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure;—
Then foolish men; and those pertinent woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think this, my author,
Though they would o'er a court each particular sail.

Now accusations against his worth and credit,
That's not'd in approbation?—You, lord Exe.

Set with my coming: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, wherein 'tis deriv'd.

Here is anotheraiser that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Lucio. Would he were here, my lord; for he,

Is this the man?

Lucio. Can this man be

Is this the man?

Lucio. Can this man be

Is this the man?

Lucio. Can this man be

Is this the man?

Lucio. Can this man be

Is this the man?
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

...you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Luc. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I place thee by the nose, for thy speeches? 

Duck. I protest, I love the duke, as I love my

Jig. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasurable abuses.

Leont. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd with:—Away with him to prison;—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bonds enough upon him;—Let him speak no more—Away with those gibes too, and with the other contumelie companions.

[The Provost longs hands on the Duke. 

Duck. Say, sir; say a while. 

Jig. What! resist he?—Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; folio; sir: Why, you bald-pated, ising rascal! you must be hobbled, must you?—Show your knives's vis'à-vis, with a pact to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will not

[Ducks of the Item's hand, and dances

Duck. Thou art the first knave that ever made a duke.

First Provost, let me bail that gentle three:—

Sway not away, sir; [To Lucio,] for the friar and you.

Must have a word anon; lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duck. What have you spoke, I pardon; sit you down.

[To Escalus. We'll twaddle place of him,—Sir, by your leave; [To Angelo.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office! If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ing. O my dear lord, I should be gullier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscoverable. When I perceive, your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my poor: Then, good grace, No longer session hold upon my shame. But let my trial be mine own confession; Immediate sentence then, and separate death; Is all the grace I beg.

Come hither, Mariana:—Say, wast thou ever contracted to this woman? 

Ing. I was, my lord.

Duck. Take her hence, and marry her instanter:—Do you the other friar: which consommate, Retire him here again:—Go with him, Provost. 

[Escals, Mariana, Peter, and Provost. 

Escals. My lord, I am more amazed at his discomposing, Than at the strangeenes of it.

Duck. Come hither, Isabel: Your friend is now your prince: As I was then Advertising, and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney at your service.

Ing. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employed and pain'd your unknown sovereignty.

Duck. You are pardoned, Isabel: And, now, dear maid, be you as free to marry Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel, why I self observed myself, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather Make such remembrance of my hidden power, Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot come on, That brain'd my purpose; But, peace be with him.

That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your

So happy is your brother.
which I do discharge you of your
sends.

Pardon me, noble lord: is a fault, but knew it not; me, after more advice: whereof, one in prison private order else have died, of alive.

What's he?

His name is Barnardine, old, thou hadst done so by Chardin; let me look upon him.

[Enter Provost. ever Provost, sorry, one so learned and so wise angel, have still appeare,
greedily, both in the heat of blood, expressive judgment afterward. sorry, that such sorrow I procure; sticks it in my penitent heart, death more willingly than mercy; riving, and I do entreat it.

[Exit Barnardine, Claudia, and Juliet.

This is that Barnardine!—This, my lord,

was a friar told me of this man—art said to have a stubborn soul, needs no further than this world, they life according. Thou'lt come o; earthly faults, I spit them all; or, take this mercy to provide any to come!—Friar advise him to your hand.—What muffled fell that is another prisoner, that I say'd, have died when Claudia lost his

Anton Claudio, as himself.

[Claudia. Claudio, or be like your brother! [To Isabella. his sake.

And, for your lovely sake, or hand, and say you will be mine, (See me; But letter time for that. Angelo perceives he's safe; see a quick'ning in his eye.—
your evil quit you well;
Much ADO About NOTHIN

Persons Represented.

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon.
Don John, his bastard Brother.
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favourite likewise of Don Pedro.
Leonato, Governor of Messina.
Antonio, his Brother.
Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio.
Conrad, 10跷 followers of Don John.

Douberly, 10跷 Two foolish Officers.
Verges, 10跷 A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, Wife to Leonato.
Margaret, 10跷 Gentlewoman at Messina.
Umbrolda, 10跷 Messenger, Watch, or

Scene—Messina.

ACT I.

Scene I. Before Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Messenger.

Leonato. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Aragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro; he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much grieved at it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signor Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Leon. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.
I will hold friends with you, lady.

Dear, good friend.

Lusa. You will never run mad, niece.

Dear. No, not till a hot January.

Musa. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, attended by Balthazar and others, Don John, Claudia, and Benedick.

Don Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Lusa. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, content should remain; but, when you steapt from me, sorrow abide, and happiness takes his leave.

Don Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Lusa. Her mother hath many times told me so. How? Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked here?

Don Pedro. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Don Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess in this what you are, being a man. True, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honorable father.

Don Pedro. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Lusa. I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Don Pedro. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Lusa. To it possible disdain should die, while the weak meet need to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Don Pedro. Then is courtesy a turn-cost:—But it is certain, I am love't of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love you.

Don Pedro. A dear happiness to women; they would be have been troubled with a pernickity suitor.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Cloud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.
Cloud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.
Bene. And, by my two faiths and truths, my lord, I speak mine.
Cloud. That I love her, I feel.
D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.
Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.
D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate here- tich, Benedito, despit of beauty.
Cloud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.
Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her my humble thanks, but that I will be a recreant windex in my forehead, or hang my baggie in an invisible baldric, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.
D. Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, look pale with love.
Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord: not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a balled-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.
D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.
Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.
D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
In time the scumge bull both bear the pole.
Bene. The savage bull may; but it ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be liket painting; and in such great letters as they write, Here is good horse to hire, let them signify under my sign—Here you may see Benedick the married man.
Cloud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.
D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.
Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.
D. Pedro. Well, you will tempeor with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, in deed, he hath made great preparation.
Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage: and so I commit you—
Cloud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it)—
D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.
Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you frott old ends any further, express your conscience, and so let me leave.

Benedick. My liege, your highness now may do me good.
D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.
Cloud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?
Cloud. O my lord,
Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Her. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Her. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Her. When I like your favour; for God defend, the hate should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philomen's roof; within the house is Jove.

Her. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Magg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Magg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Magg. God match you with a good dancer!

B. Amor. Amen.

Bene. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

B. Amor. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urr. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urr. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urr. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man; here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urr. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mutt, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

B. Amor. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

B. Amor. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. No, no, no, no.

B. Amor. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the hundred Merry Tales;—why, this was Master Benedick that said so.

B. Amor. What's he?

Bene. He is a man, you know him well enough.

B. Amor. Not, I believe me.

Bene. Did he never make you laugh?

B. Amor. I swear you, what is he?

B. Amor. Why, he is the prince's jester; a very droll fellow, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both praises men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the feet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

B. Amor. Do, do; 'll tell break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Mutternask.] We must follow the lavers.

B. Amor. There's a very good thing.

B. Amor. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

B. Amor. [Aside]. Then cry me adieu, but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.

D. John. Sune, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bene. And that is Claudio: his bearing.

D. John. Are not you sigoro Claudio? You know me well.

D. John. Sigior, you are there in his love: If you may pray, you dis cần him from him for his birth: you may do the man in it.

Claud. How know you he is?

D. John. I know he is; So did I too; and I marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to it. [Leaves Don Jn.

Claud. Thus the answer is in.

Bene. But hear these ill news with the /'s certain so; the prince: Friendship is constant in all Save in the office and affairs Therefore, all hearts in lo tongs:

Let every eye negotiate for !

Claud. I have a note of the prince.

Bene. Against whose charms faith

This is an accident of fortune Which I mistrusted not: — Hero!

Re-enter Bene.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yes, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next wive

Bene. Ho! now you strike like 'twas the boy that stole your beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll be Bene. Ay, more for you! N

Claud. —But, that my lady know me, and not know me! —Ha! it may be; I proved it? I am merry—Yes; but so; I am self wrong: I am not so repri the bitter disposition of Beatrice word into her person, and now I'll be revenged as

Re-enter Don Pet.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, w Did you see him?

Bene. Truth, my lord, I have of lady Fame. I found him be as a guide in a warm: I told I told him true, that your grace will of this young lady; or company to a willow tree, cut a garland, as being forakens, a rod, as being worthy to be a D. Pedro. To be whipped Bene. The flat transgressor who, being overjoyed with fin shows it his companion, and D. Pedro. Will thou make a sion? The transgression is in Bene. Yet it had not been so June, and the garland to he might have worn himself; might have bestowed on you, have you not his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach you to reverence them to the owner.
I have now some more business to transact, you, as have eft its club to make the fire too. Come talk not of her; you shall find her the informer. I am in good array. I would to God, my scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, when she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go further: so, indeed, a disquiet, honest, and pertinent fellow is her.

**FRANCIS CLARID, BEAUMONT, HARP, AND LEOXAT**

**D. PEDRO.** Look, here she comes.

**BOSS.** Will your grace command me any service to the world? Here I will give you some dig, and to the Antipodes, that you can deal to send me out; I will fetch you a toothpick new from the tiniest inch of Asia; bring you the bough of Prester John's godfather's beard; do you any errand to the Pigmies, rather than hold the words' conference with this happy? You have no employment for me?

**D. PEDRO.** None, but to desire your good company.

**BOSS.** O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Etc.]

**D. PEDRO.** Come, lady, come; you have in the heart of signor Benedict.

**BOSS.** Indeed, my lord, he lent me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart, for a single one. marry, once before, he won it of nay, lady, ye shall put him down.why should he do me, my lord? I should prove the mother of fools. I have bought count Claudia, whom you want me to take.

**D. PEDRO.** Why, how now, count? wherefor is your end?

**Claud.** Not end, my lord.

**D. PEDRO.** How then? sick?

**Claud.** Neither, my lord.

**BOSS.** The count is neither end and sick.
SCENE H. — Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bor. Yes, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes about his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage? I Bora. Not honourably, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.
corner.

Lion. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Lion. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion come so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion doth she see?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Lion. What effects, my lord! She will sit you you hear and my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you! You assure me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Lion. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bew. (Aside.) I should think this a gull, then the white-bearded fellow speaks it: I know not, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath taken the infection; hold up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Lion. No; and she never will; thine hercontinent.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed; so yo'or daughter shall play, that she has not encountered; and swear, write to her that I love her.

Lion. This says she now when she is begin to write to him; for she shall be up twenty thou hast; and there she sit in her swoon, she have writ a sheet of paper;—my daughter talk as all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper. I remember a pretty jest your daughter told in.

Lion. (Aside.) When she had writ it, and was rereading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet.

Claud. (Aside.) That.

Lion. (Aside.) She tore the letter into a thousand
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage—But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and three paper ballots of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be populous. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice:—By this day she's a fair lady: I do say marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE. 

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner. 

Bess. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains. I take no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been possible, I did not have come. 

Beat. You take pleasure then in the message? 

Beat. Yes, just so much as you may take upon a car, go you not, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [Exit. 

Bess. This! Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner—there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—if I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew; I will go get her picture. [Exit.

ACT III. 

SCENE I. Leonato's Garden. 

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA. 

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parterre; there shall thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the Prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overhear'dst us; and bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, rippen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter:—like favourite, Kneel poppy-fed by princes, that advance their strength Against that power that broider'd it:—there will she hide her. 

To listen our propose: This is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave me alone. 

Alarum. Here I make my come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit. 

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley down and up, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice; Of this matter is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearings. Now begin. 

Enter Beatrice, behind. 

[For look where Beatrice, like a lapping, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference. 

Bess. I cannot't angling is to see the bass Cut with their golden oars the silver stream, And devour out the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture: Fear not to make any part of the dialogue. 

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it. — [They advance to the bower. 

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdaining it; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

Urs. That Benedick loves Beatrice! 

Hero. So says the prince trothed lord. 

Urs. And did they bid you? 

Hero. They did command me, but I persuaded them, if th' To wish him wrestle with: And never let Beatrice know. 

Urs. Why, did you so? Dost Deserve all, as fortunate As ever Beatrice shall come: 

Hero. O God of love! I know As much as may be yeilded. But nature never fram'd As of procrust steel than that c Diabol and scorn ride spurn Mispraising what they look: Values itself so much; All matter else seems weak. Nor take no shape nor pray She is so self-enamelled. 

Urs. So And therefore, certainly, if she knew his love, lost she. 

Hero. Why, you speak to man, how wise, how noble, you flatter, 

But she would spell him. She'd swear the gentleman If black, why, nature, dram'd 

Made a soul bot; if tall, if low, an agate very viter. If speaking, why a vane b If silent, why a black mop So turns she every meanth And never gives to truth; Which simplicity and she 

Urs. Sure, sure, such car 

able. 

Hero. No; not be fashions, As Beatrice is, cannot be But who dare tell her so? She'd mock me into air; 

Out of my self, press me t. 

Therefore let Benedick, it Consume away in, in 

It were a better death than Which is as bad as the wu. 

Urs. Yet tell her of it; he. 

Hero. No; rather I will; And counsel him to that end: And, truly, I'll devise When to stain my cousin with: 

How much an ill word may. 

Urs. O, do not your c 

She cannot be so mean wit (Having so swift and excel 

As she is priz'd to have); a 

So rare a gentleman as signe 

Hero. He is the only man 

Always excepted my dear t 

Urs. I pray you, be not so 

Speaking my fancy; signick 

For shape, for bearing, arg 

Goes foremost in report the 

Hero. Indeed, he hath an 

Hero. It is his silence, that it— 

When are you married, ma 

Hero. Why, every day— 

I'll show thee some attr 

Which is the best to furnish 

Urs. She's limit'd I wann 

caught her, madam. 

Here. If it prove so, then I Some Cupid kilds with arrow 

[Enter
MUCH ADO ABOUT

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vindicate me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new groom of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick, for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid’s bowstring, and the little language dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper: for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

B. Gallants, I am not as I have been. Love, so say I; methinks you are saucier.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, young: there’s no true drop of blood in him, he be truly touch’d with love: if he be said, he wastes money.

B. Love, I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

B. Love, Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What, sigh for the tooth-ache?

Love. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Love. Well, every one can master a gripe, but that has it.

Claud. Why say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There’s no appearance of fancy is like, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; Drincoll tomorrow; or in the shape of his countries at once; as, a German from the last downward, all stops; and a Spaniard in the ship upward, so doubtless; unless he be a fancy in this foolery, as it appears he is, he is no fool for money, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. He be in love with some woman, says in as believing old signs; he bruises his hat of mornings: What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber’s?

Claud. No, but the barber’s man hath seen him with him; and the old cramp of his bawl hath already stuffed reliquaries.

Love. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet.

Claud. Can you smell him out by that?

D. Pedro. That’s as much as to say, The sweet South’s in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his me.

Claud. And where was he going to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yes, or to paint himself for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeering spirit: which is now crept into a little village, and now governed by snare.
SCENE III.  A Street.

Enter DOUGLAS and VICTOR, with the Watch.

Dou. Are you good men and true?

Vic. Yes, or else it were pity but they should have no salvation, body and soul.

Dou. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Vic. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Douglas.

Dou. First, who think you the most deserting man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Darracott, sir, or George Scacoal: for they can write and read.

Vic. God be thanked; they are a hither, neighbour Scacoal, God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dou. You have; I know it would be your answer. Well, for your sake, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most sensible and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagabon men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Dou. How if he will not stand?

Dou. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Vic. But if he will not stand when he is bidden, but stay in the prince's subjects.

Dou. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects: You shall make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to bubble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dou. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call it in the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dou. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dou. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; for such kind of men, the less you meddle with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dou. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Dou. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dou. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

Vic. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dou. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the cow that will not hear her lamb when it bas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Vic. 'Tis very true.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOUGHT

victly: — I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Come. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Hark. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his countenance, which first proceeded them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my visit, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; aware he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, blame her with what he saw anewight, and send her home again without a husband.

Hark. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

1 Hark. Call up the right master comrade; we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of necesity that ever was known in the commonwealth.

2 Hark. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Com. Masters, masters.

2 Hark. You'll be made being Deformed both, I warrant you.

Com. masters.

1 Hark. Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Com. We are like to prove a goodly comity, being taken up of these men.

Com. A commodity in question, I warrant you, come, we'll obey you.

SCENE IV. — A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and charge her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit Ursula.

Morg. Truth, I think, your other suitors were suitors.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Morg. I'll wear thee.

Morg. By my truth, it's not so good; and I warrant, one again will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and then at another; I'll wear more but this.

Morg. By my truth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloths of gold, and cutts, and even with silver, set with pearls, down-stoves, blackness, and skirts round, underlorned with a thimble trimm'd; but for a fine, quiet, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten of yours.

Hero. God give me joy to weare it, for my life is excreting heavy.

Morg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Eye upon thee! art not ashamed?

Soug. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? I am not marriage honourable in a beggar? I was some lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your present, out of hand; an old thinking do not start new speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any horn in the kingdom for a husband?

Hero. I think, no; on the right hallowed, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not yours: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she is.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, you.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

any man living, that is an old man, and no ho-
•••

Dole. Comparisons are odorous: palebres, neigbour Vorges.
Leon. Neighbours, you tedious.
Dole. It pleaseth your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.
Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!
Dole. Yes, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.
Dole. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting this present ship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dole. A good old man, sir; he will be talking as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out.' God help us! It is a world to see!—Well said, I faith, neighbour Vorges;—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, I faith, sir! by my truth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas! goodness is good.

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.
Dole. Gifts, that God gives.
Leon. I must leave you.
Dole. One word, sir; our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.
Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dole. It shall be sufficient.
Leon. Drink some winë cry go you; fare you well.

Enter A Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.
Leon. I will sit upon them; I am ready. [Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.

Dole. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Sconia; and let him bring his pen and inkbott to the gaol; we are now to examine these men.

Leon. And we must do it wisely.
Dole. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [Touching his forehead.] shall do well to help them to a new come: only get the learned writer to set down our communication, and meet me at the gaol.

Leonato.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Inside of a Church.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, Hero, and Beatrice, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. I come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls, to utter it.


Claud. O, what mean you do! what men daily do to

Leon. What you have with me.

Claud. Stand thee by, I will give thee what is your.

Leon. As freely as, and what hath whose worth.

May counterpose this rie


Claud. Sweet prince, you

Enter Leonato, take her give not this rotten orange. She's but the sign and sealed.

Benedick, how like a maid, and what authority and

Can cunning sin cover itself.

Comes not that blood, as not to witness simple virtue? We All you that see her, that she By these exterior favours—Oh! She knows the beat of a luxur. Her blush is soothness, not in

Leon. What do you mean;

Claud. Not to knit my soul to an any:

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, you have vaunished the resistane. And made defeat of her virt. Claud. I know what you wț

Leon. You'll say, she did embrace: And so extenuate the foreha

Claud. I never tempted her with wo But, as a brother to his sister. Bawful sincerity, and come.


it: you seem to me as Dian in A chaste as is the bud ere it But you are more intertempers. Than Venus or those passion. That rage in savage sensuality. Hero. Is my lord well, the with.

Leon. Sweet prince, why D. Pedro.

Wh. I stand disdainnour'd, that hav To link my dear friend to a Leon. Are these things apc dream? D. John. Sir, they are spoke are true.

D. John. This looks not like Hero. Claud. Leonato, stand I be This is the prince: Is this the Is this face Hero's? Are our Leon. All this is so: But whi Claud. Let me but move on daughter; and, by that fatherly and kis That you have in her, bid be Leon. I charge thee so do, as Hero. O God, defend me! What kind of catechising can Claud. To make you answer? Hero. Is it not Hero? Who? With any just reproach Claud. Her Hero itself can blout out Hero What man was he talk'd with
as your window, betwixt twelve and one!
If you are a maid, answer to this;

no, I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pado. Why, then are you no maiden.—

Leon. sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,

if, my brother, and this grieved count,

see her, hour her, at that hour last night,

with a rejoiner at her chamber-window; I

hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,

heard the vile encouners they have had

constant times in secret.

Josh. Fye, fye! they are

in their mad'd, my lord, not to be spoke of; we

is not charity enough in language,

most offence, to utter them; Thus, pretty

lady,

a sorry for thy much misgovernment.

O Hero! what a Hero hast thou been,

all thy outward graces had been placed

at thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!

Sure thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,

are pure impert, and impious purity;

then I'll lock up all the gates of love,

on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

all beauty into thoughts of harm,

never shall it more be gracious.

Las. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [Hearing some

Lee. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink

you down? Let

D. John. Come, let us go; these things, come

thus to light,

other spirits up.

Eur. Don Pedio, Don John, and Claudio.

Lee. How dost the lady?

Don. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—

no? why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!

ferar! Let

Lee. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand! let

is the fairest cover for her shame;

it may be wish'd for.

Her.

Lee. O Hero! now, cousin Hero!

Dear, Have comfort, lady;

Don. But then look up!

Lee. Yes; wherefore should she not?

But, Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly

thing

thrust upon her? Could she here deny

a story that is printed in her blood?—

not false, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;

did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,

right I thy spirits were stronger than thy

shames,

self would, on the recess of approachs,

ize at thy life. Grief'd! I, I had but one?

it for that of frugal nature's frame; I

me too much by thee? Why had I one? I

ever want their lovely in my eyes? I

'd I not, with charitable hand,

ap a beggar's lame at my give's; on

unmended thus, and mired with infamy,

ight have said, No part of it is mine,

is please destroy itself from unclean sins? I

mine, and mine I lovd, and mine I prais'd, I

mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

at I myself was to myself and mine,

being of her: why, she—O, she is fallen

in a pit of talk; that the wide sea,

th drip too few to wash her clean again;

at suit too little, which may season give

her soul tossed flesh!

Sic, sic, be patient; with

my part, I am so affli'd in wonder,

d not; if, on my soul, my cousin is belief! Eun.

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night? I

So, truly not; although, until last night

in this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. Con-

On, confirm'd! (O, that is stronger

more!)}
When he shall bear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination;  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparel’d in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Then when she liv’d indeed:—then shall he  
(If ever love had interest in his liver),  
And wish he had not so accursed her;  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will follow the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likehood.  
But if all aim but this be levell’d false,  
The expectation of the lady’s death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:  
And, if it go not well, you may conceal her  
(As best befits her wounded reputation),  
In some reclusive and religious life.  
Out of all come, tongues, minds, and injuries.  
Ben. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:  
And though, you know, my inwardness and love  
Is very much in the prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
As secretly, and justly, as your soul  
Should with your body.  
Leon. Being that I bow in grief,  
The smallest twine may lead me.  
Fria. 'Tis well considered; presently away;  
For to strange shores strangely they strain the cure.—  
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,  
Peradventure is but prolong’d; I have patience,  
And endure.  
[Except Friar, Hizo, and Leonato.]  
Ben. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?  
Beat. Yes, and I will weep a while longer.  
Ben. I will not desire that.  
Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.  
Ben. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is  
wrong’d.  
Beat. Ask how much might the man deserve  
of me, that would right her!  
Ben. Is there any way to show such friendship?  
Beat. A very easy way, but no such friend.  
Ben. May any man do it?  
Beat. It is a man’s office, but not yours.  
Ben. I do love nothing in the world so well  
as you I do not that strange!  
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: it  
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing  
so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I  
lie not; I confess nothing, nor do I denying:  
—I am sorry for my cousin.  
Ben. By my sword, Beatrice, thon lovest me.  
Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.  
Ben. I will swear by it, that you love me; and  
I will make him eat it, that says, I love you not.  
Beat. Will you not eat your word?  
Ben. With no sacrifice that can be devised to it:  
I protest, I love thee.  
Beat. Why then, God forgive me!  
Ben. What offence, sweet Beatrice?  
Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I  
was about to protest, I loved you.  
Ben. Do not do it with all thy heart.  
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart,  
that none is left to protest.  
Beat. Bid me do any thing for thee.  
Ben. Kill Claudio.  
Beat. I can not for the wide world.  
Ben. You will me to deny it: Farewell.  
Beat. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.  
Ben. I am gone, though I am here:—There is  
no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.  
Beat. Beatrice.  
Beat. In faith, I will go.  
Beat. Will be friends first.
SC. ii.

MUCH ADO ABOUT

Dock. Yea, marry, that's the safest way.—

Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Balth. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dock. Write down—prince John a villain.—

Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—

villain.

Rose. Master constable,—

Dock. 'Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.'

Scene. What heard you him say else?

2 Balth. Merry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady

Hero wrongfully.

Dock. Flat bordury, as I say was committed.

Ferg. Yes, by the man, that it is.

Scene. What else, fellow?

1 Balth. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the

whole assembly; and not marry her.

Dock. O villain! thou wilt be condemned to everlasting redemption for this.

Scene. What else?

3 Balth. This is all.

Scene. And this is more, masters, than you

can say. Prince John is this morning secretly

stole away; Hero was in this manner accused,

with every manner released, and upon the grief

of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these

be brought, and brought to Leonato's; I

will go before, and show them their examination.

[Exit.

Dock. Come, let them be assailed,

Ferg. Let them be in the bands—

Dock. O, concomb—

Dock. God's my life! where's the sexton?

in him write down—the prince's officer, concomb—

Come, bind them:—Thou naughty wench!

O, away! if you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dock. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost

thou not suspect my years?—O that he were

here to write me down—is an ass.—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not

written down, yet forgot not that I am an ass—

No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, so shall

be proved an ass by good witnesses. I am a

wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer;

and, which is more, a household; and, which

is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in

Messina; and one that knows the law, go to;

and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow

that hath had losses; and one that hath two

pounds, and every thing handsome about him—

Bring him away. O, that I had been writ

down—an ass.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

LEO. If you go out on thus, you will kill yourself.

And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief

Against yourself.

ANT. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profanities.

At water in a stein; give not me counsel; Nor let me comforter delight mine ear,

But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.

Bring me a father, that so loved his child,

Whose joy is her, is overwhelmed like mine,

And bid him speak of patience:

Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain;

As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,

In every circumstance, branch, shape, and form;

If such a one will smile, and stroke his heart:

Sly—sorrow, woe! and hym, when he should
grow;
Leon. Cuckstho soe stolfe me! I thou hast kiide my child.
If thou killst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Tis. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: But that's no matter; let him kill one first:
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy: come, boy, follow me: Sir boy, I'll whip you from your fouling fece;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother—
Ant. Content yourself; God knows, I, lord my siece;
And she's dead, stalker'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milke-sop—
Let me hear of it.
Brother Antonio.—
Ant. Hold you content; what, man! I know them,
yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and hunt, depreve and slander,
Go anticked, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words.
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst, is
And this is all.

Ant. But, brother Antonio, 

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter; Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death; But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.
Let, my lord, my lord—
D. Pedro. I will not hear you. No! Come, brother, away;—I will be heard;—
Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.
[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio. 

Enter Benedick. 

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we want to seek.
Claud. Now, signior! what news? 
Benc. Good day, my lord.
D. Pedro. Welcome, signior; You are almost come to part almost a fray.
Claud. We had like to have had one or two now snapped off with two old men without teeth.
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think you? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.
Claud. In a false quarrel there is no true value. I came to seek you both.
Claud. We have been up and down to seek you; for we are high-proof instanter, and would fain have it better away: Will thou use thy wit? Benc. It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side? 
Claud. Never say did so, though very many have been beside their wit,—I will bid thee draw, as we do the mistrusts; draw, to please us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry? 
Claud. What courage, man? What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Benc. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.
Claud. Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle. 
Benc. Shall I speak a word in your ear? Claud. God bless me from a challenge!
Benc. You are a villain:—I jest not:—I will make it good how ye dare, and when ye do
will protest your cows a sweet lady, and bid be you: Let me hear from
Claud. Well, I will a good cheer.
D. Pedro. What, & Claud. Faith, I think to a calf's head and it do not carve most cu

Dogk. Come, you, they shall not: they are they have belied a lad ridet unjust things! a lifting knives.
D. Pedro. First, I:
her, when you should marry her; my villainy
they have upon record; which I had rather wait
with my death than repeat overt to my shame: the
lady is dead upon mine and my master's
true accusation; and, bribed, I desire nothing
but the reward of a villain.
D. Poles. Have not this speech like this
through your blood?
Count. I have drunk poison, while he uttered it.
D. Poles. But did my brother set thee on to
her?
Count. Yes, and paid me richly for the practice
of it.
D. Poles. He is compound'd and fram'd of true
claim.
Count, And lies upon this villainy.
Des. Sweet Henry! now thy image doth ap-
pear
In the rare semblance that I loved it last.
Des. Come, bring away the plaintiff; by
the time our sexton hath wormed signing it
out of the matter: And, masters, do not forget
to specify, when time and place shall serve
that I am there.
Des. Here, here! come, master signor Leo-
cino, and the sexton too.
E. Leo. Signor and sexton, with the sexton.
Des. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes.
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of these is he?
Leo. If you would know your wronger, look
on me.
Leo. Art thou the slave, that with thy breast
best kirtled
Mayurrenced child?
Leo. Yes, even I alone.
Leo. No, not so, villain: then begin thy self. Her
stand a pair of honorable men,
A tard is fed, that had a hand in it.
Think you, prince, for my daughter's death
branch it with your high and worthy deeds;
Tas be ever done, if you beholden me or it.
... I know not how to pray you patience,
Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put on the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Mary. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How painful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving. — Leander the good swimmer, Troilos the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam court-mongers, whose names yet ran smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were not so truly turned over and over as my poodle, in love: Mary, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find no rhyme to lady last seen, an innocent rhyme; for warm, here, a harm, rhyme; for school, foot, a babbling rhyme; very obnoxious epigrams: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot see in festival terms.

Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Bene. Yes, Signor, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Bene. Then, is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only fool words: and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Bene. Fool words is but fool wind, and fool wind is but fool breath, and fool breath is noise; therefore I will depart unkind.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Bene. For them altogether; which maintained as not a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts didst you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Bene. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spit it for my sake, I will take it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Bene. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbors: if a man do not erect in age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the ball rings, and the widow weeps.

Bene. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question!—Why, an hour in clausury, and a quarter in heaven: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if Dan Worr, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary), to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy), and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Bene. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you? Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, your old colt hero hath been! Claudio mightily author of all, we come presently? Bene. Will you Bene. I will be, and he bidden in go with thee to

SCENE III

Enter Don Pedro.

Claud. Is this? Alten. It is, in.

Claud. (Reads)

Duke Was the Death in g.

Gives her

So the life.

Lies to do

Hang them

Praising a

Now, music, a

byme.

Pardon, G. That for the whi

Round whom

Alas right

Are not

Heaven.

God;

Grace,

Tell thee

Heaven.

Claud. Now, a

Yearly

D. Pedro, G. torches on

The wolves in

tide day,

Before the whee

Dapples the di

Thanks to you a

Claud. Good;

Vocal way

D. Pedro, Co

other wees

And then to Let

Claud. If it

speeds,

Than this, for w

SCENE IV.

Enter Lorenzo.

Urb.

Frier. Did I? Leo. So are, cuss'd her

Upon the error

Bene. And out

To call young L

Leo. Well, d

all,

Withdraw into

And, when I see

The prince and

To visit me;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Lew. My heart is with your liking.

Frie.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio,

Enter DON PEDRO, AND CLAUDIO; the Attendants.

D. Ped. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Lew. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.

We hear attend you: are you yet determin'd

Today to marry with my brother's daughter?

Clau. I'd hold my mind, were she an Ethiopian.

Lew. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.

D. Ped. Good morrow, Benvolio: Why what's the matter?

Tell you have such a February face,

Not of frost, but storm, and cloudiness? I

God, I think, he thinks upon the savage bull;

But, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold;

And all Europe shall rejoice at thee;

And all Europe did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Now, Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable brow

And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow.

And I got a calf in that same noble fear,

Mark like to you, for you have just his bellow.

Re-enter ANTONIO, WITH the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I love you: here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Auto. This same is she, and I do give you her hand.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Lew. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand.

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Here. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DRAMA

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Ereus, Father of Hermia.
Lysander, in love with Hermia.
Demetrius, Philostrate, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
Quince, the Carpenter.
Snout, the Joiner.
Bottom, the Weaver.
Flute, the Bellows-mender.
Snug, the Tailor.
Starveling, the Tailor.
Hippolita, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.
Oberon, King of the Fairies.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
Peel, Mischance.
Corner, Moth.
Mustard-seed.
Pyramus.
Thisbe.
Wall.
Moondrake.
Lion.
Other Fairies attending.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, and Attendants.

Now, fair Hippolita, our nightly hour draws on space: four happy days bring in another moon: but, oh, methinks how slow this old moon wanes! she lingers my desires, like to a step-dame, or a dowager, long withering out a young man's revenue.

Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights; four nights will quickly dream away the time; and then the moon, like to a silver bow, new bent in heaven, shall behold the night of our solemnities.

Go, Philostrate, stir up the Athenian youth to merriments; awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; turn melancholy forth to funeral; the pale companion is not for our pomp.

Enter Hermia, Lyco.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword, and won thy love, doing thee injuries; but I will wed thee in another key, with pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.
Now if it may concern my modesty, in such a presence here, to plead my thoughts: But I beseech your grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

"If the Either to die the death, or to abjure For ever the society of men."

Faneous, fair Hermia, question your desires, Know of your youth, examine well your blood, Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice, You can endure the livery of a man; For win be in nearby cloister new'd.

To live a barren sister all your life: Chastizing him among the cold fruitless moon, These blessed they, that master so their blood, To undergo each maiden pilgrimage:

But earthly happy is the rose distill'd, This that, which, withering on the virgin thorn, Bears bitter, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, So I will yield my virgin patent up On his hardship, whose unwished yoke At least consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new moon The morning day betwixt my love and me, By solemnizing bond of Fellowship,

You that day either prepare to die, Or disobedience to your father's will; To him and Demetrius, as he would:

On Diana's altar to protest, To see, austerity and single life."

Jenn. Rebell, sweet Hermia: And Lyman, Day cannot take to my certain right.

Ege. You have her father's love, Demetrius:

Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Beartful Lyman I true, he hath my love,

And what is mine my love shall render him; And she is mine: and all my right of her.

His estate unto Demetrius.

Yet, I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he, As well possess'd: my love is more than his; My thoughts. My way as fairly look'd'd, Is yet with vantage, as Demetrius:"

And which is more than all these bosoms can be,
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye.
My tongue should catch your tongue’s sweet note.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I’ll give to you translated.
0, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius’ heart.

Hel. I flown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Her. O, that my prayers could such affection win.

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he bate me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
Her. None, but your beauty; ‘Would that fault were mine.''

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem’d Athens as a paradise to me:
0 then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn’d a heaven unto hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night when Puck doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat’ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the blushed grass
(A time that lover’s flights doth still conceal),
Then through the Athene’s gates have we devised to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Empting our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And chuse, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And guard with watch and ward the Athenais!

Keep wood, Lysander; we must starve our night
From lovers’ food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit HERALD.]

Lys. I will, my Herminus.—Helena, athena;
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you;

Hel. How happy some, o’er other some can be!

Through Athens I am thought so fair as she.
But what of that! Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he ever, doling on Hermia’s eyes,
So I, admireing of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity.
Love can transmorse to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing’d Cupid painted blind;
Not that the base his mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedly haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child.
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggit boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perf’t’ed every where;
For ere Demetrius look’d on Hermia’s eye,
He half’d down oaths, that he was only mine:
And when this half so much from Hermia fell,
So he dissolv’d, and showers of oaths did melt,
I will as tell him of fair Hermia’s flight;
Then to the wood will be, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his night thither and back again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTIN, FLUTE, KNOT, QUINCE, and STARVELING.

Ques. Is all our company here? Bar. You were best to call them generally, nothing man, according to the script.
Ques. Here is the scroll of every man’s name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our lateride before his wedding-day at night.
Bar. First, good Willy play treatus; then rear and so grow to a point.
Ques. Marry, our plotable comedy, and most thisbe.
Bar. A very good plot and a merry.—Now, I forth your actors by the yourselves.
Ques. Answer, as I c t.
Bar. Ready! Name as proceed.
Ques. You, Nick Bottom.
Ques. What is Pyramus?
Ques. A lover, that kill for love.

Bar. That will ask some forming of it: If I do it to their eyes; I will meet in some measure. To that humour is our figure will set or a part to tear a cat in the raggen: With shivers Shall break And Phibbus Shall shine the fool.

This was lofty.—Now players.—This is Ercles a lover more condensed. Ques. Francis Flute, til
Ine. Here, Peter Quin.
Ques. You must take Faw, what is Thisby?
Ques. It is the lady th
Flu. Nay, faith, let me have a beard coming.
Ques. What? that all one: mask, and you may open
Bar. An I may hide Thisby too:—Thou, thine, voice;—Thine, Thine—
Thou, Thisby, dear as Ques. No, no; you me Flute, you Thisby.

Bar. Well, proceed.
Ques. Robin Starvelin.
Ques. Here, Peter Quin.
Ques. Robin Starvelin’s mother.—Tom Snout.
Ques. Here, Peter Quin.
Ques. You, Pyramus’ father;—Snug, the joiner
Bar. Let me play the that I will do any man’s I will roar, that I will in him roar again, Let him and Ques. An should it would fright the duchess they would shriek; am hang us all.

Ques. That would hang Bar. I grant you, friens fright the ladies of have no more discretion will aggravate my voice as gravely as any treating an there any nightmares.
Ques. You can play no
ACT II.

SCENE I. A Wood near Athens.

Enter Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

Fairy. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Puck. Over hill, over dale,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flow, thorough fire.
Do wand'rer every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen.
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tell her pensions o'er;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours.
In these beaklets live their savours;
I cannot seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
The queen and all her elves come hither anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.

For this ran is passing tell and waith,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, both from an Indian king;
She never had to swet a changeling;
And praiseth these would have the child
Knight of his train, to chase the forest wild:
But she, perchance, withholdeth the loved boy.
Crowneth him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our disension;
We are their parents and original.
Oke. Do you amend it then? It lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changing boy,
To be my broochman.  

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vestress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she possess'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
The winds of heaven, and the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait Following (her womb, then rich with my young
squire)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
Fretch and writhe, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.
Oke. How long now within this wood intend you
To remain?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-
day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If you will share my pipe, and I will spare your haunts.
Oke. Give me that boy, and I will go with her.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, To us! We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[Exeunt TITANIA, and her Train.

Oke. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till Iansom here for this injury.
My gentle Pinchcock, conch adviseth: Thou remember'st,
Nurse once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain sea-fox shot mostly from their sights,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.
Oke. What that time I saw (but thou could'st not)
Not.
Flying between the cold moon and the earth;
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair gale, prompted by the west;
And loo'd his love-shot smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I made see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperious votress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again:
 Ere the levianthus can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.  

[Exit PUCK.

Oke. Having once this juice,
I' shall watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monster,)
She shall pursue it with
And ere I take this chance
(As I can take it with
I'll make her render up
But who comes here? I
And I will overbear they

Enter DUMETRIUS, H.

Dum. I love thee not, &
Where is Lyndsey, and
The one I'll play, the
Thou talk'st, and
And here am I, and woo
Because I cannot meet
Hence, get thee gone, an
Hil. You draw me, you
But yet you draw not
And is true as steel: Leave ye
And I shall have no pow
Dum. Do I entire you
Or, rather, do I not in pl
Tell you—I do, nor I
Hil. And even that
I am your spaniel: and,
The more you best me, I,
Use me but as your spaniel
Neglect me, lose me; on
Unworthy as I am, for
What worse place can I
And yet a place for a
Than to be used as you d
Dum. Tempt not too

For I am sick, when I do
Hil. And I am sick, wi
Dum. You do impeach
To leave the city, and co
Into the hands of one tha
To trust the opportunity
And the ill counsel of a d
With the rich worth of y
Hil. Your virtue is my
It is not night, when I do
Therefore I think I am
Nor doth this wood lack
For you, in my respect: a
Then how e't be said, when
All the while the she
Dum. I'll run from the
And leave thee to the me
Hil. The wildest hath
Run when you will, the 1
Daphne
The dove passes the
Makes speed to catch the
When cowardice pursues
Dum. I will not stay the
Or, if thou follow me, do
But I shall do thee misd
Hil. Ay, in the temple,
You do me mischief. Fy
Your wrongs do set a sea
We cannot fight for love,
We should be wo'd, and
I'll follow thee, and mak
To die upon the hand I l

Oke. Fare thee well, thy
This grove.
Thou shalt fly him, and I

Re-enter

Hast thou the flower ti
Dum. Ay, there it is.

Oke. I
I know a bank where
Where oxiops and the nos
Quite over comes, with
With sweet music, cows,
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT

The fairies, some time of the night,
In these flowers with dances and delight;
Set the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
With the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
Take her full of painted fantasies;
Then some of it, and seek through this grove,
As Tithiana's foot is in love
A sithful youth; amiss his eyes;
If, when the next thing he copies
The lady: Thus shall know the man
A Tithiana garments he hath on.
It with some care, that he may move
And she, upon her love;
And thus must not be the first cock crow.
And year not, my lord, your servant shall
So do.

GENE III. Another part of the Wood.

Enter Tithiana, with her train.

Come, now a counsel; and a faery song
For the third part of a tomito, hence;
To kill cockleshells in the sun加油 nude;
War with rath, for their feathered wings,
In my small silver coat; and some, keep sack
A nimble owl, that nightly hoots, and swangers
paint spirits; Sing one now asleep;
Your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

You gentle maidens, with double tongue,
Thyre hedge-begs, do not strive;
None, and kindredly, do no wrong;
Come we near one baby queen;
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet ballyshy;
Lulla, lulla, ballyshy; lulla, lulla, ballyshy;
Now, now, now, we smell our chins;
Come one baby lady singer;
So, good night, with ballyshy.

II.

Waving spirits, come not here:
Honeys, your long-tongued spiders, hence;
Blighty black, approach not near;
Worms, we shall, do no offense;
Philomel, with melody,
Honeys, awe; now all is well:
One, about, stand sentinel.

[Exit Fairies. Tithiana sleeps.

Enter OBERON.

What thou must, when thou dost wake,
Improve the flower on Tithiana's eyelids
But true love take;
And linger for his sake;
Sine, or cat, or bear,
Or bow with bristled hair,
Eye that shall appear
Thou wak'at, I is thy dear;
When some vile thing is near.

Enter Lyndere and HERMIA.

Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
To speak truth, I have forgot our way;
Rest, Hermia; if you think it good,
Tarry for the comfort of the day.
Be it so, Lyndere; and you set a bed,
Upon the bank, there to rest your head.
One of you shall serve as pillow for both;
One, our bed, two blossoms, and one truth.
Nay, good Lyndere; for my sake, my dear;
Other off yet, do not lie so near.
If, take the sense, sweet, of my intent.
ACT III.

SCENE I.

The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARTLETTING.

QUINCE. Are we all met?

SNUG. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: this great plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our lying house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOTTOM. Peter Quince—

QUINCE. Look, what sayst thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

QUINCE. By raking, a pitiful fear.

SNOUT. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOTTOM. Not a whit; I have a device to make it all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

QUINCE. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

SNOUT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

QUINCE. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

SNOUT. I fear it, I promise you.

QUINCE. Master yourselves; it amongst ladies, there is not a lion, living; a sound, then he is not a boar.

BOTT. Nay, y'his face must be himself or a round would wish you would entertain my life for you as a lion, it w

SNOUT. In this world, in such things? I and there, I tell them plain

SNUG. Well, we must

QUINCE. Through the cl

BOTTOM. Both play our parts, Quin, a calm masque; find the

QUINCE. They meet! Sing. Doth the

SNUG. Come to dispensation, must have

QUINCE. Through the cl

SNUG. Yes; you, Bottom; there let him be some round or let him be that contrary, Quin. If he sit down, ev

QUINCE. Have spoken, and so every.

Puck. What saunter So near the c

QUINCE. Speak, Py. Thisby; Quin. Ondot, Py. —— So hath thy

BOTT. Here, a to

Puck. A sti

QUINCE. ay, I understand; he heard, and is This. Must

QUINCE. Ay, I

QUINCE. Of whom he is

Most heavenly. As true is as I'll most these, Quin. Nunn speak that you speak all Pyramus, en
This, O,—At true my sweet bane, that yet would
love thee.

Pryce. If I were fair, this, my love, I could be
true;
O monstrous! O strange! we are
 amazed.

Pryce, masters! fly, masters! help!

Earl of Clowns.

Pard, I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a
round,

Through long, through broad, through brake,
thruo briar;

Sometimes a house I'll be, sometime a hound;

A hog, a heathen bear, sometimes a fire;

A wolf, a hare, a soot, and grunt, and roar, and

Barn.

The haunts, the haunts, the hound, the hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

B. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them, to make the affraid.

Re-enter Snug.

But, O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do
I see on thee?

B. What do you see? you see an ass's head
of your own; do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou
art too cooly.

B. I see their knavery! this is to make an
ass of me; to slight me, if they could. But I
will not stir from this place, do what they can:
I will walk up and down here, and I will sing,

That they shall hear I am not afraid.

Strews.

The sweet-sweet, so black of hue,

With orange-yellow bill,

The chestnut with his nose so true,

The warren with little quill.

Tes. What angel wakes me from my slumber

bed?

Quin. [Reading.

B. Let the sick, the parrot, and the bird,

The plain-winged raven grey,

When was full spring a man dark mark,

And dates not season, say,—

Tes. Indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish

a thing? who would give a bird the lie, though

he cry, crow, never so!

Tes. I pray thee, gentle moritii, sing again;

Music car. Tush! enough; enough of thy note,

So is mine eye captiviz'd in thy shape;
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREA

Bar. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb; if I eat my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Pee. Peas-blossom.

Bar. I pray you, commend me to mistress Snug, your mother, and to master Peasgood, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mstr. Mustard-seed.

Bar. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tis. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity. The up my lover's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Oke. I wonder, if Titania be awak'ed; Then, what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must do on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit! What night-mare now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her droll and sleeping hour, A crew of patches, rude mechanics, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play, Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake: When I did him at this advantage take, An asp's maw I fixed on his head; Anon, his Thiseus must be answered, And forth my mimick comes: When they him spy—

As wise gazer that the creeping fowler eye, Or rascall-pouched clowns, many in sort, Rising and cawing at the gnat's report, Say, they themselves, and madly swerve the sky: So, at his sight, away his fellows fly: And, at one stamp, leave o'er and o'er one falls; And when murder cries, and cries from Athens calls. Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong, Made senseless; things begin to do them wrong: For brists and thorns at their apparel rest; Some, sleeve; some, hate; from yolders all things catch. I led them on in this distracted fear, And left sweet Pyramus translated there;— Even in that moment (so it came to pass), Titania wake'd, and straightway lo'd an am. Oke. This falls out better than I could devise. But hast thou yet lurch'd the Athenian's eyes With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too—

And the Athenian woman by his side; That, when he wake'd, of force she must be ey'd. [Exit Demetrius and Hermia.

Oke. Stand close; this is the same Athenian. Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man. Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you not? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I be worse.

For thou, I fear,
If thou hast stole
Being o'er shoes
And killed me too.
The sun was not
As he to me;
W.
From sleeping H
This whole earth
moon
May through the
Her brother's no
It cannot be, but
So should a near
Dem. No show

Pier'd thought
Yet you, the
As you'd Venus:
Her. What's he?

Ah, good Demet
Dem. I had

hound.

Her. Out, dog

The bound

Of maiden's pati
Henceforth be a
O! once tell me
Durst thou have
And hast thou that

touch!

Could not a wo

An asher did it

Thine, the

Dem. You are

mad.

I am not guilty
Nor is he dead,
Her. I pray

Dem. An if I

for e.

Her. A privity

And from thy h

See me no more

Dem. There I

vein:

Here, therefore,
So sorrow's hra
For deceit that be
Which now, in
If for his tende

Oke. What has

quite,

And laid the last

sight

of thy miser's

Some true-lovet

Puck. Then

holding u

A million fall,

Oke. Amabul

And Helena of
All fancy-sick
With sight of me

dear:

By some illusio
I'll charm his c

Puck. I go, I

Swifter than ar

Oke. Flit

Hit with c

Sink in spj

When his h

Let her shi

As the Vea

When thou

Beg of her
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistake by me,
Pursuing for a lover's foe;
Shall we see their fond pageant see?
Lust, what fools these mortals be!
Ode: Breathe wide! the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. They will two at once who in;
That must needs he sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That he hath prepossession.

Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
In scorn?

Seven and a dozen never come in tears;
Look, when I vow, I weep;
And vows so born
In their entirety all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth is real, O devilish holy fray!
Then vows are Hermia's; Will you give her

Weigh oaths with oath, and you will nothing weigh
Your vow, nor her, nor me, but in two scales;
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Hel. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Lys. Nor mine in my mind now you give her

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [sighing]. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
In what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Thou art as sweet as, O, how sweet in now
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
Thy teeth, that are concealed white, high Taurus's snow,
Fondled with the eastern wind, runs to a crown;
When thou holdest up thy hand: O let me kiss
This gem of power white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O sly! O hell! I see you all are bent
To plot against me, for your merriment,
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you shall,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men are you show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpare my parts,
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both arc rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rival to mock Helena;
A crime exploit, a many enterprises;
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your tissues! none of noble war?
Preach would offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are not kind, Demetrius, be not so;
For you love Hermia: this you know, I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours to Helena to the beholders,
Who I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mocking weasters more idle
Locality.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will love
If you love her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourning;
And now to Helena is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helena, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith which dost not know.
Lys. In the peril, thou whilest it dear.
Love, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Lyra. Thou canst compel no more than she en-
trusted;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her
sweet persuasions.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyra. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.—
Her. Lyander, whereto tends all this?
Lyra. Away, you Ethiope! No, no, he'll—Sir,
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would fol-
low:
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
Lyra. Harriet, thou cat, thou bellow: vile thing,
et loose;
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you growing so rude? what change
is this,
Sweet love?

Lyra. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out! Out, lost, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Lyra. Yes, 'tis a jest: and so do you.
Demetrias, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I per-
ceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust you far.
Lyra. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
No, what can you do me greater harm than
hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my
love!
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lynden?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me: yet since night you
love;
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In carnet shall I say?

Lyra. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be certain nothing truer: 'tis not jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helen.

Helen. O Lyra, you juggle! you canker blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And snatched my heart's love from my heart?
Fine, 'tis faith!

Helen. You have no modesty, no maiden shame.
No blush of bashfulness! What will you fear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Lyra. I am a monster, ye, yon goblins you.

Helen. Poppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
game.
Now I perceive that she had made compare
Between our statures, she hath verged her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsake, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole! speak;
How am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Helen. I pray you, though you mock me, gentle-
men,
Let her not strike me: I was never craft,
I have no gift at all in shrewishness; I
am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Helen. Lower! hark, again.

Helen. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;—
Save that, in love unto Demetrias,
I told him of your steed. But he followed you; for he
was in love. But he hath cast me here:
To strike me, spank me, and:
And now, so you will:
To Athens will I bear my
And follow you no further:
You see how simple he is.
Her. Why, get you gone here you.

Helen. A foolish heart that
Her. What! with Lyander?

Helen. Be not afraid: she:
Helen.

Dem. No, sir; she shall;
her part.
Helen. O, when she's angry:
She was a virgin, when she
And though she be but little
Helen. Little again! I nothing;
Why will you suffer her to
Let me come to her.

Helen. I will:
Let ye you minimums of binding
You bind, you accorn.

Dem. You
In her behalf that scorns you;
Let her alone; speak not:
Take not her part; for if
Never so little show of love
Thou shalt aby it.

Helen. Now follow, if thou dar'st,
Or thine or mine, is most.

Dem. Follow I say, I'll
by jove.

Helen. You, mistress, all this
Nay, go not back.

Helen.
I will:
Nor longer stay in your en
Your hands, than mine, so
My legs are longer through,
Helen. I am amaz'd, and 

Oke. This is thy negligence
thereof,
Or else commit'st thy kna
Pour. Believe me, little
Dost not you tell me, I

Pour. By the Athenian goddess
And so far blameless prove
That I have 'pointed as AT
And so far from me I glFormControl
As this their jangling I esate.
Oke. Thou seest, these too,
Light:
Helen; therefore, Robin, over
The stary wedkin cover thou
With drooping fog, as black
And lead three trusty ravelers:
As one come not within ano
Like to Lyander sometime;
Then stir Demetrias up with
And sometime rail thou like
And from each other look th
Till over their brows death-de
With leader legs and batty w
Then crank this herb into Ly
Whose liquor hath this virtu
To take from thence all error
And make his eyeballs roll w
When they next wake, all th
Shall seem a dream, and fren
And back to Athens shall the
With leg of whose fate till de
While in this affair do the
I'll to my queen, and beg he
And then I will her charmed
From monster's view, and I
peace.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT

"And now, my fairy lord, this must be done with haste;"

Taur night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And tender shines Aurora's harp'singer;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop hither to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have hurled,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For how should they look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exit from light,
And must for eye consort with black brow'd night.

"Oh, but we are spirits of another sort:"
I with the Morning's love have off made sport;
And, like a drier, the groves may trend,
Even till the eastern gate, all fire red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his anti-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste: make no delay:
We may instruct this business yet ere day.

"Now, O'Swear."

Pack. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;
I am sure't in field and town;
Guspin, lead them up and down.
Now comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? I speak
now, Art here, villain; drawn and ready, Where art thou?
I, I will be with thee straight.

"Puck."

Follow me then,
The slainer ground. [Exit Lys, following the voice.

Enter Demetrius.

Now, Lavender! speak again.
This way, now, thus coward, art thou not?
Speak, in some bush! Where dost thou hide thy head?
Pack. Thus coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bodmen that thou lock'st for war,
And wilt now come? Come, recant; come,
Thus child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defined,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dron. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

"Enter Lysander."

Lys. He gives before me, and still faces me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is as much lighter heed'd than I;
I follow'd fast, but faster he hid by.
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thus gentle day!

"Enter Demetrius and Puck."

Prep. He, he! lo, lo! Coward, why com'st thou near?

Dron. Ah! so, if thou dost; for well I wot,
Thus round about me shutting every place;
And dost not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Prep. Come hither: I am here.
Dron. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thus shald
I lay this dear;
If ever I thy face by day-light see,
Here, go thy way. Taunting constrainst me
To comment out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Shake off thy bowers: shine comforts from the east;
That I may back to Athens by day-light.
Remit those that my poor company detain:—
munch good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great
desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay,
hath no fellow.

Thou, I have a venturesome fairy that shall seek
The squirrel’s hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.
But I had rather have a handful, or two, of
dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your
people stir me; I have an expectation of sleep
come upon me.

Tis. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodland, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist, the female ivy so
Earrings the bary fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doth on thee!

[They sleep.

OBEDRE arraror. Enter Puck.

Oke. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou: this
seest right? Her dollage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seest she? she savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his baby temple then was fresh
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearl,
Stood now within the pretty florists’ eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And, in mild terms, begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bring him to mycorner in fairy land,
And now have I the boy, I will undo
The hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night’s accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Br, as thou wast wont to be.

[Touching her eyes with an herb.

See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian’s bud o’er Cupid’s flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now thy Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tite. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour’d of a knave.
Oke. There lies thy love.

Tite. How came these things to pass?
Oke. I, in this mine eyes dothe his visage now:
Oke. Silence, away.—Robin, take this off
This fairy’s face.

Titania, musick call; and strike more deadly
Than common sleep, of all these live the sense.

Puck. Now, when thou wak’st, with thine
own foolish eyes sleep.

Oke. Sound, musick. [Still musick.] Come, my queen,
take hands with me,
And rock the ground wherver these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are now in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus’ house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity;
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Oke. Then, my queen, in silence sat,
Trip we after the night’s shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
So faster than the wandering moon.

Tite. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night;

That I sleeping here was
With these mortals on top

Enter Theseus, HIPPOLYT.

The. Go, one of you, fit
For now our observation
And since we have the va
My love shall hear the ms
Us couple in the westen
Drurpont, I say, and find
We will, fair queen, up to
And mark the musical co
Or bounds and echo in co
Hyp. I was with Hermin
When in a wood of Crete
With bounds of Spartus;
Sach galeant chasling
; For the skies, the fountains,
Seem’d all one musical:
So musical a discord,

The. My bounds are br
kind,
So few’d, so sanded;
ure
With ears that sweep aw
Creook-kare’d, and dew’d
bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but malt
Each under each. A cry
Was never hollied to, no
In Crete, in Spartan;
T Judge, when you hear.—B
are these?

Epy. My lord, this is my
And this, Lyseander; this
This Helenus, old Nitier’s;
I wonder of their beig
Th. No doubt, they ro
The Rite of May; and, he
Came here in grace of on
But, speak, Egdon, is no
That Herminia should give
Exe. It is, my lord.
Th. Go, but the hants
their horns.

Herm, and Helen, Th,
Good-morrow, fri
is past.

Begin these wood-birds’t
Lys. Parson, my lord.

Th. I
know you are two rick
How comes this gentle e
That hatred is so far from
To sleep by hate, and for
Lys. My lord, I shall
Halt ‘sleep, halfasleep—
I cannot truly say how l
But, as I think (for truly
And now I do behink in
I came with Herminia hib
Was to be gone from the
Without the peril of the
Lys. Enough, enough enough:
I beg the law, the law, u
They would have stol’n t
metrixs,
Therby to have destroys
You, your name, and n
Of my consent that she s
Dem. My lord, fair H
stealth,
Of this their purpose high
And I in fury bither foll
Fair Herminia in fancy boll
But, my good lord, I wo
But by some power it is
Metiv’d as doth the snow
As the remembrance of

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MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.
Which in my childhood I did dote upon: And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The object, and the pleasure of mine eye, Is only Helena. To her, my lord, Was I belots’d else I saw Hermia; But, like in sickness, did I lose thee this food: But, as in health, come to my natural taste, Now do I wish it, love it, long for it, And will for evermore be true to it. The fair loves, ye are fortunately met: Of this discourse we more will hear anon. — Exeunt. I will overhear your will: For in the temple, by and by with us, These couples shall eternally be knit. And to the morning now is something worn, One purposeful hunting shall be set aside. — Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three, We’ll hold a feast in great solemnity. — Come, Hippolyta.  

[Exeunt.]

[Scene III. Inf. Ext. and train.]

Exeunt. These things seem small and undistinguishable. Uproar mountains turned into clouds. By Methinks, I see these things with parted eye. When every thing seems double. Not. So methinks. If I have sound, Demeter’s like a jewel. Ere seen, and not mine own. One Are you sure. Can we walk? Yes, and we sleep. Do not you think? The day was here, and bid us follow him? Yes, and my father. And Hippolyta. And he did bid us follow to the temple: Thus, way then, we are awake: let’s follow him. And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.  

[Enter.]  

As they go out, Bottom enters.  

Enter. When you saw me, call me, and I will answer — my best is.  

[Exit.]

Peter Quince, Nurse, the jealous sister.  

While, the tinkers! Starving? God’s my life! Falling, and left me asleep! I have had a sweet rare vision. I have had a dream; past one of men to say what dream it was. Man of love, if he go about to express this dream. Methought I was — there is no man may well what. Methought I was, and methought I said: — But man is but a patched fool, if he will Conan to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not known; man’s hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a business of this dream. It shall be called Bottom’s dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the play: Pyramus, to make it the more grave. I shall sing it at her death.  

[Exit.]

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in Quince’s House.  

[Enter Nurse, Quince, Snout, Starveling, and Stichbol.]

Gown. Have you sent to Bottom’s house?  

No. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt,  

Be it some jest, then the play is marred;  

And goes not forward, doth it?  

Gown. It is not possible: you have not a man  

in Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he;  

But he be but simply the best wit of any rendezvous man in Athens.  

Gown. Yes, and the best person too; and he is  

a very punctilious, for a sweet voice.  

Quince. If you speak, paragon: a paramour is;  

God bless me, a thing of thoug
Midsummer Night's Dream

Ls.
More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!
Ths. Come now; what masks, what dances
shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Beneath our after supper, and bed time!
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To oase the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philo.
Ths. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What shall make this mask? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Philo. There is a brief, how many sports are
ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

The. [Reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to be
long.
By an Athenian cummock to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
in glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The rest of the tip-top acrobats,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thespius came last a conqueror.
The three threeShared mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in Megara.
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! Tidious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philo. A play there is, my lord; some ten
songs,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsal'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes eyes water; but more merry
Was the passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philo. Hard-handed men, that work in
Athens here.
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have told their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.

No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it ever;
And it is nothing, nothing in the world:
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and confound'd with cruel pain,
To do your service.

I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simplicity and duty tend it.
Go, bring them in—and take your place, ladies.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
charg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
Ths. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

Ths. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing,
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcome;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion
Not paying me a
Out of this silent
And in the modes
I read as much, n
Of saucy and and
Love, therefore, a
In least speak me

End
Philo. See them
Presume
The. Let him a-

Proc. If we often
That you should i
But with good-will.
That is the true i
Consider then, we a
We do not come a
Our true intent i.
We are not here.
The actors are at i.
You shall know all.
The. This fellow
Lys. He hath ri
He knows no
Lord: It is not com-
Hip. Indeed he like a child on a
government.
The. His speech thing impaired, but
Enter Pyramus a
and Lys.

Proc. *Gertrude
this show;
"But wonder t
plain.
"This man i Py;
"This beauteous
"This man, with
"Wall, that will
"And through wa
"To whisper t

This man, with i

Presumptuous n
know,
"By moon-shine:
"To meet at Xi
"This grisly bea
"The treaty Th
"Did scare away
"And, as she g
"Which lion vi
"Amon comes P
"And finds his
"Whereat with

"He bravely brea
"And, Thibs, ta

"His daggar do

"Let lion, moon-

"At large discou

End Proc.

The. I wonder,

Dre. No won
when many asse
"Well, "In this
"That I, one Suo
And such a wall
"That had in it a
"Through whicl

Tel. By whisper id;

"This loan, this n
say
"That I am that i
mine eye." (Wall adds up the finger.

"Thanks, courteous wall! Love shield thee well
for this!

But what see I? No Thistly do I see,
No wicked wall, through whom I see no light:
Canst be thy stones for thus deceiving me?"

Th, The wall, methinks, being sensible,
Would come again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Dost thou
see, in Thistle’s eye, she is to enter now, and I
she to spy her through the wall. You shall see,
It will fall just as I told you—Yonder she comes.

**Easter Eve.**

Th. (on wall, full often last thou heard my
noise.

"For turning my fair Pyramus and me;
My loving lips have often kissed thy stones;
Thy stones with time and hair knitted to thee;"

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the eaves,
"To say as I can hear my Thistle’s face.
Thistle!"

Th. "My love! then art my love, I think.
Thine!"

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt; I am thy lover’s
grace.
And like Liams here am I trusty still."

Th. "And like Helen, too, that loves me kill.
Pyr. "Not Sapho’s to Pyramus was so true;"
Th. "As Sapho to Pyramus, I to you."
Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall."

Th. "I kiss the wall the hole, not your lips all.
Pyr. "Will thou at Nanny’s tomb meet me
straightway?"

Th. "Tide life, tide death, I come without
delay.
Th. "Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged
thou."

And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

**Easter Wall, Pyramus, and Thistle.**

Th. Now is the hour of the mural down between the two
neighbors.

Pray. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wise and do know without warning.

Th. This is the silent stuff that ever I heard.
Th. The best in this kind are but shadows.

[Wall adds up the finger.]"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Lad. I shall desire you of more acquaintance; good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you,—Your name, honest gentleman?

Puck. Peas-blossom.

Lad. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your fair cousin master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Puck. Mustard-seed.

Lad. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience; that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house; I promise you, your kindred beef made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance; good master Mustard-seed.

Puck. Your time, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye; And when she weeps, weeps every little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up your lover's tongue, bring him silently.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBISON.

Oke. I wonder, if Titania be awake?—This is what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must doe on in extremity.

Enter PUCK. Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad sir spirit?

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love. Near to her close and concealed bower: While she was in her dall and sleeping hour, A crew of sprites, rude mechanicals, That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, Were met together to rehearse a play, Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort, Who Pyramus presented, in their sport Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake: When he did him at this advantage take, An answer I fixed on his head; anon, his Thiseb must be answered, And forty mimic mimic: Comes when they spy.

As wild green that the creeping Fowler eye, Or rustied pen, though many in sort, Rising and cawing at the gun's report, Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky; So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls; He murder cries, and help from Athens calls, Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears. Made senseless: things begin to do them wrong: For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch; Some, staves: some, hips: from yonder all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear, And left sweet Pyramus translated there: When in that moment (so it came to pass), Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an oke. Oke. This falls out better than I could devise. But now, how yet lack'd the Athenian lovers With the love-jacies, as I did bid thee do? Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too.

And the Athenian woman by his side:

That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Oke. Stand close; this is the same Athenian. Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man;

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Oke. Now I but chide, be wiser:

For those, I fear, hast given
If thou hast slain Lyndais. Being o'er shoes in blood, p
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true as
As he to me: Would he has
From sleeping Hermia? Pll
This whole earth may be my
moon
May through the centre ere
Her brother's noon-star wilt
it cannot be, but thou hast
Should a murderer look

Dem. So should the man

So pierce'd through the heart!
Yet you, the murderer, doe
As yonder Venus in her gl

Oke. What's this to me

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt
Dem. I had rather giv

Oke. Her. Out, dog I out, ear

Oke. Me.

Oke. Me.

Oke. She is me

Oke. Her

Oke. Her. I am not guilty of Lyzas
Nor is he dead, for night

Her. I pray thee, tell u

Dem. As if I could, what

Oke. Her, a privilege, never

And from thy hated power
See me no more, whether

Dem. There is no follow

Oke. Here, therefore, for a while
So sorrow's heaviness doth
For debt that bankrupt see
Which now in some slight
If for his tender here I mad

Oke. What hast thou done

And laid the love-jacie:

Of thy misprision must per

Some true-love turn'd, and

Puck. Then fate o'er

Oke. Million fall, confounding

Oke. About the wood go a

And Helena of Athens too:
All fancy-sick she is, and
With right of love, that c

dear:

By some illusion see then

I'll charm her eyes against

Puck. I go, I go; look,

Swifter than arrow from ti

Oke. Flower of this

Hit with Cupid's arch

Sink in apple of his ey

When his love he doth

Let her shine as glorious

As the Venus of the sh

When thou wak'st, if a

Beg of her for remedy.
in their entirety all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem so new to you,
Dearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Re. You do advance your coming more and more.

What truth kills truth, O devilish holy day!
Then vows are Hermia’s; Will you give her ever?

Weigh oaths with oaths, and you will nothing weigh.

For love, for her and me, put in two scales,
Wilt even weigh; and both as light as talco.

For, I had no judgment when to her I swore,
Re. Nor none in my mind now you give her ever.

Luc. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [thinking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, mortal, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crysan is madly. O, how ripe is show
By him, those blustering elisions, tempting grow!

That pure unsullied white, high Titan’s snow,
Fame with the eastern wind, turns to a crow.

When thou holdest up thy hand: O let me kiss
This pearl of pure white, this seal of bias!

Re. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your meriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
And you must join, in suits, to mock me too?

As you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;

To rear, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And more both cheat to mock Hermia:

A sin exploit, a main enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid’s eyes,

With your division; none of noble sort
Would to attend a virgin; and vext

A poor maid’s patience, all to make you sport.

Re. You are unkind. Demetrius; be wise.

For you love Hermia: this you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she en-
takes her prayers.

This threat has no more strength, than her
weak prayers.—

Helen. I love thee; by my life I do; I
swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with draw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quickly, come.—

Her. Lysander, wherefore tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop! No, no, he'll—Sir,

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would fol-

But yet come not: You are a tame man, go! I
Hang off, thou cat, thou burl; vile thing, let

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
Is this?

Sweat love.

Lys. Thy love! out, tavern Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Lys. Yes, soothe; and so do you.

Demetrias, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Are not you Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was ere while.

Since night you lov'd me: yet since night you
love me:

Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest shall I say?—

Lys. Ay, by my life; and never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,
Be men nothing truer;—this is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. Oh me, you jugger! you canker blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my heart's love from him?—

Fine, fine! I have no modesty, no maiden shame.

Nor any more of bashfulness? What will you fear
Impartant answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you
Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarf'd, and so low?

How long am I, thou painted maipoile? say,

How long am I? I am not yet so low.

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Her. I pray you, though you mock me, gentle-

men,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curt;
I have no gift at all in shrivellness; I am
a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Lower! hack, again.

Her. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you, Hermia, Did ever keep your counsell, never wrong'd you'd,

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your steal; He follow'd you; for so But he hath chid me ben To strike me, spare me And now, so you will be To Athens will I bear you And follow you no further You see how simple and

Her. Why, get you o'er here?


Lys. Be not afraid: at

Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she she her part.

Her. O, when she's a shrewed;

She was a vixen, when: And though she be but little Little she is fierce Why will you suffer her Let me come to her.


Dem. In her behalf that scorns Let her alone; speech no Take not her part: for I Never so little show of It shall aby it.

Lys. Now follow, if thou dar' Or thinke, or mine, is now

Dem. Follow I say, I' by jove.

Her. You, mistress, all Nay, go not back.

Her. I will

Nor longer stay in your

Your hands, than mine,

Mea less are longer thoug

Her. I am amaz'd, and

Oke. This is thy negl

Or else commit'st thy k

And by the Athenian arm

And so far imagine you That I have 'pointed an

And so far am I led

As this their jangling I

Oke. Thou seest, these

Her, therefore, Robin, on

The stery wallkin cover With dropping fog, as bl

And lead these trivial rivi As one come not within

Like to Lysander sometim

Thou stirs Demetrius up

And sometime rial thou! And from each other pool Till they rate the brow of bat Again they crush this hard into

Whose liquor hath this vi To take from thence all t And make his eyelids riv T'hen they next awake, a Shall seem a dream, and t And back to Athens shal With vague whose daretill Whiles I in this affiar do I'll to my queen, and beg

And then I will her char From monster's view, a pace.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste; For night’s with dragons out the clouds fail fast, And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger; At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all, That in cross-ways and fountains have lurked, Already to their weary beds are gone; For fear lest day should look their shame upon, They withal themselves exult their light, And must for eye consort with black-brow’d night.

Oth. But we are spirits of another sort; I with the Morning’s love have oft made sport; And, like a forest, the groves may tread. Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red, Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams, Turn into yellow gold his salt-green streams: But, notwithstanding, haste; make me delay: We may effect this business yet eye day.

Puck. Eye and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down; I am round’t in gold and town; Robin, lead them up and down.

But comes one...

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where are thou, proud Demetrius? I speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then to Taurus ground. [Exit Lysander following the voice.]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again. Then away, then coward, art thou not? I speak. In some bush! Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the story,
Telling the breaths that thou look’st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thy child.

Puck. Will thou play with a rod? He is devil’d,
That draws a sword on thee.

Then. Yes; art thou there? Puck. Follow my voice; we’ll try no knavery here. [Exeunt.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and so I follow: When I come where he calls, then he is gone, The villain is much lighter foot than I; I follow fast, but faster he did fly; That tells me I am in dark uneven way, And here will rest me. Come, come, gentle day!

Puck. For if he but move then show me thy grey light,
I’ll find Demetrius, and revenge this sprite.

Puck. Return Puck, and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com’st thou not?

Dem. Aside me, if thou darst; for well I wot, Thou dost mock me, keeping every place;
And art not stand, nor look me in the face. Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Way, then thou mock’st me. Thou shall buy this ducat.

Puck. If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night! O long and tedious night,

Dem. The humble申請 for night’s companions from the east;

Hel. That I may back to Athens by day-light,

Dem. From these that my poor company detest;—
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Much good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of bay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

This I have a veneturous fairy that shall seek The squire's board, and fetch thee new nuts. But, I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Thus sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my bed.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, Gently entwine—'tis the female way So enrobing the barking fingers of the elm,

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.

OBERON advances. Enter Puck.

Oke. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet night?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity. For meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet savours for this hateful foal, I did upbraid her, and fall out with her; For she her fairy temples then had roused With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the bud Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearl, Good now within the pretty drowsy eyes, Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her, And she, in mild terms, begged my patience, Then did ask of her her changing child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To keep him to my bower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo The hateful imperfections of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain; That he awaking when the other do, May all to Athens back again repair; And think no more of this night's accidents, But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.

[Touching her eyes with an herb.

See, as thou want wist to see: Dian's bud o'er Cypis's flower Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my Titania: wake you, my sweet queen. Tit. My tiburon! what visions have I seen! Methought I was enamour'd of an eye. Oke. There lies your love.

Tin. How came these things to pass?

Oke. Now mine eyes do loathe his visage now! Tit. Silence, awaketh—Robin, take off this head. Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes open.

Oke. Sound, musick. [Still musick.] Come, my queen, take hands with me, and rock the ground wherewith these sleepers be. Now thou and I are new in amity; And will, to-morrow night, solemnly, Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly, And hiset it to all fair posterity: There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be Wedded with Theseus, all in jollity. Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark: I hear the morning tark.

Oke. Then, my queen, in silence sad, Trip we after the night's shade: Wherein the globe can compass soon, Swiftener than the wand'ring moon.

Tit. Come, my lord; and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night.

That I sleeping here With these mortals on

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOL.

Tit. Go, one of you, For now our observation And since we have the time My love shall hear the music Unto couple in the Western Dispatch, I say, as in the text. We will, fair queen, up! I And mark the musical c Comes of hounds and echo In it. I was with Theseus When in a wood of Cret With hounds of Spartus; Such gallant chivalry, fe The skies, the fountains Soon'll all our mutual So musical a dambour, as The. My hounds are b kin'd, Slow in pounce, but mast Each under each. A er Was never told of to, ni In Cretes, in Sparta, nor Judge, when you hear—are these? Ege. My lord, this is m And this, Lynceus; the This Herse, old Nedar I wonder of their being. Tit. No doubt, they re The rite of May; and, if Came here in grace of But, speak, Egeus, is m That Herse should give Ege. It is, my lord. Tit. Go, bid the hunt their horns. Horse, and shout within, HERSE, and HERSE Toc. Good-morrow, friends, is past.

Begin these wood-birds Lys. Pardon, my lord [Like and e.]

Tit. I know you are two rill How comes this gentle That hatred is so far fro To sleep by him. Egeus Ege. My lord, I shall all Halt's sleep, but I— Lys. I cannot truly say how But, as I think (for tru And now I do, beheld i I came with Hermia hit Was to be gone from the Lys. Without the peril of the Herse, enough enough We beg the law, the law, They would have stou'n met, Thence to have defeat On, of your wife, any Of my consent that she Lys. My lord, my lord, fair le, Of this their purpose hit And I in fury fell Fair Hermis in fancy fot But, my good lord, I we (But by some power it Be so as done the show Is the remembrance of.
Aye, these things seem small and unimportant.
Like fire from mountains turned into clouds.
Yet methinks, I see these things with parted eye.

Whi, every thing seems double.
So methinks:

Art I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
His own, and not mine own.

Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Aye, Year! and my father.

And Hippolyta

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Now, why then, we are awake; let's follow him:

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.
More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Thee, now come: what masses, what dances
Shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after supper, and bed time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus.
Ths. Say, what abridgment save you for this evening?
What part? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Philostr. There is a brief, how many sports are
Ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung.
By an Athenian evnech to the harp.
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
The rout of the tippy Buccehants,
Teasing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Theseus came last a conqueror.
The three three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late decreed in beggary.
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief account of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe: very tragicall mirth,
Merry and tragical! Tidious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Philostr. A play there is, my lord, some ten
Words long:
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of fond laughter never shed.

Ths. What are they that do play it?
Philostr. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have told them their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptial.
Ths. And we will hear it.
Philostr. No, my noble lord.
It is not for you: I have heard it over;
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and com'd with cruel pain.
To do you service.
Ths. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simplicity and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in:—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er charg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
Ths. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
Ths. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.
Their sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcome;
Where I have seen them sitter and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, Not paying me a w
Out of this silence, And in the modest;
I read as much, As of sancy and sadac
Love, therefore, as I
In least speak most

Euter PHILOSTR. So pleased addredit.
Ths. Let him app

Eut. If we offend That you should do
But with good will.
That is the true 
Consider them, we can
We do not come as Our true intent to.
We are not here.

The actors are at ban
You shall know all.
Ths. This fellow
La. He hath rilled out,
He knows not
For: it is not enough.

Hip. Indeed he
Like a child on a new government.
Ths. His speech
I thing impaired, but

Euter PYRAMUS and LION

Pro. Gentilis, this show;
"But wonder or
plain.
"This man is Pyr.
"This beastous
"This man, with him
"Wall, that vile
sunder;
"And through wall
content
"To whisper; at

Pro. This man, with la;
"Prewrench't in my
know,
By moon-shine di
"To meet at Nim
This grisly beast,
"The truth in
"Did scare away,
"And, as evn;
"Which lion vile
"Aon comes Pyr;
"And finds his t;
"Whereat with bl
blade,
"He bravely 
break;
"And, Thisy, tari
"His dagger dres;
"Let lion, moon-
"At large discourse; Excom Pro. T

Dem. No wonde
when many ase d
Wull. "In this w
That I, one Snow
"And such a wall,
"That had in it a c
Through which

Thisy, Dif whisper of t
This loan, this ron

Show
"That I am that a
"Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!"

"But what see I? No Thysbe do I see.
"Let me see if thy stones for this deceiving me?"

Thys. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should raise again.

Pyg. No, he's not in it, he should not. Decrees

Thysbe's case: she is to enter now, and I

Pyg. To see her through the wall. You shall see,

Thys. If I may thine ear, I will tell you now——"You der her comes."

Enter Thysbe.

Thys. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my

Pyg. For putting my fair Pyramus and me;

Thys. My cherry lip have often kiss'd thy stones;

Pyg. "The scene, and the hill's hill up to

Thys. "I see a voice; now will I to the chink,

Pyg. To spy an I can hear thy Thysbe's face.

Thys. "This is my love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyg. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.

Thysbe's match, do not let me lose this

Thys. "I like but not thy lip at all."

Pyg. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

Thys. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay, for

Pyg. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged on

Thys. "And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

Lion, Wall, Pyramus, and Thysbe.

Lion. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so

Lion. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Thys. "The best in this kind are but shadows; and

Thys. It might be your imagination then, and

Lion. If we imagine no worse of them, than

Lion. "The smallest monstrous moans that creeps

Lion. "How now, Pentheus, both quake and tremble

Lion. "Wake thou rough in wilder rage doth roar.
This palpable g
The heavy guilt
A fortnight's bok
Is nightly revel

Puck, Now
And the
Whilst the
All with
Now the w.
Whilst the
Puts the w
In remem
Now it is t
That the
Every one
In the ch
And we fai
By the tr
From the p
Following
Now are f
Shall disr
I am sea.
To sweep t

Emet Osmonn
Oke, Through th
By the dea
Every cff, an
How as hig
And this dili
Sung and dan
This First,
To each woro
Hand in hand
Will we sing,

SO

Oke, Now
Through th
To the bea
Which by a
And the isa
Ever shall I
So shall ali
Ever tru is a
And the ble
Shall not in
Never mo
Nor mark g
Despised is
Shall upon
With this tr
Every fai
And each a
Through th
E'er shall it
And the ow

T
Meet me all

Puck, If ever

But, No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergamask dance, between two of our company?

The No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thaisbe's garner, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergamask; let your epilogue alone.

[Here a dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twice:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
LOVE'S LABOUR

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING, King of Navarre.

ALONSO, a Lord, attending on the King.

SEVILLA, a Lord, attending on the Princess of France.

FERRON.

ARMADO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.

LEATHROBERT, a Gentleman.

BIRNS, a Schoolmaster.

CUNDER, a Page.

CLION.

SCENE—Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. A Park with a Palace in it

The King, Birnam, Longaville, and Deman.

Price. Let fame, that all hunt after in their

love, register'd upon her brazen tombes,

then grace us in the disgrace of death;

an act of cornorous devoting time,

endearer of this present breath may buy

honest, which shall hate his scythe's keen

gage,

mak't of hours of all eternity,

which, brave conquerors— for so you are,

two against your own affection,

the hope angry of the world's desires;—

late edict shall strongly stand in force;

we shall be the wonder of the world;

more shall a little Academy,

and contemplative in living art.

three, Birnam, Domains, and Longaville,

evernor for three years' term to live with me,

dele scholars, and to keep those statutes,

are recorded in this scheme here;

suits are past, and now subscribe your

names.

This swan's hand may strike his honour down,

violates the smallest branch brevia;

as we own'd to do, so sworn to do,

swear to your deep oath, and keep it too.

I am resolve'd: 'tis but a three years'

year;

shall sustain, though the body pines;

which have keen pates, and dauntly hits

the title, but lack't not quite the wills,

My loving Lord, Domains is monthed with

another manner of these world's delights.

From upon the gross world's base slaves.
This article, my liege, yo' For, well you know, he The French King's daugther apare A maid of grace, and et About surrender-up of Aq To her decrepit, sick, & Therefore this article is 0 vain comes the King. What say you, I quite forgot.

Birds have innocent virtue While it doth study to ha' It doth forget to do its And when it hath the thaw'Tis won, as townswith the King. We must, of for decree: She must lie here on mar Necessity, you three thousand time you For every man with him a Not by might master' If I break faith, thou shalt I am forewarned on more a So to the laws at large I

And he, that breaketh Stands in all order of thee Suggestions are to be! But I believe, either I am the last that will But, is there no quiet re King, ay, that there is haunted

With a refined travel A man is in all the world's That hath a mint of One, whom the master A man of compliments, v Have chosen as a serve this child of fancy, that: For intermix to our at in high-born words, the w From tawny Spain, bat. How you delight, my lor But, protest, I love to And I will use him for a Bird, Amadis is a m A man of fire-onWORDS Long. Costard the awn sport And, so to study, three 3 Enter Dull, with a 1 Dull. Which is the distr. This, fellow, N Dull, I myself reprience I am his grace's charcoal his own person in flesh Biron, This is he. Dull. Signior Arme— There's villany abroad— more, Cass. Sir, the contempt ing me. King. A letter from the Biron. How low have God for high words, Long. A high hope to grant us patience! Biron. To hear or for Long. To hear more derately, or to forbear b Biron. Well, sir, be it us cause to climb in the Coo. The matter is to Jauquetilla. The manes with the manner. Biron. In what manner

Or, having sworn too hard a-keeping oath, Study to break it, and not break my truth. If study's gain be thou, and this be so, Study knows that, which yet it doth not know: Swarest me to this, and I will not say no. King. These be the stops that hinder study quite. And train our intellectuals to vain-delight. Bird stay with all delights are vain; but that most vain, Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain: As, painfully to pore upon a book, To seek the light of truth: while truth the while Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look: Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile: So, are ye found where light in darkness lie. Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes. Study me how to please the eye indeed, By fixing it upon a fairer eye; Who dazling so, that eye shall be his, And give him light that was it blinded by. Study is like the heaven's glorious sun, That will not be deep-search'd with saucy Small have contingent plodders ever won, Have base authority from others' books. These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights, That give a name to every fixed star Have no more profit of their shining nights, Than those that walk, and not what they walk Too much to know is, to know bought but fame! And every godfather can give a name. And the way well he's read, to reason against reading! Dumb. Proceed well, to stop all good provocation! Long. He woods the corn, and still let's grow the reading. Biron. The spring is near, when green grass are a breathing. Dumb. How follows that! Biron. Fit in his place and time. Dumb. In reason nothing. Biron. Something then in rhyme. Long. Biron is like an envious snatching froth, That bites the first-born infants of the spring. Biron. Well, say I am; why should prouder some boast, Before the birds have any cause to sing? Why should I joy in an abibirth? At Christmas I have no more desire a rose Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows; But like of each thing that in season grows. So you, to study now it is too late. Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate. King. Well, say you not: go home Biron; albeit! Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to With you: And, though I have for barbarism spoke more Than for that angel knowledge you can say, Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore, And bind the pensive of each three years' day. Give me the paper, let me read the same: And to the strict'd deere I'll write my name. King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame! Biron. [Reader.] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.—Hath this been pro-claimed? Long. Four days ago. Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reader.] On pain of losing her tongue.—Who devised this penalty? Long. Mary, that did it. Biron. Sweet lord, and why? Long. To fright them hence with that dread Biron. A dangerous law against gentility, [Reader.] Item, If any man be seem to talk with a woman in the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possi- bly desire.
he be all save his

with his

sets in soon:-

but my equal
shall speak to

rity.

ly may inter-

in the busi-

and abusive-

ter, me to no


can no more.

 keep his own

vices under

within those

But I say it is so, be

is in telling time, but so, so.

KING. Praise.

Cust. — he to me, and every man that dare

fight!

KING. No words.

Cust. — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING. So be it, beguiled with such enforced vio-

lence, I did command the black-apparant banner

in the midst some pitch of the health-giving

rug; and, as I was a gentleman, bound myself to go to

The time where? About the sixth hour; when beasts

must grunge, birds best keep, and men sit down to

that nourishment which is called supper. So much for

the time where. Now for the ground where: which,

I mean, I walked upon it; it is gilded the park. Then

for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter

that obscure and most pretentious exit, that standish

from my now-white way the shone-coloured oak, which

were them vernal, beauteous, sweetest, or neat; but

for the place, where— Its standish north northwest and

by some from the east corner of thy curious-studded

ground. There did I see that ben-spirited stone, that

same massive of thy heart,

Cust. Me.

KING.—that understand small knowing and,

Cust. Me.

KING.—that small casual,

Cust. Kill me.

KING.—thick, as I remember, light Custard,

Cust. O me!

KING.—so used and common, contrary to the es-

trailed gentlemanish effect and eminent canons, with-

out—Lo jest—but said this to pass on my where-

with.

Cust. With a whet.

KING.—with a slight of one grandmother live, a

spirit; or, for thy more exact understanding, a no-

man. Than I set my eye-extensive what pricks me

in; have me to this, to receivest the means of punish-

some, by thy trusty grace's office, Anthony Doll; in

means of some require, carriage, hearing, and estimation.

Doll. Me, I shall please you; I am Antony

Doll.

KING. For instance, (so to the toucher versed

placed, which I superintended with the uttered matter)

The
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

*Mach.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Mach.* True.

*Mach.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?

*Mach.* No; but three studied, ere you'll think wench; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Mach.* A most fine figure.

*Mach.* To prove you a cipher. [Aside.]

*Mach.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the honour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to my French courier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should not wear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; what great meekness have I been in love!

*Mach.* Heriens, master.

*Mach.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority: dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Mach.* Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage! for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Mach.* O well-knit Samson! strong jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my papery, as much as thou didst in my carriage: I am in love too.—Who was Samson's love, my dear Mashi?

*Mach.* A woman, master.

*Mach.* Of what complexion?

*Mach.* Of all the four, or of the three, or of the two; or one of the four.

*Mach.* Tell me precisely of what complexion;

*Mach.* Or of the sea-water green, sir.

*Mach.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Mach.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them now.

*Mach.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Mach.* And was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

*Mach.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Mach.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Mach.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Mach.* My father's wit, and my mother's tenderness, am I to me.

*Mach.* Sweet invocent of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

*Mach.* O, I have made of white and red;

*Mach.* Her faults will never be known;

*Mach.* For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

*Mach.* And fears by pale-white shown;

*Mach.* Then, if she fear, or be to blame;

*Mach.* By this you shall not know;

*Mach.* For still her cheek possess the same,

*Mach.* Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Mach.* There is not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar.

*Mach.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would never serve for the writing, nor the time.

*Mach.* I have the subject newly writ over, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational kind Costard; she deserves well.

*Mach.* To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

*Mach.* Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Mach.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Mach.* I say, sing.

*Mach.* Forbear, till this company be past.
Back. The young Dumas, a well-acquainted youth;
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath will to make an ill shape good,
And abate to win grace though he had no wit.
Task him at the duke Alberon's once.

M. son that approach his silent court;
Therefore to us somewhat is a needful course,
When we enter his forbidden gate,
To know his pleasure, and is that behalf.
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As a most moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the slaughter of the king of France,
In serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importance personal conference with his grace.
None, signify so much; while we attend,
His humanity, we shall solute, his high will.
Bewl. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Pron. All pride is willing pride, and yours is
The are the victories, my loving lords,
That are now fellows with this virtuous duke.
I Lord Longville is one.

M. see you the man?
M. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast.
Between lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jacques Falconbridge, solemnized.
In Normandy, saw I this Longville;
A man of severe parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms.
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp will withal'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
With should some spare that come within his power.
Why, some weary mocking lord, hence; it's
M. They say so most, that most his humors
Know.

Pron. Such short he'll width do wither as they grow.

'Greetings the next!'

Ah, not, write, pens;
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

ACT I

We will give up our right in Aquitain, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposed. For here he doth demand to have repaid A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitain; Which we much rather had departed withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitain so gilded as it is. Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make A yielding'gainst some reason, in my breast, And go well satisfied to France again. Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong. And worse than the reputation of your name, In so unseeming to confess receipt Of that which hath so faithfully been paid. King. I do protest, I never heard of it; And, if you prove it, I'll repair it back, Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquaintances, For such it were unshaming of your office, To Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come, Where that and other specialties are bound; To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview, All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand, As honour, without breach of honour, may Make tender of to thy true worthiness: You are not come, fair princess, in my gate; But here without you shall be so receiv'd, As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart, Though so denied fair harbour in my house. Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [Exit King and his Train.

Boyet, lady, I will commend you to your own heart.

But, 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it. Biron. I would, you heard it stran. King. Is the food lack? Biron. Sick at heart. Row. Asch, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?


Ros. And yours from long living! Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady was that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit. Long. I braise you a word; What is she in the while?

Boyet. 'Pray woman sometimes, as you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to devise

Long. 'Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heart.

Long. God's blessing on your heart!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falstaffe.

Boyet. Nay, my choler is ended. She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome you.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry monarch.

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Biron. It was well done of you to take his word. Boyet. I was willing to grapple, as he to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, merry! Boyet. And wherefore not so?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, good sir: My lips are no common, though several they.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and.

Prin. Good wills it shall be jangling; but, tis agree; The civil war of wills were much better use On Navarre and his book-men; for here abused.

Biron. If my observation (which very cold Biron. By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed v eyes, Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers estimated.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behvaviours did make it retire To the court of his eye, peering thorough his heart, like an agate, with your print pressed, Proud with his form, in his eye pride express His tongue, all impatient to speak and not; Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be All sense to that sense did make their reps To feel only looking on farrer of fair; Methought, all his senses were lock'd in him: As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy Who, tendering their own worth, from whom Did point you to buy them, along as you put His face' own margent did spose such amrs That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with Whom I give you Aquitain, and all that is his, As you give him for your sake but one longing.

Pr. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is pos'd.

Boyet. But to speak in words, which eye hath disclosed: I only have made a mouth of his eye, By stilling a tongue which I know will not Rou. Thou art an old love-monger, and very Rou. He is Cupid's grandfather, and as lovely his 

Row. Then was Venus like her mother; Rou. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for s

[Exit.
ACT III.

NE 1. Another part of the same.

Enter Lovers and Morn.

I love, child, you make passionate my sense tiring.

[Songing
to-night! God's tenderness of years; take
five enlargement to the swarm, bring steep riffle: I must employ him in my love.

You will win your love with a smile?

She means'th' thought I brawling in French? In
my complete master; but to jest off no tongue's end, can try it with your
or it with turning up your eyelids; and
sing a note; sometime th' as if you swallowed love with sing-
Sometimes through the nose, as if you have by smelling love; with your hat
the shop of your eyes; with crossed on your thin hefty-doubt,
s or a spit; or your hands in
or a man after the old pointing; and
in one time, but a snap and
are complements, these are in-
ere betry nice wench'es—what would it without these; and make them now, as you note, men! that most are af

You hast purchased this expectation of my penny of observation.

O, O,

the hobby-horse is forgot,

then thou my love, hobby-horse,

in heart, and in heart, boy,

out of heart, master; all those I prove.

just will thou prove me,

man, if I live; and this, by, in, and
pos the instant: By heart you love,

your heart cannot come by her; in one eye, because your heart is in love

and out of heart you love her, being

that you cannot enjoy her,

all these three;

div'rs times as much more, and yet

this hither the swarm; he must carry

message well sympathised; a horse

neighed for an ass!

by, what sayest thou

very close, and up the ass upon

for he is very slow-gaited: But I

as way is but short, away;

swift as lead, sir;

fugitive, impetuous, inauspicious;

a metal heavy, dull, and slow;

honest, honest master; or rather, man.

a, lead is slow;

fluttering, and swift, sir, to say so;

slow which is held from a gun;

seen smoke of rhetoric;

a cannon; and the bullet, that's

at the swarm.

Thump then, and I live.

[Exit,

most acute juncture; violet and free;

By thy favour, sweet Melibain, I must sigh in thy face.

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a skin.

Arm. Some enigmas, some riddles;—come,—thy

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no essay: no save

in the mall, sir? O, sir, plain, plain plan,

no Essay, no essays, no save, sir, but a plain.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforc'd laugher; thy silly thought, my spleen: the hearing of thy tongue

provokes some to ridiculous ambling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take savoy for Penury, and the word, Penury, for a save? Moth. Do the wise think them other? I is Penury a save?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse,

to make plain

Some obscure precedents that hath tofor been enrawn.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the Penury.

Moth. I will add the Penury: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my Penury.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

were still at odds, being but three;

Stay'd the odds by adding four.

A good Penury, ending in the goose,

Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose;

that's flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and

soon:

Let me hear a fat Penury; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a skin.

There you are for the Penury.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's a fat Penury, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard

broken in a skin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast so feeling of it, Moth; I will

speak that Penury.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my skin.

Arm. We will talk on more of this matter.

Cost. T'il there be more matter in the skin.

Arm. Sorrow Costard, I will enencourage thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances; I smell some Penury, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enencourage thy person; thus wait

more restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be in my persuasion, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from

distance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jacquenetta: there is remunera-

tion; [giving him money] for the brisk word of
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants.
Moth, follow. [Exit.
Mist. Like the sequel, 1.—Signior Costard, assign.
Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my in-
canny Jew!—[Exit Mort. Now will I look to his remuneration. Remu-
neration! O, that's the Latin word for three far-
things, the more remuneration. What's the price of thisinkle? a penny—No. I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remunera-
thon!—why, it is a fairer name than French
crown. I will never buy and sell out of this
word.

Enter Biron.
Biron. O, my good knave Costard! I exceed-
ingly want money.
Cost. Pray you, sir, how much cashen ribon-
bon may a man buy for a remuneration! Biron. It is a return for a service.
Cost. Marry, sir, half-pearying farthings.
Biron. O, why then, three-farthings worth of
silver.
Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.
Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, I
Do one thing for me that I shall do to thee,
Cost. When would you have it done, sir?
Biron. On my word, this afternoon.
Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.
Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow
ingetning.
Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The prince comes to hunt here in the park,
And in it to train there a gentle lady; When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-upraun. There's thy gorden; go.
[Give him money.
Cost. Guardon,—O sweet gorden! better than remuneration! three farthings better: Most sweet gorden; I will do it, sir, in print.
Biron. On my word, remuneration.
Biron. O! And 1, foumou, in love 1, that
have been love's whip:
A very beadle to a Homous sigh: A crick: nay, a /night-watch constable; A domestick-pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This winem'il, whining, purring, wayward
boy:
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Capel; Element of love tomyre, lord of folied arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, Liege of all loiterers and malcontentes.
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces, Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting pastrons—O my little heart—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumult's hoop!
What if I love me! me! I seek a wife! A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame;
And never got to sight, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right:
Nay, to be perf'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes:
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the devil,
Though Angels were her succour and her guard;
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her;
To pray for her! Go to! it is a plague
That Capel will impose for my neglect.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Marie, Kath. Boy.
Boy. Is, Ascendants, and a Possome.
Prin. Was that the king, that sparr'd his

ACT V.
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

[Scene] Vienna.—A Room.

B莺et. And who is your deer?

Ros. I choose the horn by yourself; come near.

Flour. Put on, put on! indeed.

Mort. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit if it flies.

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinevere of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit if it flies.

Ros. Then must she hit him, let hit, hit, hit! (Singing.)

Then cannot hit hit, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot.

Ros. I cannot, cannot, another.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kate.]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did hit it!

Mort. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady.

Let the spring have a pitch here, to make it, if it may be.

Mort. While o’ the bowhand! think thy hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a’ must shoot nearer, or he will never hit the deer.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, bethink thee what it is in.

Cost. Then will she get the spotlight by cleaving the pin.

Mort. Come, come, you talk greatly, your lips grow foul.

Cost. I speak too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, good owl. (Exeunt Boyet and Mort.)

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down.

O’ my troth, most sweet jests! most inconceivable! 

When comes to smoothly off, to obscurely, as it were, so: fit.

Armado o’ the opposite,—O, a most dainty man To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! 

To see him kiss her hand and how most sweetly he will swear!—And his page o’ the other side, that handful of wit! Ah, hence, it is a most paltry piece! Sola, sola! (Shouting within. Exit Cost. running.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holo. The deer was, as you know, in strategy—bowed; rive as a penanwasser, who now hangs like a jewel in the ear of Scudery, the sky, the willow, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of terror,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epistles are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the feast. But, sir, I assure ye, it was a back of the first head.

Holo. Sir Nathaniel, head eaves.

Dull. Twas not a hand eaves, twas a tippet.

Holo. Most barbarous intention! yet a kind of inscription, as it were, in its way, of explication—taceo, as it were, replication, or, rather, eaves, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his underwoven, unfinished, meekened, unprised, mistransliterated, or rather unlettered, or rather, an inaccurate fashion,—to insist again on my hand eaves for a deer.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a hand crude; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, his covert!—O thou monster, ignorance, how deform'd dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drank ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the diller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (Which is more than I felt feeling are) for those parts that do fluctuate in as more than lie; For as it would ill become me to be vain, indis- 

But, some bens, say I; being of an old father's mind, 

Man, break the wreath that love not the wind. 

Dull. You are two book-men: Can you tell 

What was a mouth old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet? 

Dull. Brevity, good man! Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Lena, to the moon. 

Hol. The moon was a mouth old, when Adam 

And taught not five weeks, when he came to 

The allusion holds in the exchange. 

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in 

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange; 

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a mouth old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd. 

Nath. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an external opinion on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility. 

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility. 

The princess' puce pied'd and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket; 

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, still bore more worse. 

The dogs did well; put I to sure, then sore jumps from this hole. 

Or pricket, sore, or else sore; the people fall a howling. 

If sore the, than E. to sore makes fifty sore; 0 0 0 sore.

Of me sor E I a hundred make, by adding but one more E.

Nath. A rare talent! 

Dull. If a talent be a claw, how he clawed 

him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, sim- 
ple: a foot, a extravagant spirit, full of forms, figure, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehension, 

Dull. cind to obliterate; these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of 

holofernae: and deliver'd upon the embowling of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tuck'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly Dictynna: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. What is their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be 

capable, I will put it to them; But, sir sages, ye justice desquar - a soul femininit saluteth us,

Hol. Master person, quers one should be pierced, which is the 

Cost. Master, master schoolmaste likes to a hogshead. 

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a of conceit the eye; earth: ear s she, pearl enough for a swain: it is well. 

Jaq. Good master person, be so 

me this letter; it was given me and sent me from Don Armado you read it. 

Hol. Faucon, good grida quando noli umbrae 

Ruminant,—and so forth. Ah, good o I may speak of thee as the trave 

Venice: 

Tinaquae, Tinagia, 

Old man of the sea, or 

Old Mantan! Old Mantan! Who elie thee not, loves thee not. —Cy s is. Under part of, what are or, rather, as Horace says in his 

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned. 

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stak 

Lige, homine. 

Nath. If love make me forewor 

I swear to love! 

Ah, never faith could hold, if it 

vowed! 

Though to myself forewor, to th false prove; 

Those langues to me were o like others bowed. 

Study his bias leaves, and mak 

Where all those pleasures live it comprehended.

If knowledge be the mark, to kno 

suffice; 

Well learned is that tongue, ti 

thee commend: 

All ignorant that soul, that sees I wonder. 

(Which is to me some praise parts whole) 

Thy eye Jove's lightning ears, dreadful thunder. 

Which, not to anger bent, is sweet fire. 

Cestan, so thou art, oh pardon wrong. 

That sits heaven's praise wi 

eartly tongue! 

Hol. You find not the apostroph 

miss the accent; let me supervise. Here are only numbers raited; 

elegancy, facility, and golden takes care. Ovidius Naso was the mar 

indeed, Naso; but for smelling a 

divine flowers of fancy, the jeharts 

improvers, is nothing; so both the ho 

ter, the ape his keeper, the tire 

rider. But, damoilles virgin, was I to you? 

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsteus 

of the strange queen's foris. 

Hol. I will overhance the sape 

the enamele hand word, most heavenly line. I will look again on the last 

letter, for the nomination of the p 

person written unto: Your ladyship's in all desired employ 

Sir Nathaniel, this Eiron is use of with the king; and here he hath fru 

to a sequent of the stranger queen's cedentially, or by the way of progr
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

- Trip and go, my sweet; deliver into the royal hand of the king; it you much. May not thy companion, thy duty; since.

Costard, go with me.-Sir, God live!

thee with thee, my little.

Costard, go with me.-Sir, God live!

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Costar
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then inclination Would let her out in sneers; sweet misprision! [Aside.

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have with Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary.

[Aside.]

Dum. A day, (alack the day!) Love, whose month is ever May, Spreads a blossom, passing fair, Playing in the sunny air: Through the velvet bends the wind, And there love's birth is found; That the flier, sick to death, Wh'd he himself the heaven's breath. Air, quoth he, the checks may bin; Air, would I might triumph so? But, my lady, what's to do? Ne'er to part with thee from thy thorn: I see, black, for youth somet; I seek so apt to be a cover. Do not call it sin in me, That I am forsworn for thee:—That—for whom Jove would swear, June but an Ethop were; And even himself for thee, Turning mortal for thy sake.—

This will I send: and something else more plain, That shall express my true love's fasting pain. O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville, Were lovers too! ill, to example ill; Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note; For none offend, where all doe note. Long. Demain, [advancing.] thy love is far from charity, That love's own grief dost'nt society; You may look pale, but I should blush, I know, To be o'erward, and taken moping so. King. Come, sir, [advancing.] you blush; as his your case is such;
You clade at him, offending twice as much: You do not love Maria; Longaville Did never sonnet for her sake compile; Nor never lay his wreathed arms alow; His loving bosom, to keep down his heart. I have been closely shrouded in this book. And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush. I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your To Love, and Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [To Dum.] What will Biron say, when that he shall hear Faith infringed, which such a zeal did swear? How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit! How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it? For all the wealth that ever I did sev, I would not have him know so much by me. Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me; [Aside from the Tree. Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These words for loving, that art most in love
Thy eyes do make no coaches; in thy tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be petulantly a flattering thing; Thine, none but ministrals like of someting. But are you not shamed? I say, are you not,
All three you see, to be thus much o'er-blot? You found his note; the king your mote did see;
But I an easm do find in each of thee.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of tears.
O, me, with such strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed into a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gnat,
And proud Solomon to issue a sign,
And Nestor play at back-gammon with the boys,
Andcritick Timon laugh at idle togs,
Where lies thy grieve, O tell me, good Dum.
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pole
And where my leg's all about the breast
A candle, ho!

Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not so by me, but I betray'd to

That, am honest: I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engag'd in

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With moon-like men, of strange incommodious

When shall you see me write a thing in the

Or groan for Joan! or spend a minute's

In praining me? When shall you hear that

I will praise a giant, a foot, a face, an eye.

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb!—

King. Soft; Whither away so

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Joy. God bless the king!

What present hast thou thine

Cont. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason him

Cont. Nay, it makes nothing, sir; King. If it man nothing with

The treason, and you, go in peace away here:

Joy. I beseech your grace, let this man read;

Our prison misdeeds it; treason, he.

King. Biron, read it over.

[Giving him the

Where hadst thou it

Joy. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it

Cont. Of Dun Adriamado, Dun Adriamado.

How do you what is in you I why

Thou treat it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your

Law. It did move him to passions, and it

For his passage it;

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here

Dum. A toy, my liege, a toy; your

Dum. A toy, my liege, a toy; your

Ah, you whoreson long-beard, [To

Dum. You were born to do me shame,

Guilty, lord, guilty; I confess, I confess,

Ah, you long-beard, [To

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me to make

He, be, and your, my liege, and I,

Any pick-purse in love, and we deserve to

Dum. He, and your, my liege,

To dismiss this audience, and I shall tell

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are few.

These tortures be your

Hence, sir; to

Cont. Walk aside the true folk, and let

of the traitor's stay. [Leaves Cost. and

Dum. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show

Young blood will not obey an old decrees;

We cannot cross the cause why we were in

Therefore, of all hands must we before

King, What, did these revolt lines show

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who

That like a rude and savage man of

At the first opening of the gorgeous

Bows not his vassal head; and, striketh in

Kissets the base ground with obedient but
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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What peremptory eagle-sighted eye,
Dar's look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty.

KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
Her, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

KING. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I thine;
O, but for my love, they twain would rise to night?

Of all complications the Sullen severity
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair check;
Where several worthies make one dignity.

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Land me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fye, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not;
To things of sale a selleur's praise belongs;
She praiseth praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A winter's hermit, five-score winters worn
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye;
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born.

KING. Are your eyes then no eyes, nor I thine?
Of the sun that maketh all things shine!

KING. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Thou hast been to make black fair.

KING. O, if her black my lady's leaves be deck'd,
If winter's coming, that painting, and unhearing hair.

KING. Shall ravish doters with a false aspect?

KING. Why is it, my queen, that you would come to

Her finest turn the fashion of the days?
For native blood is counted painting now;
All therefore red, that would avoid displeasure.
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

KING. Once look her like, her chimney-smoke sweeter black.

KING. And since her time are colliers counted glorious.

KING. And all their simples darer never come to rain.

KING. For their colliers' colours would be deck'd away.

KING. These are good; yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

KING. They were never face not wash'd to-day.

KING. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday.

KING. No devil will fright thee then so much as her.

KING. If I knew men hold fast their snuff-dower.

KING. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her

KING. O, if the streets were paved with thine

KING. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

KING. O, wading so bare; and thereby all the

KING. These have this chat; and, good Biron.

KING. Our winning lawful, and our fault not sworn.

KING. Alas, marry, there's some ill will for

KING. Long, it, some authority how to proceed;

KING. Give, some quietness, how to cheat the

KING. Some solace for perturbation.

KING. O, 'tis more than need! He at you then, affection's men at arms;
Consider what you first did swear unto;
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason against the kindly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abundance engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forced his book back;
Can you still dream, and pore, and therion look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academies.
From whence doth spring the roots from these first fire.

Why, universal piddling prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As suction, and long during action,
The sinewy vigour of the traveller,
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
Have you no love in that forsooth, my gentle?<
And study too, the cause of your vow,
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to oneself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
In tenderness contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes.
Of beauteous tutors have enticed you with;
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore fear your learning, if your love
Stops short of the mountains, and cannot
Above their functions and their offices.

KING. Makes a precious seeing joy.
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A jealous ear will hear a woman speak
When the suspicious head of theft is stop'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
That lover tender kiss of cocked nails;
Love's tongue provokes dainty Baccus gross in face.

For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?

KING. Or as a sphinx; as sweetly, O, as sweetly;
As bright Apollo's late, strong with his hair;

KING. Love, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with his favours.

KING. Never burst poet torch a pen to write;

KING. Until his joy were temper'd with his love's sight;

KING. Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

KING. For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the author of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to suit ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths;
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself faith o'er;
And who can sever love from charity.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

King. Saint Cupid, thou! and, soldiers, to the field! Bisou. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords; Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd, in conflict that you set, the end of them. Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glories by; Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France? King. And win them too: therefore let us devise Some entertainment for them in their trays. Bisou. First, from the park let us conduct them Then, homeward, every man attach the hand Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon We will with some strange pastime solace them, Such as the shortness of the time can shape; For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours, Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted, That will be time, and may by us be fitted. Bisou. O! what a price must one Cockled rep'st no corn; One must, in love, at all times be always whirled in equal measure; Light wenches may prove plagues to men for swarm; If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Some coffee and a good ale, Nashe. I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner be sharp and contentious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this Grothexan day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado. Hol. Not novitiate tangram to: his humour is bounty, his discourse perspicuity, his tonguc filed, his discourse ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and theatrical. He is too pick'd, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perrigrene, as I may call it. Nas. A most singular and choice epitaph. Hol. He draws out the thread of his verse better than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fantastical phantoms, such insoluble and point-desive companions: such rackers of orthography, as to speak doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; set, when he should pronounce, debt: d, b, t, d, o, t, e: he clepeth a calf, cast, half, hunt; neighbour, runner, nephew, neigh, abbreviated: ne: This is abominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insinuate; No insinuate, damn me to make frantic, lunatick.

Nath. Last day, bone ingestible.

Hol. Bone? Don't bone, for then: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Mote, and Costard.

Nath. Videsne quis enim? Hol. Vide, et pande. Arm. Chirra! Arm. That is not strizah! (To Mote.) Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd. Hol. Most military air, vanitatem. Mote. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

[To Costard aside. Cost. O, they have lived long in the ains-bas- bet of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as a span-dropper; then an easier swallowed than a span-dropper. Mote. Peace; the peal begins. Arm. Moussieur; [To Hol.], are you not better? Mote. Yes; yes; he teaches boys the hop-book. What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head? Hol. Be, pust, with a born added. Mote. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horned! You hear his learning. Hol. Quoniam, is not consonant! Mote. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the 80th, if I Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i, — Mote. The sheep: the other two consist: — it: u. Arm. New, by the salt wave of the Moderate stream, a sweet touch, a quick version of sup, sup, quick and home: it recloups aguil tellect: true wit. Mote. Offered to a child to an old man; which is wit-old. Hol. What is the figure? What is the figure? Mote. Horns. Hol. Those displate an infant: go wash thy gig. Mote. Lead me your horn to make one; I will whip about your infancy eminent gig of a cuckold's horn! Cat. An I had but one penny in the world, I should not have it to buy gingerbread; there is the very remembrance I had of the, the half-penny purve of wit, the pinch of egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were my pleasant, that thou wert my basilard! were my joyful father would I have made! I gave him at dianthi, at the fingers' ends, as they say. Hol. O, I small fake Latin: dianthi for me green. Arm. Arts-man, preemulata: we be skarg from the barbarous. Do you not educate your at the charge-house on the top of the mount? Hol. Or, much less, sir. Arm. At you pleasant, for the mountains. Hol. I do, sans question. Arm. Sir, if it be the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princes her pavilion, shall we not according to the rules multitude call, the afternoon. Hol. The posterity of the day, most great sir, is liable, concerning, and to all the morning: after the village is well call'd, close, and apt, I do not name you, sir. Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman in my familiar, I do assures you, very good faith! For what is inward between us, I do brace thee, remember thy country, beseech thee, apparel thy head; and with his royal figure, daily with my excrement, with my mustache, but sweet heart, let that pass. By the way, I recount no fable; some certain special hints, he pleaseth his greatness to impart to Arm. a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen world: but let that pass.—The very all all,—but sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, the king would have me present the first sweet clock, with some delightful sense of show, or seemant, or booklet, or few. Now, understanding that the curate and — sweet self, are good at such eruptions, arden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I acquainted you wished, to the end, to crav assistance. Hol. Sir, you shall present before the
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

- Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some
out of time, some show in the pos-
tive day, to be rendered by our assist-
king's command, and the most gai-
site, and learned gentleman.—before
or, I say, some so fit as to present the
play. 

how will you find men worthy enough
themselves? 

Now, yourself; myself, or this gallant
Juvis Macbeauthe; this scorn, be
a great limb or limb, shall pass Par-
net, the page, Hercules.

action, sir, error; he is not quantity
that worthy's thumb: he is not so
and of his ears.

all I have audience? He shall present
a minority: his ear and eye shall be
a snare; and I will have an apology
some of any devices!

I have the rest of the world's sight?
all play myself.

brave worthy gentleman! all I tell you a thing: 

attain?

I will have, if this judge: not an un-

you, follow.

goodman Dull! thou hast spoken
this while, or understood none other, sir,
our we will employ thee;

it make one in a dance, or so; or I

thee, and make thee a tale to the world's, and let me

stilt, honest Dull, to your sport, away.

{Exit.}

NE II. Another part of the same.

before the Prince's Pavilion.

Princiso, KATHRINIS, ROSALINE, and 

most hearts, we shall be rich ere we

then come plenteously in:

what I have from the loving king,

only nothing else along with

nothing but this! yes, as much love in

he cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

he made his godhead.

it been six thousand years a boy.

 şi, and a sherewy enephy gallowe too,

while they are catching.

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hushed,

and wait the season, and observe the times,

and all his predicators, in no beauteous season,

and shape his service wholly to my behooves;

and make him proud to me make proud that

So poetically would I over-surmount his

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go

O, that I knew he were but in the way!

how I would make him frown, and beg, and speak!

And he at his prodigies; in no beauteous season,

and shape his service wholly to my behooves;

and make him proud to me make proud that

So poetical would I over-surf his state,

That should be my fool, and I his fate.

The blood of youth burns not with such

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mrs. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As folly in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof doth apply.

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

{Exit Boyer.

Boyet. O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where's

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Boyet. O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where's
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Master your wits; stand in your own defence; Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prim. Saint Dennis to Saint Cepid! What are

That charge their breath against us! say, scouts, say,

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour: When perchance to intercept my purpose's rest, Toward that shade I might behold addrest The king and his companions: warily I stole a neighbour thicket by, And overheard what you shall overhear; The scene was simple, digni'd they will be here. Their herald is a pretty knavish page, That well by heart hath com'd his embassage: Acting his part, did they teach him there; Thus must they speak, and thus the body bear; And by their looks, or what they made a doubt, Presence majestical would put him out; For, quoth the king, an angel shall then be; Yea, and that jest was spoken audaciously. The boy reply'd: An angel is not evil; I should be to her, but I have been a devil. With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder.

Making the bold way by their praises bolder. One ruddb'd his elbow, thus; and feer'd, and drawnd the string.

A better speech was never spoke before: Another, with his finger and his thumb, Cry'd 'I am,' and we do'tt, come what will come: The third he caper'd, and cried, I'll goe well; 'Twas the fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell. With that they all did tumble on the ground, With such a solemn laughter, so profound, That in this spleen ridicules appears, To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prim. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do, and are apparel'd thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russian: as I guess, The stage is set, and preparation made, and dance; And every one his love's face will advance Upon his several mistress, which they'll know By favours severall, which they did bestow.

Prim. And will they so? the gallants shall be

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd; Another man of them shall have the grace, Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shall wear, And the rose that in this court thee for her sake, Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me them without.

So shall Birou take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too; so shall our loves Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kuck. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prim. The effect of my intent is, to cross their's: They do it but in mocking merriment; And mock for mock is only my intent. Their several counsels they unboonish shall To lovers mistook; and so be mock'd withal, Except at that great occasion that we meet, With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Rosaline, you dance, if they desire us't not? Prim. No; to the death, we will not move a foot: Nor to their pranks' speech render we no grace; But, whilst the dance, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speak;

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prim. Therefore I do it: and, I make no doubt, The rest will not come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'er;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:

so shall we stay,mocking lovers.

And they, will scath'd, depart;

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: masquers come.

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILV in Russian habits, and masked; I1 and Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest human

Boyet. Blondees no richer than

Moth. A holy parcel of the fudens

[The ladies turn their

That ever saw their—their—ladies—as an

Biron. Their eyes, visitors, their

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes on

Boyet. True; our, indeed.

Moth. Our, your favours, treason safe

Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold, with your a

Boyet. They shall not answer it.

You were best call it, daughter; for

Moth. They do not mark me, I am out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness rogue.

Ros. What would these strange minds, Boyet;

If they do speak our language, 't is

That some man in man recombined

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with ti

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gg

Ros. What would they, say the

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gg

Ros. Why, that they have; and gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, at once.

King. Say to her, we have measure

To treat a measure with her on

Boyet. They say that they have a

To treat a measure with you on

Ros. It is not so: ask them how

They have measures the measure then of one is real

Boyet. If, to come bitter you

And many smiles; the princess b

How many inches do fill up one

Biron. Tell her, we measure ti steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many

Of many weary miles you have to

Are numb'red in the travel of on

Biron. We number nothing the

You are so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without a

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine: That we, like savages, may war

Ros. My face is but a moon, an

King. Bright are clouds, to do to do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and then

Shine (Those clouds remove'd upon

Ros. O vain petition! I beg a

Then you request'at but manoeuvres

King. Then, in our measure you

change:

Thou blu'at me yet, this begging

Ros. Play, musick, then: says; soon.

Not yet—no dance—thus chan

moan.
not dance? How come you didn’t rise at the moon’s fall? but now she’s in the moon, and I the man, and we scarce some motion to it. Such a thing.

But your legs should do it, are strangers, and come here: take hands—we will not we hands then!

Only to part friends:—

and so the measure ends, pure one measure: be not old no more at such a price, yourselves: What boys your only can.

That can never be, I wish he brought; and so alien; not, and half once to you: ny to dance, let’s hold more then, I am best pleas’d with that.

[They converse apart, ded mistress, one sweet word milk, and sugar: there is two treys (an if you grow so stautness):—Well, one dice: n sweets.

She, sweet alien! I’ll play no more with you, in secret.

Let it not be sweet, y’at my gall.

Gall: bitter.

Therefore meet.

[They converse apart, onchase with me to change air lady.—

Say you so? Fair lord,—fair lady. Please it you, and I’ll bid adieu. [They converse apart, your voice made without a reason, lady, why you ask, reason, lady, sir: I long, a double tongue within your my speechless visor hair. [The Dutchman: Is not real lady? No, a fair lord call the word.

No, I’ll not be your hair; in, it may please you, you baft yourself in these t, lady, I do not so, call, before your horns do

In private with you, ere I then, the butcher hears you. [They converse apart, of mockings wenchess are a edge invisible, half than may be seen; of sense: so sensible

Sceneeth their conference; their concists have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure sore.

King. Farewell, my wenchers; you have simple wits. [Exeunt King, Lords, Morn, Musidore.

Prior. Twenty lads, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are they the breed of wits so wouldn’t at? Bours. Tapashtey are, with your sweet breasts pull’d out.

Ros. With long wigs they have: gross, gross; let, fat.

Prior. O, severity in wit, kingly poor fout! Will they not, think you, land themselves tonight?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces? This part Biron was out of comenence quite. Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases.

The king was weeping ripe for a good word.

Prior. Biron did swear himself out of all matt.

Mar. Domains was at my service, the swords:

No pangs, good Sir; my servant straight was made.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o’er his part.

And true you, what he call’d me?

Prior. Quaint, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prior. Go, sadness, as thou art! Ros. Well, better wills have worn plain statice.

But will you bear! the king is my love sworn, Prior. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Domain is mine, so sure as bark on tree.

Bours. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear: Immediately they will again be here attendants, in their own shapes; for it can never be, They will bear this hard indignity.

Prior. Will they return?

Bours. They will, they will, God knows; And leap for joy, though they are lone with blows; Therefore, change favour; and, when they return, Blow like sweet roses in the summer air.

Prior. How blow? how blow! speak to be understood.

Bours. Fair ladies, mask’d, are roses in their boud; Diamond’s, their damask sweet commixture shown.

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prior. Arvant, perplexity! What shall we do, If they return in their own shapes to woo? Ros. Good madam, if by me you’ll be advis’d Let’s mock them still, as well known, at disad’

Let us complain to them what fools were here, Blegnius’d like Muscovites, in shapeless gear; And wonder, what they were; and to what end Their shallows shaw, and prolonge, viciously pica’

And their rough carriage so ridiculous, Should be presented at our tent to us.

Bours. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prior. Whisp to our tents, before run over land, [Exeunt Princess, Ros. Kath, and Maril. Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and Domain, in their proper habils.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Bours. Gone to her tent! Please it your majesty, Command me any service to her thither?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Mard, &c. Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Page.

Prin. Was that the king, that squar'd so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not; but, I think, it was
Prin. Whether he was, he shou'dd've a

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dinner,
And therefore, my friend, where is the place
That we shall stand and play the music.
For, here by, upon the edge of yonder
A stand, where you may make the fairest feast.
I thank my beauty, I am fair.
And thereupon you shall speak the fairest
For. Pardon me, madam, for I mean
Prin. What, what! first praise me, a

O short Liv'd pride! Not fair! Slack &
For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint it,
Where fair is not, praise cannot tend it.
Here, good my glass, take this for tiller,
[Giving a
Fair payment for foul words is more fit For. Nothing but fair is that which you praise.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be

O heroy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though fowl, shall praise—

But come, the bow—Now mercy goes
And shooting well is then accosted
Then will I save my fire. Not wounding, pity would not let me:
Wounding, then it was to shew my might
That more-for praise, than purpose, mean
And, out of question, so it is sometimes
Glory grows guilty of detected crimes:
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an

We bend to that the working of the heart,
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The pours of armour, that my heart may
Boy. Do not curse wives hold that

Only for praise sake, when they strive
Lords o'er their lords!

Prin. Only forgive; and praise we as
To any lady that submits a lord.

Enter Costard.

Here comes a member of the commons
Costard, God dij-you-don all!—Pray you,
is the head lady?
Prin. They shall know her, fellow, by
that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender,
One of these maid's girdles for your waist
be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you the
thickest here.
Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your
Case, a letter from monsieur to

One lady Rosaline.

miske honour, is, rewarding my dependents.

Thou, follow. [Exit.

Thus doth the sequel, 1.—Sigismondo Costard,

Cost. What sweet ounce of man's flesh! my in.

cony Jew—[Exit Moritz.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera
0, that's the Latin word for three far
things; three farthings—remuneration.—What's
the price of a simile of a want?—No. I'll give you
a remuneration why, it carries it.—Remunera
why, it is a fairer name than French
I will never buy and sell out of this

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceed
ably well met.

Cost. 'Pray you, sir, how much carnation rib
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What's that a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow
morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark,
slave, it is but this—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou commend
This seal'd-appointment. There's thy pardon; go.

[Give him money.

Cost. Gaeron. O sweet gaeron! better than
remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most
sweet gaeron!—I will do it, sir, in print.

[Exit Costard.

Biron. O!—and, forsooth, in love! I, that
have been love's whip; a very bezale to a
horrible sigh; a critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A winking of eyes not over the boy,
Than whom more so magnified!
This wimpled, wailing, parodied, wayward
boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-chymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all lovers and malcontents,
Dread prince of pinkets, king of codpiece,
Solo imperator, and great general
Of trotting parrots.—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field;
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What! if I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being set up, it may still go right again;
Nay, to be surjur'd; which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanting with a witless brow,
With two pitch bails stuck in her face for eyes;

And, by heavens, one that will do the deed,
Those Argus were her earasm and her guard;
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
A prayer for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, a

Some men must love my lady, and so


LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

letter, thy letter; he's a good
baker.—Boyet, you can carve;
pon.

I am bound to serve.—

book, it importune none here;

ence.

We will Reid it, I swear:

of the wax, and every one give

By heaven, then that art fair, is

so, that thy art heaven's; trust

ly; More fairest thou fair, more

so; cause thou truth itself, have

stare King Cupid's set eyes upon

might righty say, vain, vain;
tumults to the vulgar, 'O how here

men; run, run, and, and, and

ise; see, see, overcome, three.

ly: Why did they come to sea;

ly: To whom came he? at

be, then, the hoggier; Whose-

the victory; the

s: the captive is enriched; On

it's; The castastrophe is a

's, and on both our

am, the king; for so stands the

be, for an unworthly

men or women of love! I long;

I could; shall I enter the love;

on exchange for caps; nobs.

thyself, mine. Then, expostu-

my lites on thy feet; my eyes on

on every page; the greatest

dom: Don Adriano de Armado

car the Neuman lion; now

lamb, that standest at his

it at primlyer feet before;

rage will incline to play;

your soul, what then art then

rapTURE for his doen.

me of otherbe, that incited

a weathercock: I did you ever

ach deceived, but I remember

memory is bad, going over it

made is a Shamard, that keeps

konarcho, and one that makes

his book-mates:

Then, fellow, a word: the

letter? I told you; my lord,

should then you be it?

From my lord to my lady, sir?

loved Biron, a good master of

see, that he call'd Rosaline,

mistakes his letter. Come, clear

this: 'twill be thine another

Exile Princess and Transe, the

the select? who is the select?

Shall I teach you to know? dis-

content of beauty.

Why, she that bears the bow.

goes to kill horses; but, if thou

seek, i' th' year that miscarry.

I am the shooer.

Boyet.

And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.

Firstly put on, indeed!—

Merc. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and

she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower; Have I hit

her nose?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,

that was a man when king Henry of France

was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old,

that was a woman when queen Guinevere of Bri-

tain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Then cannot we hit it, hit it at her, [Shouting,

Then cannot hit it, my good woman.

Boyet. Am I cannot, cannot, cannot.

Am I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt ROM and KATH.]

Curt. By my troth, most pleasant! how both

did it fit!—

Merc. A mark marvellous well shot; for they

both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A

mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick but, to name at it, if it

may be.

Merc. What is the hand's hand? libat your hand

is out.

Curt. Indeed, a't must shoot nearer, or he'll

not hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your

hand is in.

Curt. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving

the pin.

Merc. Come, come, you talk greatly, your lips

grow foul.

Curt. Sir, you had hard for you at pricks, sir; chal-

lenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my

good soul. [Exeunt ROM and MARC.

Curt. By my soul, a swain! a most simple

drunkard.

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him
down. O' my truth, most sweet jests! most incoy ven-
gar wit?

When it comes so smoothly off, so Obscurely as

it were, so fit.

Armado o the one side,—O, a modesty man?

To see him walk before a lady, and to hear her

fun! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly
'will aver!—

And his page o' the other side, that handful of wit

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nuf! Sula,

sula! [Shouting within. Exit COST, running.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done

in the manner of a good conscience.

Lord. The deer was, as you know, in anguish—

blood; ripe as a pomemewer, who now hangeth

like a jewell in the ear of cocke—the sky, the wea-

kin; the heavens; and anon falleth like a crab,

on the face of terra—the soil, the sad, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernus, the epithets

are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the feast;

Bot, sir, I assure ye, it was a back of the first

head.

Sir Nath. Holofernes, hand credo.

Dull. I was no hand credo, knew a pricker.

Lord. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind

of intimation, as it were, so on, in way of ex-

plication: facere, as it were, replication, or, ra-

ther, consideration, to show, as it were, his inclination—

after his addressed, unenlightened, uneducated, unpruned, mistrained, or rather untoucht, or

rather, confirmed fashion.—An instant again,

my hand credo for a deer.
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a hand o'er hand; a pair of swains.

Holo. Twice and simplicity, his enemy! — O thou monster, ignorance, how deformest thou these"?

Nath. Sir, he hath never said of the CX onselights that are bred in a book; he hath not set paper, as we say, in his beastly head; his beastly end is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the dunier parts; and such beastly parts are set afores that we should thankful be (Whiles we are worshipping and dicing for) for these parts that do fractly in as more than these. For as it will befoe become me to be vails, hardest.

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see in it one hand in hand.

But, some base, say I; being of an old father's mind.

Miss, what is the weather that does not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell me about a moon?

What was a month old at Cael's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet.

Eng. Ask the man Dull; Dictyna, good man Dull.

Dictyna. What, good man Dull?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Lena, to the moon.

Holo. The moon was a month old, when Adam gave birth to Eve.

And naught not five weeks, when he came to

Sycorax.

The utilization holds in the exchange.

Dull. His true indeed; the collision holds in the exchange.

Holo. God comfort th' capacity! I say, the utilization holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say hold, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Holo. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. Perse, good master Holdernose, perse; so shall you please you to abbreviate scrabbily.

Holo. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The prince and princess pierce'd and pricket a pretty pleasing pricket.

Some say, a sore; but not a sure, till nay made.

The dogs did pull; I'll sure to sure, then sure jumps.

Or prickets, sure, or else sure; the people fall a howling.

If sore be sure, then L to sure makes fifty sore; O sure L.

Of one A and a hundred marks, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claw him with a talent.

Holo. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extrangulated spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, aggrandisements, moments, in terrors; these are kept in the ventricles of memory, nascent in the womb of the master; and delivered upon the swallowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parliamour; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Holo. Where's if, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, sir, such as you perceive say no: a soul finenesse sublimes us.

Erne. Unnecessary and such.

Jaq. God give you good will for ever.

Holo. Master parson, good men should one be pleased, which in Cost. Mervill, master sedulously liked to a boughend.

Holo. Of placing a boughend or or cushion of fires; earth; first, pearl enough for a swamp; is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so: I will this letter; it was given me from Erne. Amourous, you read it.

Holo. Poetry, pray guide should end this.

Remiss, and so forth. Ah, good sir I may speak of thee as the Ancient:

Venet: Ponde, Ponde, 12 lines

Old Mistaken; old Mistaken: What ask these men, love them not, Cost. Underpunkt or, in the man or, rather, in Heaven says in the soul, we say.

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Holo. Let me have a staff, a spin Lena, damosel.

Nath. If love makes me fervently I swear to live.

Ah, never think could hold, life's vowed!

Though so myself forewarn, as to fail prove;

These thoughts to me were a like colors bowed.

Studied his bless leaves, and must suffer;

Where all those pleasures live and comprehended:

If knowledge be the mark, to lust suffice;

Well known is that tongue, of thee commended:

All ignorant that soul, that so I:

(Wich is to some praise, parts admire)

Thy eye Jove's lightning beam, a dreadful thunder.

Which, not to anger bent, is sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon wrong.

That sings heaven's praise we earthily tongue.

Holo. You find not the apostrophe mist the accent: let me supervise; you are here only numbers rated; elegance, facility, and golden casus carmen. Odious Naoe was the man indeed, Naoe; but for swelling a ridiculous fountain of fancy, the reader's patience is nothing: so doth the better, the age his keeper, the time rider. But, damocelis virgin, wait to you.

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Memnon of the strange queen's court.

Holo. I will overquare the sort the romanae bond of the moment banish law. I will look again on the full letter, for the nomination of the ye to the person written unto:

Your behalf in all dearst omphal; Sir Nathaniel, this Eiron is cost of with the king; and here he hath first to a sequent of the stranger quaffed clandestinely, or by the way of prose
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST. 145

Enter LONGVILIE, with a Paper.
What, Longville! and reading! listen, ear.
Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear?

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.
Biron. Why, he comes to make a perjured, wearing papers.

Long. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame.
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur’d so?
Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know.

Long. Thou mockst the triump’ry, the corner-cap of society.
The shape of love’s Tyburn that hangs up sim.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lives lack power to move;
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

Biron. [Aside.] 0, thy eyes are guards on wan’d Cupid’s bow.
Disfigure not his stop.

Long. This same shall go.—[To DJUKA.] I do invite you; you shall not say me, no; pance verbs, away; the grates are at their game, and we will our revels scatter.

Scene II. A farther part of the same.

Enter BIRON, with a Paper.
Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am warming myself; they have pitch’d a tent; I am sitting in a pitch; pitch that dazle; dazle that hot wood.

Biron. That makes me cold; sorrow for I mean my soul, and so say I, and I know not.

Biron. Well proved, sir; by the lord, this bear is as mad as a jay; it kills sheep; it kills men; I am well proved again on my side! I will not have; if I do hang me; Faith, I will not. 0, but her eye—by this light, but her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her sake yes; well, I do nothing in the world but for me in my throat. By heaven, I do; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to have a good rhyme and as much as my rhyme, than I may marvel. Well, she hath one or more secrets; the clown bore it, the clown, and the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweetest lady! By the world, I would take it, if the other three were; in such one with a paper; God give him past a gown! [Gives up a Tree.]

Biron. [Private to the King, with a paper.

Enter DENZIL, with a Paper.

Denzil. By whom shall I send this?—Company, say.
Biron. [Aside.] All bid, all bid, an old infant plays.

Denzil. Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sir; this last Thomy’ld him with thy hand under the left pap;—[Fits secrets.—

Biron. [Aside.] So sweet a bliss the golden sun

[Both morning drops upon the rose;
When, whilst these fresh vases have maz’d the dew, the rose in a down flame;
In the bow of the moon the half-as bright:
She in the bow, and in the rose, and in the bow of the sun;
The sun sets in every rose that I do see;
In every rose the sun smiles, and in every sun the rose of my soul;
There is no rose without the sun, no sun without the rose;
There is no rose without the sun, no sun without the rose.

[Aside.] And now, for thou dost not care;

[Aside.] He had not love in his mind.

[Aside.] She know my grief’s! I’ll drop the leash.

[Aside.] Mis’duly. Who is he comes.

[Aside.]

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[Aside.] He had not love in his mind.

[Aside.] She know my grief’s! I’ll drop the leash.

[Aside.] Mis’duly. Who is he comes.

[Aside.]
Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then inclination would let her out in success; sweet miscarriage!

[Aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary with

[Aside.]

Dum. On a day, (cack! cack the day!)

Love, whose mouth is ever Mary,

Sings a blooming, passing fair,

Playing in the Passion note.

Though the zelotes leaves the mind,

All the passions love to mind.

That the lovers, sick to death,

Wield themselves the heavier hearts.

Art, quoth he, the cheeks my blow;

Air, would I might triumphant be?

That black, my hand to waste;

Never to plung cleft from thy thorn:

Fem, match, for youth women.

Youth so apt to pluck a rose.

To me call it sin in me.

That is spoken for that;-

This for whom you would swear,

and as I know why;

And doom myself for joy;


turning mortal for the best.

This will I send: and something more in more plain
That shall express my true love's hastening pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill;
Would from my torchbrand with a pururer'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do elote.

Long. Demeath, advancing, thy love is far from charity:

That is love's grief desiring society;
You may look pale, but I should blash, I know,
To be overheard, and taken sipping so.

King. Come, sir, and, [advancing,] I am glad; as his your case is such;
You elate at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Marie; Longaville;
Did never seethe for her sake complete;
Nor never in love with arms armstwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bosh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both do blash.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fasts.

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion;
Ah me! this love is one of the worst cries
One, her hair was gold, crystal the other's eyes;
You would for paradise break faith and truth;

[To Biron]

And love, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To Dum.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear

Faith infringed, which such a deed swear'd?
How will he crouch? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

[To all.

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[To all.

Good heart, what grace hath thou, then to reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make me cocke; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll be no perch'd, 'tis a baseful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of someting.

[Aside.

But are you not ashamed? I am not, you all;

None of you, to be thus much o'erthrown;
You found his note; the king your mote did see:

But I a beam do float in each of three.

O, what a scene of folly I have seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teem!
O, what with strict annoyance I have sat;

[To a king transformed into a goat.

To see great Herencies whipping a pig,

And profound Solomon to turn a jug,

And Neater play at leap-frog with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys.

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumai

And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where thy grief's I all about the leash:

A candle, ho!

Dum. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thee to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you

I, that am honest: I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in;

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With mean-like men, of strange inconsistency.

When shall you see me write a thing in thy play?

Or group for Juan? or spend a minute's time

In romancing me? When shall you hear that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A guilt, a state, a bow, a branch, a waist,

A leg, a limb, a stem, a bone.


King.

Soft; Whither away so, a true man, or a thief, that galleys so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me;

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!

Cost. Certain some certain treason.

King. What makes treason him?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it may nothing write.

The treason; and you go in peace away to her.

Jae. I beseech your grace, let this letter read;

Our patrol misdoibs it: twice treason, here.

King. Biron, read it over.

[Giving him the letter.

Where hadst thou it?

Jae. Of Costard.

Cost. Of Dan Adramado, Dan Adramado.

King. How now? what is it you say do thou treason?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and the love, let me see, the treason.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is name.

[Reads the letter.

Biron. Ah, you whorenose longnosehead; if you were born to do me shame,

Gay, my lord, guilty, I confess, I confess.

Cost. What, Biron?

Biron. What you three fools lack'd me last did make up the mess:
He, he, and you, my liege, and I.

Are pick me in lie, and the wise will do me no harm.

Dum. It seems this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. The number is even.

Biron. True. true. we are fou.

[To all.

What will these trelles be done? Hence, hence, sir, away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let a few stayers stay.

[Exit Cost. and Biron.

Biron. Sweet lavies, sweet lovers, o let us embrace.

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven shows a face.

Young blood will not obey an old decrees.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born.

Therefore, of all hands must we be.

King. What, did these rash fines love of bions?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Why heaven's business.

That like a rude and savage man of

At the first opening of the gates

Bows not a pretty head; and, after,

Kisses the base ground with obiess.
LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

aptory eagle-sighted eye
ook upon the heaven of her brow,
shined by her majesty. Fear not, that, what they hath impel’d thee
or mistress, is a gracious moon;
attending star, scarce seen a light,
eye on them doth open, see I. Biron: may my love, day would turn to night?
likens the child’d sovereignty,
et; as at a tale, in her fair check;
real worthinesse make one dignitie;
nothing wanders; that want itself doth
as flourish of all gentle tongues—
united rhapsody. I, she needs it not; if safe a courtier’s praise belongeth;
true praise; than praise too short doth
bemiss, five-score winters worn
make off fifty, looking in her eye:
varnish age, as if new-born,
cratch the cradle’s infancy.
ust make all things shine!
heaven, the love is black as ebony, ebony like her. I wood divine:
of each wood were felicity.
O, I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
turn not of her eye to look:
air, that is full so black, so sable.
Black is the badge of hell, self-affronteous, and the scowl of night;
sorrows temp’r, resembling spirits to
ck: my lady’s brows arc deeply
his, that painting; and snarling hair,
vie with a false aspect.
love is he born to make black fair,
turn the fashion of the day;
ve blood is counted painting now;
red, that would avoid elrisonre, itself to black, to imitate her brow,
look like her, be chimney-sweeper’s
de since her time are cowlers counter
Ethiop of their sweet complexion
need no candles now, for dark et.
omistrates dare never come in
their counsels should be wash’d away,
new good, yours did; for, sir, to tell
never face not wash’d today.
prove her fair; or talk till doomsday.
devil will fright thee then so melch.
very man bold ells staff so dear,
, there’s thy love: my foot and her
Sheere. Sir, shee, if the streets were paved with thine
were much too dainty for each broider’d
then as she goes, what upward
ought she wear the walk’d over head;
what of this? Are we not all in love?
nothing so bare; and thereby all
so leave this chat; and, good Biron, as
learning lawfull, and our faith not torn,
arry, these; some gallipots, how to cheat the
Dun. Some salve for physic.
Biron. Do, ’tis more than need? Have at you then, affection’s men at arms;
Consider what you first did swear unto—
To that,—to study,—and to see no woman
Flat treason ’gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
and whence doth spring the true Pyrrhusian
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study’s excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman’s face?
From woman’s eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Pyrrhusian
Why universal plodding princes up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long doing action, tinct
The sincere, vigour of the traveller.
New, for not looking on a woman’s face,
You have in that foresaw the time to know;
And study too, the cause of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman’s eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to himself,
And in that we are, our learning likewise.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies’ eye,
Do we not likewise see our learning there? O, we have made a vow to study, food,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
In lesser contemplation, have found
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous Indies love so half with you? Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practices,
Scarce show a harvest of their toil and toil:
But love, first learnt in a lady’s eye,
Lives not alone immersed in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Compass as well as thought in every power.
And gives to every power a double power.
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eyes,
A lover’s eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A love-sick ear will hear the speckled bird.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp’d;
Love’s seeing is more soft, and sensible,
Than the tender horns of cocked stall;
Love’s tongue proceeds dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
As swift as Apollo’s hare, or as swift as
As bright Apollo’s hare, strong with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven dreeve with甜蜜.
Never dare poet touch a pen to write.
Until his ink were tep’d with love’s sighs;
Or, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From woman’s eyes this doctrine I derive:
That sparkle still the right Pyrrhusian fire.
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in argu proves excellent.
Then feed ye were these women to forever;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove good.
For wisdom’s sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love’s sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for woman’s sake, the eloquence of wise women;
Or woman’s sake, by whom we men are men.
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn.
For charity itselfth the faiths
And who can never love from charity?
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

King, Saint Culpin, thou! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords; Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd, in conflict that you be the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; say these gloses by:

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress; in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours.
For ever a fair Love, stirring her way with

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be fine, and may be us befit.
Biron. Hic jacet Alcina!—Some would cockle resp't
No corn;

An' always whirls in equal measure:

Light wenches may prove plagues to men for

swoon;

If so, our copper boys no better treasure.

_SCENE I._ Another part of the same.

Enter HOLophernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Biron.

Bion. Set down the sport.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been sharp and penetrant; pleasant without severity, witty without affectation, ambitious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without levity. I did converse this quartain day with a companion of the king's, who is instituted, nominated, or called, Don Aditiano de Armado.

Hol. Not hominum tempore teneo: His humour is lofty, his discourse perspicuous, his tongue fleet, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thra-so- nical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd; as it were, too perrigeanse, as I may call it.

Biron. A most singular and choice epithet.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fantastical phantoms, such insensible and pointless companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; fine, when he should pronounce, debit: d, b, t, d; not d, s, t: he clappeth a calf, calf; half, half: neighbour, navier, ne- bous, neigh, abbreviatus, ne: This is abominable (which he would call abominable), it in- sinueth me of insinuate: In digniti, dominus: to make frantic, lunatick.

Nath. Last Do's, none intelligible.

Hol. None intelligible, none: Prioriam a little scratched'd; 'twill serve.

Exit ARMADO, MOFF, and COTTARD.

Nath. Wisdom, qui restat!

Hol. Video, et ruo.

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. Biron, Chirra, not strirr'd! [To MOFF.

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.'

Hol. And last military: sir, subscription.

Arm. They have been at a great feast of lan- guages, and stolen the scraps.

To COTTARD aside. Cont. O, they have lived long in the arms-bas-

net of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as a grasshopper: thou art easier swallowed then a fly-dragon.

Arm. Peace; the real begins.

Arm. Monstreuse, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Hol. Yes, yes; he teaches you the bas-

What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on

his head?

Hol. Ba, bones, with a horn added.

Arm. Ba, most silly sleep, with a horn-

You bear his learning.

Hol. Or, more, the consonant!

Arm. The third of the five vowels, if you re-

petition them; or the fifth, if L.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, l—

Arm. The sleep: the other two conclude:

I, u, o.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Medi-

terranean, a sweet touch, a quick vemor of the

snip, snap, quick and home; it revolvesth my

touch; two, three.

Arm. Offered by a child to an old man; which

is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Arm. Horns.

Hol. Thus dispiuate like an infant; go whip

thy giff.

Arm. Lend me your horn to make one, but

I will whip about your infamy circae cone; gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cont. An I had but one penay in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: and there is the very recreation I had of thy penay, thou half-a-penny purs of wit, thou egg of discretion. O, an heaveous was a pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! where as thy joyful father wouldst thou make me I gaze; he hasted it at dandhill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. 0, I cannot false Latin; dandhill for sa-

nemus.

Arm. Arts-man, praeambola; we shall be singled

from the barbarous. Do you not educate your- self at the charge-hour on the top of the mountain.

Hol. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountains

Hol. Do so, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure

and affection, to congratule the princes her pavillion in their glories of this day; with in the multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most proper

sir, is liable, contrary to the first; for afternoo.; the word is well cul'd, choice; and apt, I do suppose it to be the word of the day.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, in

my familiar, I do assure you, very good and

—For what is inward between us let it be

—For I have no place, some certain special has

in placeth his greatness to impart to a

soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the

world; but that pass.—The very all

—is, but sweet heart, I do implore severely,
the king would have me present the prince, the

sweet cheek, with some delightful exto- show or show, or nayent, or anick, or a

Now, understanding that the curst and a

sweet self, are good at such erupions, and
den breaking out of mirth, as it were, it

acquainted you withal, to the end to craven

Assurance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before them
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

Nathaniel, as concerning some of time, some show in the person, to be rendered by our assist- e's commend, and such must gal- l, and learned gentleman, before I say, none so fit as to present the will you find men worthy enough if!
yourself; myself, or this gallant plan Macbean: thisawan, be- cant limb or joint, shall pass Prou- the page, Herenick.

m, sir, eren: he is not quantity at worthy's thumb: he is not so of his chief, have audience? He shall present decorum: his ease and ease shall be make: and I will have an apology so:

excellent device so, if any of the you may cry: well done, Herenick! or the make? is that the way to see gracious, though few have had the rest of the worthies—

play thee myself.

A worthy gentleman?

I tell you a thing?

true.

But I have, if this judged not, an ac- ch you, follow.

goodman Dull! thou hast spoken this while, understood none neither, sir. I do not imply thou, take one in a dance, or so: or I the labor to the worthies, and let to lay,

all, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[Exeunt.

II. Another part of the scene.

In the Prince's Pavilion.

Lords, Katherine, Rosaline, and Mard.

A broken, we shall be rich ere we

be come plentifully in:

theant with diamonds—

I am; from the loving king,

in, came nothing else along with

but this; yes, as much love in

rained'd up in a sheet of paper,

ride, the lead, margnet and all; him to seat on Cupid's name, was the way to make his godhead

seen five thousand years a boy;

a shrewd unhappy fellow: we're be tir'd with him: he'll die't of

and his melancholy, sad, and:

and she been light, like you, cry, nimble, singing spirit,

or been a grandam ere she-died; you, in a light heaven: I never

your dark meaning, mouse, of this or?

in condition in a beauty dark,

of more light to find your meaning,

in the night, by taking it in

it clearly end the argument.

what you do, you do it for the

fear you are a light wench.

Rose. Indeed, I weigh not you: and therefore

light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care

for me.

Rose. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past cure.

Prie. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play.

But Rosalynde; you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rose. I would, you knew; and if my face were but as fair as yours, my favour were as great: he witnesseth this.

Now, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true: and, were the manner too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compared to twenty thousand fairys,

he hath drawn my picture in his letter

Prie. Anything like this?

Rose. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prie. Beauscover at his; a good conclusion.

Rose. Fart as a tenpenny in a copy-book,

Rose. Have purits! How! let me not die your

debtor,

my red dominical, my golden letter,

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pock of that jest! and henceforth all

swaps?

Prie. But what was sent to you from fair Du-

main?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prie. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover.

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover

A longation of hypocrisy,

Vithly compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longe-

ville.

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prie. I think no less: Dust thou not in my

heart.

The chains were longer, and the letter short!

Mar. Ay; or I would these hands might never part.

Prie. We are wise girls, to mock our loves so.

Rose. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go;

O, that I knew he were but in the week! How could he make him play, and beg, and seek.

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his profligate win in lustless rhyming:

And shape his service wholly to my hebetes;

And make him proud to make me proud that Rest.

So potent-lik would I overwaw his state,

That he should be my foe, and I his fate.

Prie. None are so surely caught, when they are

catch'd.

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And witt's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such

excess,

As prudery revolt to vanities.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As folly in the wise, when wit doth dote:

Since all the power thereof doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prie. Here comes Boyet; and mirth is in his

face.

Boyet. O, I am bold'ly with laughter! Where's

thy grace?

Prie. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—Arm, wenchers, arm! I encounter mounted are

Against your peace! Love doth approach dis-}

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd!

\[02\]
LOVE'S LABOURS LOST

ACT V.

Master your wits: stand in your own defence; Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence. 

Pres. Saint Dennis to Saint Cadoc! What are
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a syeamore,
The thought to mine eyes some half an hour: 
And ever heard what you shall overhear; 
Their herald is a pretty knavish page, 
That well by heart hath copyt his epigramme: 
And, at least, did they teach them there; 
If I may call a man so, whose name is not to be found.
The day that you did me the grace of your favours, heavenly spirits, sullen safe.

Not to behold.

Boyet. Once to behold, rogue.

Boyet. They will not answer to that event; You were best call it, daughter-beautiful. 

Mark. They do not mark me, and that brings me out. 

Boyet. In this your perfect case, I beg you, rogue.

Ras. What would these strangevmen know their minds, Boyet? If they do speak our language, 'tis our will That some plain man recount your purpose: Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the prince? 

Mark. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation. 

Ras. What would they, say they? 

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ras. Why, that they have; and bid them safe gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say ho, her, we have measured many miles.

To a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measured many miles.

To a measure with you on this grass. 

Ras. It is not so: ask them how many miles.

Is in one mile: if they have measured many, 

The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. To come hither you have measured miles, 

And many miles; the princess bids you tell, 

How many inches do fill up one mile. 

Boyet. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

How many weary steps.

Of many weary miles you have o'reseas, 

Are numbered in the travel of one mile.

Boyet. We number nothing that we spend for you: 

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without recompense.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face; That we, like savages, may worship it. 

Ras. My face is but a moon, and cloisened. 

Boyet. Breezes are clouds, to do as such things do! 

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stony slie. 

(Those clouds remou'd upon our weathy chieft.) 

Ras. O vain petitioner! beg a greater man. 

Then now request'st thou moonshine in the w 

King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe we change: 

Thou bidst me beg; this begging is not fair. 

Ras. Play, music, then, say: you must soon. 

[Minstrel] 

Not yet; no dance—thus change I moon.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Till you not dance? How come you extrgrund'd?

I took the moon at full; but now she's e'd.

It still she is the moon, and if the man

It plays; vouche some motion, till

Your legs should do it, so you are strangers, and come here dance,

Be nice: take hands—we will not e'

By take we hands then?

Only to part friends—sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

We metre; of this measure: be not
can afford no more at such a price, are you yourselves; What buys your song?

That can never be,

Can we be bought; and so adieu; our viour, and half once to you!

You deny to dance, let's hold more private then.

I am best pleas'd with that.

They converse apart, site-handed mistress, one sweet word then,

Mey, and milk, and sugar; is there
you then, two ways (as if you grow so must, and malseye—Well run, Alice!

A dozen sweet, yeat sweet, smile at me, I will play no more with you,

No sweet, you give'd me my call.

Gall it bitter.

Therefore meet,

They converse apart. If you would have me to change me it.

Fair lady,

Say you so! Fair lord, or your fair lady.

Please it you,

For, private, and I'll bid adieu.

They converse apart. It was your visor made without a wot.

Once more the reason, lady, why you ask, for your reason, quickly sir; Long, and a double tongue within your

I speak a speechless visor half, at quoth the Dutchman; Is not vein!

call, fair lady.

No, a fair lord call, the part the word.

No, I'll not be your half; do was it, it may prove an ex.

ok, here you butt yourself in these sarces!

In horns, dearest lady I do not so;

 denomination and your visor do or widow in private with you, are I

at once tell, the butler bears you

They converse apart. A tongue's of mocking wenches treats a

Your edge invisible, rather hair then may be seen; in some sense: in sensible

Scemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure words.

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Enter. King, Lords, Morin, M. de Taper. They are, with your sweet breaths pull'd out.

Ros. O, willing wits they have; gross, gross, fat, fat.

Ros. O poverty in wit, kingly, poor soul! Will they not, think you, hang themselves to night?

Or, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert: Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-sip for a good word.

Ros. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Ros. O, madam was at my service, and his sword.

No sword there! my servant straight was mine.

Kate. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart:

And now you, what he call'd me?

Ros. Quain, perhaps.

Ros. Your, in good faith.

Ros. Go, sickness, as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wilt have worn plain statutes.

But will you have! the king is my love sworn.

Ros. And quick: Biron hath pleading faith to you.

Kate. And Longaville was formy serving born.

Marc. T-shirt is mine, as sure as back on tree.

BIRON. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be beretonts.

In their own shape; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Ros. Will they return?

Ros. They will, they will, God knows;

And long for joy, though they are lame with blows!

Therefore, change favours; and, when they return,

Blow like sweet roses in the summer air.


Ros. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their best.

Damsk'd, their damask sweet comhixture

Are angels vailing clouds, or rose blown.

Ros. Amavnt, perplexity! What shall we do,

If they return in their own shape to woo me?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,

Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguise;

Let us complain to them what fairest sorts were,

Din'd like Muscovites, in shapeless pear;

And wonder, what they were? and to what end

Their minstrel shows, and prolong the vileny's pain'd,

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

Should be presented at one foot to me.

Ros. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand,

Ros. Peace to our treaty, as far as over land.

Enter. Prince, Ros. Kate. and Maria.

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and MARC, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Ros. Gone to her trust! Please it your majesty,

Command me any service to her further?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

118. 

This fellow packs up wit, as pigeons pack
And stuffs it again as love doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retains his wares.
At what he sells, you may have thoughts, mark well:
And what he sell by grace, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This package is the weakest of his style:
Had he been Adam, he had composed five;
He could not buy, and I say, Why, this is he,
That kis'd away his hand in courtesy,
This is the apex of form, necessar the size,
That lord, he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: say, he can sing
In company, gives unsparing praise,
Mends him who ca'n: the ladies call him, sweet
For his true poets, his true bidder is he,
This is the flower that raises on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whites bones:
And I say, why he should sit in a seat
Pay him the due of honey-teazed Royet.
A bitter on his sweet tongue with my suit,
That puts Arsamdo's page out of his part!
Ever the Princess, ailed by Boyet;
Balsam, Edward, and the rest.
Beso. See where it comes! - Behaviour, what
And when? 1
Till the man shows't thee? and what art thou now?
I'm all ball, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Pins. Fair, in all hall, is feel, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Pins. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lend you to our court; vouchsafe it them.
Pins. This field shall hold me; and so hold
Your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perplex'd men.
King. Rebuff me not for that which you provoke;
The view of your eye must break my oath.
Pins. You sick-name virtue: vice you should have:
For virtue's office never breaks men's truth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unspotted lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I will not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking-case to be
Of heavenly oaths, 'twas with integrity.
King. O, have you liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unsav'd, much to our shame.
Pins. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had partisans here, and pleasant
scenes;
A meeting of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Russians?
Pins. Yes.
King. I must not, my lord: your
Trimm gallants, full of courtesie, and of state.
Rus. Madam, speak true: it is not so, my lady.
My lady (to the manner of the days),
In Russian habit: here she may'st do well:
And talk'st the palace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools will hear wine
Beso. This jest is dry to me. - Fair, gentle
sweet,
Your will makes wise things foolish; when we:

With open heart beholding honesty thus described,
By light we see light: Their countenances
is of that nature, that to speak for them shall not
What things seem foolish, and shall be
Rus. This proves you who must sing in
My country's praise?
Beso. I am a soul, and full of reverence.
Rus. But were you not, like a blind Harper?
It were a fault to match words from beyond.
Beso. O, I saw yous, and all that here.
Rus. All the soul science?
Beso. I cannot give you laws.
Rus. What science is, you have taught me.
Beso. Wherefore when I what science
You mean you thee?
Rus. There, then, that visor; that may,
That hides the worse, and shows't the better.
King. We are describ'd: they'll match us downwright.
Dum. Let us conclude, and turn it to the
Pins. Amarond, my lord! Why
Rus. Help, help, his lords and barons
Sea-lick, I think, coming from Besos.
Beso. Thus pour the stars down upon us'perjury.
Can any face of base hold themselves
Here stand, i' leaky, but they may help me
Beso. I can give you names, confound this face;
That thy sharp wit quite, through may
Court. 
Cut me to pieces with thy keen glance.
And never more in Russian habit will
O never will I trust to speeches悖
Nor to the motion of a breathing, nor
Even come in visor to my friends -
Taffata phrases, silliken terms prætend;
Three pilis hyperbolicus, spurs affright,
Papills of so many, these summer-dales
Have blown me full of maggots common
I do wear them, and I hope present;
By this white glove, (how white the
God knows)
Henceforth my woeing mind shall be
In want, yet, and honest hereby way.
And, to begin, we'll make God be my
My love to thee is sound, sans craze or
Rus. Some sans, I pray you.
Beso. Yet I have a
Of the old rage: -bear with me, I am not
I'll leave it in by degrees. Soft, let me
Write, Lord have mercy on us, on those they
They have infected, in their heart is this,
Their strong and cruel, and of their
These lords are visited: you are not dead.
For the Lord's heart on you so I can
Pins. No, they are free, that gave these name to us.
Beso. Ours are forsworn, seek not us
Rus. It is not so:
That you stand forsworn, being those that are
Beso. Penance; for I will not have to
dus.
Rus. Nor shall not, if I do as I know.
Beso. Speak for yourselves, my word is
end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for own

Some fair excuse.

The furint in condite
Were you not here, but even now, dear
King. Madam, I was.
Rus. And were you well?
King. I was, fair madam.
Rus. When you then was
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
LOVES LABOUR'S LOST.

it more than all the world I did re-

ognize you, when I break this oath of

peace, peace, forbear; see, brake, you force not to forswear.

you honest, my lord, as I do your lord

hearken to me, I hold him dear:

adding thereto, moreover, old wed me, or else die my lover.

he give thee joy of him? the noble lord

not mean you, maiden? by my life, by

re this lady such an oath.

even, you did, and to confirm it

e this: but take it, sir, again, faith, and this, the princess did give; by this jewel on her sleeve.

do me, sir, this jewel did she wear; even, I thank him, is my dear: you have me, or your pearl again; either or both. 

come? — Here was a consent, frozen of our invention, like a Christmas comedy: take, some please-un, some slight

sob-Leads, some trencher-knight, flick.

he check in jesses; and knows the

lady laugh, when she's disposed,

tect before: which once disclosed, let change favours; and then we, in gown, words but the sign of she: 

guardry to add more tyrann, in worsome; in will and error, this it is: and might not you?

ay, to make us thin intrust: knowing poor gentle expensive to lose: quench the apple of her eye?

between her back, sir, and the fire; there, toasting more warmly;

page out: you are allowed: you shall, a smack shall be your deal.

no, do you! there's an eye, a

a beak, a sword.

full merry love manage, this her, been ran, he is tilting straight! peace: I know.

Eager Cystard.

you part in a fair fray; 

cold, sir, they would know;

three worthies shall come in or no.

No, sir; but it is vast fine, in particular, with.

And three times three is nine.

so, sir, under correction, sir; it is not so: 

be your, sir, I can assure you; sir; no.

three times three, sir,—

is not nine.

her correction, sir, we know where.

an amount.

If I were, I always took three times

lord, sir, it were pity you should get byreckling, sir.

so much is it.

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the

actors, sir, will show whereunto it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to par-

fect one man.—25 Am one poor man: Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies? 

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of

Pompion the great; for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worth; but I am to stand for

him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finedly off; sir: we will take some care.

[Exit Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis

some policy. To have one company worse than the king's and his

King. I say, they shall not come.

Pompion. Nay, my good lord, let me o'ermole you now: 

That sport best pleases, that doth best know how.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents 

Dye in the zeal of them which it presents. 

Their form conformed makes most form in

When great things labouring perish in the birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

[Enter Arnado.

Arnado. A mounted! I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will att a brace

[Arnado converses with the King, and delivery

Pros. Bring this man hence God! 

Biron. Why ask you? 

Pros. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arnado. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monachic: for, I protest, the scholar is

exceedingly fantastic; too vain; too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to formis

suis. I wish you the peace of that, most royal complement.

[Exit Arnado.

King. Now the is like to be a good revenue of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the

swain, Pompey the great; the parlour countess, 

Alexander; Amazan's page, Hercules; the pe-

dant, Judas Machabees. 

And if these four worthies in their first show

These four will change habits, and present the

other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. Am I are deceit? 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-

priest, the fool, and the boy.

A bare throw at novan; and the whole world

again.

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his

vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she

comes smooth.

[Scene brought for the King, Princess, & c.

Porte. Heave rope, heave rope, heave rope.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Biron. You lie, you are not lie.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Biron. With thimble's head on knee.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Biron. Well said, old mock; I must needs be friends with thee.

Porte. With Pompey turn'd the big— 

Duck the great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompion carryes the great.

That sky in field, with lady and shield, did make my

foot to sweat;
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

And trembling along this coast, I here am even by chance;
And on my arms before this legs of this sweet least of kinds.
If thy leadership would say, Thanks, Pompey, I

Proc. Great thanks, great Pompey. Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfected: I made a little bank in great. Birm. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter MATTFAN, arm'd, for Alexander. Matt. Where is the world I bid, I was the world's commander.

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my comparing weights:

My men declare I am Alexander. Bapst. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it is Lewis. Birm. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight. Proc. The thing is in dismay'd, proceed, good Alexander.

Matt. What is the world I bid, I was the world's commander—

Bapst. Most true, 'tis right; you were, so.

Birm. Pompey the great—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard. Birm. Take away the conqueror, take away Alexander.

Cost. O, sir, [To Nath.] you have overthrown Alexander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your fist, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajack; he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak: run away for shame, Alexander. [Nath. reverts. There, shall I please you? a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon shall I! He is a marvelous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowyer; but, for Alexander, alas, you see how 'tis; a little o'er-acted; but there are worthies a coming and will speak their mind in some other sort.

Proc. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLVIDAN arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH with an arm. Hol. Great Herow has been presented by this vapp, whose chief of all, Cithernus, that three-headed can, and, when he was a bole, a child, a chaffing, old man appears in his hands: Quoniam, he saith in minority: Ergo, in gait with this episcopy.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

[Exit MOTH.]

Hol. Judas I am—

Dum. A Judas!—

Judas. O, heart! o, heart!—


Hol. Judas I am—


Hol. I will not be put out of countenance. Birm. He must take that to face.


Dum. The pommelet of Caesar's faction. Dum. The carv'd bone face on a flax.

And now, forward; for we have put fire in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance. Bapst. False: we have given thee face. Hol. But you have outsold them all. Birm. An thou wilt a lion, we will do so. Bapst. Therefore, as he is, an ass, he kings.

And so often, sweet Judas! say: who dost thou stay.

For the latter end of his name.

Birm. For the ass to the Jude; give him his Judas, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. Bapst. A light for moments Jude: it goes dark, he may stumble.

Proc. Ailes, poor Macheabeus, how hath he been bailed?

Enter ARMS arm'd, for Hector. Birm. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms. Dum. Though my mocc's come home by me, I will now be merry. Kenge. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this. Bapst. But is this Hector? Dum. I think, Hector was not so enowther.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector. Dum. More calf, certain. Bapst. No; he is bestlod in the small. Birm. This cannot be Hector. Dum. He's a god or a painter; for his feet are

Arm. The armament Mars, of lance and staff, mighty.

Olue. Hector a gift—


Gra. Hector, Hector, Hector, Hector, Hector, Hector.

Arm. A man so hallowed, that certainly he lived, hot From warm nights; out of his position, I am that flower—

[Exit Arm.]

Long. That clymbe.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, relish thy slice. Long. I cannot: I must give it the sure; for he runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Long. The sweet was-man is dead and eaten; sweet checks, best not the bones of the horse: when he behead'd, he was a man—but I will forward with my device: Sweet Royalty, it is the Princess, bear on me the sense of being I [Hector whispers Cortes. Proc. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper. Bapst. Loves her by the foot. Dum. He may not by the yard. Arm. This Hector for unwarranted Handclasp—

Gra. The party is gone, follow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Long. Faith, unless you play the banJan, the poor wench is cast away; she's the child brings in her belly already; he

Arm. Dost thou inhumanise me senseless taste? thou shalt die.

Cort. Then shall Hector be whisper'd, quenetta that is quick by him; and has Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Renowned Pompeii!
Greater then great, great, great, great,
Pompeii the bright,
Hector trembles.

Pompeii is moved— More Ache, more in them on! stir them on!
Hector will challenge him.
Aff, if he have not man's blood, than will my a love,
By the north pole, I challenge thee, will not light with a pole, like a north—
I'll slay, I'll do it by the sword—

Room for the incensed worthy.
It do it in my shirt.
Next noblest Pompeii!
Master, let me take you a buttonhole
not very, Pompeii is unacessing for the mind.
so you will lose your reputation, gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; and
I therefore beseech you.
You may not deny it; Pompeii hath
challenge, sweet bloods, I both may and will, what reason have you for it?
The moral truth is, it is have no or Woodward for practice.
True, and it was weepingly, in Rome of ladies; since when, I'll be sworn, none, but a dish of Jovencetta's;
I wear next his heart for a favour.
Emilia Mercia.

Erin save you, madam.
Welcome, Mercia; shall interrupt our merriment.
I am sorry, madam; for the news I

In my tongue. The king your father—
Drink for my life.

With, such a sea begins to
For mine own part, I breathe free
the day of wrong through
hole of discretion, and I will rise
be a soldier.

Ereast Wuthers. One must, prepare? I will away to night.
No, no, no, do not stay, you will, stay.
Pardons, I say—I thank you, gracious

Your fair endeavours; and extract,
new and real, that you vomische
upon the air, to emerge, or hide, all opposition of our spirits;
while we have borne ourselves
breath, your gentleness
by us. Farewell, worthy lord! I
heart beats not as humble tongues:
we say, coming so short of thanks,
great and so easily obtained.

The excess of a time extremely
the purpose of his speed;
so, at his very close, decides
long process could not arbitrate:
the morning brow of propygy
smiling courtesy of love,
most which faith it would convince;
a love's argument was first on fire,
the end of sorrow justly
it is in my earth; since, to wall friends;
I much so wiselome, profitable,
found at friends but newly found.
I understand you not; my gries are
Honest plain words best pierce the

And by these budge understand the king,
For your fair makes have we neglected time,
Play'd fast play with your outlet; your beauty,

Hasten much deform'd us, expanding our insoucian
even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath so wicked ridiculous—
As love is full of unsettling strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vats;
Fond'ed by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
You very vary'd, and in his eye doth roll.
Which party-coloured presence of loose love
Put by the ear, if, in the ear, and cast among,
Have misconception's out duties and gravities,
Those beauteous eyes, that look into these faults,
suggested we to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours; we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true,
To those that make us both;—fair ladies, you;
And Even that falsehood we shall be true,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Your favours, the embassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them.
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
At courtship, and as faring to the time;
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we been not, and therefore met your love,
In their own fashion, like a mercer.

Dyne. Our letters, madam, should much more jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Dyne. We did not quote them so.

Long. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant it in your love.

Put. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your grace is prejudiced much,
Full of high gallantry; and, therefore this—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You shall sigh, the death of me?
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed;
To some distant and cool breezy bower.
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have thought about their annual reckoning,
If this asunder inseparable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and farts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gentle blossoms of your love,
But bear it this trial, in which we never trust
Them, at the expiration of the year;
Come, change, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now knowing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My watch self up in a mourning house;—
Raising the tears of lamentation,
For the inclement of my father's death.
If this do thy death, let my hands part.
Neither entitled to the other's heart.
Kneel, this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The end of all a kind of death close up mine eyes!
Hence ever then my heart is thy breast.
Bless. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Dyne. You must be purged too, your sins are

Put. You are attaint with faults and peccary;
Therefore, if you your favours mean to get,
Two months shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.
Dyne. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kneel. A wife!—A board, fair health, and hoile
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dyne. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife!
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Kost. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth the world over;
Come where the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dona. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till
Kost. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn.

Long. What says Maria?

Long. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Maria. The licker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Staidness my lady! master, look on me;
Behold that window of mine heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there?
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Long. I oft have heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Promises you for a man repulse with woe;
Full of comparisons and wounding defects;
Which you on all estates will examine,
That lie within the mercy of your wilt:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful boughs;
And, therefore, to win me, if you please
(Without the which, I am not to be won),
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless seat, and still converse
With grieving wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavor of your wilt,
To enforce the palace impatient to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of time
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Long. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shall at length hearing givers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of them that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears,
Deaf to the clamours of their own dear sense,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will find you empty of that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
As I will find you full of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth well, what fault will be well?
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Feste. Is, sweet my lord; and so take my leave.

Kost. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play:
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
Long. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And that will end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.

SONG.

I.

Spring.

When snowdrops play on every snow,
And merry balm is plant in flower;
And wistful birds their songs out show,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Cuckoo; cuckoo—O word of fear;
Uneasiness in a married ear!

II.

When shepherd's pipe on eaten mast,
And merry balm is plant in flower;
And wistful birds their songs out show,
The cuckoo, balm, on every tree,
Cuckoo; cuckoo—O word of fear;
Uneasiness in a married ear!

III.

Winter.

When iceicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the sheep-walk, bleat to All,
And Tont bears legs into the hall,
And milk comes before bosome,
When blood is spilt, and speech in
Then nightly sings the starting and
To-wake, to-wake, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth head the y

IV.

When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson,
And birds sit braiding in the snow,
And Martin's nose smokes red so,
When roasting cake lies in the tree,
Then nightly sings the starting and
To-wake, to-wake, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth head the y
MERCHANT OF VENICE

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Table: Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.
Table: Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.
Table: Lorenzo, a Servant to Bassanio.
Table: Balthasar, 1 Servant to Portia.
Table: Stephano, 5
Table: Portia, a rich Heiress.
Table: Nerissa, for Writing, Maid.
Table: Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.

Scene—partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the State of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

Table: Scene 1. Venice. A Street.
Table: Antonio, Salerio, and Salerio.

Table: In sooth, I know not why I am so sad; into me, you say, it wears me; why, I caught it, found it, or came by it, staff'd as I made of, west it is born, or least.

Table: With a wanton sadness, make of me, I have much ado to know myself; no. Your mind is tossed on the sea.

Table: Where your arguments with portly sail—gales and rich burghers on the wind, in weare, the pagant of the sea,—capture the petty traffickers, cast by them, for them reverence, fly by them with their woven wings.

Table: Believe me, sir, had I such venture to take, the better part of my affections would, with my hopes afraid. I should be still flying the grass, to know where all the wind; dig in meag, for parts, and piers, and roads; every object, that might make me fear some to my ventures, out of doubt, it make me sad.

Table: My wind, cooling my breath, if blow me to an ague, when I thought to turn a wind so great might do at sea, and not see the sandy hour-glass run, I would think of shallow and of seas; at my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand, on let high-top lower than her ribs, her let build. Should I go to church, and see the holy edifice of stone, and not beheld me straight of dangerous rocks; which touching but my gentle vessel's side, would scatter all her spices on the stream; entrance the roaring waters with my tiles; and, in a word, but even now worth this, and now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought to think on this, and shall I lack the thought, and shall I lack the thought. That such a thing, hecambre'd, would make me sad.

Table: But, tell not me; I know, Antonio is sad to think upon his merchandise, sir. Believe me, no; I think my fortune for it, my ventures are not in one bottom trusted. Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate. Upon the fortune of this present year: Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad. Salerio. Why then you are in love.

Table: Fye, fye. Salerio. Not in love neither; then let's say, you are sad, because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy for you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry, because you are not sad. Now, by two heads' service, Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time; some that will evermore peep through their eyes, and laugh, like parrots at a bagpipe; and other of such voyer aspect; that they'll not show their teeth in way of smile, though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salern. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT V.

Gratiano, and Lorenzo,— Fare you well; We leave you now with better company. Snor. I would have staid till I had made you merry. If worthier friends had not prevented me, I would have stood by till you had left me. I take it, your own business calls on you, And you embrace the occasion to depart. Snor. Good morrow, both; when shall we meet? Base. You know, we must meet; you know, when you rise next, you'll hear from me. You go exceeding strange: Must it be so? Snor. We'll make our deliberation to attend on you, and find you. Let me know. Base. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio, We two will leave you; but, at dinner time, I grow so uneasy in mind where we must meet. Snor. I must not fail you. Grat. You look not well, signior Antonio; You have a face as white as snow; as pale as the moon; They lose it, that do buy it with much care, Because you are so magnanimously chang'd. Grat. It was not for myself, but as the world, For you, signior Antonio; a strange thing. Every man must play a part, And mine is a sad one.

Grat. Let me play the fool? With mirth and laughter, Let old wrinkles come ; And let my liver rather beat with wine, Than my heart cool with meritizing groans. Why should a man, whose blood is warm within, Sit like his grandmam out in slumber? We will seek you and Creep into the jangling audience By looking up, till I tell these what, Antonio, I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—That, with each word, I am a villain, Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond; And do a willful stillness entertain, To murder in my bosom In an opinion Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit; As who should say, when Sir Orlando, And, when I say my line, let no dog bark! O, my Antonio, I do know of these, That therefore only speak for saying nothing; For saying nothing; who, I am very sure, If they should speak, would almost damn those ears, Which hearing them, would call their brothers fools. I'll tell thee more of this other time: But fish not, with this melancholy bait, For this fish's gudgeon; and, accordingly, Come, good Lorenzo,—Fare ye well a while; I'll tell thee more of this other time. Let us, We will leave you then till dinner time at least.

Grat. I must be one of these same dumb wise men, For Gratiano never lets me speak. Gran. Wot keep me company but two years more, Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue. 

Ant. Farewell! I'll grow a talker for this gear. 

Grat. Thanks, I'll do my utmost for silence is only commendable. In a heart's tongue dried, and a mind not endurable. 

Scene II. Belmont. Ant. Is that any thing new? 

Gran. An infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice: His reason than to go gravely to what is hid in two basins of chaff; you shall seek all day cye you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search. 

Ant. Tell me now, what lady is this same To whom you were a secret pilgrmage, That you to-day promised to tell me off? 

Gran. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, Much as I have desired mine estate, By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance; Nor do I now make mean to be abridg'd From such a noble rate; but my chief care is, to come fairly off from the great debts. Wherein my time, something too prodigal, Hath left me gagg'd: To you, Antonio, I owe the most, in money and in love; And from your love I have a warrant To understand all my plots, and to know How to get clear of all the debts I owe. 

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know if And, if it stand, as you yourself still do, Within the eye of honour, be assured, My purse, my person, my extremest means, Lie all undock'd to your occasions. 

Gran. In my school-days, when I had but six shillings, I shot his fellow of the setzame night The setzame name, with more advised watch, To find the other forth; and, by advaunting himself, I oft found both; I urge this childish proof. Because what follows is pure Innocence. I owe you six and one-half hundred pounds, That which I owe is lost; but if you please To shoot another arrow that self way Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, When I will strike the aim, or to find both, Or bring you their letter backward again. And thankfully rest debtor for the first. 

Ant. You know me well; and herein speak but true, To wind about my love with circumstances: And, out of dose, you do me more wrong In making question of my utmost. Than if you made waste of all I have, Then do but say to me what I should do, What in your knowledge may by me be done. And I am prest unto, therefore, to speak. 

Base. In Belmont is a lady richly left, And she is fair, and, fairer than that word, Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eye I did receive fair speechless messages: Her name is Portia; nothing undeserved To Cato's daughter, Briton's Portia. Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth; For the wide wind blow in from every coast Renowned suitors: and her lovely locks Hang on her temples like a golden decep; Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colbrand's throne, and many Jasoms come in quest of her. O my Antonio, bad but the means To hold a rival place; I must, with these, I have a mind pressages me such thrall, That I should guard myself, with my own. 

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes at 

Neither have I money, nor commodity To raise a present sum; therefore go forth, Try what my credit can in Venice do; That shall be raked, even to the uttermost, To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia. Go, precariously inspire, and so will I, Where money is; and I no question make, To have it if my trust, for the sake of Venice. 

SCENE II. Belmont. A room in Portia's house. Enter Portia and Nerissa. 

Pro. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a weary of this great world. 

Ner. You would be, sweet maidam, if so many miseries were in the same abundance: Good fortunes are; and yet, for ought they are as sick, that is as well, if they that starve with nothing: It is in happiness therefore to be seated in the superfluity comes sooner by white hair than to be tired by the extra quest of virtues.
to do were as easy as to know what to do, chapels had been churches, men's cottages princes' palaces. It is true that follows his own instructions; it reaches twenty what good he to be the one of the twenty to follow mine. The brain may devise law for 2 but a hot temper leaps over a cold one such is madness, the youth, to be smears of good counsel the cripple, meaning is not in the fashion to choose and cast the wished choice. I may choose whom I would, nor refuse when the will of a living daughter, the will of a dead father: is it not true, that I cannot choose one, nor rea

our father was ever virtuous; and holy her death, have good inspirations, the lottery, that he hath devised in c chests, of gold, silver, and lead who chooses his meaning, chooses no doubt, never is chosen by any one who you shall rightly lose. But with is there in your affection towards one principally motors that are already ray thee over name them; and they can, I will describe them; and, according description level at his affection, out, there is the Neapolitan prince, that's a cold, indeed, for he doth not know how to make it propagation to his own good parts, she of himself, I am much afraid, my other play fail with a smith, is, there is the county Palatine. That his mother bold but brown; as who is, if you will not have me, choose he is taken, and smiling not: I fear, he will sweeping philosophy when he grows so full of manliness infuses in his each, and makes him die of a death's a breath in his mouth, than to either of ad Band him from these two! now say yes by the French lord, Mon had made him, and therefore let him man. In truth, I know it is a sin to have a son, why, he knows the Neapolitans; a better had habit on the count Palatine: he is every man of his age, and to fall straight he will hence with his own shadow; a memory twenty if he would despise me, I would for: if he love me to madness, I shall say yes then to Faulconbridge, the son of England! so, I know, I say nothing to him; for he do not me, nor 1 him; he hath neither such, nor a kingdom; and you will come count and swear, that I have a poor with in the English. He is a proper more, but, alas! who can converse out here! How oddly he is minded? I fought his daughter in Italy, his round race, his hat in Germany, and his sword in Hungary. But think you the Scottish lord, his but he hath a neighbourly charity in he borrowed a box of the ear of the one, and over he would pay him again, was idle: I think, the Frenchman be merely, and wished and for another. I saw like you the young German, the lawyer's nephew? it is mostly in the morning, when he as: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; on the worst fall that ever I, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Nor, if he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. Per. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. Do I pray thee, take away any of their determinations which is indeed, to return to the house, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other suit than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Per. If I live to be as Sibylla, I will die as Dauna, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will; I will, if the number of woeers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I chafe on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Nor. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's name, a Venetian, a disier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Mantua?

Per. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Nor. Nay, madam; be of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Per. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a fair casket come from a lady, the Prince of Morocco; who bring with it, the prince, his master, will be here to night.

Per. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good News as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should strive me than wife me.—Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.— Whiles we shut the gate upon one woeer, another knocks at the door.

Scene III. Venice. A public Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound—well.

Bass. May, you stand me! Will you please me! I shall know your answer! Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any impertinence to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripoli, another to the Indies; I understand more over upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath; square-decked abroad! But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-cats, and water-cats, water-thieves, and land-thieves: I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, however
MERCHANT

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

VENICE

By way of traditions—three thousand ducats—

I think, I may take his bond.

But wry'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.

Was it to insert, to make it interest good?

Must be the basis of all things.

Take up, gain, and set your own.

But wine and water, with your pleasure.

But wine and water, with your pleasure.

Who is he comes here?

For sinfulness is the badge of all our tribe.

If I ever have a bond for you, and should fail to pay it,

If I ever have a bond for you, and should fail to pay it,

But wine and water, with your pleasure.

Thou shalt be the mind of thy friend.

And I'll sell the land, and divide it.

I'll sell the land, and divide it.

For this I say to thee:

Then I shall, and I shall not.

Who is he comes here?

Steadfast, reliable—three thousand ducats—

Shall I bow low, and in a bondman's key,

What shall I say to thee?

Ever kind, ever ready; and for these necessities

And I'll sell the land, and divide it.

I'll sell the land, and divide it.

What shall I say to thee?

Talk of sin, and sinning.

For this I say to thee:

For this I say to thee:

And I'll sell the land, and divide it.

Or is it gold and silver, eyes and hands?

By the execution of the fortune.

A pound of cash's flesh, taken from a

What shall I say to thee?

Shall I bow low, and in a bondman's key,

What shall I say to thee?

A pound of cash's flesh, taken from a

What shall I say to thee?

Shall I bow low, and in a bondman's key,
a favour, I extend this friendship:—take it, so; if not, sit down, take it;—your love, I pray you wring me not, wring me not, wring me not, wring me not. Shylock, I will seal into this bond, I will meet you forthwith at the notary's; direction for this merry bond, go; and pursue the discussion straight; hence, left in the guarded frithy knave; and presently with you. 

His thee, gentle Jew; we will turn Christian; beggrows kind, like not fair terms, and a villain's mind, man; in this there can be no dismay, come home a month before the day.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Belmont.

Portia and Nerissa. "The prince of Morocco, and his Tawn; [the] and other of her Attendants. take me not for my complexion, but livery of the boshard's son, I am a neighbour, and near bred, the fairest creature 'round about born, his fair scar thaws the leeches, make variation for your love, whose blood is reddest, hit, or mine, last, this aspect of mine the valiant! by my love, I swear, regarded virgins of our clime in too; I would not change this face, treat your thoughts, my gentle queen, terms of choice: I am not solely led section of my destiny the say;—no motion of voluntary choice; a father had not so moved me, if I by his wit, to yield myself who won me by that means I told you, renowned prince, then stood as firm, as I have look'd on yet, position.

Even for that I thank you; but pity you, lead me to the coflets, I know, by this seimnity,—theSophy, and a Persian prince, three fields of Sudan Soldier,—not stare the sternest eyes that look, the valiant!—you see the earth, young seeming cues from the dear heart, the lion when he roars for prey, say, lasty: But, alas the white! es, and Lichas, play at dice the better man, the greater throw by fortune from the weaker hand;—were by his words, say I, blind fortune leading me, which one swarrow may attain, with grieving.

You must take your chance; and not attempt to choose at all, before you choose,—if you choose ag; speak to lady afterward (marriage: therefore be advised,) or will not; come, bring me unto my seat, as, forward to the temple; after dinner, tell me, Good fortune, then! [Convives, the blust, or styled among men. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo. Certainly my conscience will serve me; in this Jew's matter: the fiend is in you now; and tempts me; saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo; good Launcelot, or good Gobbo; or good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, use your legs, take the soap, run away;—My conscience says,—take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; my conscience says,—take heed, honest Launcelot; do not run; scorn running with thy heels;—Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; awe says the fiend; anger says the fiend, for the heavens! raise up a base mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, knowing about the work of my heart, says very wisely, father,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather and honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste,—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, brake not! brake not!—But, indeed, my conscience, says the fiend, not says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well; to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the fiend!) is a kind of fiend, who, from the fiend, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, in my. my revenge, should I be himself? Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnate; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel:—I shall not, because my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, with a Basket.

God, Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's? Lown. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, highest sand-blind, knows not the way;—this is my master, Launcelot, he is the way;—Mark me now; [Aside.] now will I raise the waters,—Talk you of young master Launcelot?—God, no master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, very well to live. Lown. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot, your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir. Lown. But I pray you, erse, young man, erse, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Laun- celot? God, Of Launcelot, an't please your master- ship. Lown. Erse, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; you, young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such old sayings, the waters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven. God, Marry, why forced! the worst of the very staff of my age, my very prop. Lown. Do I look like a fool, or devil-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father? God, Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, by your boy (God bless your soul!) alive, or dead! God, Do you not know me, sir? God, Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Lown. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fall of the knowing me: it is a wise fa- ther, that knows his son's eyes; I will call you; my man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light: murder can-
not be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gus. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are a nobleman, my boy.

Lea. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Laurencio, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, livery, your wife, is my mother.

Gus. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Laurencio, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worship'd he might be with a beard that thou geth'ed: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbins, my thilthorse has on his tail.

Lea. It should seem then, that Dobbins's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gus. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and the master agree? I have brought him a present; a how goes you now?

Lea. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I am now in a livery, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; Give him a present I give him a halter: I am familiar'd in his service; you may tell every fisher I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.-O rare fortune I have here, "to his, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hastened, that supper be ready at the farther by five of the clock: see these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to your lodging. [Exit a Servant.

Lea. To him, father.

Gus. God's service; and the worship!

Lea. Grammar: Would'st thou aught with us?

Gus. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy.—

Lea. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's; man that would sit, sir, as my father shall specify.

Gus. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve.—

Lea. The short, and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify.

Gus. God's master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:—

Lea. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify untowardly.

Gus. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Lea. In very brief, the suit is importune to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. He does speak both; what would you?—

Lea. Serve you, sir.

Gus. This is the very defect of the master, sir, Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Sylph, the master, spoke with me this day, and hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The servant of a gentleman.

Lea. The old proverb is very well parted between my master, sylph, and you, sir; you have the grace of the Jew, sir, and he hath enough.

[Enter BASSANIO and old GUS.

Bass. Thou speakest it well: Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire of my lodging out—Give him a letter.

Lea. Father, in— I cannot get a word: no, I have no more a tongue in my head.—Well Gratiano, sir! if any man in this city be a livery table; which both offer to swear in a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, let

in simple eyes as other appear not flesh: wives; Alas, fifteen wares is nothing; such widow's, and nine maids, is a common harmony for one man: and then, to cope ducres three; and to be in peril of myself with the edge of a feather—A man well. Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good one for this gentleman, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exeunt LAURENCIO and old GUS.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think this: Three things being bought, and ordered! now'd. Return in haste, for I do feast to-night.

Lea. I shall presage, with his thy, pray then, y

Lea. My best endeavours shall be done him.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Lea. Yonder, sir, he was 

[Exit LEONARDO

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!—

Gra. Have a seat to you.

Bass. I have a seat to you.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must seat to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear me! Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice; Parts, that become thee happily enough. And grace thou, Gratiano, I am glad to see thee. But where thou art not known, why, these show something too liberal;—pray thee, take up To slay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skirmishing spirits:—for we be long behav'd, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. And the virtuous Bassanio, hear If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear both now and Wear prayer-books in my pocket, lest I mutter; Nay more, while grace is saying, bode mine Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, and Use all the observation of civility, Like one well studied in a sad extant To please his grandam, never trust me in. Bass. Well we shall see your bearing. Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall see me By what you do to-night.

Bass. No, that were I would entreat you rather to put on Your best hood of faith, for I have! That purpose merriest: But fare you well I have some books in my closet. Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the But we will visit you at supper-time.]

SCENE III. 

The same. A Room in Shylock's Ho

Enter JESUS AND LAURENCIO.

Jes. I am sorry, thou will leave me my last Our house is heil, and thou, a merry de; Didst rob it of some taste of redoubious But fare thee well; there is a dext for
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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Enter, soon at supper thou shalt see who is thy new master's guest: this letter:—do it secretly, will; I would not have my father
with thee.

We meet, hope exhibit my tongue,—
still pagan,—most sweet Jew! If I did not play the knife, and get thee, a deceived! But alack! these foolish somewhat drown my mute spirit; [Exit.

saluted, good Launcelot,—
sal be mine is it in me,
and be my father's child! If I am a daughter to his blood,
in his manner: O Lorenzo,
my promise, I shall end this strife;
with my love and thy loving wife. [Exit.

ENE IV. The same. A Street.

ERASTUS, LORENZO, SALARINO, and

Enter. Lorenzo. y, we will stalk away in supper-time;—
at my lodging, and return home,
have not made good preparation,
we have not spoke us yet of torch-
se, till unless it may be quality of
r, in my mind, not understood.
now but four o'clock; we have two

Exit. Launcelot, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
if it shall please you to break up this,
us to signify;
the more in faith, it is a fair
eth than the paper you just sent me,
well for that. [Exit.

love-you, sir, a
foregone thought? 
ren, sir, did my old master the
and with my new master the
take this;—tell gentle Jessica, tell her—speak it privately;—go;—
 подготовляйте за это мешку в ткани; складывайте в ткани, затем ложайте в окончательное место. —жидкость; приготовьте к использованию. —жидкость; приготовьте к использованию.
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The scarlet bark putts from her native bay, Hagg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind! How like the prodigal doth she return, With over-weather'd ribs, and rugged sails, Lean, rout, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORERNO.

Sailor. Here comes Lorenzo—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait; Who am I shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here's ells my father Jew—He! who's within?

Enter Jessica above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty, Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed; For who love I so much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains;
I am glad this night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Beseech, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shame?
They are themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.

Lor. Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscure.

Jes. So are you, sweet,
Fon in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stand for at Basano's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself With more some bedrucks, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no Jew.

Lor. Beseech me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And more than woman, if I judge of mine eyes to be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exeunt with JESSICA and Salarino.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? Gra. Nigrior Antonio! Ant. Ery, ery, Gratiano! Where are all the rest? I's nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about, Basano presently will go abroad;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad out! I desire no more delight,
Then to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Belmont.

A Room in Portia's House.—Fouuirth of Cornets.

Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription—
If he choose me, shall gain what many men desire.

The second, silver, which this premium carry— If he choose me, shall get as much as he deserveth.
This third, dell band, with warming all around— If he choose me, death, and all that's mine.
How shall I know if I do choose the right? Por. The one of them contains my pleasant prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours wisely.
Mor. Some good direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:— What signifies this leaden casket? If he choose me, must give and hazard all he has; Must give all that is near and all that is near shall be his.
This casket threatens; Men, that hazard all, Do it in hope of fair advantages: A golden mind stoops not to show of dross; I'll then nor give, nor hazard, against my land. What says this other leaden casket? If he choose me, shall get as much as in the suns. As much as he doth deserve?—Please there, Honours, And weigh thy value with an even hand: If thou be'st rated by thy estimation, Thou dost deserve enough; yet not enough May not extend so far as to the dusty; And yet to be secured of my deserving. Were but a weak disabling of myself, As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady; I do in birth deserve her, and in fortune, In grace, and in qualities of breeding; But more than these, in love do I desire.— What if I stray'd no further, but chose here? Let's see once more that saying gram'd in gold. If he choose me, shall gain what many men desire; Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her; From four corners of the earth they come; To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing maid. The Hypocrites deserts, and the vastly wilds Of wide Arabia, are so through-gored now, For princes to come view fair Portia: The watery kingdom whose ambitious head Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar To stop the foreign spirits; but they come, As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia. One of these three contains her heavenly picture. It's like, that lead contains her? Twere damna- tion, To think so base a thought; it were too great To rib her casket open, to see Obscure grace. Or shall I think, in silver she's immured, Being told she is worth much valued to try 't gold? O sinful thought! never so rich a gem Was set in worse than gold. They have in Es glaze A cola, that bears the figure of an angel Stamped in gold; high, and round herJ'd soon: But here an angel in a golden bed Lies all within.—Deliver me the key; Here do I choose, and thrive as I may! Por. There, take it, prince, and in my form lie thou.

Then I am yours. [Exeunt. [Exeunt to unlock the golden casket.

Mor. O hell! what have we here! A curious death, within whose empty eye There is a written scroll; I'll read the writing, All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told: Many a man his life hath sold.
But my oathed to be loved;
Gilded tombs do sooner infold. Had you your choice, young Jew, Young in years, in judgment old, Your answer had not been incorrect; Ever you self; you're cute to crot.
Cold, indeed; and labour lost;
Then, farewell, and lead me come from. —Portia, adieu! I have a grieved a heart To take a tedious leave; thus losers part. [Exeunt. [Por. A gentle冗件ly;—Draw the curiosities, go.—
Let all of his complexion choose me an —[Exeunt.
E VIII. Venice. A Sermon.

For SELIMUR and SALAMN.

y, man, I saw Bassanio under sail; Gratiano gone along; ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not; a villain Jew with onions cast'd are; with him to match Bassanio's ship, came too late, the ship was under sail; was given to understand, poltroon were seen together, his amorous Jessica; tonio certified the duke, not Bassanio in his ship, never heard a passion so confined, outrageous, and so variable, Jew did utter in the streets: 'O my children! O my daughter! Christians! O my Christian daughter! Grief! my child; my daugh'ter! Alas! my nan, my daugh'ter! All the boys in Venice follow him, stromboli, bird's daughter, and his daught'; it good Antonio for he keep'd his pay for this.

Mary, well remember'd; with a Frenchwoman yesterday; in— in the narrow seas, that part and English, here mislaid our country, richly fraught; gone Antonio, when he told me; I in silence that it was not his, we best to tell Antonio what you suddenly, for it may grieve him, tender gentleman treats not the earth and Antonio part; old him, he would make some speed run, he answer'd—Do we, business for my sake, Bassanio; very sparing of the time; end not your chiefest thoughts; and each such sortMETIET of face constantly become you there; here, his eye being big with tears, a face, he put his hand behind him, affection wondrous sensible Bassanio's hand, and so they parted, blank, he only loves the world for this, by, to, and in his embraced heaviness—delight of other.

Do we no. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Lucius, with a Servant. Jekqu, quick, I pray thee, draw the car straight; of Arragon hath taken oath, to his election presently. Foliowish of Carraian. Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their Train. build, there stand the caskets, noble earl, now that wherein I am contained, hold our matchet minds be solemned; I fall, without more speech, my lord, be gone from horror immediately, in majesty by oath to observe three years to unburth to any ear.

Which casket 'twas I choose; next, if I fall Of the right casket, never in my life, To use a maid in way of marriage; lastly, If I do fail in fortune of my choice, immediately to leave you and be gone. 

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear. That comes to hazard for my worthless self, Ar. And so have I address'd you; fortune now To my heart's hope.—Gold, silver, and base lead. 

Whose chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath. You shall look fairest, eye I give, or hazard, What says the golden chest I shall let me see.— Whose chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire. What many men desire.—That many may be by the food multitude, that choose by show, Not learning more than the food doth teach; Which grieves not to the interior, but, like the martlet, Built in the weather on the outward wall, Even in the force and chance of mortality, I will not choose what many men desire, Because I will not jump with common spirits, And rank me with the barbarous multitude. Whence, then to these, these silver treasures.- Tell me once more what the other bear: Whose chooseth me, shall get no more as he deserves; And what said so? For who shall go about To receive fortune, and be honorable Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume To wear an undeserved crown, O, that estates, degrees, and offices, Were soberly and decorously given! and that clear honour Were purchased by the merit of the wearer? How many then should cover, that stand bare? How many be commanded, that command? How much how prosperity would then he give? From the true seed of honour and how much honour Pick'd from the shaft and ruin of the times, To be now varied! Well, but to my choice: Whose chooseth me, shall get no more as he deserves; I will assume desert—Give me a key for this, and instantly unlock my fortunes love. 

Por. To you a page for the which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blanking idiot, Presenting me a schedule. I will read it, To what unlike arts the Arragon? How much unlike my hopes and my deservings? This I will, you shall have as much as he deserves, Did I deserve no more than a fool's head? Is that my price? are my deserts no better? 

Por. To offend, and judicious, and of opposed natures. 


Por. Thus hath the candle stirred the moth, O these deliberate fools! when they do choose, There be the wisdom by whom they are wiser. 

Por. The saying is no heresy.—Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nemesis.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady? 

Petr. Here: what would my lord? 

Serv. Salan. there is alighted at your gate. A young Venetian, one that comes before To Salan. I would search my lord's 

To wit, beside commend, and courteous breath, health, &c. But it is yet: I have not even So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in good Antonio, That to show how costly summer was at hand, As this free-arriver comes before his lord. 

Salan. No more, I pray thee; I am half asleep. Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee. 

Serv. Speedest such high-day wit in praising him. 

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see 

Quickly Duilio, that comes so merrily. 

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will if be! 

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. Venice. A Street.

Enter Salanio and Salanio.

Sala. Now, what news on the Rialto? 

Salan. Why, sir, there it is; and you undock'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich-lading week'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous, flat, and fatal, where the carcasest of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if, my goodly report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I will make my name be as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd gitter, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a thrift husband; and yet with all the slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that's good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a little good enough to keep his name company—

Serv. Come, let's tell the whole story.

Salan. Has, what say's thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship. 

Salan. I would it might prove the end of his losses. 

Serv. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock. 

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants. 

Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salan. That's certainly; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made her gown, and she flew withal. 

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the composition of them all to leave the dam. 

Shy. She's damned for it. 

Serv. What if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel! 

Salan. But upon it, old carrion! rebel it at these years! 

Salan. But true, that is my flesh and blood. 

Salan. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between let and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and treacle;—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have any loss at sea or not? 

Shy. I there have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto,—a beggar, that used to come so saucy upon the mart,—let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me nauer,—let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy,—let him look to his bond.

Sala. Why, I am sure, if he be forth, thou shalt not take his flesh; What's that good for? 

Salan. To bait fish with? If that will make naught else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced, and hindered me of half a million; hangs at my looses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reward? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, breathe with the same air, feel the same winds; suffer the same weather, cold and heat; 

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a man cannot be matched, unless the devil himself be Jew. 

Sala. Yes; [Enter Salanio. Salan. and Servan.] 

Sala. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? 

Shy. Hast thou found my daughter? 

Tub. I often came in and out of your ear, but cannot find her. 

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diligent man, gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt. The curse never fell upon our nation till now. I never left it till now; two thousand ducats for that; and other precious, precious jewels,—would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! "would she were heard at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! Now of them!—Why, no,—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no recompense, nor ill luck stinging, but what lights of my shoulders; no sighs, but my breaking; no tears, but my shedding. 

Tub. Yes, other money and the ill luck too; An- tonio, as I looked in Genoa. 

Shy. What, what, what! ill luck, ill luck! 

Tub. —bath an old man, standing among the Tripolitans. 

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true! 

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal!—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where is Genoa? 

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats. 

Shy. Then stickst thou a dagger in me;—I shall never see my gold again;—fourscore ducats at a sitting; fourscore ducats at a sitting! 

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. 

Shy. I am very glad of it;—I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I'll make an end of him. 

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey. 

Shy. Out upon him! Thou torturest meeting them, Tubal: it was my torture; I had it of Leah, when I was a barber; I may not have it for the wilderness of monkeys. 

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, for me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before; I will have the heart of him, if he for-
MERCHANT OF VENICE

SONG.

1. "Tell me, where is fancy bred? / Or in the heart, or in the head? / How beguiled are you and I, / In the sweet road of fantasy!"

2. "It is engender'd in the eyes, / With burning red; and fancy dies / In the cradle where it lies: / Let us sit upon the ground, / And tell sad stories of the sea; / Some say, I'll begin—the sea, the sea, the sea!"

All. "Ding, dong, bell."

BELL. "So may the outward show be less themselves; / The world is full of surface and show. / In law, what plea so painted and correct, / But, being search'd with an ignoble voice, / Obscures the show of evil? In religion, / What damned error, but some sober brow / Will bless it, and approve it with a tear? / Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? / There is no vie so simple, but sumptuous / Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. / How many cowards, whose hearts are all as full / As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins / The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars! / Who, inward search'd, have lives white as milk / And these assume but valour's excrement, To render them redoubled. Look on beauty, / And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight / Which therein works a miracle in nature; / Making them lightest that wear most of it; / So they were crippled many a lily, / Which make such wanton gambols with the wind. / Upon supposed fairness, often Known / To be the dowry of a second heart, / The soul that feeds them, in the sapheire. / Thus ornament is but the guided show / To a most dangerous man: the beauteous scent / Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, / The seeming truth which cunning times put on / To entrap the wise; therefore, thou gaudy gold. / Hardly for Midas, I will none of thee! / Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge / Twain man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead, / Which rather threat west, than dost promise / Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence, / And heye choose! Joy be the consequence! / For how all the other is the air, / As doubtfullthoughts and rash embrac'd despair, / And shuddring fear and green-eyes' jealousy. / O love, be moderate, alway thy ecstacy, / In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess; / I feel too much thy blessing, make it less, / For fear I surfeit."

BASS. "What kind I love?"

[Opening the letter casted, Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demigod Hath come so near creation! Move this eyes! Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are several lips, But lips with which we speak so sweet a bar. Should slander such sweet friends? Here in her hairs The painter plays the spider: and hath woven A golden mesh to entrap the base and mean, Thee and mine gait in cobwebs! But her eyes— / How could he see to do them? having made one, Methinks she should have power to steal both his, And leave itself unfinish'd? yet look, how far The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow / In underestimating, so far this shadow Both limb behind the substance.—Here's the scroll, / The contingent and summary of my fortune.
To have her love, provided she were not a
mercenary companion.

Nay, Madam, it is, so you understand.

Nay, I do not; the same.

What? and, when she dies?

Our next shall be much happier than
where we are.

We'll play with them, she fanc'd,
a thousand years;—

When, and sighs down!—

She, for we shall never be at

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and

What, and my old Venetian friend,

Both Lorenzo, I, and sweet

If that the youth of my house had

have power to bid you wish 

I bid my very friends and companions, 

be fair, sweet Petrelis, welcome us.

They are entirely welcome.

I thank your house: For joy, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you;

But meeting with Balio, by the way,

When did I ever promise you any aid?

Come to wit with him along.

And I have reason for it.

Lorenzo, I shall command him to you. [Gives Letter to

I pray you, tell me how my good friend

Said. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in

Nor well, unless in mind: his latter spirit

Will show you his estate.

Nuricea, cheer you stranger!—we

You hand, Balio; Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Lord?

I know, he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the

Said. 'Would you had won the 

Par. There are some shrewd contents

That steal the colour from Bassano's cheek,

Some dear friend dead: else nothing bitter

Could turn such the consternation

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse

With leave, ma'am; I am gone.

And I must freely have the half of any

That this same paper brings you.

Beat. Why, why, sweet?

Here are a few of the unpleasantries

That ever blotted paper! Good gracious!

When I did first impart my love to you

I freely told you, all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentlemen;

And then I told you true: and yet, dear sir,

Rating myself at nothing, you made me

How much I was a braggart. When I told

My state was nothing, I should then have

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have engaged myself to a dear friend;

Engag'd my friend to his more ease,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;

The paper as the body of my friend.

And every word in it is a gushing wound,

Issuing life-blood—But, by the way, sir,

Have all his ventures fall'd? What, no

From Trippolis, from Mexico, and Baj

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India; and

Not one vessel 'scape the dreadful

Of merchant-marving rocks!

Not one, not.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
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Of to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield.
To christian intercessors. Follow not:
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bonds:

[Sigh.]

[Exit Shylock.]

[Sales. It is the most imperceptible cur,
That ever kept with me.

[Exit.]

I'll follow him no more with boistrous prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft defended him from your injurious 
wrath, of justice, and his bond:
so I was with him, I have heard him say,

And to Cace, his countrymen, cold rather have Antonio’s flesh,
yet times the value of the sum
I owe him: and I know, my lord,
And power deny not, hard with poor Antonio.
It your dear friend, that this is him in
The dearest friend to me, the kindest
condition’d and unwearied spirit
condescends; and one in whose
Romano’s heart appears, that draws breath in
at sun owes be the Jew?
me, three thousand ducats.

[Enter, no more! a thousand, and deface the bond;
thousand, and then treble that,
end of this description:
A hate through my Bassanio’s fault.
Be it to church, and call me wife:
friend; shall you live by Portia’s side
spirit soul. You shall have gold
dey debt twenty times over;
said, bring your true friend along:
men and women. Come, away;
あと upon your wedding-day; funds welcome, shows merry cheer;
more as taught, I will love you dear—
the letter of your friend.
read. Sweet Bassanio, my eyes have it,
my object on your part; my object to
be to the Jew is forfeit: and since,
it is impossible I should live,
take, all debts on you and I, if worth but not enough,
not understanding, one your pleasure: if
pursue you to come; for not my
Deapall all business, and be
me I have your good leave to go
ake haste: but, till I come again,
 or guilty of my stay,
be interpose’d twice twain. 

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Belmont.

[Enter, Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balkissar.

Lev. Madam, although I speak it in your pre-
You have a noble and a true conceit: sense,

Of good society; which appears most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour;

How true a gentleman you are releif.
Here is a lover of your lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,

Then shall be without any bounty can enforce you.

Nor shall not now be for companions
That do converse and waste the time together;
whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it he so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of being myself? This
comes too near the pruning of myself.
Therefore, no more of it; hear other things.—

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord’s return; for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here.
Until her husband and my lord’s return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which is my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lev. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So far as well, till we shall meet again.
Loo. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend
on you.

Jex. I wish your ladyship all heart’s content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pens’d.

To wish it back upon you: fare you well, Jessica.


Now, Balkissar.

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
Q
MERCHANT

OF VENICE.

ACT III.

Lanzeniet and I are out: he tells me daily, there is no money for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are an good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lanzeniet. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the goods of your negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Lanzeniet.

Lanzeniet. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than in most woman, she is, indeed, more than I look her for.

Lanzeniet. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow contemptible in some only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Lanzeniet. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lanzeniet. Goodly lord, what a will-napper are you! I then bid them prepare dinner.

Lanzeniet. That is done too, sir; only cover the word.

Lanzeniet. Will you cover them, sir?

Lanzeniet. Not so, sir, neither; I know my day.

Lanzeniet. Yet: more quarrelling with occasion! Will thou show the whole width of the wit at an instant! I pray thee, understand a plain note in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Lanzeniet. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered: for you coming in to dinner, sir, why, let he sit at mouns and concists shall govern.

Lanzeniet. O dear discretion, how his majesty

The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words: And I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garland'd like him, that for a tricksey word

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jewish? And now, good speech, say thy opinion,

How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,

The lord Bassanio live an upright life:

For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth.

And, if on earth he do not mean it, it is reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match

And on the wager lay two earthy worlds,

And Portia one, there must be something de

Paw'd with the other; for the poor soul's</p>
MERCHANT OF VENICE

You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops, and to make no noise, When they are fretted with the gales of heaven; You may as well do anything most hard, As seek to sooth that (than which what's harder!)?

His Jewish heart—Therefore I do beseech you, Make no more offers, one no further means, But, with all brief and plain convenience, Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Duke. For thy three thousand ducats here is six. Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them, I would have my bond. Duke. How shall thou hope for mercy, remem- ring none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and hens, You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them. Shall I say to you, Let them be free, marry them to your heirs? Why sweat they under hardeners? let their beds Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates Be season'd with such viands! You will answer, The slaves are coy—So do I answer you! You will say the pound of flesh which I demand of him, Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it: There is no force in the decrees of Venice; I stand in judgment; and my force is what I have! Duk. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court, Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua.

Duk. Bring in the letters; Call the messenger. Bane. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! can't anything be done yet? The Jew shall have his flesh, blood, bones, and all.

Shy. Are thou shall lose for me one drop of blood, But, I am a tainted weaver of the cloth, Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit Drope earliest to the ground, and so let me: You may make me better than you are, and more Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Exeunt NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk. Duk. Cause you come from Padua, from Bellario? Nov. No, my lord; my lord Bellario greets your grace. [Prentice a Letter. Bans. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?] Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there, Grea. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, Thou hast not thy knife keen; but no metal can, No, not the haunchman's axe, beate half the keenness Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee? Shy. No, no, that thou hast wit enough to make.

Grea. Thee, he be damn'd, incorruptible dog! And for thy life let justice be accord'd. Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy cruel spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaugh- ter.

Even from the gallowes did his soul depart, And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam, Infus'd thyself in thee: thy nature is, Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and can devour.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT II.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave these
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Per. I cannot be desirous of the money.
Shy. But, sir, yet I fencer it with him in the case:
Yes, twice the more: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That mischief bears a true face. And I beseech
You, once to the law of your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Per. It must not be; there is no power in
Venice
Can alter a decree established;
Twice was recorded for a precedent;
And many a example, by the same
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yes, Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Per. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here it is, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Per. Shylock, there's thirty thy money o' er there.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath here.
Shy. Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
Per. No, I will not.

Per. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for your knife:
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young judge,
Per. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeared due upon the bond.
Shy. To very true, noble judge.
Per. To a very true, noble judge.
How much more elder art thou than thou look'st.
Per. Therefore lay bare thy bosom.

Shy. I will.
So says the bond:—Doth it not, noble judge,
Neer his heart, those are the very words.
Per. It is so, are there more bald, here to wrong
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Per. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, or you
Change not your quality.
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. It is so nominostr'd in the bond!
Per. It is not so express'd! But what of that!
Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Per. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Shy. But little; I am arm'd, and well par'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio! fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you:
For herein fortune shows herself more kind,
Than is her custom; it is still her rule,
To let the wretched man outlive his wife,
To view with hollow eye, and wink,
An age of poverty, from which limbs
Mance.
Of such a misery doth she cut me off,
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in
the tale is told, bid her be judge, ansate had not once a love, you, that you shall lose your friend, rate not that he pays your debt; law did cut but deep enough, intently with all my heart, onio, I am married to a wife, clear to me as life itself; if, my wife, and all the world, in the esteem'd above thy life: a, ay, sacrifice them all! desire to deliver you. your wife would give you little thanks of, by, to hear you make the offer. I am woman, I protest, I love; were in heaven, so she could have power to change this creature, well you offer it behind her back; until make else an unwritten house. I have gotten: of the stock of Barabas, or husband, rather than a Christian! And me: I pray thee, pursue sentence, and of that same merchant's flesh me: wards it, and the law doth give it. right judge! you must eat this flesh from off his: own it, and the court awards it. learned judge! a sentence: come, a little—there is something else. you shall give there no lot of blood; a great sea of flesh: thy body, take thou thy pound of cutting it, if thou dost shed Christian blood, byl lands and goods take; I comprise the Venetian, to condense that judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learn: day! as the law? Thyself shall see the act; urgent justice, be assured, have justice, more than thou desirest. Mark, Jew;—a learned judge! this offer then—pay the bond is Christian go. Here is the money. shall have all justice; no! no! nothing but the penalty, we an upright judge, a learned judge! before prepare thee to cut off the no blood: nor cut thou less, nor pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more, a just pound,—be it not so much, if it be by weight, or by the substance, size of the twentieth part. sample; may, if the scale do turn estimation of a hair,— and all thy goods we confiscate, goods, and clear water, Jew! if, I have thee on the lip. doth the Jew pause that thy fear. me my principal, and let me go, give it ready for thee; here it is, take refund it in the open court; we desire justice, and his bond. utile, still I; a second Daniel!— Jew, for teaching me that word.

Say, Shall I not have barely my principal? Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeit, To be so taken at thy peril, Jew. Say, Why, then the devil give him good of it! I'll say no longer question.

Farewell, Jew; The law hath yet another hold on you. It is enacted in the laws of Venice,— It be puce'd against an alien, That by direct, or indirect attempts, He seek the life of any citizen, The party, 'gainst which he doth contrive, Shall seize one half his goods; the other half Comes to the privy coffers of the state; And the offender's life lies in the mercy The duke only, 'gainst all other voice. In which predicament, I say, thou standest: For it appears by manifest proceeding, That, indirectly, and directly too, Thou hast contriv'd against the very life Of the defendant: and thou hast incurred The danger formerly by me rehearsed. Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke. Greg, Beg, that thou mayest have to hang to thy life, And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, Thou hast not left the value of a cord; Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge. David, That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit, I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it! For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; The other half comes to the general state, Which humbleness may drive unto a fine. Greg, Ay, for the state; not for Antonio. Greg, Greg, take my life and all, pardon not that: You take my house, when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life, When you do take the means whereby I live. Paul, What mercy can you render him, Antonio? Greg, A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake. Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court, To quit the fine for one half of his goods; I am content, so he will let me have The other half in safe, in true confidence. Upon his death, unto the gentleman That lately stole his daughter: Two things provided more.—That, for this favour, He presently become a Christian; The other, that he do record a gift, Here in the court, of all he does possess'd, Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter. David, He shall do this; or else I do recant The pardon that I late pronounced here. Art. Thou contented, Jew, what dost thou say? Greg, I am content. Greg, Clerk, draw a deed of gift, Greg, I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am content; send the deed after me, And I will sign it. Greg, Get thee gone, but do it. Greg, in christening then shall have two godfathers; Had I a learned judge, thou shouldst have had ten more; To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. David, Sir, I entreat you house with me to die. Per, I humbly do desire your grace of pardon: I must go this night toward Padua, And it is meet I presently set forth.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman; For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Enter Duke, Magician, and Two.

Duke. Most worthy gentlemens, I and my friend Have for their wisdom been this day acquainted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew, We freely copy your courteous pleas withal.

Ant. And stand instead, over and above, In love and service to you evermore.

Duke. He is well paid that is well satisfied; And I, delivering you, am satisfied; And therein do account myself well paid; My mind was never yet more mercenary. I pray you, know me, when we meet again; I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Duke. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute, Not as a fee: Enter Gratiano, I pray you, Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Pur. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I’ll wear them for you.

And, for your love, I’ll take this ring from you:—

Do not draw back your hand; I’ll take no more; And you in love shall not deny me this.

Duke. This ring, good sir,— alas, it is a trifle; I will not shame myself to give you this.

Pur. I will have nothing else but only this; And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Duke. There’s more depends on this, than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, And find it out by proclamation; Quit me, and pray, pardon me.

Pur. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers: You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks, You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Duke. Good air, this ring was given me by my wife; And, when she put it on, she made me vow, That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Duke. They scarce serve many men to save their gifts.

An image is but a mad woman, And know how well I have deserved this ring, She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you! [Exit Portia and Nerissa.

Ant. My lord Bassiano, let him have the ring; Let his deceivers, and my love, withal, Be valued ’gainst your wife’s commandment. Let him speak, I’ll give it you; and give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst.

Unto Antonio’s house:—away, make haste.

[Exit Gratiano.

Come, you and I will thither presently; And in the morning early we will both Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Pur. Inquire the Jew’s house out, give him this deed, And let him know it; we’ll way to-night, And be a day before our husbands home: This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Ora. Fair sir, you are well overtaken: My lord Bassanio, upon more advice, Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat Your company at dinner.

Pur. That cannot be; This ring I do accept most thankfully, And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore, I pray you, show my youth old Shylock’s house.

One. That will I do.

No. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pur. I’ll see if I can get my husband’s ring.

One. Which I did make him swear to keep.

Pur. Thou mayst, I warrant: We shall o’ old swearing.

I pray you, good sir, will you show me this house?

ACT V.

SCENE I. Belmont. Antonio to Ferdinand.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—in such a night When the sweet wind did gently blush And they did make no noise; So much did Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan to And night did gild his soul toward the Grecian to Where creased I say that night was sweet.

Scr. Did Thisbe factiously overhastily saw, And saw the lion’s shadow ere himself, And ran dismay’d away.

Lor. In such a night Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand, Upon the wild sea banks, and would not To come again to Carthage.

Scr. In such a night Medea gather’d the enchanted herbs That did renew old Jason.

Lor. In such a night Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew; And with an unthrifty love did run from The gem that was his pride.

Scr. In such a night Did young Lorenzo swear he would not Beat her soul so with many vows of life And never a true one.

Lor. In such a night Did pretty Jessica, like a little slave, Sigh her love, and be for the break of her. I would not night you, did nobody But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night? A friend. Scr. A friend? what friend? you mean my love. Stephano is my name; and I bring My mistress will before the break of day.

Scr. I would not night you, did nobody But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Lor. Who comes with Stephano? None, but a holy hermit, and her priest. I pray you, is my master yet returned? Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard him.

Scr. But we go in, I pray thee, Jessica, And ceremoniously let us prepare. I have some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola.

Lor. Who calls? Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo mistress Lorenzo? Sola! sola! Laun. Leave hollering, man: here I am. Laun. Sola! where? where? Laun. Tell him, there’s a post come for master, with his horn fail of good news master will be here ere morning.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

sweet soul, let's in, and there expect some matter—Why should we go in? Stephano, signify, I pray you, a house, your maist air is at hand; your musick forth into the air.

[Enter Stephano, the moon light sleep in mythis bark! we sit, and let the sounds of musick our ears; soft stillness, and the night, te touches of sweet harmony.

Look, how the floor of heaven staid with patters of bright gold; at the smallest orb, which thou beart.

A musing, like an angel song, to the young-god's cherubins: music is in immortal souls: this marvel's vent of decay, else in us, we cannot hear it.

[Enter Musicians.

and wake Diana with a hymn; that Touches piece of your mistress fair, her house with musick. [Music.

Do not never merry, when I hear sweet music, by reason is, your spirits are attentive: I note a wild and wanton look, youthful and unsheltered coats, sad stands, belowing, and sighing for hot condition of their blood; a new experience a trumpet sound, of musick: touch their ears, perceive them make a mutual stand, and hang the humblest gane, next power of musick: Therefore, the Orpheus drew trees, stones, and the stockhard, hard, and full of rage, for the time doth change his nature; that harsh on musick in blear, musick'd with concord; sweet sounds, reasons, strategems, and spoils; as of his spirit are dull as night, sections dark as Erebus; it man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

Porcia and Nausicaa at a distance. At light we see is burning in my hall, but little candle though his beams! he not a candle, when the moon shine, we did not see candles.

The greater glory dim the less: the shines brightly as a king, may be by and then his state well, as doth an inland brook RN of waters. Musick! dark! as your musick, madam, of the house, thing is good, I see, without respect; it sounds much sweeter than by day, once bestows that virtue on it, madam, we know duch singing as sweetly as the

then is attended; and, I think, should she sing by day, my goose is cackling, would be thought a musick than the night. The singing spongers are right praise, and true perfection!—

That is the voice, much deceived, of Portia, the music, as the blind man knows musical.

Dear lady, welcome home, have been praying for our husbands' care,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words, Are they return'd?—Leer,

Madam, they are not yet; But there is come a messenger before, to acquaint their going.

[Enter Gei in, Nerissa.

Give order to my servants, that they take No notice of all our being absent hence— Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumphet.

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.

It looks a little paler: this is day, Such as a day is when the sun is hid.

[Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes, Never did walk in ached here in this land; Let me give light, but let me not be light; For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, And never be Bassanio so far for me; But God sort it all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam; give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio, To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him, for, as I hear, he was much bound for you, Sir. No more than I am well acquainted of. Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house: You may wear in other parts of the land, Therefore, I sent this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano and Nausicaa seem to talk apart.

Gra. By your moon, I swear, you do me wrong; In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk: Would he be good that had it, for my part, Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, but I already tis what's the matter? Gra. About a loop of gold, a patty ring That she did give me; whose pawn was For the world like cateser's poetry.

Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not. Now, talk you of the value, you know the value? You swore to me, when I did give it you, That you would wear it till your hour of death; and that you should lie with you in your grave; Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, You should have been respective, and have kept it.

Gave it to a judge's clerk—but well I know, The clerk will never wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, as he, if he live to be a man. Nor, Ay, if a woman live to be a man. Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth.— A kind of boy; a little scruffish boy, No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk; A prating boy, that beggar'd it as a fee; I could not for my heart deny it him, Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift: A thing stuck on with an index finger, And rivetd with faith unto your flesh, I gave my love a ring, and made him swear Never to part with it; and here he stands; I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it, Nor part to his master, he knew the value. That the world matters, Now, in faith, Gratiano. You give your wife too unkind a curse of grief; An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off, And swear I lost the ring defending it. [Aside.

My lord Bassanio gave his vayng away Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT IV.

Bass. Nog, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear, I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lead my body for his wealth, Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[To Portia]

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again; My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord Will never more break faith advisedly.

Per. Then you shall be his surety; give but this bond, And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep the ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave my lord.

Per. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio; For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; For that same scourged boy, the doctor's clerk Is in lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Grat. This, why? this is like the tending of both ways in summer, where the ways are fair enough; What are we cuckolds, see we have doors open? Per. Speak not so grossly. — You are all marked.

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure; It comes from Padua, from Bellario; There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor; Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here shall witness, I set forth as soon as you, And but even now returned: I have not set Enter'd my house, Antonio, you are welcome, And I have better news in store for you, Than you expect; unread this letter soon: There you shall find, three of your arguments Are richly come to harbour suddenly; You shall not know by what strange accidents I chance'd on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Grat. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means it.

Ant. Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living; For here I read for certain, that my ships Are safely come to road.

Per. How now, Lorenzo, My clerk hath some good comforts too for you. Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you, and Jessica, From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift; After his death, of all he dies possession of. Lea. Fair ladies, you dropmanns in the way Of starved people.

Per. It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied Of these events at last: Let us go in: And charge us there upon interregatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.

Grat. Let it be so: The first interregatory That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is, Whether till the next day I had no letter? Or go to bed now, being two hours to day? But were the day come, I should wish

That I were coaching with the doctor's way, While I live, I'll fear no other thing So sure, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, a Vicar.
Colin, a Shepherd.
Sylvius, a Servant to Oliver.
William, a country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
A Pastor representing Hymen.
Frida, Daughter to the banished Duke.
Celice, Daughter to Frederick.
Phoebe, a Shepherdess.
Audrey, a country Wench.

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

Scene I. First, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Un usurp's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

NE 1. An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this occasion befriended me by will: But a poor and crown'd: and, as thou say'st, chang'd nature, on his blessing, to loved me well: Were begins my sadness. My brother Jaques eps at school, and report speaks giddily: for my part, he keeps me radically me, or, to speak more properly, stays me at home protect: For call not that keeping gentleman of my birth, that differ from calling of an ox? His horses are bred better, because that they are fair with their age, they are taught their business, and to out riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, nothing under him but growth: for the 3 his animals on his fowlings are as much 3 to him as I. Besides this nothing that he essentially gives me, the something that he gave me, his condescension seems to take me: he lets me feed with his hands, bare place of a brother, and, as much as in me, guises my gentility with my education, is ir, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit my father, which I think is within me, begins after against this servitude: I will no longer 3 it, though yet I know no wise remedy to avoid it.

End of Orlando.

Now, dust, comes my master, your brother, Guss apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how I'll shake me up.

Oth. Now, sir! what make you here?

Oth. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oth. What mar you then, sir?

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

Oth. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Oth. Shall I keep your horses, and cat hawks with them? What prodigious portion have I spent, that I should come to such poverty?

Oth. Know you where you are, sir?

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

Oth. Know you before whom, sir?

Oth. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother: and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firstborn: but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers between us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to your reverent.

Oth. What, boy!

Oth. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oth. Will thou lay hands on me, villain.

Oth. I am an villain: I am the young son of Sir Rowland de Boise: he was my father; and he is three a villain, that says, such a father beget villains; West thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast raised on thyself.
Adam. Sweet mistress, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord. 

Oli. I will, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor affec-
tory my father left me by testament: with that I will go by your fortunes.

Oli. And what will thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not be long troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Oli. Another offended on thee than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. In old dog my reward! Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service—God be wi'se, master, that I have not spoken a word.

[Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rascalls, and yet give you no thousand crowns either.Hola, Denis!

Den. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good morrow to your service.

Enter CHARLES.

Oli. Good morrow! I hope you will have the news at the new court!

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke! and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenue enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Good morrow to your worship.

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her coun-
sel, and her brother, are thrust from their cradle

breed together;—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at this day as happy to be deprived of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies lived as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of Eng-

land; they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and feast the time carelessly, as they do in the golden world.

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

Cha. Marry, do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath disposition to come in disguise against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I write for my credit; and be that escaped me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your bro-
ther is but young, and tender; and, for your love, would be bold to fall him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendiment, or break such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means thought to dissemble him from it; but he is resolute. Tell thee, Charles, it is the unbehaving fellow of France; full of ambition, an eager emulator of every man's good part, a false and villainous conspirator against his elder brother; therefore use thy discretion; but if he then did break his neck as his fortune went worst best look to it; for if thou dost any slight disgrace, or he do expel himself on thee, he will practise against thy poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath found or by some indirect means or other, for life, thee, and almost with tears I speak it, thou art not one so young and so villainous in thy person as he. I speak but brotherly of him: but should not I torment him to thee as he is, I must be weep, and then must look pale and wound.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither if he come to-morrow. I'll give him that meat: if ever he go alone again, I'll write for presence more: and so, God be thy worship.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now with this gentleman, I hope, I shall see mine own, for my soul, yet I know not why, harder than ever. Next, and yet learned; full of noble deeds; sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, much in the heart of the fellow of France, one of my own people, who best know him, is my altogether disapproved: but it shall not be long; this wrestler shall clear all seducing mains, but that I kindle the boy harder than I now'll go about.

SCENE II. A LEARN before the Duke's Palaces.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my lady marry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more merit than sun mistress of; and would you yet more were-

rier! Unless you could teach me to forget a

ished father, you must not learn me how remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I saw, when he then bore me on the full weight that I love thee; if my uncle, banished father, had banished thine uncle, I would have made mine own. My father and I, I could have taught thee to take a father for mine; so wouldst thou, if thy love to me were so righteously destined as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child; I, nor none is like to him, and truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perhaps, I will undest-
der thee again in affection; by mine honest will: and when I break that oath, let me die: one father; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dearest Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforward I will, root, and de-
sports; let me see: What think you of falling love?

Cel. Marry, I pray thee, do, to make me withal: but love no man in good earnest; no further in sport weightier, than with such a pure bloom thou mayst in honour come again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good man Fortune, from her wheel, that she her self henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. We, I would, we could do so; for her sport is mightily mistaken: and the boodly woman doth most mistake in her gifts to

Cel. This true: for those, that she doth scarce makes honest; and those, that makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Col. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Col. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence?

Ros. With bills on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by these presents,

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duchy's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful hole over them, that all the beholders take his part and weep for him.

Ros. Also?

Tewsh. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Tewsh. These men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Col. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But it is none else longs to see this broken mace in his shale? is there yet another notes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, constable?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Col. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flor. Easie Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

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

Ros. Is it the young man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Col. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my lady; so please you, as I leave. Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fair disconsolate him, but he will not be entertained: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Col. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

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

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

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

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

Col. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years; you have seen cred proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

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

Ostl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shame that was never granted: if killed, but one death that is willing to be
AS YOU LIKE IT.

I shall do my friends no wrong, so I have need to lament me; the world so injuriously, in its intents to me, that I have a shoveling, only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rash. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Col. And mine, to thee not here.

Rash. Fare you well. 'Pray heavens, you be desired in you!

Col. Your heart's desire be with you.

Col. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so discourse to thee with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath it in a more mature working.

Duke. Rash, you shall try but one fall.

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

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

Rash. Now, Hereford, be thy speed, young man! Col. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Col. and Ors. wrestle.

Rash. O excellent young man!

Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Col. is down. Shakes. Dute. F. No more, no more.

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

Dute. F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

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

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

Dute. F. I would, thou hadst been so honest to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy: Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this occasion than with this.

Hadst thou descended from another house, But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth! I would, thou hadst told me of another father. [Enter Duke Fred, Train, and Le Beau.

Duke. Orlando, my son, what thou hast done, I should have given him ears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Ors. Gentile cousin. Let me go thank him, and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition slacks me at heart,—sir, you have well deserve'd: If you do keep your promises in love But justly, as you have exceeded promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Rash. Gentleman, I sending him a charm from her neck.

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune; That could not give more, but that her hand means.

Shall we go, cos?

Col. Calling:—'Fare you well, fair gentleman. Orl. Can I not say, I thank you! My better Is all thrown down; and that which here stands up.

Duke. But I must maintain, a mere litigious block.

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

Col. Will you go, cos?
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Scene I. The Forest of Arden.
Enter Duke Frederick, AMENIA, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the tedious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And fruitful summer's Kemp; the which is now
Whose breed it bares and losses upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold. I smile, and say—
This is no fitter; these are counsellors
That fondly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity:
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Yet yields a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from equal制约
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Alas, I would not change for such a one
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it likes me, the good Thompson's boys—
Being native burgurers of this desert city:

[300]
As you like it.

Scene III. Before Oliver's House.
Enter Orsino and Adam, meeting.

Ors. Who's there?
Adam. What! my young master!—O, my gentle master.
O, my sweet master, O, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overreach
The bountiful parts of the humorous dukes?
Your praises are as monsters as your speeches.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as censures?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle man,
Are sanctified and holy treasures to you.
Yet, in a world in which every thing is copy
E'en Evensom him that bears it?
Ors. Why, what's the matter?
Adam. O, unhappy you.
Come not within these doors; within this room
The enemy of all your graces lies.
Your brother—no, no brother: yet the son—
Yet not the son;—I will not call him son.
Of him I was about to call his father,
Hath heard your praises; and this night
Will bring them into execution.
To born the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it, if he fall of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices,
This is no place, this house is but a battery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Ors. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not.
Ors. What, wouldst thou have me go and be my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enter
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do; do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a dierected blood, and bloody heresy.
Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred
Crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-mother,
When service should be done to me in's live,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that: and he that doth the ravens feed,
And provosts, provokingly ever fly,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did with unashamed forehead wave
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frisky, but kindly let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Ors. O good old man; how well in these appear
The constant service of the antique world.
When service sweet for duty, not for need,
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do cheake their service up
Even with the hasty: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou runnest a rotten race.
That cannot so much as a blossoms wine.
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry
But come thy ways, we'll go along to
And see we have the you'll dontes deliver'd.
We'll light upon some settled low con
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty
From seventy seven years till now almost.
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
LIKE IT.

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"Trust, Bella! you, clown!"
Rau. Peace, fool! he's not thy kinsman,
Car. Who calls?"
Rau. Touch, your better, sir.
Car. Else, they are very wretched.
Rau. Peace, I say —
Good even to you, friend.
Car. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Rau. I pray thee, shepherd, if that love or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed,
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Car. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not hear the flowers that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckles to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his coat, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and in my sheepcase now.
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Rau. What is he that shall buy his flock and not
Can, that young swain that you saw here but erstwhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Car. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shall have to pay for it of us.
Car. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Car. Accordingly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me. If you like what you see,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V. The same.
Enters ARISIN, JAQUE, and others.

SONG.

Ari. Under the Greenwood tree,
Where he lies to be with me,
And turns his merry ways.
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come, kicher, come, kicher, kicher:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But hover and sing aether.
Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.
[Exit ARISIN.
Poor shepherd! searching of thy
adventure found mine own.
I mine: I remember, when I was
A knight upon a stone, and
The sound of coming might to June
I remember the naming of her but
The song of her sweet bird's throat:
And I remember the wooing
Instead of her from whom took
No, I give her, and the "Ha, glens, Heart and soul for my sake.
We, like her, ran into strange cares:
Dust and nature, so is all nature in the
Nothing's worse than thou art aware
I shall not be 'ware of mine
I break my claims against it.
[Here! this shepherd's passion
is my master's mine; but it grows something
Of you, one of your relations good man, I
cannot give to any food;
A to death,
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Deser'td it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, be begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take sight
But the two rings.

Per. What ring gave you, my lord?

Nor. I beg you, sir, I only receiv'd of me.
Bas. If I could add a line unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my lord,
Hath not the ring noo't, it is gone.

Per. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

Bas. A.L. I am never come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Nor. Nor in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bas. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And who conceiv'd for what I gave the ring,
And how unawares I left the ring,
When nought was accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Per. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so unreasonnable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any tears of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't; but some woman had the ring.

Bas. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul.

Nor. I know not what you saying, my soul.
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And beg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to depart as he had away;
Even he that had begg'd up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady!

I was send'd to send it after him;
I was best with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
No much besmirch it; Pardou me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have send'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Per. Well, let that doctor ever come near my house;
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And forced me to be the very thing I was
To swear to keep for me, I will become as liberal as you;
I will pay him any thing that I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Like a night from house; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, I shall be left alone.

Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Nor. And his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,

How you do leave to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let not me take him then;

Per. If I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Nor. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Per. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bas. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eye,
Wherein I see myself. —

Per. Mark you but that I
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bas. Nay, but hear,
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break on oath with man.

Nor. I once did lend my body for his wars,
Which, but for him that had your household in
Had quite miscarried; I dare be bold to say
My soul upon the forfeit, that your soul
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Per. Then you shall be his surfeit.

And bid him keep it better than the air.

Nor. Here, lord Bassanio; swear by the ring.

Bas. By heaven, it is the same I did.

Per. I had it of him: pardon me, but
For this by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Nor. And pardon me, my gentle friend.
For that same scrubby boy, the device
In lieu of this, last night.

Gra. Why, this is like the sounding ways
In summer, where the ways are false and
everywhere we are cuckolds.

Per. Our speech not so greedy; —

Here is a letter, read it at your leisure.

Gra. It comes from Padua, from Balthasar.

There you shall find, that Poirot with my dot
Nerissa there, her clerk; Lorenzo here:
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you.
And but even now return'd; I have many
Enter'd my house—Antonio, you are well.
And I have better news in store for you. —
Than you expect; unseen this letter send;
There thou shall find three of your organs
Are richly come to harbor sudden death.
You shall not know by what strange aided
I was sent on this letter.

Nor. I am damn'd,

Bas. Were you the doctor, and I have not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to meth'ld so cuckold?

Nor. Ay; but the clerk that never mean's to

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bas. Sweet doctor, you shall be my health
When I am about.

Nor. Sweet lady, you have given me this living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Per. How now, Leonato!
My clerk hath some good comforts too,

Nor. Ay, and I'll give them him with fee.

There do I give to you, and Jennis.
From the rich Jew, a special deed of good.
After his death, of all he dies possess'd.

Per. O sweet ladies, you drop manna in the

Starved people.

Per. It is almost morning

And yet, I am sure, you are not assiduous
Of these events at full: Let us go as
And charge us there upon later returns,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so; The first letter
That my Nerissa shall be sworn only
Whether till the next night she had
Or go to bed now, being two hours to

But were the day come, I should wish in
That I were couching with the doctor's wife.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, son to wife.
Rosalind, Brother to the Duke, and cousin of
his Bourbon.
Adam, Lord aching upon the Duke in his
house, and all morning.
A man, Sister attending upon Frederick.
Cleon, Sir Bremet.
Bertie.
Sir I., Son of Sir Rowland de Bole.
Silvesto.
Suck, Servant to Oliver.
M. Berne, a Clown.

The Duke, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the Viscoun's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

SIR OLIVIER MAN-TEXT, a Vicar.
COMIN, a Shepherd.
SILVESTRO, A country Fellow, in love with Audrey. A person representing Hyacinth.
ROWLAND, Daughter to the Banished Duke.
CELAN, Daughter to Frederick.
PRESA, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country Witch.
Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion you beatened me by will: But a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks godlyness of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me not at home asleep: For say you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox! His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their seeing, they are taught their manage, and to bat end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, was nothing under him but growth: for the while his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nat

ure gave me, his countenance seems to take away: he lets me feed by his hinds, bars to the place of a brother, and, as much as in me lies, raises my gentility with my education. So he is, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit any father, which I think is within me, begins nothing against this servitude: I will no longer suffer it, though yet I know no wise remedy to avoid it.

End of OLIVER.

Adam. Younder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and then shall hear how

Oh! Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing! I am not taught to make any things.

Orl. What may you then, sir?

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

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat hucks with them? What prodigious portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Orl. Know you where you are, sir?

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

Orl. Know you wherefore, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you me better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, there were twenty brothers between us; I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is scarce to his reverence.

Orl. What, boy?

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

Orl. Will thus lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bole; he was my father: and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: Thou hast ruined thyself.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

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

Ovi. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his last will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentle-

Adm. woman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allevi-

Ovi. I will do, till I please: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

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

Ovi. With you, with you, old dog. 

Adm. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! I would not have spoke such a word. [Exit ORLANDO and ADAM.]

Ovi. If I can begin to you again, my lord, I will perform your restand, and yet give no thousands crowns settler. Hois, Densals! [Exit DENSAL.

Den. Calls your worship.

Ovi. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to make a wager?

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

Ovi. Let me go, I say. [Exit DEN.]

Ovi. Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter SABRELL.

Cas. Good morrow to your worship. 

Ovi. Good morrow to you, the new court! 

Cas. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke! and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and re-

Ovi. So no; for the duke's daughter, her con-

Cas. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her con-

Ovi. Where will the old duke live? 

Cas. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a most merry man with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of Eng-

Ovi. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cas. Yes, sir, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguise against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my master, and be that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your bro-

Ovi. If I am young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be both to foll him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore out of my way, sir; I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intention, or break such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Ovi. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose hereinafter, and have by underhand to dissuade him from it; but if thou tellst him, Charles, it is the fellow of France: full of amb-

Ovi. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is done?

Cas. No, sir; get you in; I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

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

Cas. I do not know what to say in the case of such a man as you are.

Ovi. You must, methinks; I am sure I do not know what to say in such a case; and now I am talking, I think you must expect that if I come to-morrow, I'll speak it: if ever he go alone wrestling for prize more: And to-morrow, farewell, good Charles. This gamester I hope, I shall be for my soul, yet I know not whether; more than is. Yet he's gentle and yet learned; full of noble sort of Zeal, of much in the heart of the world of my own people, who best is altogether misapprehend; but long; this wrestler shall clean main, but that I kindle lie by now I'll go about. 

SCENE II. A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSELLAND and OVI.

Ovi. I pray thee, Rosalind, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show in an mistress of; and would yo-

Ros. Well, I will forget the estate, to rejoice in yours. 

Ros. You know, my father: I, nor none is like to have; he dies, thus shall be his heir; taken away from thy father, and not thy father again in affection; b

Ros. What shall be our sport? 

Cas. Let us sit and muck the Fortune, from her wheel, in henceforth be bestowed equal

Cas. The world is a stage; all the men and women do most mistake in this. [Exeunt.

Ros. From henceforth I will sport: let me see; What thin love I

Cas. Marry, I pray thee, do with it: but love me no more; I mean, no further in sport; settle it in a pure blush thou may'st in again.

Ros. What shall be our sport? 

Cas. Let us sit and mock the Fortune, from her wheel, in henceforth be bestowed equal

Cas. [To Rosalind:] Tie true: for those, the she

Ros. From henceforth I will sport: let me see; What thin love I
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Col. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.—

Col. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.—

Ros. With bits on their necks.—Be it known unto all men how these present.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him; so he served the second, and so the third; Yorick, they lie; the poor old man, their father; making such pitiful die over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas! Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wise every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Col. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else long to see this broken musk of his sides? is there yet another date upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Col. Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Oranie, Charles, and Attendants.

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

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, certainly.

Col. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successively.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you credent hithe to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my lord; so please you give us leave.

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

Col. Call him hiiter, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[Drum. Duke F. goes apart.

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

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

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

Ori. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger; I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of your youth.

Col. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen sound proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your own eyes, or knew yourself with your own judgment; the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

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

Ori. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein, if I be falled, there is but one shame that was never gracious: if killed, but one death that is willing to be so;
I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for it in nothing have occasion to lament myself, which may be better supplied when I have made it myself. Rea. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you. Col. And mine, to the best out. Rea. Fare you well. "Pray heaven, I be deceived in you! Col. Your heart's desires be with you. Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth? Ord. Ready, sir; but his will hath it in a more modest working. Duds. F. You shall try but one fall. Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not encounter a man, that have so greatly persuaded him from a first. Ord. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways. Rea. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man! Col. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Col. and Ord. arrempotent.] Rea. O excellent young man! Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell what I should say. [Delay. Col. Is Brown. About. Duds. F. No, no, no more. Ord. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well本领ed. Duds. F. How dost thou, Charles? Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord. Duds. F. Bear him away. [Col. is borne out.] What is thy name, young man? Ord. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bolso. Duds. F. He would, thou hadst been son to some man else. The world esteem'd thy father honourable; But I did find him still mine enemy; Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this Thadast done descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth; I would, thou hadst told me of another father. [Enter DUKE FRED Train, and Le BEA. Cha. Were I my father, cos, would I do this? Col. I am no more bound to be Sir Rowland's son, His youngest son; and would not change that condition. To be adopted heir to Frederick. Rea. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul, And shee world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto tears, Ere he should thus have ventur'd. Col. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him; My father's rough and carnal disposition Sticks me at heart,—Sir, you have well deserve'd; If you do keep your promises in love, But justly, as you have exceeded promise, Your mistress shall be happy. Gentleman. [Giving him a chape from her neck. Wear this for me; one sort of suits with fortune; That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. Shall we go, cost? Col. Call Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman. Ord. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts. Are all Thadast down; and that whereon stands up, Is his mainstay, a mere lifeless block. Rea. He calls us back: my pride 'll tell with my presence. I'll ask him what he would,—Did you call, sir?—Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown the nearest of your enemies. Col. Will you go, cos? Rea. Have with you;—Fare you well. [Exit ROSALIND and CLY. Ord. What passion hangs these weeds upon my tongue? I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference. Recuer Le Beau. O poor Orlando! thee art overthrow'd; Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee. Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship honor you. To leave this place: Albeit you have deserved High commendation, true apparel, and love; Yet such is now the duke's condition, That he misconstrues all that you have done. The duke is humarous; what he is, indiffer. More suit ye to conceive, than me to speak. Ord. I thank you, sir; and, 'tis you tell me this; Which of the two was daughter of the Duke? That here was at the wrestling! Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by the face. But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter: The other is daughter to the bastard'd duke, And here defeat'd by her unwrapping arms. To keep his daughter company; whose love Are dearer than the natural bond of nature. But I can tell you, that of late this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her virtue. And pity her for her good father's sake: And, on my life, her mistake 'gainst the lady Will suddenly break forth,—Sir, fare you well. Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of ye. Ord. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well! [Exit Le Beau. Rea. This must I from the smoke into the smoke. From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother. But heavily Rosalind! [Exit. SCENE IIII. A Room in the Palace. Enter CECIL and RALPHIN. Gra. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind,—Cousin, have mercy!—Not a word! Rea. Not one to throw at a dog. Col. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon ears, throw some of them at me, I am content. Rea. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be laden with reasons, and the other mad without any. Col. But is all this for your father? Rea. No, some of it for my child's father. O, how full of bristles is this working-day world! Col. They are bat bars, cousin, thrown upon then in holiday fucking; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them. Rea. I could shake them off my coat; these bars are in my heart. Col. Hem them away. Rea. I would try: if I could cry hem, and hem bars. Col. Come, come, wrestle with thy affection. Gra. 0, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself. Col. 0, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a father,—But, turning their looks out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a manner with old Sir Rowland's youngest son? Col. The duke my father lov'd him dearly. Col. Doth it therefore come, that you love his son dearly? By this kind of should hate him, for my father hated him dearly; yet I hate none. Rea. No faith, hate him not, for my
As You Like It.

SCENE I. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke, Frederick, and Lords, in the dress of Shepherds.

Duke. Sike, now my co-mates, and brothers in exile.

Enter Duke Frederick and Lords, poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou


Duke. She hast not, cousin; cheerful! knowest thou not, the

ducal, his daughter?

Duke. That he hath not, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one;

Shall we be slandered? shall we part, sweet girl? No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore, devise with me, how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your charge upon you,

To bear your gists yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrow's part,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Duke. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Atlas, what danger will it be to us,

Maid as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Duke. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind ofumber match my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assistants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did not me all points like a man?

A gallant carriage upon my thigh,

A lean-sparc in my hand; and (in my heart)

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,

We'll have a swashing and a martial aside;

As many other manish countres have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Duke. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page.

And therefore, look, call me Gausmene.

But what will you be called?

Duke. Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Cellis, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we easy'd to steal

The chemise foot-out of your father's part?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Duke. He'll go along over the wide world with me.

Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,

And get our beads and our went together;

Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight: Now go we in content,

To Liberty, and not to punishment.

Enter Duke, Frederick, and Lords.

ACT II.
SHOULD IN THEIR OWN CONJUNCTIVE, WITH DISSOLVING HEADS HAVE THEIR ROUND HANDEDNESS.

Indeed, my lord, the melancholy Jaques grumbles at that.

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath bastard'd you. To-day, my lord, of Amiens, and myself, Did stand and plighted, as he lay along Under an oak, whose ancient roots protrude Upon the brook that brawls along this wood; To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, That from the hunter's aim had taken a hurt, Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal knew'd forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his lusty coat Almost 'a办公; and the big round tears Coudn't one another down his innocent noun In pieceless chase; and then the lazy fool, Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques, Sat on the extremest verge of the swift brook, And there his wretches it.

Duke. What said Jaques?

Duke. Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes. First, for his weeping in the useles stream; Poor deu, quoth he, it's wasteful work at worlds do, giving thy onus of more To that which had no meaning: Then being alone, and abandoned of his velvet friends, To right quoth he 'is misery diam part.
The face of company; Atom, a careless herds, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him; Ay, quoth Jaques, Shit, you hath and great estates.

'Tis just the fashon: Wherefore do you look Upon that poor and huntsman handsome there? That most inveterately he pierceth through The body of country, city, court. Yes, and of this our life; swearing, that we Are more usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, To fright the animals, and to kill them up, In their assid and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and consoling Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke. Show me the place; I desire to see him in these soled fits, For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

SCENE II. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court Are of consent and suff'erence in this.

1 Lord. I, cannot hear of any that did see her, The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, Saw her a-bed: and in the morning early, They found the bed unmade of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the royal elysian, at whom I never saw so oft.

Your grace was wont to laugh, it also missing, Hemisphere, the princess' gentleman, Confesses, that she secretly overheard Your daughter and her cousin much commend The parts and graces of the wrestler That did but lately foil the sissy charler; And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gentleman.

If he be absent, bring his brother to me, I'll make him find him: do this suddenly; And let not search and inquisition quail To bring again these fohishi runways.

SCENE III. Before Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADMIRAL, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Admiral. What's my young master?—O, my grateful master, O my sweet master, O you memory Old Sir Rowland! why, what make you? What are you villains? Why do people love me? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and so vast?

Why would you be so hard to overcome The bony prizer of the harmonious duke? Your praise is highly prais'd, and all the world Know you not master, to some kind of use Their graces serve them but as amusements. No more do young; your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy visitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is come Eunomus that bears it! What, why, what is think?

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Admiral. O unhappy young man! Come not within these doors; within this man The enemy of all your pleasures lives: Your brother (yes, no, brother; yet the son Yet not the son—I will not be your guide) Of him I was about to call his father; Hath heard your praises; and this night it means To burn the bedding where you use to be, And you within it; if he fail of that He will have other means to cut you off; I overheard him, and his practices, This is no place, this house is but a Better; Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. Orl. Why, whither, admiral, wouldst thou thus lead me go? [Exeunt.

Admiral. No matter whither, so you come out of my foot.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and be my food? Or, with a base and boisterous sword, entice A thievish living on the common road? This I must do, or know not what to do: Yet this I will not do, do how I can; I rather will subject me to the malice Of a directed blood, and hearty brother. Admiral. But do not so: I have five hundred crows.

The thrifty hire I said under your father, Which I did store, to be my master-nurse, When service shone in my lanx in him, And unregarded age in corners thrown; Then, that he and that the raven feed, You, providently, on these your bread: Be comfort to me! Here is the gold! All this I give you, though I look old, Yet I am strong and lusty: For in my youth I never did appy Hot and rebellious lippes in my blood; Nor did not with unshakable forehead mean The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly I let me go with you; I'll do the service of a younger man. In all your business and necessaries. Orl. O good old man, how well in thee the constant service of the antique world, When service sweet for duty, not for mood Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweat, but for promotion; And having that in my service of both Even with the heaven: But it is not so with this. But, poor old man, thou run'st a rotten man. That cannot so much as a blossoms play In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry But come the ways, we'll go along leg and see we have not a mounted wagon: We'll light upon some settled low country. Orl. Master, go not on, and I will tell The last gasp, with truth and loyalty. From seventeen years till now almost! Here lively, but now live here now no more
Scene IV. The Forest of Arden.

Enter Romanin in boy's clothes, Cellini dresses like a girl in shepherd's costume.

Ran. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits! Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs are not weary.

Ran. I could find in my heart to disgrace my appearance, and to cry like a woman; but must comfort the weaker vessel, as doubled base should ought to show itself courageous to peti- tion. This is true surgery, and good. Adrienne.

Celli. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go further.

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

Ran. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more sad to it: I was at home, I was in a better place.

Cellii. Aye, ay, so good Touchstone—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in serious talk.

Enter Corin and Silence.

Cor. This is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. Or Corin, that then know'st how I love her.

Cor. I partly mean; for I have lov'd her now and then, Corin, being old, thou canst not; though in thy youth thou wast as fine a lover as ever night upon a midnight pillow, and day upon a morn, in soft vesture, and on to the touch. (As sure I think not on that time love so.) How many solemn maidens false ones have been drawn to by thy fantasy!

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. And oft have they broke at such company, and in their love have been ever like to mine: If thou rememberst not the slightest fellow That ever love did make thee run into, or for whom hast not sat as I do now. Give thyself some pleasure. (from thine eye's grace) Then hast not lov'd; or for whom hast not broke from company, and thy name and countenance now makes me, For now I love not: O Phoebe, Phoebe! (Exit Silence.)

Cor. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy woman.

Enter old and hunting friends, found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was a boy, I beheld my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming swift to Jane Bail; and I remember the blessing of her hand, and the rod's dog that her pretty-chapped hand milk'd; and I remember the wounding of the old dog, and the blood which from whom I took it, and, giving her them again, said, the wounding. Hereafter for my sake, We, the old in this world, are all in mortal nature, as all is nature in mortal man. Thus speak'd wiser than they art (were

Touch. Nay, I shall me be 'ware of mine wife till I break my chains against it.

Enter Jane. This shepherd's passion is made upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something

Jane. I carry you, one of your question yond man, and will give us any food; I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown! Ran. Peace, fool! he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Ran. Else they are very wretched.

Cor. Peace, I say—

Good even to you, friend.

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

Ran. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold, Can in this desert furnish entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed: Here's a young man with travel much oppress'd, And tends for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, And wish for her sake, more than for mine own. My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man, And no so great the secrets I can bear; My master is of churlish disposition, And little recks to find out this heaven, By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his coat, his flocks, and bounds of feed, Are now in sale, and at such prices now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on: and yet, I am come here, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ran. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile, That little cares for buying any thing;

Ran. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cor. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Ran. Amusedly, the thing is to be sold: Go with me; if you like, upon report, The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will let you have as my father's trust. And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

Scene V. The same.

Enter Amande, Jaques, and others.

Song.

Amand. Under the greenwood tree,
If the dew be on it,
Turn my merry sweet
Unto the sweet bird's cheer,
Come and hearken, come, become,
Here shall he be
No trouble,
But winter and rough weather.

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

Amand. It will make you melancholy, monsieur.

Jaques. I say it. More, more, more.

I can in this melancholy sort of song, as a wazzy sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more, more.

Jaques. And my voice is ragged; I know, I cannot love you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire to sing: Come, come, come, anymore:

Call on you sometimes.

Amand. What will you, monsieur Jaques?

Jaques. I care not for their names; they owe me nothing; Will you sing?

Amand. More at your pleasure, than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amand. Well, I'll end the song. —Sure, cover the while; the dake will drink under this tree— he hath been all this day to look you.
AS YOU

Jem. And I have been all this day to seek
him. He is too dispastatable for my company; I
think of as many ways as he; and I give
heaven's thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, wash, come, come.

SONG.

Who does ambition shine? [All together here.
And love to see the sun? And
And peace with what he gets,
Come kither, come kither, come kither;
Harnd;
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

And yet, when I come to the
last line of the stanza, I
see that I have made a mistake. The
stanza is from the song "A mother's song" by
William Shakespeare. The stanza is:

"But winter and rough weather,

And yet, when I come to the
last line of the stanza, I
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AS YOU LIKE IT.

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With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side:
His youthful hose well sold, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big mainly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

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

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself;
For though I am not trouble you
As you to question you about your fortunes—Give us some music; and, good counsel, sing.

Amiens sings.

SONG.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As many are ingrateful;
The truth is not so keen,
Because thou art not warm.

Although the leaf be rude,
Heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh, the green holly;
Most friendship is beginning,
Some loving more fulsome:
Heigh, heigh, heigh, the holly;
This life is most jolly.

2. Encre, encre, thou winter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forget;
Though then the winter wares,
The sting is not so sharp.

Heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh, heigh.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son—
As you have whispered so faithfully were you;
And as mine eye doth his chivalry witness.
Most truly linn'd, and living in your face,—He truly welcome hitter: I am the duke.
That lord your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my care and tell me:—Good old man, Thou art right welcome as thy master is: Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand.

[Enter.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lord, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since Sir, sir, that, can
Not be: But were I not the better part made mercy, I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou prince of low to look to it;
Find out thy brother, wherever he is; Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living.
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou to no more To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost cultivate,
Worth staying, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Or what we think against thee.
Oh, O, that your highness knew my heart is this
I never lose't my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain than we:—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extant upon his house and lands:
Do this expeditiously, and turn him going. {Exeunt.}

SCENE II. The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love.
And thou, thine-crowned queen of night,
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy harmless' name, that my full life doth away.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And thou my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando, the love, on every tree.
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

{Exit.}

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, man Touchstone?

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

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn:—That good pastures make fat sheep: and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun:—That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or come of a very dull line. 

Touc. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wait ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly. 

Touc. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope—

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

Cor. Shall I wait at court?—Your reason.

Touc. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawst good manners; if thou never sawst good manners, then thy manners must be wicked: and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thus am I come to this quiet state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone; those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that country would be uncivilly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touc. Touch, instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our eyes; and the more we handle, the more they are great.

Touc. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat and is not the grease of a motion as well as that of the sweat of a man? Shallows, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Broth, our hands are hard.

Touc. Your lips will feel them the sooner.

Shallows, a gain: A more somber instance, come.

Cor. And they are often torn'rd over with the surgery of our sheeps and would you have us kiss our? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touc. Most shallow men! Thou worm-men, in respect of a good piece of flesh; indeed! Learn of the wise, and perceive: Civet is of a baser birth than't; the very uncleanest of beasts. Mind the fables, shepherd. Cor. You have too courteously a wit for me;—

Touc. With that rest damn'd! It good to shallow men! God make incisions in the art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I can eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, men's happiness joys; glad in my company: and the greatest of all, to see my ewes swain, and my hills Touch. That is another simpler sin is to bring the ewes and the rains together offer to get your living by the custom:— be to be the south and west, and a she摆在 of a twelfth month, to a crowd old, curiously ram, out of all reason. If thou best not damn'd for this, the self will have no shepherds; I cannot how thou shouldst escape. 

Cor. Here comes young master Hero my new mistress' bride.

Enter ROSEALIND, reading a Paper.

Roa. From the east to western end,
No jewel to be Rosalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the
Through all the world bears Bess

{Exit.}

Cor. That is another simple sin is to bring the ewes and the rains together offer to get your living by the custom: be to be the south and west, and a she blockade to Rosalind.

Touc. I know no face he keep in mind, have the face of Rosalind.

Roa. Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight y other; demand of your voice, shepherd. 

Roa. Out, fool!

Touc. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a kind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
If the eat will after kind,
Be more Will Rosalind,
Winter garments must be bind'd,
So must chaste; Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and sheaf,
Then to court with Rosalind,
Narrow must be each wind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find and bolt's own

This is the very false gallop of verses you infect yourself with them.

Roa. Peace, your words, I'm fool.

Touch. Truly, the very trees bad f

Roa. I'll graft it with you, and thou with me a medlar; then it will be

Touc. The fruit in the country; for you'll be it you be half ripe, and that's the right the medlar.

Cor. You have said it; but whether no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a Paper.

Roa. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stan Cei. Why should this desert shew he?
For is it unpeopled? No,

Touc. Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

Cei. Some, has he not the life of man
Some to bring the Gregory's marriage;
That the murder's spirit, in his own age

Cei. I'll read Rosalind's verse:

{Exit. Celia, touching the tree, to hue

The quintessence of every spine

{Exit. Celia, touching the tree, to hue

The quintessence of every spine


As You Like It

Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doubt and love?—What did he, when thou sawst him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and where shall thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cec. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first; 'twas a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than I can answer in a ratiocination.

Ros. But dost thou know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Look he as fresh as he did the day he was created?

Cec. It is easy to count stamens, as to resolve the properties of a lover;—but take a taste of my fishing line, and relish it with a good observer. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

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

Cec. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cec. There say he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cec. Cry, hail! to thy tongue; I pray thee, curvest very unseasonably: He was furnished like a huntsman.

Ros. He is cautious! he comes to kill my heart.

Cec. I would sing my song without a burden: thus bring'st me out of love.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Elias Orlando and Jaques.

Cec. You bring me out;—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; sink by, and note him.

Chas. and Rosalind retire.

Jacq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Ori. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jacq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Ori. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jacq. I pray you, mark no more trees with writing love-songs in their bark.

Ori. Not so; but I thank you in your love's name?

Jacq. Yes, just.

Ori. I do not like her name.

Jacq. There was no thought of praising you, when she was christened.

Jacq. What stature is she of?

Ori. As high as my heart.

Jacq. You are full of pretty answers; He've you not been acquainted with gladmirth's wives, and compt them out of rings?

Ori. Not so; but I answer you right pinioned cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jacq. You have a nimble wit: I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will pretend against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Ori. I will chide no浏览器不支持图片, 但你告诉我有什么困难。
LIKE IT.

Orr. What were his marks?
Ras. A lean cheek; which you blue eye, and another which you unquestionable spirit; which you heard neglected; which you have pardon you for that; for, simply, in heaven is a younger brother's yet your nose should be a matter, your unhands, your sleeve an unbuttoned thing, and every thing about you a careless devotion. But you are you rather point-devise in your mestas, as loving yourself, than love of any other.
Orr. Fair youth, I would I could believe I love.
Ras. Me believe it! you may be her that you love believe it; which she is apt to, then to confess is one of the points in the which give the lie to their common. Sooth, are you he that hangs the acre in Rosalind is so admir.
Orr. I swear to thee, youth, by th' Rosalind, I told thee, I saw thee.
Ras. But are you so much in a rhyme speak?
Orr. Neither rhyme nor reason much how much.
Ras. Love is merely a madness you, deserves as well a dark house as madmen do; and the reason so not punished and cured, else, is it so ordinary, that the whispers are? Yet I profane it not, yet I make it.
Orr. Did you ever cure any so?
Ras. Yes, one; and in this man to imagine his love, he mistre every day to woo me: At while I being but a nurse, youth; minute, changeable, longing, and fantastic, apathy, shallow, incon-
tears, full of ambi; for every a thing, and for no passion truly a boy and woman are for the most this colour: would now like him; then entertain him, then he now weep for him, then apt at drave his suitor from his man but to a living; humour of madness; forwar the full stream of the live in a mock merely monastic cured him; and apt to wash your liver live as a is a heart, that there shall not be one.
Orr. I would not be cured, youth.
Ras. I would cure you, if you saw Rosalind, and come every day and woo me.

Orr. Now, by the faith of my tell me where it is.

Ras. Go with me to it, and I' you; and, by the way, you shall the in the forest you live: Will you g

Orr. With all my heart, good ye

Ras. Nay, you must call me Count, sister, will you go?

SCENE III.

EMILY TOUCHFOUL AND AUDREY: Taste, observing them.

Tou. Come apace, good An fetch up your goats, Audre: And am I the man yet that my si content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord war features t

Tou. I am here with thee and the most spirited poet, honest among the Goths.
knowledge ill-instructed! worse than
hatch'd house!' [And 0.]

When a man's years cannot be num-
ner a man's good will seconded with
child, understanding, it strikes a
fast: a dead as great reckoning is a
little racy, I would the gods had made thee

As I know what poetical is: In it
shoe; and [And 0.]

Is true; for the true poverty is a

And lovers are given to poetry;

in poetry, may be said, as
do fleets.

As I wish then, that the gods had
derived.

I do, truly: for thou swearest to me
honour. Now, if thou swearest to her, or
some hope thou diest fleets, couldst thou not have me honest?

As truly, unless thou wert hard fa-

For honest coupled to beauty, is to

I am not a slot, though I think the gods

Well, praised be the gods for thy

Aman may, if true thing! I

But that though not! Courage's

It is any man knows the end of his goods;

This is not a slot; truly, this is

Be Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver—Sir Oliver Martext,

I will not; You disparage us here

A severe to her, or will we go with you to your

I will not take her on gift of any man.

True, she must be given, or the

[Dismissing herself.] Proceed; proceed;

Good even, good master. What

I will not see you—Even a toy in hand

Well you be married, Mother?

As the ox hath his bane, sir; the

And will you, being a man of your breed

And the good priest that you what marriage in: this fellow will

but join you together as they join waters;

And one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and,

Took. I am not in the mind but I were bet-
ter to be married of him than of another; for

He is not like to marry me well; and not being

We must be married, or we must live in hourly.

Farewell, good master Oliver!

No—O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee; But—wind away, Begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oth, The no maid's hard heart and

We shall all faint out of my call-

Scene IV. The same. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Ced. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

For as cause as one would desire;

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Something lower than Julia's; many

Ros. L'vth; his hair is of a good colour.

Ros. An excellent colour; your chesnut was

Ros. And his kingly is as full of sanctity as

Ced. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of

Dianas; a pair of winter-beard, kind lips not

Ros. But why did he swear he would come

Ced. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Ced. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor

Ros. He is more wont to be over-scrupulous than

Ced. Yes, when he is; but, I think he is not in

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was

Ced. War is not is: besides the oats of a lover

Ros. Meet the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what pa-

Ced. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave

And breaks them bravely, quite traverse, offwart

The heart of his lover; as a poor little, that

That gars his horse but on one side, breaks his staff

The proud disdainful shepherdess

That was his mistresse.

Ced. Well, and what of him?
AS YOU

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexions of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Glo hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it. [Exeunt.

Ros. O, come, let as remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Sil. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not Phoebe—
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In such a manner as to shame common execution.
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard.

Ros. Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon? Will you sternly be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin at a distance.

Phoe. I would not be thy executioner:
I thy sister, for I would not injure thee.

Ros. Tell me, thou art a murderer in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, rare, and very probable:
That yes,—that are the frailst and softest things,
Who shot their coward-gates on stonies—
Should be call'd tyrants, butcherers, murderers!
Now I do lean on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
Kill thee;
Now counterfeited to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lies not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and palpable impression
Thy palm some moment keep; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darter at thee, hurt thee not:
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Ros. O dear Phoebe,
If, (as that ever may be now,) you meet in some fresh check the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That such an eye may cause make.

Phoe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
Comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
An ill time, then, I will not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [Shaming.] Who is
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What, though you have
(As by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,) Must you be therefore proud and pitiless!
Why, what means this! Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—'tis my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your lively brows, your black silk-hair,
Your bygge chynelle, nor your check of cream,
That can esteem my spirits to your worship,—
You foolish shepherd, wherewith do you follow her.

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain,
You are a thousand times a proper man,
Than she a woman:—'tis meek fools as you,
That make men fall of full of favour'd children;
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
That any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,

And thank heaven fasting, for a good is
For I must tell you friendly in your ear
Tell when you can; you are not for all
Cry the man mercy; love him; take
Fool is most in love, and true fool to
So take her to thee, shepherd:—here

Phoe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this
Ros. He's fallen in love with her and
She'll fall in love with my stage
So, as fast as she answers thee with books,
I'll sance her with bitter woe
Look you so upon me

Phoe. For no ill will I bear you
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love
For I am rather as vows made in
Brat-rab, I like you not; if you will
house,
'Tis at the root of olive, how hard
Will you go, sister!—Shepherd, play by
Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on
And be not forlorn,
None could be so ab'd in sight as I
Come, to do so.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and
Phoe. Dead shepherd! I now find
I might,
Who ever said, that he'd not at first sig
Sil. Sweet Phoebe,

Phoe. What say'st thou
Sil. Sweet Phoebe. pitty me.
Phoe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief will;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving me good, my sorrow and my
Were both extermin'd.
Phoe. Thou hast my love, is not thil
hourly:
Sil. I would have you
Phoe. With that we were con
Sil. The time was, that I hated the
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love
But since that thou canst talk of love
Thy company, which erst was irksome
I will endure; and I'll employ thee to
But do not look for further recoupment
Then thine own gladness that thou art
Sil. So holy, and so perfect in my
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plentiful
To clean the broken ears after the
That the main harvest reap: those now
A scattered smile, and that I'll live up
Know'st thou the youth that
Sil. Not very well, but I have meet
And he hath bought the cottage, and
That the old earl once was master

Phoe. Think not I love him, though

'Tis but a peevish boy,—yet he talents
But what care I for words! yet words
When he that speaks them pleasest me:
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty
But, sure, he's proud: and yet his pride
He'll make a proper man: The best
is his complexion; and faster than his
Did make offences, his eye did heat it
He is not tall; yet for his years he's his
Leg is but so: and yet 'tis well
There was a puny redskin in his dip:
A little riper and more losy red
Than that mind'd in his cheek; this
difference
Between the constant red, and mingled
There be some women, Silvius, had the
In pears in as I did, would have gone:
To fall in love with him: but, for my
I love him not, was hate him not; an

LIKE IT.
As You Like It

Act IV.

Scene I. The same.

ORLANDO, Celia, and Jaques.

Then, pretty youth, let me be thy guide.

You are a melancholy fellow, sir; I love it better than laughing; that is in extremity of either, the fellow; and betray themselves to expense, worse than drunkards, in good will; and sad and say nothing, then, its good to be a poet.

Another she scholar’s melancholy station: nor the musician’s, which nor the courtier’s, which is proof, nor the latter’s, which is ambition; nor the last is politics; nor the lady’s, nor the lover’s, which is all in it a melancholy of mine own, of many simples, extract from; and, indeed, the sunny countenance travels which, by oftennum卷 in a most humorous sadness.

By my word, you have great out: ‘Fear, you have sold your to other men’s; then, to have not to have nothing, is to have rich.

I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Your experience makes you sad: I will sit down and to make me to make me to travel for that, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Then, God be with you, as you talk.

Let, well, monsieur traveller: Look, you are strange sports; illibole all the be you can master; be out of love with, and almost chide God for making any in you; or I will scarce see a man’s: Why, how do; where have you been all this a lover?—as you serve me, much; never come in my nights.

Are Rosalind, I come within as honor.

Ask no hour’s promise in love! He ride a minute into a thousand parts, not a part of the thousandth part of the sports of love, it may be said at Endym [clipp’d] him on the I warrant him heart-blood, not me, dear Rosalind.

And if you do so tardy, come no more.

I find as lief be wood of a small.

A small; for though he comes wen his horse on his head; a better hint, then you can make a woman: be his destiny with him.

Orel. What’s that?

Ram. Who is it? which such as you are false to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orel. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ram. And I am your Rosalind.

Orel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ram. Come, woo me, woo me; now for I am in a holiday humour, and long enough to consent: What would you say to me now, as I were your very Rosalind?

Orel. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ram. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good, brother, when they are out of it, you will split; and for lovers, I must warn us! matter, the cleanest shift is to kiss.

Orel. Have if the kiss be denied?

Ram. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins the business.

Orel. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ram. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or should I think my honesty ranks than my wife.

Orel. What, of my suit?

Ram. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orel. I take some joy to say you are, because I would been talking of her.

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

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

Ram. No, faith, die be attorney. The poor wretches, at six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, in fact, in a love-case. Trellin had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the pattern of love. Lord, be have had many a fair year, though! Here had turned men, it had not been for a hot month, lower; for, good youth, he went forth and wash in him in a Hesperion; and, being great with the crown, it was drowned in, and the foolish claimers of that age found it was—Hercules. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and women have eaten them, but not for love.

Ram. He would not have me, my right Rosalind of this kind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ram. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Ram. I love me, Rosalind.

Ram. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays, and Satur-

days, and all.

Ram. And will thou have me?

Ram. Ay, and twenty such.

Ram. What sayst thou then? Are you not good?

Ram. I hope so.

Ram. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be a priest, marry me.—Give me your hand, Or-

lando.—What do you say, sister?

Orel. 'Pray thee, marry us.

Cl. I cannot say the words.

Ram. You must begin.—If you, Orlando—

Cl. Yes, yes.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orel. I will. Our, Ay, but when?

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

Ram. Then you must say—I take this Rosalind, for wife.

Orel. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

Ros. I might ask you for your conclusion; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: This is the cleverlest gentleman of any that I yet knew in my life. I know by the place thou play'st in court, if he be not a gentleman of the first rank. For, if he were not, he would not play so fine a part as thou dost.

Ros. How say I like you now? I have speech.

Ros. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. Nay, by my life, she will do as I do.

Ros. But, let she be wise.

Ros. Nay, thou couldst not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the better; for: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the earnest; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Ros. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say—'Why, slender wife!'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Rosi. And what wit could hold it to an edge of that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that women must not make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never name her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Ros. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

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

Ros. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two hours thyself with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I know when I am spoken to. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less;—that flattering tongue of yours was to me—'tis but one cast away, and 'tis death. Two o'clock is your hour.

Ros. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths, if you break one word of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pitifully hypocrite woman, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthly of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross hand of the unthankful: therefore beware my casmer, and keep your promise.

Rosi. With no less religion, than thou wert indeed my Rosalind; So, adieu.

Ros. Well, I am the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try! Adieu! 

Col. You have simply maimed our cause in your love-prize; we must have your doublet and hose plucked off your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Col. God, God, cox, cox, my pretty littlecox, that those dogs know how many fashions deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Col. Or rather bottomless;—that fast as you pour affection in it, it runs out.

Ros. But, see, that man without husband is the beast of thought, contemplative and born of meditation; the man that makes every creature serve his love, let him be no less, nor his love.—O boy, in the night of Orlando! I'lt be221 in sleep till he come to me. Col. And thou wilt sleep.

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques and Lords, in the field of Love.

Jau. Which is that kind of the dish the man congeater and it would do well, the devil take him, he told the lady victory;—Have you no song, honest?

Lor. Yes, sir.

Jau. Sing it, sir; it's no matter how it be, so it make noise enough.

Jau. What should be done that kind of dish?

Lor. I know not.

Jau. Then sing him hence.

Jau. Take him no more, to wear the hand and it was a young fellow.

Lor. It was a young fellow.

Lor. Their father, their mother.

Jau. And say it so.

Col. The harm, the harm, the harm song.

Jau. It is not a thing to laugh at, but to.
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Where, in the purities of this forest, stands
A sheepe-cote, fence'd about with olive-trees?

Col. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Col. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then I should know you by description;
Such garnish, and such years; The key to fair,
Of female favour, and bounteous himself,
Like a ripe sister; but the woman him,
And bestraw them her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Col. If it be so, being ask'd, in my way we are.

Col. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind;
He sends this bloody napkin: are you he?

Eau. I am: What most we understand by this?

Col. Some of my shame; if you will know of
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd?

Col. I pray you, tell it, you:

O. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,
He doth a journey to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Cheewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bala with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, overgrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A rope and a brand new'd whip had woven itself,
Whom with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unloose'd itself,
And with intented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which it was
A lioness, with wilders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

Col. And well he might so do
For well I knew he was unnatural.

Col. But to Orlando—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

O. Twice did he turn his back, and purpose'd
so;
But kindness, nobler than even revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness.
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Who quickly tell before him in which burnt
From miserable slander I swank'd.
Cast. Are you his brother?
Ros. Yes, I am; was it so short a while ago?
Cast. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill
me? O, 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not blame
To tell you what I was, since my conversation
Is seventy years, being the thing I am.
Rev. Boy, for the bloody sackcloth—
O, By and by. When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our reconnaissances most kindly bated;
Ah, how I came into that desert place—
In brief he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertain'st me,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped me, and here upon his arm
The louner had torn some fresh away,
Which all this while had blest; and now he is
frusted,
And cry'd, in fasting, upon Rosalind.
Brisly iron'd, bound up his wound; and,
And, after some small space, being strong at
heart
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
My brother's promise, and give to this, sackcloth,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That inwardly doth call his Rosalind.
Cast. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ga-
nymede! [Rom. 1:20]
O, we'll soon awake you when they do look on
blood.
O, There is more in it;—Couise—Gany-
mede.
Ros. Look, be recoverers.
O. I would, I were at home.
Ros. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
O. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?
—You lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body
would think this was well counterfeited: I pray
you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
O. This was not counterfeit; there is too
great testimony in your complexion, that it was
a passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeiter, I assure you.
O. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit it to be a man.
Ros. Many will swear that you, sir, have been
a woman by right.
O. There, you look paler and paler; pray
you, don't go homewards—Good sir, go with us.
Ros. You are too stupid to bear answer back—
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Cast. I shall devise something: Bat, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—
Will you go?

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; pa-
tience, patience.

Aud. 1' faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in
the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no in-
terest in me in the world: here comes the man
you mean.

Enter William.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a
clown: By my troth, we have good wit,
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I his contended followers: Go you, Alisena; for, look you, here comes a
man, a youth, a brother, and, as I think, my dear Orlando, how it gives me
eer-thy heart in a scart.

As my eye
right thy heart had been wounded
as ever thou hast
staid it is, but with the eyes of a
youth brother tell you how I cunningly,
when he showed me your

and greater wonders than that.

know where you are:—'NaK, he
never was any thing so sadder,
but two rains, and Caesar's thronical
son, son, and successor.' For your
my sister no sooner met, but they
sister looked, but they loved; no
but, of it might be; no sooner sighted,
and one another the reason; no
therefore sought after of at this in these degrees have they made
airs to marriage, which they will
菌, or else be incontinent before
her in the very wrath of love,
gether; she cannot part them,
shall be married tomorrow; and
she dote to the nuptial. But, O,
how it is to look into happiness through
eyes! By so much the more shall
be at the height of heart-heaviness,
his son, take my brother happy,
but he wishes for,

then, tomorrow I cannot serve
Rosalind.

live no longer be thinking.

I weary you no longer then with

Know of me then, (for now I
is purpose), that I know you are a
of good counsel: I speak not this,
without a good opinion of my
I say, I know you are:
I labour for a greater esteem than
a little measure: draw a benefit from
yourself good, and not to please me,
if, you please, that I can do;

I was three years
grow a musician, most profound
and yet not formidable. If you do
so near the heart as your gesture
when your brother marries Alisena,
seven years, and I knew what strain
he is driven; and it is not impos-
if it appear not incorrect to
here before your eyes to-morrow;
be, and without any danger.

I am, and without any danger.

Know me in sober meaning?

my life, I do; which I tender dearly,
I am a musician; therefore put
here, and put your trust; for if
married to-morrow, you shall;

your Silvius and Poet, com

comes a lover of mine, and a lover
is, you have done me much angu-

better that I will to you,

that it is my study,

ilpful and magnetic to you;

is nor

Is this not

for all the made of signs and tears?

I for Phoebe.

I for Rosalind.

Ros, and I for no woman.

Sil. Is it to be all made of faith and service?

And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoe. And I for Ganymede.

Oec. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. Is it to be all made of fantasy?

All made of passion, and all made of wishes: All adoption, duty, and observance,

All babbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all obedience;

And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Oec. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phoe. If this be so, why blame you me to love

You? [To Rosalind.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love

You? [To Phoebe.

Oec. This be so, why blame you me to love

You? [To Silvius.

Phoe. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to

love? [To Orlando.

Oec. To her, that is not here; nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the

howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I
will help you, [To Silvius] if I can.—'Tis
would love you, [To Phoebe] if I could.—To-morrow
meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To
Phoebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be
married to-morrow. I will satisfy you, [To
Orlando] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall
be married to-morrow.—I will contest you,
[To Silvius] if what pleases you content you,
and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you
[To Orlando] love Rosalind, we meet; as you [To
Silvius] love Phoebe, meet; and as I love no
woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have
left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phoe. Nor I.

Oec. Nor I. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow all shall be right.

And, I do desire it with all my heart; and I
hope to have no dishonest desires, to desire to be a
woman of the world. Here comes two of the
bawds' dukes' pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. With my teeth, well met; Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you; sit, sit the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into rounds, without

hawking, or spitting, or saying we are horse;

which are the only progress a bad voice;—

2 Page. Faith, faith; and both in a tone,

like two pipers on a horse.

SONG.

1. It was a bower, and his bower:

With a key, and a lock, and a key without,

That over the green corn-field did pass.

In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,

When birds did sing, hey did a dilly, dilly,

Sweet lovers love the spring.

2. Between the acres of the

With a key, and a lock, and a key without,

These pretty country folks would rise.

In spring time, &c.

3. This carol they began that day,

With a key, and a lock, and a key without,

How that a life was but a flower.

In spring time, &c.
IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a key, and go, and be a key-number;
For love is so-speed with the priest.

In spring time, &c. 

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no greater matter in the city, yet the note was very unanswerable. 

Page. You are deceitful, sir; we kept time,

Touch. By my troth, yes; I confess it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you: and God mend your voices! Come, Anthony. 

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke and Drusiana, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Calib.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised? 

Ori. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes disbelieve.

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phoebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact lasts.

Duke S. You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

To the Duke.

Will you bestow her on Orlando here? 

Duke S. That would I, and I had kingdoms to give with her. 

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when she bring her? 

To Orlando.

Ori. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you will marry me, if I be willing? 

To Phoebe.

Phoe. That will I, should I dye the hour after. 

Ros. But if time refuse to marry me,

You will give yourself to this most faithful shepherd. 

To Orlando.

Phe. So be the bargain.

Ros. You say, you will have Phebe, if she will? 

To Silvius.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing. 

Ros. I have promis’d to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter:

Yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep your word, Phebe, that you will marry me;

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, young Sir, that you will marry her, if she refuse me:— and from hence I go, 

To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Calib.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter’s favour. 

Ori. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter; 

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been tutor’d in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest. 

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Aud. There is, sure, another hood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools. 

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all! 

Aud. Good my lord, bid him welcome! This is the merry-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courier, he swears, 

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation: I have trod a measure; I have fluttered a lady; I have been Politick.
SC. IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

[To Orlando.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

[To Orlando.] SONG.

Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

[To Raleigh.] Peace, if sight and shape be true, thy name,—thy love, mine own!—[Estrous.]

Duke. I'll have no father, if you be not true.—

[To Duke S.]

To Raleigh: I have no husband, if you be not true.—

[To Raleigh.] Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

[To Raleigh.] You and you are heart to heart.

Duke. You and you are heart to heart.

[To Orseline and Celia.] You, [To Raleigh] to his love must accord, he have a woman to your heart—

[To Touchstone and Audrey.] You and you are sure together.

[To Touchstone and Audrey.] At the winter is foul weather, Writers a weatherto霖uirn we sing. For all yourselves with questioning;

[To Touchstone and Audrey.] That will ponder many disorder.

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me:

[To Silvius.] Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Duke S. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

[To Silvius.] Thy tune my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To Silvius.]

Estrous JACOB BE DE BOS.

Jas. to R. Let me have audience for a word, you two:

[To Orseline and Celia.] I saw the sword one of old Sir Rowland, That did the tidings to this fair assembly—

[To Duke S.] Duke, this Duke, hearing how that every day Was great worth recolected to this forest, Threw mighty power; which were on foot, That they did in the Duke's brother true, and put him to the sword; Yet to the Duke of this wild wood he came; Then, meeting with an old religious man, This man question with him, was converted And did not he come to the forest, and from the world, And did not they conspire with his brother, brother of the Duke's brother; and to them again That they bear with him call'd: This to be true, I range my life.

[To Duke S.] Jestr. Welcome, young man; I do fear fairly to thy brothers' wedding: O misht be withheld: and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this forest, let us do those ends That here were well begun, and well begun: And after, ever of this happy number, That have endured shrewd days and nights with us, Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their state.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity, And fall into our rustic revelry—

Play, music; and you, ladies, and ladies, With measure leap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jas. Sir, by your patience; if I heard you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the purpose court?—

Jas. To, the Duke, he hath,

Jas. To him will I out of these converstions. There is much matter to be heard and learnt—

You to your former holiness I beseech:

[To Duke S.]

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it—

[To Orseline] to a love, that your true faith doth merit—

[To Orseline] to your land, and love, and great allies—

[To Silvius] to a long and well deserved bed—

And you [To Touchstone] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage is but for two months vinctual'd:—So to thy pleasures;

I say for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jacques, stay,

Jas. To see no pastime, 1:—what you would have,

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd save. [Exit.]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delight.

[To Duke S.] EPILOGUE.

Jas. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no move unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no book, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bottles; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore to beg will not because me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the words. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as bad beards that pleased me, complications that liked me, and breath that I desired not: and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make entries, bid me farewell.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of Florence.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rossillon.
Lafew, an old Lord.
Pandulph, a follower of Bertram.
Serjeants, French Lords, that serve with Ber-

tain in the Florentine war.
Steward.
Glove-bearer.
A Page.

Scene—partly in Florence, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rosillon.

A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rossillon, Helen, and Lafew, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Laf. And I, in going, madam, weep o’er my father’s death; save: but I must attend his majesty’s command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father! He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty’s amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persevered time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had! how and a passage ‘tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. ‘Would, for the king’s sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king’s disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gervais Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; king very lately spoke of him, admiringly; monimmonnly: he was skilful enough to live still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Laf. What is it, my good lord, the king guesses of?

Laf. A detail, my lord.

Laf. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not mentioned, this gentlewoman the daughter of Gervais Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; not quizzed to my overlooking. I have hopes of her good, that her education shall dispose her better; she inherits, which is her gift and virtue, for where an uncle’s mind of virtues qualified, there commanded only, they are virtues and virtues; and they are the better for their simplicity; they give her her honesty, and achieves her good.

Count. Your commendations, madam, are her tears.

Laf. Tis the best braise a maiden and son her praise in. The remembrance of father never approaches her heart, but it dyes her sorrows; and allliveth her check. No more of this, Helen, the more; lest it be rather thought you of sorrow, than to have.

Laf. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right
dead, excessive grief the enemy to the.

Count. If the living be enemy to the excess makes it soon mortal.
I desire thy holy wishes, 
understand we that? 
on blest, Bertram! and succeed 
in shape! thy blood, and virtue, 
aspire in thee; and thy goodness 
by birthright? Love all, trust a
one: be able for thine enemy 
or, than one; and keep thy friend 
life's key; be check'd for silence, 
for speech. What heaven move
s, and I'll forswear, and my prayers pluck
st! Farewell.—My lord, 
ond courtier; good my lord,
He cannot want the best
of his love, 
I bless him—Farewell, Ber-
East Countries, that
wishes, that can be forged in
To Helen, be servants to you
 to my mother, your mistress, 
ii, pretty lady: You must hold
Lolest Bertram and Laph,
that sit—I think not on my
at least grace his remembrance
bet for him. What was he like?
 the: my imagination
s, and you in it but Bertram's, 
there is no living, none, 
away. It were all one, 
ave a bright particular star, and 
it, he is so above me; 
ance and collateral light 
dotted, not in his sphere.
my love thus plagues itself; 
would be mated by the lion,
, I was pretty, though a plague, 
my hour;—to sit and draw 
eyes, his hawking eye, his curl, 
made, honest, two capable 
and trick of his sweet favour; 
gent, and my idol's sons 
Fancy. Who comes here?
Ernest Paroles, 
with him: I love him for his sake; 
he a notorious liar, 
gains, and the foodly a reward; 
ivels all so fit in him, 
place, where virtue's circle bounds 
the cold wind;—with full off 
waiting on superfluous folly, 
yet, fair queen. 
, monarch.
not meditating on virginity? 
You have some stain of soldier in 
d do you a question: Man is enemy 
how may we irritate it against 
him out; 
sole; and one's virginity, though 
defence, yet is weak; unbridled 
its resistance, 
home; man, sitting down before 
him, and blow you up, 
your poor virginity from under
brows up!—is there no military 
great; might blow up men? 
ry, being blown down, man 
will blow up; marry, in blowing 
will breed yourselves made,
you lose your city. It is not politic in 
the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss 
of virginity is rational increase; and there was 
ever virgin got, till virginity was first lost. 
That, you were made of, is most to make vir-
gins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten 
times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 
its too cold a companion; away with it.

Yet I will stand for a little, though there
fore I may be a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said but 'tis
against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of vir-
ginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most
indefatigable diseasibility. That he hangs himself
is a woman; virginity murders itself; and should
be buried in highways, out of all, unmet, 
as a desperate offensiveness against nature. Virgi-
nity breeds miles, much like a chieve; consumes
itself to the very paring, and so dies with feed-
ing its own stomach. Besides, virginity is
proud, idle, made of self-love, which
is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep
it not; you cannot choose but lose by it; but
with it; within ten years it will make itself ten,
which a great increase, and the principal
itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Yet how might one do, sir, to lose it to her
own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that
wears it. 'Tis a commodity will lose the
pith with lying; the longer kept, the less worth;
off with't; while it's wearable; answer the time
urgent. Virginity, like an old courier, wears
her cap out of fashion; richly united, but un-
suitable: just like the broach and toothpick,
which you cannot now; you make it better in
your pie and your porridge, than in your check;
and your virginity, your old virginity, is like
one of your French wifer'd peers; it looks ill,
It eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wifer'd peer; it
was formed to better; marry, yet, 'tis a wifer'd
peer: Will you any thing with it?

Yet not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves, 
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A physician, captain, and uncles.
A guidance, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A connection, a trustress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord delier,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptive cariolustious,
That blinding Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him
well?—
The court's a learning-place:—and he is one.

Par. What one? Plutus?

Had. That I wish well.—'Tis pity

Par. What's pity?

Had. That wishing well had not a boly duty,
Which might be felt: that we, the power born,
Whose base stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we most must think; which
Never returns as thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Paroles, my lord calls for
you.

[Exit Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Paroles, you were born under a
charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Par. I entirely think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Had. The wares have so kept you under, that
you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Had. Now was he retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?
Hath. You go so much backward, when you fight.
Por. That's for your advantage. Hath. No, he running away, when four proposes the matter; but the composition, that your valour and fear makes you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I take the wear well.

Por. I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee strictly; I will return perfect counter; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou dost shine in that same undauntness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When those best learners, say thy prayers; when they best are, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewell.

Exit. Hath. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated list
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward press
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which momentous love so high;
That makes it see, and cannot feel mine eye?
The mightiest space to fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kins like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That were not formed in sense; and do oppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
(Exit.)

Scene II. Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, with King of France, with Letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentine and Senoys are by the

Hath. I have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A brave wing.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir. King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we have received
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria.
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
To grow our power; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amiable credit.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Turkish service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 Lord. It may well serve
A provost to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lasco, and Pamphile.
1 Lord. It is the count Rosalilus, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou hear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Halt well composed thee. Thy father's moral
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris,
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's. King. I would I had that corporal soundness
Now as my father, and myself in friendship.
Past tried our soldierish: He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest; he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And turn'd us out of set. It much repair'st
To talk of thy good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe,
To-day in our young lords; but they may just,
Till their own scorn return to thine:
For they can hide their levity no more.
So like a country, contempt was not
In his pride or sharpness;
His equal had he found in France, this clock to itself, knew the time.
Exception bid him speak, and, 'His tongue they'd had his hand; for
He said as creatures of another
And bow'd his utmost top to:
Making them proud of his home
In their poor princely
Might be a copy to these young
Which, follow'd well, would do now
But gone backward.

Ber. Lübeck is a fair good city.

Lies richer in thy thoughts, the
So in approach lives not his spirit.
As in thy face and sense.

King. Would, I were with him now.
(Methinks I hear him now; his
He scatter'd not in care, but grew
To grow our spirit,
Thus his good melancholy often
To the core of men; and speech,
When it was not, do not live
After my name last seats, to be the
Opportunity and speech, as appears
All but new things divided;
Many fathers of their parents; as
Empire before their fashion.
I, after him, do after him wish.

Since I nor wax, my 

Ber. Thank ye.

Scene III. Rouen.

A Room in the Countess's.

Enter Countess, Steward, &

Count. I will now hear; what gentlewoman?

Serje. Madam, the care I hav

You consent, I wish might be
My father's lenda of my past endeavours
Wound our modesty, and make

You, who are our deveying, when you

Count. What does this knave gone, sirrah? The complaints of you, do I not believe; 'tis
That I do not; for I know, you to commit them, and have ab

Cla. 'Tis not unknown to you

You a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir,

Cla. No, madam, 'tis not so

Poor; though many of the rich,

But, if I may have this indul

to the world, forbid the

do as we may.

Count. Will thou needs be a

Cla. Do be beg your good will

Count. In what case?
ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Scene. Well now.

Scene. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Scene. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to so much love as she finds; there is more owing her, than is paid, and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Scene. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me! alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference between their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgin, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without name, in the first rank, or for name onward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that ever heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you with, silence, in the less that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Scene. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt it, when you leave me; still this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

Enter Helen.

Scene. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

Scene. Nay, a mother; Why not a mother? When I said, a mother; Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,

Scene. That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were engross'd mine: 'Tis often seen, Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds: You utter oppress'd me with a mother's guilts, Yet I express'd to you a mother by the God's mercy, maiden? does it card thy blood, To say, I am thy mother? What's the greater, That this distress'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye

Scene. Nay that you are my dear child.

Scene. And I, say, I am your mother,

Scene. Pardon, madam; The count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honourable; No note upon my parents, his all noble: My master, my dear lord he is; and I His servant live, and will his vassal die; He must not be my brother.

Scene. Nor you my brother?

Scene. You are my mother, madam; 'Would, you were (so that my lord, your son, were not my brother). Indeed, my mother! or were you both our mothers?

Hen. I care no more for, than I do for heaven.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

So I were not his sister: Can't no other.
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother.
Come, you ladies, you might be my daughter-

But God shield, you mean it not! daughter and mo-

So strive upon your praise: What, pate again?
I mean not to call you my receptacle. Now I see
The mystery of your beholders, and find
Your suit tears' hand. Now to what seem's 'tis grown,
You love my son; invention is pasham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion.
Nay, for a wife, and that, you needn't, I take it true:
But tell me then, 'tis so—o—so, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other: and thine eyes
Bear eye and cheeky; I'll tell you, she's in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin,
And heathish obstinacy lie thy warmer.

That truth should be suspected: Speak, let's go;
If it be so, you have wound a goodly close;
If it be no, it is too late to charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To me truly.

Hath. Good madness, pardon me! Come,
Do you love my son? Fort. No; and if I do,
Come. Love you my son? Hath. Do not do you love him, madam?

Cousins, Go not to him; my love hath left a bond,
Whereas the world takes note: some, some, some,

Matters.
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appreth' a'd.

Hath. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any tokens of presumptions suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this caprices and intemile stive,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Irishman-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The son, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
I not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cries a virtuous youth,
But, if your very name be a fame of liking.
With chantly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was born both herself and love; 0 then, give pity.
To tell the truth, the state is seek, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Come. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly;

To go to Paris?

Hath. Madam, I had.

Come. Wherefore? I tell true.

Hath. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear,
You know, my father in me some prescrip-

tions.

Of rare and proved effects, as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he would me
In his life's end, to beat out and true them.
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than in they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languagèes, whereof
The king is rended. For Paris, was it I speak.

Come. This was your motive.

For Paris, was it I speak.

Hath. My lord your son made me to think of

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, and

head, from the afterthought on.

Hand, been about them, then,

If you should tender your consent,

He would receive me? He be not;

Are of a mind; he, that they say;

They, that they cannot help: King

credit.

A poor unknown virgin, when did

Embellish'd of their desires, have

The danger to itself?

Come. Thereon's doubt.

More than my father's skill whereto, can

Of his profession, that his good succes,

Shall, for his courage, and he, for

By the incens'd stars in heaven;

your honour

But give me leave to try success,

The well-look'd life of mine on his grace;

By such a day, and hour:

Come. But the

As madam, knowingly.

Come, Why, Hain, them all, and

and love,

Means, and attendants, and my lord's

To those of mine in court; I say no;

And pray God's blessing into thy soul;

he goes to-morrow; as he beone of

What I can help thee to them shall be,

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris.

A Room in the King's Palace. [Music.

Enter King, with young Lords taking hast.

Florentine war; BARTHEZ, PARISIEN tendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, then's

principle.

Do not throw from you:— and you, at

farewell:—

Share the advice between you, if both,

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis regard

And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope,

After well enter'd, soldiers, to return

And find your grace in health,

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet in

Will not confess he owes the malady:

That doth my life beseech. Farewells

lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the son

Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher state

(Those hater, that inhered but the fall

of the last monarchy) see, that you can

Not to woo honour, but to wed, to the

Bravest vestast quintains, and all

seck.

That same fate may cry you loud: I say,

3 Lord. Health, at your bidding, our

majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed

They say, our French lack language to

If they demand: beware of being look'd

Book. Our hearts receive your wish

King. Farewell.—On my hither to me.

(7he King retireth to a

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you w

behind us, the spright

If.

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spright—

2 Lord. O, the book.

Par. Most admirable: I have seen the

Be. I am commanded here, and by

The young, and the next year, and 'tis a Par.

An thy mind stand to it, buy, and

bravely.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. 203

Laf. Nay, I'll try you, and not be all day neither.

Earl. For his special nothing ever pro-

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways:

This is his majesty, say you so kind to him:

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears: I am Crescendi's uncle,

That day leave two together; fare you well.

Earl. Now, fair one, does your business follow me?

Hel. Ay, my good lord: Gerard de Narbon was

My father: in what he did profess, was he well.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The matter will I spare my praises to,

And, bearing his high majesty is touched

With that malignant cause which is in the house.

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of care;

When our most learned doctors leave us; and

The congregated college have concluded

That beheading art can never ransom nature.

From her insatiable estate,—I say we must not

Be stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope.

To prolong our past care, and

To empiricks; or to discover so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem

A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me more than pains;

I will no more enforce mine office on you;

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again:

Rings, I cannot give thee less, to be call'd,

Dif®uful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live;

But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;

I knowing all my peril, than no art.

Hel. What can I do, can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest against remedy:

He that doth greatest work must have his bark;

Oft doth then by the weakest minister:

So holy writ in fables hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes, great floods have

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,

When miracles have by the greatest been denked.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises; and oft it kites

Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well,

kind maid;

Thy pains, not so'd, must, by thyself be paid:

Profers not took, reap thanks for their reward;

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is hard'd

It is not so with him that all things knows.

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;

But most it is presumption in us, when

The help of heaven we count on as the men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give content;

Of others, think not, and I know no more.

My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

King. Art thou so confident! Within what space
Hope's thou my cure?

R.G. The greatest grace leading grace:
Ere twice the hours of the sun shall bring
Their fiery terror his diurnal ring:
Ere twice in muck and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infrum from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What shall't thou venture for?

R.G. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Beard'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With viliest torture let my life be ended.

R.G. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
Hiss powerful soul, within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would stay
In common sense, tense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for, fad'st, that life can rete
Worth name of life, in thee hath establiete
Youth, beauty, honor, virtue, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, means must intimate
Skill infinite, or most miest desperate,
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;
That shall more prove my own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or films in property
Of what I spoke, unfulfilled let me die;
And whilst the case, whilst helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

R.G. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

R.G. Ay, by my scep'tre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shall thou give me, with thy kindly heart,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or impage of that state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

R.G. Mean, here is my hand; the promises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So long as the sun shone of thy own time;
For, I, Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must:
Though more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, as how tended on.—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undescribed blest.—
Giv's me some help here, bo!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II. Rosaline.

A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you specify when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off his cap, kiss his hand, say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bootful answer, that

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, the plun-butchok, the pin-butchok, the brown-butchok, or any butchok.

Count. Will your answer serve all?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the attorney, as your French crowns for the bank, as a rush for Tom's fire-pancake for thrice Tuesday a man day, as the nail to his hole, the cut horn, as a scolding woman to a wrong as the man's lip to the friar's mouth; padding to his skin.

Count. Have done, I say, an answer

Clown. For all questions?

Count. From below your duke, to the constable, it will fit any questions.

Count. It must be an answer as

Clown. That must fit all demands.

Count. But a trite neither, in good

Clown. Learned should speak truth of it; he all that belongs to it: 'Ask me, if I tell: it shall do you no harm to

Count. To be young again, if we can be a fool in question, hoping to be your answer. I pray you, sir, and you?

Count. O Lord, sir,—There's a sin off—more, more, a hundred of the

Count. Sir, I am a better friend of

Count. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, thick, thick,

Count. I think, sir, you can eat it homely met.

Count. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to

Count. You were lately whipped, o

Count. O Lord, sir,—Spare me not.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, crying, and spare not me? Indeed, p

Count. I have not worse luck in:

Count. One noble house or time, to entertain it so merrily will;

Count. O Lord, sir,—Why, there's again.

Count. An end, sir, to your base

Count. Help you to a present answer I commend to my kinsmen, and

And urge her to a present answer I commend to my kinsmen, and

Count. Not much commendation to

Count. Not much employment & understood me?

Count. Most faithfully, I am there now. Count. Haste you again: 

ESCENE III. Paris. A Room in the K

Enter Bertram, Lutfi, and Par. Lutfi. They say, miracles are pa

Par. Why, his the rarest arguments that hath shot out in our latter time

Iber. And so 'tis.

Lutfi. To be relinquish'd of the or

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Lutfi. Of all the learned and an

Par. Right, so I say.

Lutfi. That gave him out Incrable

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I t

Lutfi. Not to be helped. 

Par. Right; as 'twere a man as

[Exeunt.]
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

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Er, and thus death.

Sure so would I have said, say, it is a novelty to the

if you will have it in show. it in.—What do you call

could have said; the very

doth in not lothis 'form

age,' 'tis very strange, that

and be of a

that will not acknowledge

Of heaven.

eek—

minister, great power, great

shamed, indeed, give us

than alone the recovery

sinkful.

zeals, and Attendants,

we said it; you say well;

as the Dutchman says; 'I'll like

while I have a tooth in my

to lead her a coranto. 

Air! is not this Helen?

before me all the lords in

as Attendant.

by the patient's side;

ful hand, whose banish'd

a second time receive

if my promised gift,

several Lords.

thine eyes; this youthful

stand at my bestowing,

reigning power and father's

frank election make;

a choice, and they none to

you one fair and virtuous

is.— marry, to each, but

curial, and his furniture,

were broken through these boys' eral.

Peruse them well;

had a noble father.

igh me, restored the king to

and it, and thank heaven for

faded maid; and therein weakness

imply am a maid.—

say, I have done already;

checks thus whisper me,

shouldn't choose; but, he refused, it was too dear for me; for

again.

Make choice; and, see,

she, shews all his love in me.

from thy alter do I fly; oye;

that god most high.

—Sir, will you hear my suit at

it.

thou, all the rest is mine.

be in this choice, than throw

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thou, sir, that flames in your eyes.

Before I speak, too scaringly replies;

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble lover!

2 Lord, No better, if you please.

My wish receive, which great love grant; and so take my leave.

Do all they deny her? An they were none of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make avengers of.

Be not afraid [To Lord] that your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake;

Blessing upon your vocation in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever saw!

Those boys are boys of ice, they'll none

have her: mere, they are bastards to the English; the

French never got them.

Het. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord, Fair one, I think not so.

Het. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy

father drank wine.—But if thou livest not at all, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Het. I dare not say, I take you [To Bertram]

but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,

Into your guiding power.—This is the man,

King. How then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall bereave your

happiness.

In such a business give me leave to use

The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well;

She had her breeding at my father's charge;

A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Dulcamara carry me ever:

King. To the only title thou dost hold in her, the which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colors, weight, and heat, you'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off in differences so mighty: If she be

All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st), A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st; Of virtue for the name; but do it none.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by the decr's dec's;

Where great additions swell, and vitter none,

Is a dropped honour: good alone

Is good!—without a name, virtue is so:

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young; wise, fair;

In these to nature such immediate heir;

And these beced honour; that is honour's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour.

And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive

Than our fore-gores; the mere worth's a slave,

Debasch'd on every tomb; on every grave,

A lying trophy, and an off is dumb;

Where dust and dam'd oblivion is the tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou cast'st like this creature as a maid,

I can create the rest; virtue, and she,

Is her own dower; honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't. 

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act I, Scene 1

Let me your eyes upon the stage, where I present
The power of love, the force of parents, and the
talent of hypocrites.

Let me show you how love and beauty can
conquer all obstacles, even the greatest.

Let me tell you about a certain nobleman
who fell in love with a beautiful young lady.

Let me reveal the truth about the
circumstances that led to their meeting.

Let me expose the lies and
deceptions that surround this love affair.

Let me expose the truth about the
power of love and its ability to overcome
all obstacles.

Let me show you the beauty of love
and how it can conquer all.

Let me tell you about the
nobleman who fell in love with her.

Let me reveal the truth about his
efforts to win her heart.

Let me expose the lies and
defections that surround this love affair.

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ALEX'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Ill send her to my house, with my hat to her, only write to the king, I speak: His present gift me Italian breasts, bride. tiles: War is no strife if the deserted wife, no hold in her, art sure to my chamber, and advise way: To-morrow her single sorrow, she bound; there's noise. 

Is a man that's murr'd: spare her bravely; go wrong; but, bush! 'tis so.

NE. IV.

in Room in the same.

As and Clown.

tame kindly: Is she well? If not yet she has her fit; but yet she is not well, she's very well, and cold; but yet she is not well, what does she ail, if so well, indeed, but for

goy, not in haven, whether she has her other, that she's in ord send her quickly.

Pirates.

Fortunate lady! have your good will to fortune; pray to lead them on; have them still. — O, my old lady! if her wrinkled, and I boy like as you say.

thing of the wiser man; for many in his master's unwinding something, to know nothing, is to be a great part of (within a very little of) a knife.

any before a knife as, before me then act a truth, sir; act a witty fool, I have

me in yourself, sir! or find me! I search, sir, such fool may you find in sole's pleasure, and the

Plath, and well fed. — I go away to-night; so calls on him, and rite of love, time claims, he does ac-

complish restraint; one delay, is stewed with

in the curbed time, happy surfeits with joy, the brim.

What's his will the? I take your instant leave as your own good pro-

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need.

What more commands he! 

Par. That, having this absent, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Par. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Par. I pray you.—Come, sirrah, 

SCENE V. Another Room in the same.

Enter LATEL and BERTRAND.

Lat. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Bar. Yes, my lord, and of very valid ap-

Par. You have it from his own deliverance.

Bar. And by another warrant testimony.

Lat. Then my dial goes not true: I took this mark for a hunting.

Bar. If I serve you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Lat. I have then signed against his exposure, and transgressed against his vallor; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repeat. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amends.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. 

[To BERTRAND.

Par. Sir?

Par. O, I know him well: ay, sir; he is a good workman, a very good follow.

Bar. Is she gone to the king?

[Aside to PAROLLES.

Par. She is.

Bar. Will she away to-night? 

Par. As you will have her.

Bar. I have write my letters, escorted my journey.

Given order for our horses, and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,—

And ere I do begin. —

Lat. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that sits three- thirds, and sees a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thence beheld. — God save you, captain.

Bar. Is there any softness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have desired to run into my lord's displeasure.

Lat. You have made shift to run into's, boots and spurs on, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Bar. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Lat. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me: There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy con-

Lat. I have kept of them tame, and know their manners. — Farewell, monsieur; I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. 

[Exeunt

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Bar. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him? 

Bar. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech.

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my eglot.

Emur HELLENA.

Lat. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you.

SPOKE with the king, and have procured this leave.
ACT III.  

SCENE I. Florence. 

_Frescino._ Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French lords, and others._

_Duke._ So that, from point to point, now have you heard  
  The fundamental reasons of this war;  
  Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
  And more thirsts after.  
  A Lord._ Holy seems the quarrel  
  Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
  On the oppressor.  

_Duke._ Therefore we marvel much, our cousin  
  France.  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.  
  A Lord._ Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-enabled motion: therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it; since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fall:  
As often as I guessed.  

_Duke._ Be it his pleasure.
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once! No, come these home, Rosaline.
Whence harm of lust but danger wins a year,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone;
My being here is it, that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to don't no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan this house,
And angels office'd all: I will be gone;
That piteous rumour may repeat my flight,
To consumate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thrift, I'll steal away.

SCENE III. Florence.

Before the Duke's Palace, I finish.
Enter the Duke of Florence, BARTHEK, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we;
Great is our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Bar. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We're to be brave to bear for your service:
To the extreme edge of hazard,
Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious masts.

F. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, better of love.

SCENE IV. Rosalind, A Room in the Country's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas, and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done.

By sending me a letter! Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pigeons, thicker gone,
Ambitious line back so as we offended,
That bare foot pled I the cold ground a
With heart resolved to make myself to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody source of war,
My courtier master, give me now or may die.

Bar. Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with solemn fervour sanctify.

His sweet leisure but him me forgot;
I, his despiseful, send him forth.

From courtly friends, without exulting face to live,
Where death and danger leg the loads of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
I am myself embrace, in see him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mild words?

Rosaline, you did never lack advice so much;
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well directed her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam;
If I had given you this at over night,
She might have been o'th'wan; and yet she writes
Purport would be in vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bliss this unworthy husband? I cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And love to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justices. — Write, write, Rosaline.

To this worthy husband of mine he write;
Let every word weigh heavily of her worth,
That he do weigh too weightily of his great giver;
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Despatch the most convenient messenger.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again.
Led bither by pure love; which of them both
He's so like, no one can have skill in some
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger.

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence. AThursday after Off.
Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLINTE,
MARIANA, and other Cittains.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the
city, we shall lose all the night.

Dian. They say, the French count has done
most honorable service.

Wid. It's reported that he has taken their great-
est commander; and that with his own hand he
slew the duke's brother. We have lost our la-
bour; they are gone a contrary way: hark!
you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. I come; I come; let me see again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
here this French earl: the honour of a maid is
her name; and so legacy is so rich as honesty.

Dian. I have told my neighbour, how you have
been with me, and for my gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one
Parolles: a fainty officer he is; in those sugge-
sations for the young earl.—Beware of them, Di-
iana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens,
and all those engines of last, are not the things
they go under; many a maid hath been seduced
by them; and the misery is, example, that so
terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhead, can-
not for all that disannul succession, but that
they are lined with the twigs that threaten them.
I hope, I need not advise you further; but, I
hope, your own grace will keep you where you
are, though there were no further danger known,
but the modern, which is so lost.

Dian. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim; I
know she will lie at my house; thinker they send one another: I'll question her.

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?
Wid. To Saint Jaques le grand. Where do the palmeres lodge, I do beseech you?

Helen. At a chaste mansion there, beside the port.

Helen. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.-Hark you; I
[an hour after
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy
pilgrim, But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for, I think, I know your business
As ample as myself.

Helen. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Helen. I thank you, and will stay upon your
leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Helen. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That does have worthy service.

Helen. His name, I pray you.

Wid. The count Roussillon; know you such

Helen. But by the ear, that hears most nobly
of him; I

Wid. Whatsoever he is, he
has bravely taken heart. He steale from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so? — Hely.

Helen. Ay, surely, more the truth; I know his

Dian. There is a gentleman that
count.

Wid. Repents he not secretly of what
he did?

Helen. Monsieur Parolles.

Wid. He, I think in argument of praise, or be those
Of the great count himself, lest he be
To have her name repeated; under,
as a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dian. He knows her.

Wid. A hard bondage, to be constant.

Helen. Of a dissenting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young

Helen. A shrewd turn, if she pleased. —

Wid. May be, the same count coush'd in
the unlawful purpose.

Helen. He deemed,
And broke with all that can be so
Corrupt the tender conscience.

Dian. But she is arm'd for him, and hope
in honestest defence.

Enter, with Drum and Colour, a pan-
chester Army, General, and In-
Mar. The gods for thee also?

Wid. So, sound that is Antonio, the duke's cousin;
That, Escalus.

Helen. Which in the Press

Helen. That with the plaque: "Is a most great
I would be lord't his wife; if he was
He was much goodlier:—is't not

Helen. I like him well.

Dian. 'Tis pity, he is not honest:

Helen. That leads him to these places; wan
I'll poison that vile rascal.

Helen. Which.

Wid. That jack-asses with
be melancholy.

Helen. Perchance he's hurt't by

Helen. He's amiss: he's come apace
he has applied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you

Helen. And your courtesy for a

Helen. Come, prec.

Wid. The troop is past; Come, pl
bring our

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd

Helen. There's thy five, to great Saint
Already at my house.

Helen. I humbly I

Helen. Please it this matron, and this gent
To eat with us to-night, the charge,
Shall be for me; and, to requite ye,
I will bestow some presents on his
Worthy the note.

Dian. We'll take your

SCENE VI.

Camp before Fl

Enter Bertram, and the two Prin

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put
him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him
isng, hold me no more in your

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a

2 Ber. Do you think I am so far done

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in my
knowledge, without any malice, he
him, as my kinsman, he's a most
and, an infinite and endless liar; as
ALLE'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

1 I own no one of so much good quality but the entertainements, if you know him but, he is a very wise, and very honest, and very great and treaty business, in full you.

2 know in what particular action better to let him fetch off, he has been to see him so confidently

3 a troop of Florentines, well sod, such I will have, whom I can get from the enemy; we outwink him so that he shall do, but that he is carried in the enemy, when we bring him it but your lordship present at this, I do say, for the promise of the highest compliment of base ray you, and deliver all the in power against you, and that spirit of his soul upon oath, he beguile in anything. he love of laughter let him fetch eyes, he has a stratagem can't.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Desires this ring: appoint him an encounter; In love, delivers me to the time, Himself most carefully absent: after this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To make it past already.

I have yielded;
Instruct my daughter, how she shall preserve, That time and peace, with this deed so lawful. May prove censurate. Every night he comes When he is not sec'd to understand him; To her unworthiness: it nothing steals us, To chide him from one ear: for he persists, As if his life lay on't.

Yet then, to-night
Let's away our plot; though, if it speed, Is wicked sneaking in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act; Where both not sin, and yet a sinful lost: But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter First Lord, with six or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: When you spy upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not cease to understand him: unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what husky-wooly hast thou to speak to us again?

Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think, there are some band of strangers 'th e adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: though his language, gabbly enough, and good-gabby is the interpreter, you must seem very politic. But coch, oh! here he comes: to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forgery.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I do? How shall I do? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me. I have now of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy: but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of its creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

[Aside.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose! I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in expost: yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore what's the instance! Tongue, I must put you into a better woman's mouth, and buy another of Rajeur's mate, if you prattie me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

[Aside. Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so.

[Aside. Par. Or the barring of my beard; and to say, It was in stragulam.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to draw my clothes as I am, stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swear I liad few time in the bow of the cataple:

1 Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths will curb that he believed.

Par. I would, I had any drum of the sort.

1 Lord. I would swear I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear some instant.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's

1 Lord. Three monumos, capes, capes.

All. Capes, capes, villian's put together. Par. Of rumours, rumour: be at your ease.

[They retire him and his host from

1 Sold. Business.

Par. I know you are the Menp's repre.

1 Lord. And I shall lose my life for west of urge. If there be here any French, Italian, or French, let him speak to me. I will discover that which shall unde.

The Florentine.

1 Sold. Barker vent:

Par. I understand thee, and can speak but few.

1 Lord. Kerchief—Sir, I understand thee, and can speak but a few.

Par. Beate thou to thy faith, for severes point.

1 Lord. Are thy bosom:

Par. Oh! yes.

1 Sold. O pray, pray, pray.

All. Mandi remiu domhe.

1 Lord. O, viz. his command w'as.

1 Sold. The general discontent nor.

1 Lord. And, woodwick'd as thou art, will be.

Par. Some, to gather from thee; happily, thou may'st.

1 Sold. Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let us try.

1 Sold. And all the secrets of our camp.

Par. Their, their purposes: say, now, and I will.

1 Sold. Which you will wonder at.

Par. But will this witness.

1 Sold. Par. If I do not, damn me.

Par. We have caught the woodcock, and shall love him unkindly.

[Exit, with Parolles, and go to

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rumine, his brother,

[Exit. Parolles.

Par. We have caught the woodcock, and shall love him unkindly.

1 Lord. Till we do hear from them.

[Exit, with Parolles, and go to

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto counterfeit.

[Exit, with Parolles, and go to

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark and his lock'd up.

SCENE II. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAND and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was in

Diana. Ber. No, my good lord, Diana.

Diana. Ber. Thus didst thou tell me, filled gallant.

And worth it with addition! But, fares well,

Diana. Ber. In your fine frame hath love no quality

Ber. If the quick fire of youth light not your mind.

Diana. You are no maiden, but a monument:

Ber. When you are dead, you should be such a

Diana. Be so.

Ber. As you are now, for you are old.

Diana. And now you should be as your mind.

Ber. When your sweet self was got.

Diana. She then was honest.

Ber. Be so.

Diana. Ber. My mother did but duty: such, my soul

Ber. As you owe to your wife.

Diana. Ber. No more of

Ber. 1 prythee, do not strive against my will.
there is something in't that stings his nature for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1. Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shocking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

3. Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

4. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he feselles his will in the spoils of her honour; he hath given her his monumantal ring, and thinks himself made in the antique composition.

5. Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we?

6. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their obtained ends, so he that in this action consents against his own nobility, in his proper stream overflows himself.

7. Lord. Is it not mean dare to us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not have his company to-night.

8. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dictated to his home.

9. Lord. That approaches space; I would gladly have him see his company amnestized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeiter.

10. Lord. We will not meddle with it; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

11. Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

12. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.


14. Lord. What will count Roussillon do then? with the true prisoner, or return again into France?

15. Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

16. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should he be a great deal of his act.

17. Lord. His, his, two months since, fled from his house; her presence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le grand; which holy undertaking, with more sanctity she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature escaped as a prey to her own passion; made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

18. Lord. How is this justified?

19. Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

20. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

21. Lord. Ay, and the particular communications, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

22. Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

23. Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

24. Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

25. Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn; good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our graces would desolate, if they were not cheeked by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now! Where's your master?

Ser. He met the duke in the street, sir of
ALLIS WELLL THAT ENDS WELL

1 Lord. They shall be no more needful there, if they be more than they can command.

2 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tortures. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

2 Lord. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adiyes with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning and leading my convoy; and, between these many parrels of dispatch, effected many nicer deeds: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

3 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and shall make your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Bar. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier!—Come, bring forth this counterfeit modinner, he hath deceived me, like a double-meaning prophetess.

3 Lord. Bring him forth: [Exeunt Soldiers.] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Bar. No matter: his heels have deserved it, in usurying his spars so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wrench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Bar. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in's, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PARLASSES.

Bar. A plague upon him! mused! he can say nothing—nothing—nothing! bash 'im trush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—Porte tormentum.

2 Lord. He calls for the tortures; what will you have?

Par. I will confess what I know without condition; if ye pinch me like a pisty, I can say no more.

2 Lord. Shall I hold it?— aktuellen

2 Lord. You are a most pernicious—our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you by note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

2 Lord. First demand of him by how many horce the date is strong? What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and inservicable: troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

2 Lord. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament oun, how and which way you will.

Bar. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is he?

1 Lord. You are deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parloses, the gallant militarist (wha was his own phrase), that had the whole throb rick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice of the army in a dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can do very thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand, I say, I shall say true,—or therewith, as I shall speak truth.

2 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Bar. But if I can him no thanks for it, how nature he delivers it.

Par. Pardoner, pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you; I see't not truth, the rogues are inscrutable persons.

2 Sold. Defendant of him, of such stamp as are a few. What will you have?

Par. By my truth, sir, if I were in this present form, I will tell true. To Sperio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corumbus so many, Jacques so many, G MAKE, Counse, Lod ow o, Aon, or fifty such; mine own company, Deo, Vainard, Benetti, two hundred and fifty.

Bar. It is more than my life, amounts not to fifteen hundred, and half of which must not only displace all their cancocks, lest they shake their bones.

2 Lord. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him be thrown. Demand of him my conditions: the more I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. The mind of my men, whereby I am to go to the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is the duke, what his colour, honesty, and opinion were: or whether he thinks, he dare not well with well-weighting some of gold, to come to it to retell. What say you to that? What will you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, lest you be particular of the interrogatories; Deny and dismiss the case.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Deny?

Par. I know him: he was a bachelor's justice in Paris, from whence he was with getting the sheriff's foot with child: I am innocent, that could not do him, say.

[DUNIAM fixes up his headdress]

Bar. Nay, by your leave, hold you know though I know, his brains are before his next title that.

1 Sold. Well, this is the captain in the face of Florio's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and he.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me: you heard of your lordship's relations.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the king?

Par. The duke knows him for no other poor officer of mine; and writ to me this last day, to turn him out of the band till I send his letter in my pocket.

2 Sold. Marty, we shall search.

Par. In good sooth, I do not know what place, if it is there, or it is upon a file, with the other letters in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis: here's a paper. Shall it be to you?

Par. I do not know if it be, or not.

2 Lord. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

2 Sold. Do, sir, you're a fool, and to gold.

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir, nor is it an advertisement to a proper mind sa that the monarch, one Diana, to take heed of the occur rance of one count of the cut off but for all that, very rutheful: I pray put it up again.

2 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, we honest in the behalf of the maid: for the young count to be a dangerous and osen boy: who is a whale to virgins, devours up all the true he finds.

Bar. Damnable, both sides rogue!
Par. I'll no more drumming: a plague of all drummers! Only to seem to deserve well, and to acquire the supposition of their licentious young boys the count, have I run into this slanger; Yet, who would have suspected an unifin, where I was taken?

Par. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, yes, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pernicious reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

Par. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

Par. How cannot I?" It seemed as if Paroles had been for a time in a trance, and to his valour: What is

Par. Who cannot be crossed with a plot? O Lord, God save you, captain Paroles. O Lord, God save you, noble captain.

Par. Who can be crossed with a plot? O Lord, God save you, captain Paroles. O Lord, God save you, noble captain.

Par. Let him fear this: for it will come to pass, that every haggard shall be found an ass. Hast, sword! God, bloody! and Paroles, live safest in shame! being good, by huckster thrive! There's nothing, and meanly, for every man alive, I'll after them.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great.

Two would burst at this: Captain, I'll be no more; But once it is, I'll not drink, nor eat at all. As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live, Who knows himself a braggart.

Let him fear this: for it will come to pass, That every haggard shall be found an ass. Hast, sword! God, bloody! and Paroles, live Safest in shame! being good, by huckster thrive! There's nothing, and meanly, for every man alive, I'll after them.

SCENE IV. Florence.

A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Desdemona.

M. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the Christian world. Shall he any safety, or whose whose whose, if need. Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel: This time I, was I did him a desired oath of peace. Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through tiny Tartar's bosom would perforce, And answer, thanks: I, duty am informed, His grace is at Michael's; to which place We have convenient conveyance. You must now, I am supposed dead: the army breaking. My husband lies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll fare, before our welcome. Gentile madam, You never had a servant, to whose treat Your business was more welcome.

Des. Not you, mistress, Each friend, whose thoughts are more truly labour To compensate your love: doubt not, but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dowry.

As it hath failed her to be my motive And helper to my husband; But I am stronger yet! That can such sweet use make of what they hate? When young trusting of the cozen'd thought's

Beatles the nightly pitch! so last cloth play
With what it loathes, for that which is awry:
But more of this hereafter—You, Diane,
Under my wise instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Diane. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

H. Yes, I pray you—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When brass shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggons are prepared, and time revives as
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
What'ere the course, the end is the renown.

SCENE V. Rosalind's Palace.
A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, LAUNCE, and Clown.

L. No, no, no, your son was nailed with a snare to a post, whose sufferings such a post
Would have made all the unbraided and doxey youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter,
In law had been slain at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the stage,
This young man, who is a true babble-bee I speak of.

Countess. I would, I had not known him! I was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that had that sad pause for creating; if she had parted of my flesh, and cost me the dearest graces of a master, I could not have owed her more professed love.

L. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand saladas, ere we light on such another herb.

Countess. Indeed, sir, she was the sweetest-marjoram of the salada, or rather the herb of grace.

L. They are not salad-herbs, you know, they are rose-herbs.

Clown. If you will set me a task of vexation, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

L. Whether dost thou profess thyself a knave, or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

L. Your distinction!

Clown. I would scorn the man of his wife, and do his service.

L. You are a knave at his service, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my babbler, sir, to do her service.

L. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

L. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

L. Who's that? Sir Englishman?

Clown. 'Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his physiognomy is more hotter in France, than there.

L. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir, alias, the prince of darkness; alas, the devil.

L. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a good fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his coat: I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that baser themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad

L. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of the stage, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: we horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon, I shall be judg'd twice; which shall not

L. A shrewd knave, and so with.

Countess. So be it. My lord, thou must

L. Like him well; I'm not much about to sell you, since I have had thy lady's death, and that my lord upon his return home, I have made master, to speak in the behalf of the which, in the minority of them both, of a self-esteeming person:

L. His highness hath presented, and to stop by the disputation against your son, there is no letter man does your ladyship like it?

Countess. With what much content, sir, I wish it happily affected.

L. His highness commandeth best to keep, or a able body as he were, he will be here to-morrow, or I will put him in such intelligence as will.

Countess. It rejoices me, that I have him ere I die. I have long expected to be here to-morrow: I shall bespeak you to remain with me till they meet the

L. Those are the words of a wise man, I am sure, who, if I might safely be admitted.

Countess. You need not bleed your pleasure.

L. Lady, of that I have made a bill but, I thank my God, it bides you.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, your host's my host with a patch of velvet on his face; who be a scar under it, or no, the velvet is 'tis a good patch of velvet; his left cheek of two pike and a half, but his left arm is worn bare.

L. A scar nobly got, or a noble good livery of honours; no, indeed, but

Clown. But it is your carobodose for

L. Let us go see your son, I am long to talk with the young noble

Clown. Faith, there's a dozen of them, a fine face, and, as it were an unworkable brow the head, and nod at every

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A &

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diane, Attendance.

Helen. But this exceeding pestilence, day Must wear your spirits low; we came But, since you have made the days an one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my arm

Helen. Sir, I have seen you in the court

Enter a gentle Atrius.

This man may help me to his master If he would spend his power.—God is Great. And you.

Helen. Sir, I have seen you in the court

Helen. Has the power, for she is With the use of your own virtues, for the I shall continue thankful.

Helen. What's ye

Helen. That it will please you
petition to the king; her store of power you have, presence, a host here! Not here, sir! Not, indeed! at last night, and with more lord, how we lose our pains! let men seek well, yet, undervalue, and means until—whether is he gone? I take it, to Rosilion; or, I do beseech you, sir, to see the king before me; to his gracious hand, shall render you no blame, on your pains for it: wise, with good speed shall we take. This I'll do for you. will find yourself to be well -- We must to horse again -- [Exit. Pili. Rosilion, 0f the Countess's Palace, even and Paroliess. Hearth, give me my Lord have you now, sir, been better in I have had familiarly with it? I am now, sir, muffled in my smell somewhat strong of me. man's displeasure is but slight, strong as this speaker of: I two fish of fortune's buttering him wind; need not stop your nose, sir; metaphor, if your metaphor stink, I will against your man's metaphor, a further. sir, deliver me this paper, then, stand away; A paper oocistool to give to a noble he comes himself. — Enter LAFER, fortune's, sir, or of fortune's sect. Easiest, that his fallen into the of her displeasure, and, as he thinks: 'Pray you, sir, me the for he looks like a poor, de, foolish, rascally knave. I do in my smuds of comfort, and lones, [Exit Clown, am a man whom fortune hath would have you have to do to her name now. Wherein the knave with fortune, that you, who if of herself a good not have knaves three long, it's a sort of dance for you; yet, and fortune: Besides; I know, your honour, to hear me one a single penny more: some, sir, your words; my good lord, is Paroliess. more than nine words then— I give you your hand:—How old lord, you were the first that much? and I was the first that.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Which wrapp'd the line of every other favour; An end of human care, or envy'd it else? In every action made, and in every posture, To a most RIDICULOUS object: Them is came, That she, whom all men praise'd, and whom my- self, Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eyes The lives that did offend it.

King: Well enough;
That then disdost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great comp': But love, that comes too
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sounder turns a sour offence, Crying, that's good's that's gone: our rank faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have;
Having doth not distinguish, until we know their grave:
Oft our dissemblers, to ourselves unjust,
Destroys our friends, and after wrapp their dust:
Our own eating cries to see what's done,
While sham'st in hate sleepes out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's kiss, and now forget her.
Send for your amorous tokens for Fair Mandane: The main-currents are bad; and here we'll stay To see our widower's second marriage day.
Count: Which better than the first, O dear head.

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Lea: Comes on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come—By my old beard,
And every step I've been on 't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that ever I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Bar: Here is not.

Lea: Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
White I was speaking, oft was hasten'd to 't—
This ring was mine: and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortune ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft to reave
Of what should stand her most?
Bar: My gracious sovereign,
However it please you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count: Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Lea: I am sure, I saw her wear it.
Bar: You are deceiver, my lord, she never saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name,
Of her that throw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingrati'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she cease'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King: Pius himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
That I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's,
Whose it was: If you: Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
You got it from: she call'd the saints to
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come), or sent it as
Upon her great distress.
Bar: She never saw it.

King: Then am I match'd with fortune,
And make me here to understand them,
Which I would him she had: But that
That they set so in Abdullah,--so
And yet I know not what shall become
Vagabond'd thence by the fair man.
Her eyes myself, could wish you me
More than to see this ring again.

Lea: My fare-past peace, however this
Shall tax my ears of little value.
Having vainly 'twas too bold
We'll sift this matter further.
Bar: This ring was ever been, you
Prove that you had possession,
Where yet she never was

Lady: Enter a Gentlemen.

King: I am wrapp'd in dangers,

Whether I have been blame, or
Here's a petition from a Person,
Who asks, her hair or eye原来
To tender it herself. I understand
Vagabond'd thence by the fair man.
Of the poor applicant, who in my
Is here attending; her business
With an importunate voice; and
In a sweet verbal bribe, it did on
Your highness with herself.

King: [Reads.] Upon his own
marry me, when his wife was dead,
I am sure. Now to the Count Remi;
His vows are professed to me, and my
Him. He made from Florence, when
I follow him to his country for justice
O ring; in you to best this; another
richer, and a poor maid is undone.

Lea: I will buy you a son-in-law,
toll for him: for this, I'll none of
King. The heavens have thought
Laure. To bring forth this discovery.---

Go, speedily, and bring again the

Count, Gentleman, and I am
am
I am abroad, the life of Helen, he
Was foolish match'd.
Now, jesting.

Lea: Enter BERTRAM, count
King. I wonder, sir, since you to
And that you stym you as you can
Yet you desire to marry.---What

Be-rofer Gentleman, and Widow
Dav. I am, my lord, a wretch
Derived from the ascendent Capsule
My soul, as I do understand, you
And therefore know bow far I am
Wid. I am her mother, sir, who
nor
Both suffer under this complaint
And both shal cease, without you
King. Come hitter, count; Dey
women?
Bar. My lord, I neither can, at
But that I know them: Do they

Dav. Why do you look so strun

Bar. She's none of mine, my k

Dav. If ye
You give away this hand, and th
Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you;
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your last proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen love a woman.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and so have I.

What an equivocal companion is law and court!—
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promises me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbs, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would deserve me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fast in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. It was my good lord.

Dia. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I not buy it.

King. Why lent you it?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. It was found it not.

Dia. It was her yours by none of all these ways.

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Dia. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Know. It may be yours, or hers, for ought I

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;

To prison with her; and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hast this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

Dia. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my lady.

King. I think thee now some common commoner.

Dia. By love, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

Par. (Pleading a Law.)

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my ball.—Stay, rift'st thou at all of us?—[Exit Wickets, the jeweller that owns the ring is sent for; And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abounded me, as he knew me, and,

Thou hast never harmed me, here I quit him:
PERSO NS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER Sly, a drunken Timber. (Persons in Hostess, Page, Players, Huntresses, the Induction, and other Servants attending on the Lord.)
BAPTISTE, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENZO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LORENZO, Son to Vincenzo, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCCIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharine.
GRIZIO, Suitor to Bianca.

SCENE—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio’s House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. Before an Almshouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I’ll please you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue! Sly. ’Tare a baggage; the files are no rogues; Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, peruse Puck’s world aside: Puck. Host. You will not pay for the gas here? Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, in name;— Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
Tamming of the Shrew.

[Enter]{a} fourth, or fifth boojew, I'll to law: I'll not budge an inch, no, and kindly, 
on the ground, and falls asleep. 
[Enter a Lord from Hunting, with sword and Seruants.]
't, charge thee, tender well
— the poor cur is embossed, tender with the deep-mouth'd
boy, how Silver made it good. 
— the coldest faith? 
the dog for twenty pounds. 
Belman is as good as he, my
at the worst loss, 
[Enter a sword and] Seruants. 
no, dear one, or drunk! See, 
said, my lord; 
and cold to sleep so soundly. 
— the drunken man, 
if he were conveyed to bed, 
and bear him when he wakes; 
me, lord, I think he cannot 
from strange unto him when 
fluttering dream, or worthless
— the fairest chamber, 
with warm distilled waters, 
and an heavenly sound; 
— the fiddle. 
please your Lordship cool your
— a costly suit, 
apparel he will wear, 
— his disease; 
— the banket, 
— say that he dreams, 
ait a mighty lord, 
— passing excellent, 
— I warrant you, we'll play 
— our true diligence, 
— as gently, and to bed with
[Enter Sir.] A trumpet sounds.

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds—

[Enter Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means—

Travelling some journey, to repose him here. 
[Enter a Servant.

How now? who is it? 
SIR. An it please your honour, 
Players that offer service to your lordship.

[Enter a Servant.

Lord. Bid them come near—

[Enter Players.

Now, follows, you are welcome. 

1. Play. We thank your honour. 

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night? 

2. Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty? 

[Enter a member.

Lord. With all my heart. This follow I re-

sine: once he play'd a farmer's eldest son— 

Twas where you would the gentlewoman so 

well; I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed. 

1. Play. I think 'twas some that your honour

means.

Lord. Every one—thou dost it excellently.

Well, you are come to me in happy time; 

The rather for I have some sport in hand, 

Wherein your cunning can assist me much. 

There is a lord will bear you to night: 

But I am doubtful of your modesties.

Last, over-eying of his odd behaviour, 

[For yet his honour never heard a play!]

You break into some merry gaiety, 

And so offend him? for I tell you, sir, 

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1. Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain

ourselves.

Were be the veriest stick in the world, 

[Enter a Lord.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, 

And give them friendly welcome every one: 

Let them want nothing that my house affords. 

[Enter Servant and Players.

Strab, go you to Bartholomew my page.

[Exit Servant.

[Enter a woman.

And see him dress'd in all suits but the lady: 

That done, conduct him to the drumkard's cham-

ber.

And call him—madam, do him obesience, 

Tell him from me (as he will win my love), 

He bears himself with honourable action, 

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto the lords, by them accorded.

Such duty to the drumkard let him do; 

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy: 

And say that it's your honour's command, 

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife, 

May be so freely, and may know her love! 

And then—with kind embracings, tempting

kisses, 

And with declining head into his bosom— 

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd.

To see her noble lord restored to health. 

Why, for twice seven years, hath esteem'd him

No better than a poor and base-born beggar: 

And if the boy have not a woman's gift, 

To rain a shower of commended teares, 

An union will do well for such a shift; but our

Which in a napkin being convey'd, 

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. 

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst: 

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 

[Enter Servant.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace, 

Voice, gait, and action of a gentleman; 

I long to hear him call the drumkard husband; 

And how my men will stay themselves from 

laughter.

When they do homage to this simple peasant, 

I'll in to commend them: badly, my presence 

May well abate the over-scrupled spleen. 

Which otherwise would grow into extremes. 

[Exit.]

U 2
SCENE II. A Redeckhamber in the Lord's House.

2d Serv. is discovered in a rich night gown, with silver buttons; some with apparatus, others with brass, ever, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dress'd like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of sweet ale.

1 Serv. Will's your lordship drink a cup of this?

2 Serv. Will's your honour's taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. Call me Christopher Sly; call me not host, nor lordship: I never drank such in my life; and if you give me any conserve, give me conserve of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear: for I have no more doublets but black and more at least ten legs, nor no more shoes than feet; say, sometimes, more feet than shoes, as much shoes as my toes look through the overcloather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your

O, that a mighty man of such descent, Of such postures, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-shott, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-bred, and now by present profession a tinker! Ask Marian Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wisnet, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen peace on the score for skiver ale, score me up for the ly- ingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not brained! Here's—

1 Serv. O, this is it that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house, As beaten hence by your strange luxury, O, noble lord, be think thy love of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from basish fond,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams: Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? bark! Apollo, play,

And twenty caged nightingales do sing;

Or wilt thou sleep? we have thee to couch, better and sweeter than the lawful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, forsooth, thou wilt have the bedgown:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd, Thy harness stud'd all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? then hast hawks will roar.

Above the morning lark; Or wilt thou hunt? Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them, And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds

Are as swift

As broached stag, ay, feeter than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love picture? we will fetch thee

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which wilt thou take and wondour with her breath,

Even as the drawing sedges play with wind.

Lord. Well she show thee to, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd, As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds.

And a night shall and Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Then art a lord, and nothing but;

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this woeful age.

1 Serv. And, all the tears that she bade

For thee,

Like eaves' fowles, o'errun her lovely ly

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And yet she is inferior to me.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream? or have I dreamt all this,

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak.

I smell sweet savours, and I feel this Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;

And not a tinker, nor Christopher Hackett.

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,

And once again, a pot of' the smallest hold

3 Serv. Will's your honour's高新技术 the

your hands;

Some wine and bread, some ale, some

How we tojoy to see your wilt transport?

O, that's my请问 you knew but what you

Three fifteen years you have been in this

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd she on your

Sly. These little things may do you, sir, a

nap.

But did I never speak of all that now?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very loud.

For though you lay here in this great state,

Yet would you say, you were but out of

And raul upon the hostess of the house,

And say, you would present her at the

Because she brought stone juggs and me

quartz:

Sometimes you would call out for Cinder

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the

3 Serv. O, sir, you know no house, such

Maid,

Nor so much men as you have resorted

As Stephen Sly, and old John Nape of

And Peter Thurf, and Henry Lipsumer,

And twenty more such men and men:

Which neither were, nor no man ever

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my

amours!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose!

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I tarry well; for here is enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here. noble lord; What is that

with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not be

humbled?

My men should call me—lord; I am your

Page. My husband and your lord, my

husband;

I am your wife in all obediency.

Sly. I know it well:—What maid is Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alice madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so

Ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have

sheep and

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty

Bring all this time abandon'd from you.

Sly. 'Tis much:—Servants, leave

her alone.

Madam, unless you, and come now to

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entre

To pardon you for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set;

For your physicians have expressly de

In peril to insert your former madly,

That I should yet abstain from you.

I hope this reason will be some excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may bear
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

'And he best to fall into my net therefore tarry, in despite of arts, or a Secretary.

'And, O, my players, hearing your pleasant comedy, I hold it very mean; wisdom hath concealed your store of money, and I hear you play, and smile in your opinion, though my life, let it play't: It is not from myself, or from me, as from the lord; it is more pleasing did it stuff?

A of history. won't? Come, madam wife, for the world slip; we shall [They sit down.]

ACT I.

Petruch. A young, fair, white, in the and Tranio.

co—for the great desire I had of arts, and of stately Lombardy, of great Italy; a and leave, an arm's—

and day good company, to, well agree'd in; to, and happily institute and, and ingenious studies, grave citizens, and, and my father first, a jest through the world, the Renovell, brought up in Florence; a serve all hopes conceiv'd, with his virtuous deeds: more, for the time I study, with the philosophical treat of happiness y to be achieve'd.

for I have been left, conscience which that leaves a plant him in the deep, seeks to quench his thirst, a gentle master mine, in yourself.

continue your resolve, of sweet philosophy, while we do admire its moral discipline, or, nor stocks, I play; nothing good you, just quite absurd: you have, in your common talk, as to quicken you; and the metaphysics, and your stomach serves you; there is no pleasure in it—what you most affect. in, Tranio, well dost thou ad.

I went come ashore, get me in readiness; to entertain me in Padua shall begot. What company is this? the show, to welcome us to

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. Scene and Tranio stand aside.

Bapt. Gentlemen, importune me no further. How I firmly am resolve'd you know! That is not to love you, my daughter. Before I have a husband for the elder father of you both love Katharina, Because I love you well, then others must court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To exact her rather: She's too rough for me. [Exit.]

There, sir, Hortensio, will you any wine? Kast. I pray you, sir, [To Bap.] is it your will, To make a state of me amongst these mates? [Act.] How. Mates, madam! how mean you that? I must not for you, Unless you were of gentler, mild mould; [Kath. Prithee, sir, you shall never need to fear; I win, it is not half way to her heart; But if it were, doubt not her care should be. To come your muddle with a thought to me, And paint your face, and use you like a fool. [Kath. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us. Gre. And me too, good Lord: Too, master, here is some good pastime toward; That wench is stark mad, or wonderful forward.

Luc. But in the other silence I do see Man's mild behaviour and sobriety. Peace, Tranio. [Act.]

Tr. Well said, master; must! and gare your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said—Blanca, get you in! And let it not displease thee, good Blanca; For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl. Kath. Why, then, art thou the fatter?—If you, Hortensio, Put finger in the eye,—as she knew why. Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent,— Sir, to your pleasure honestly I subscribe; My books, and instruments, shall be my company.

On them to look; and practice by myself. Luc. Mark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak. [Exit.]

Her. Signior Baptista; will you be so strange? Sorry am I, that our good will affects Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up? Signior Baptista, for this word of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue? Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolve'd. [Exit.]

Go in, Blanca. [Exit Blanca.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight In music, instruments, and poetry: Schoolmasters will I keep within my house, To instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio, Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such, Prefer them hither; for to curing men I will be very kind, and liberal To mine own children in good bringing up; And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay: For I have more to commune with Blanca. [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too? May I not? What, what shall I be appointed hourly? as though,—belike, I knew not what to take and what to leave? He! [Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam! Your gifts are not good, how is need, we shall see. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our noses together, and that it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell. —Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light a bit man to teach
 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

her that whereat she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Her. So will I, signor Gremio: but a word,

And to the know the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have our fair mistress, and be happy

rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one Third species.

Gra. What's that, I pray? I

Her. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gra. A husband! a devil.

Her. I say, a husband.

Gra. A devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to her?

Her. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your pa
tience, and mine, to endure her loud alarms,

why is it not certain, to me at least, that good fellows in the world, as a man could light on those, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gra. I cannot tell; but I had as lief she knew this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Her. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's estate, he may find a husband, we set his youngest

free for a husband, and then have't off.

Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dose! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gra. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that lady that would woo him, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio, leaving the stage.

Tra. [Advancing to me, I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?—

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love in idleness;

And now in plainness do confess to thee,—

That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—

Tra. I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio;

If I can't be as the modest girl,

Could it not be for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;

Affection is not rated from the heart:

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but

Redeem to capture quaeque quem minas.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this con

tents;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so long on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agamemnon had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,

That mortal ear might hardly endure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corallips to move,

And with her breath she did perfume the air;

Sacred, and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his

I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid.

Benediction must follow, and withies to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,

That in her husband's hands, his head,

Master, your love must live a maid at home:

And therefore here be it clearly m'd;

Because she shall not be master's till

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel hard

But art thou so advanc'd as to take

To get her counseling schoolmaster him

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and more:

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, honest man;

Our inventions meet and joy;—

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will see;

And undertake the teaching of the

That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it

Tra. Not possible: For who shall

And be in Padua here Vincentio's

Keep house, and ply his book; we

Visit his counsylmen, and beset it

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I

We have not yet been seen in any;

Nor can we be distinguished by our

For man or master: Thou shalt be the

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my

House, and port, and servants; I

will some other be; some

Some Neapolitan, or mean man of

This batchet, and shall be so: Tranio

Uncase thee; take my colour's but

When Biondello comes, he wus in

But I will charm him first to keep it

You, so had you need. [They Nel

In brief then, sir, altho' thy plans,

And I am tied to be obedient;

For so you father charg'd it at me as

Be irrevocable to my son, quoth he;

Although, I think, 'twas in another;

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because

And let me be a slave, to achieve his

Whose sudden sight hath thrills'v my

Emit BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirisah, whit

been?—

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, there are you! I am Master. But I fellow Tranio stand'ry Or you'man't his for I both I pray what?—

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis not

And therefore frame your manners:

Your fellow Tranio here, to save me

Puts my apparel as he would

And for my escape have put on

For in a quarrel, since I came ashes

I kill'd a man, and fear I was decent. Wait you on him, I charge you, as

While I make way from hence to hence

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir, never a

And not a jot of Tranio in y

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. I am the better for him; 'Would, I say. 

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to be

With after—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's
doughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but ye

— I advise

You use your manners disorderly in

When I am alone, why then I am Y

But in all places else, your master

Luc. Tranio, let's go—

One thing more rest, that thyself e

To make one among these woeers:

me why—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good at
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Thou'dst thank me not but a little for my counsel; And yet I'll promise thee she shall be staid, And very rich.--But thou'st too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Such things may twine such friends as we.

Few words suffice; and, therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife. (As wealth is battlin' of his woolen dance,) He she as fond as was Florence's love, As old as Sibyl, and as curt and shrewd As Socrates, as conceited, or as wise, She moves me not, or not remaines, at least, Affection's edge in me; were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas; I come to wele it wealeth in Paphos; If wealthily, then happily in Paphos.

Osw. Nay, look you, sir, he tell you lately what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-help, or an old trot with no teeth or tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Her. Petruchio, since we have steep'dth us thus far, I will content that I broad'ed in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and yong, and beauteous; Brought up by those that best becomes a gentlewoman; Her only fault (if that is fault enough) Is, that she is hairily earnest, And shrewd, and forward: so beyond all measure, That, were we not state for worse than it is, I would not wel her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Petruchio, peace; thou know'st not gold's extent.

Tell me her father's name, and to her enough: For I will hear her, though she be the chaste, As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Her. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman: Her name is Katharina Minola, Renowned in Padua for her swelling tongue. Pet. I know her father, though I know her mother; And he know my deceased father well, I will not keep, Petruchio, till I see her; And therefore let me be bold with you, To give you over at this first encounter, Unless you will accompany me thinker.

Osw. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. Of my word, as she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She would, ere he call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing; an he begins once, he'll rail in his rope-stock, I'll tell you what, sir, -- an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see without than a cat: You know him yet, sir.

Her. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee; For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; And her withholds from me, and more other Suitors to her, and rivals in my love; Supposing it a thing impossible, (For those defects I have before stated,) That ever Katharina will be wedd; Therefore this order hath Baptista taken — That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharine the curse here got a husband. Osw. Katharine the curse? A title for a maid, of all titles the worst. Her. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace, And offer me, disguised in sober raiment, To old Baptista as a schoolmaster. Well seen in mistique, to instruct Bianca: That so I may by this device, at least,
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And, unsuspected, court her by herself. 

Easter Gremio: with him Luciento disguised, with books under his arms.

Gru. He's knavery! See, to beguile the old fools, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goeth there?

Her. Peace, Gremio; 'tis the rival of my love.

Petrouch, stand by a while. 

Gru. A proper strippling, and an amorous one. 

[They retire.

Gru. O, very well! I have perused the note. 

Her. Her. 

I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand; And see you read no other lectures to her; You'll have your amours:—O'er and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, 'T'll send it with a largess,—Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For she is sweeter than perfume itself, To whom they go. What will you read to her? This think: A little thin to her, I'll please her for you, As for my patron (stand you so assur'd), As firmly as yourself were in still place. Yes, and her ears.—; With more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir. 

Gru. O this learning! what a thing it is! 

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass is it! 

Per. Peace, sirrah.

Her. Gremio, man!—God save you, signior Gremio! 

Gru. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you, Whither I am going!—To Baptista Minola. 

I promis'd to inquire carefully About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca: And, by good fortune, I have lighted well On this young man; for learning and behaviour, Fit for her turn; well read in poetry. And other books,—good ones, I warrant you. 

Her. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman, Hath promis'd me to help me to another,— A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, belov'd of me. 

Gru. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove. [Aside. 

Her. Gremio, 'tis now or never to veil our love: Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either; Her. Her. Then, good man, whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to him liking, Will undertake to woo dear Katharine; Yes, and to marry her, if her dowry please. 

Gru. So said, so done, is well: 

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults? 

Pet. I know, she is an insome brawling scold; If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. 

Gru. No! say'st me something? Friend? What countryman? 

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, my fortune lives for me; And do not hope good days, and long to see. 

Gru. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange: 

But, I, I, I, I, that's my stomach; troth, O'God's name, You shall have me assisting you in all. 

But you, you woo this wild cat? 

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? say, or I'll hang her. 

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that Inlet? 

That I might, in this case, do thee and my country some service; Have I not in my time heard lions roar? I have not heard the sea, ruffling with winds, But my heart neat clain'd with sweet airs to have I not heard great ordinances in the field, And beareth armor's thunder in: Have I not in a pitched battle hewn Loud fames, weighing steeds, a clang? And you do tell me of a woman's 

That gives not half so great a show As will a chestnut in a farmer's thrush! 

Pet. If so, I am sorry for you. 

Gru. Hortensio, hark! 

This gentleman is happily arrived, My mind precises, for his own sake 

Her. I promise you, in this reason, if you'll be patient Upon his kind and and I have you to do? 

Pet. Not her that chills, sir; at pray. 

Lac. I love no chills, sir;—she away. 

Lac. Well begun, Tranio. 

Her. Sir, a word ere you go— Are you a suitor to the maid you or no? 

Tnu. An if I be, sir, is it any offer? 

Gru. No; if without more words, you. 

Her. Why, sir, pray, are not the For me as for you? 

Tnu. But so is not 

Tnu. For what reason, I beseech For this reason, if you'll me That she's the choice love of Sign, 

Her. That's she's the chosen of I 

Tnu. Softly, my masters! If you do me this right,—hear me with Baptista is a noble gentleman, To whom my father is not all alone, Was, were his daughter fairer than she May more authors have, and so Fair Leslie's fairer than honest Then well one more may fair 

Pet. As she shall: Luciento said as Though Paris came; in hope to see 

Gru. What! this gentleman will 

Lac. Sir, give him head; I know 

Pet. Hortensio, to what end a works? 

Her. Sir, let me be so bold as Did you yet ever see Baptista's son? 

Tnu. No, sir; but hear I do that 

The one as famous for a scolding As is the other for beauteous mode 

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; I. 

Gru. Yes, leave that labour to your And let it be more than Aclese's tw 

Pet. Sir, understand, you this of me The youngest daughter, whom you Her father keeps from all access And will not promise her to any as Until the elder sister first be wed: The younger this before, and next 

Tnu. If be so, sir, that you are Must stand us all, and me among As if you break the ice, and do so! Achieve the elder, set the younger
TAMING OF THE SHREW. 227

—whom hap shall be to have her,extas he, to be importune,
a say well, and well you do cou-
do posture to be a suitor, or do, gratify this gentleman, if rest generally beheld, all not be slack: in sign whereof, my country this afternoon, were to our mistresses' health, mine, sir, but eat and drink as friends, excellent motion! fellows, let's not, sir's good indecent, and be so —
all be your ben venuto. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

ENE I. The same.

Kate, and Bianca. Kate, wrong me not, nor wrong myself, and a slave of me; but for these other gawds, ask, I'll pull them off myself, now to my petition! will command me, will I do, it is my duty to my elders, my duties, here charge thee, tell the best: see thou dissemble not, I ask, sister, of all the more alive, and that special face fancy more than any other, a thou best; let not Hortensio to affect him, sister, here I swear, thy self, but thou shalt have a be like, you fancy riches more; Gremio to keep you fair, or him you do envy me no, jest; and now I well perceived, joined with me all this while; or Kate, unto my hands, be jest, then all the rest were so. [Strikes her.]

Entr'ACT. Kate, how now, dame! whence grows science? unde—poor girl! she weeps; espie; meddling with her— in hailing of a devilish spirit, wrong her that did not wrong thee with a bitter word; hence float'st thou, and I'll be rest. [Falls after Bianca.

[Exit Bianca.]

Kate, am not suffer me! Nay, now I see sure, she must have a husband; surefoot on her wedding-day, love to her, lead aye in hell, e, I will go sit and weep, occasion of revenge. [Exit Katharina.]

Kate, the gentleman thus griev'd as it's here!

with Lucentio in the baths of a Petruchio, and Hortensio as a guest. Triail, said Blondellio, heart of Books.

morrow, near Katharina; Good heavens! I, a good sir! Pray, have you not ear, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina. Grem. You are too blunt; go to it orderly. Petr. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave, I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, That— hearing of her beauty and her wit, Her affability and bashful modesty, Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,— I am being to show myself before your grace. Within your house, to make mine eyes the witness Of that report which I so oft have heard, And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I present you with a man of mine, Petrucho Hortensio, Courting in music, and the mathematicks, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant; Accept of him, or else you do me wrong; His name is Lucio, born in Mantua. Petr. You're welcome, sir; and be, for your good sake; But for my daughter Katharina,—this I know, She is not for your turn, the more my grief. Petr. I see you do not mean to part with her; or else you like not of my company. Grem. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find. Whence are you, sir, what name do I call your name? Petr. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son, a man well known throughout all Italy. Petr. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake. Grem. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, Let me, as that are poor petitioners, speak too; Rascall! you are marvelous forward. Petr. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fear doing. Grem. I doubt it not, sir; but you will cause your women.— Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been so kindly beheld to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Lucentio], that hath been long studying of Rhinés; as coming in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; welcome! good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [as Trand], methinks you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming? Trand. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the pretension of the eldest sister: This liberty is all that I request.— That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome/ mann' ger the rest that was, And free access and favour as the rest. And toward the education of your daughters, I have bestow a simple instrument; And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great. Petruchio is your name? of whence, I pray? Trand. Of Pisa; sir; son to Vincentio. Petr. A mighty man of Pisa, by report I know him well: you are welcome, sir,— Take you [in Hor.] the note, and you [in Lac.] the set of books, You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within.

[Enter a Servant.

SIRATH, lead.

These gentlemen to my daughters: and tell them both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well. [Exit Servant, and Hortensio, Lucentio, and Blondellio.]
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business saith haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You know my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely be to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better’d rather than decreed;
Then think, you know, I get your daughter’s love.
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?—
The same that make the north wind blow for us,
The same that breathe, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I’ll assure her of
Her well to know—be it that she survive me.—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
I settle it, and I therefore draw it from us;
That coveneants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well ob-

This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They sting the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet, as she means, will blow out fire and all;
So to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Else, shall thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou spare for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds.

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Reciter HORTENSIO, euik his bead broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou weep?

Her. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Pet. What, will my daughter prove a good soldier;
Her. I think she’ll sooner prove a soldier;

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the late?

Her. Why, she is but a weak soul;

Bap. With that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillow, looking through the rent;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And angling Jack; with twenty such vile

As she had studied to mislead me;

And bow’d her hand to touch her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
I first call her; quoth she: I’ll jame with them.

And with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillow, looking through the rent;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And angling Jack; with twenty such vile

As she had studied to mislead me so.

Pet. I swear I’ll cuff you, if y

Kath. So may you lose your a

If you strike me, you are no g

And if no gentleman, why, then

Pet. A herald, Kate! O, put me

Kath. What is your cre\n

Pet. A cumbrous rock, so Kate

Kath. No cock of mine, you are c

Pet. No, no, Kate, come look so t

Kath. It is my fashion when

Pet. Why here to, and not sou

Kath. There is, there, is, there

Pet. Then show it me

Kath. Had I a

Pet. What, mean I my fee

Kath. Well aim’d of me

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I

Kath. Yet you are witherd,

If she defy to wed, I’ll crave the

When I shall ask the banns, and

But here she comes; and now, Pet

Kath. Good-morrow, Kate; for that’s

Kath. Well have you heard, I

They call me—Katherine, that is

Pet. You know, in faith; for you are

Kath. And bonny Kate, and sometimes I

But Kate, and Kate of cottage, and Kate

Kath. Of Kate-Hall, my super-flab

For darling of all diadoms, and the

Pet. and take of this, Kate of my cue

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you say,

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will as

Pet. For knowing thee to be but y

Kath. Too light for such a re
catch;

And yet as hearty as my weight:

Pet. Should be I should bus;

Kath. Well o’en, and

Pet. 0, slow-wing’d turtle! take thee!

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he is

Pet. Come, come, you wassip; I too

Pet. If I be wassip, best be

Pet. My remedy is then, to sh

Kath. Ay, if the fool would had

Pet. Who knows not where a his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Wh

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tail w

Pet. What with my tongue in: come a

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

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Pet. What with my tongue in: come a

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. I swear I’ll cuff you, if y
TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

Petr. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for my wife.

If she and I be pleasd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd twixt me twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protracting oath on oath,

That in a twain she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A mousecock watch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my Katherine shall be fine.

I know not what to say: but give me your hand;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gen. Tue. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlewoman, adieu;

I will to Venice, Sunday comes space;

We will have flags, and things, and fine array;

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[Exeunt Petr. and Kath. severally.

Gen. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Pet. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate part.

Tew. 'Twas a commodity lay trett'n by you:

'Twixt hunger you gain, or perish on the seas.

Pet. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gen. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Batsata, to your young daughter—Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbour, and was wiser first.

Tew. And I am one that love Bianca more Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gen. Younging I thou canst not love so dear 

As I.

Tew. Gray-beard! I thy love doth freeze.

Gen. But how dost thou fry, Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tew. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Batsata, come you, gentleman, and hear this strife:

'Tis dec'd must win the prize; and he of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dover,

Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gen. First, as you know, my house within the

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Basons, and ewers, to have her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry

In ivory covers I have stuff'd my crowns;

In cypress chest my arms, counterpoints,

Ceruly apparel, tents, and canopies.

Fine linen, Turkey cushions box'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in westside stuff,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house, or housekeeping; then, at my barn,

I have a Hundred milk-kine to the yoke,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable in this portion;

Myself am strick in years, I must confess,

And, if I do to-morrow, this news,

If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tew. That, only, came well in—Sir, list to me.

I am your father's heir, and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three for the bed-

Within rich Pisas walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year,

Orphantul land, all which shall be her jointure—

What, that I thought'ld you, Signior Gremio.

Gen. Two thousand ducats by the year, o'thand! X
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
There's more. Let your Matins' road—
What, have I caught you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no
Than three great argories; besides two galleasses,
And twelve. The ships, I will assure you;
And twice as much, what I have offer'd next.

Grr. Nay, you have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than I have—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world.

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

You must give me your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me;
If you should die before her, where's her dowery?

Tra. That's but a caviar; he is old, young.

Grr. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bupp. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolve'd:—On Sunday next, you know;
My daughter Katharine is to be married;
Not only you, but all her followers, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signor Gremio,
And so take my leave, and thank you both.

Act. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear you not.

Sirrah, young gameret, your father were a fool
To give you over and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wittler's side!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten,
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see not reason, but suppose't Lucocito
Must get a father, call'd—suppose't Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

Act. III.

SCENE I. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.
Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you with?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patrimony of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thing,

Bian. Gentlemen, you do me double wrong.

To strive for that which resteth in my choice;
I am no breathing scholar in the schools; I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have taid.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in

Luc. That shall be never—tune you but me!

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here meditamus—

Hor. Here serenissima—

Luc. Here stans, as I told you before,

Are Lucocito, and being call'd so from his

Bian. Serenissima, dispersed—

Hor. Here serenissima, dispersed—

Luc. O ye! the treble jurs.

Luc. Spotted in the hole, man, and man.

Bian. Luc, now let me see if I can

Hor. O sweet silvia, O sweet serenissima;
I trust you not;—Here serenissima

Hor. Serenissima, dispersed—

Hor. Mediam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. Serenissima, dispersed.

Hor. The bass is right;—'tis the best

That jurs.

How sorry and forward our pedant is!

Now for my life, the knife does cutting.

Luc. I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet

Luc. Most mistrust it not; for, sure,

Luc. Was Ajax—call'd so from his great

Bian. I must believe my master; and,

Luc. Should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest.—Now, Luko, to you—

Luc. Good masters, take it not unkindly,

Hor. You have been call'd so to Lucocito,

Luc. Give me leave awhile.

Bian. My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well.

And watch withal; for, but I be douc'd,
Our fine musician grows wonderful.

Hor. Mediam, before you touch the board

To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and affectual:
Thou hast been taught by any of my brat
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Luc. Why, I am past my gamut.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.] Gaunt am I, the ground

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

Luc. But, Bianca, take him for this hour.

Cant, that loves with all a freemium;

D sola re, one with all a freemium; E in mi, thou pray, or I sbe.

Call you this—gaunt! sbe? I like it not.

The foolish pleasures be best; I am not
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father pray you

Your books out; and help to dress your sister's chamber.

You go to-morrow is the weddeth

Luc. Farewell, sweet masters both; I

Bian. That night, then I have us to stay.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into that

Methinks, he looks as though he were but

Luc. If thy thoughts, Bianca, be so banish'd

Bian. To cast thy wandering eyes on every

Bian. Seek thee that list; if once I find thee

Hortensio will be quit with thee, by
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Betray Baptista's House.

Lords, Tramo, Katharine, 
Into, and Attendants.

This, (as Tramo), this is the
Petrucho should be mar-
rent of our son-in-law:
what mockery will it be, 
son, when the priest attends 
onal rate of marriage? 
the shame of ours?
not mine: I must, forsooth,
spoke against my heart, 
ly against all sense: 
and with a great delight, 
a frantic fool, 
ian blind behaviour:

a merry man.

Upon the day of marriage, 
there, and proclaim the 
and where he hath looked.
point at poor Katharine, 
and Petrucho's wife, 
more and marry her.

of Katharine, and Baptista 
whate means but well, 
ys him from his word:
I know him passing wise;
yet withal he's honest.
Harriane had never seen him 
followed by Bianca and others.
cannot blame them now to 
would vex a very mint.
of thy imposthum.

BONDELLO.

for news, old news, and 
old Too, how may that but 
not hear of news to hear of Petru 


gattered with a red and blue list; an old hat and The shoe of forty fancies pricked in't for a 
feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; 
and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's 
beakcy.

T reversible.

 Tales. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this 

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Petr. I am glad he is come, however he comes.

Bian. Why, sir, he comes not.

Petr. Didst thou then not say, he comes?'

Bian. Ay, that Petrucho came.

Petr. No, sir: I say, his horse comes with 
him on his back.

Bian. Why, that's all one.

A horse and a man is more than one, and yet 
not many.

Enter Petrucho and Gremio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is 
at home?

Petr. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Petr. And yet you hail not.

Treas. Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better, I should rush in this.

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?— 
How dost thou, father?—Goventures, methinks you 
now round.
And wherefore gaze this godly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument, 
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bian. Why, sir, you know, this is your wed-
ging day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder; that you come so unprompted,
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, 
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Treas. And tell us, what occasion of import 
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, 
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tenions it were to tell, and harsh to 

Saffreeth, I am come to keep my word, 
Though in some part enforced to degrease;
Which, at more leisure I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at cloth.

Treas. See not your bride in these irreverent rates?

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bian. But I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have 

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accouterments.

Treas. We were well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[Enter Petr., Grem., and Bion.

Teas. He hath some meaning in his mad attire;
We will persuade him, be it possible.

To put on better eke in go to church.

Petr. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Teas. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
To her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whatsoever he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Padua.

And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And many sweet Bianca with counsel.
TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

Lec. Were it not that my bellow schoolmaster
Both watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tr. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll overreach the gray-beard Gremio,
Your pious; the wily scholar Kialio;
The quail musician, amorous Lide;
All for my master's sake, Laurence.—

Ex-cour Gazan.

Sigloro Gremio I came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as ever I came from school.

Tr. What of the bridegroom? how was he come home?

Gre. A bridgework, say you? 'tis a groan, indeed.

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.


Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tr. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Twas she a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

He'll tell you, Sir Laurence; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
By reason, reason, reason he; and swore so loud,
The old man said, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad bridgework took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:

Now take them up, quoth he, if any be.

Tr. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Tumbled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore.

As if the vicar meant to curse him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—A health, quoth he; if as
He had been abroad courting to his mate.
After a storm quaff'd off the maccabe,
And threw the sops in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungrily,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clausorous smack,
That all the church, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels' play.

[Music.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen, and friends, I thank you for my

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And here perch'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bye, it's possible, you will away to-night

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—
Make me so wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself.

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tr. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. It cannot be.

Pet. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay; entreat me how you can

Kath. More, if you have.

Gre. Ay, sir, they do entreat the horses.

Pet. Do what thou canst, I will not.

The door is open, sir, these men

You may be keeping thieves.

For me, I'll come anon.

'Tis like you'll prove a lawyer.

That take it as an action,

Exeunt Petruchio, Bianca, and Train.

Gre. Will he be angry? What

Father, he is; what shall we do?

Gre. Gentlemen, advise us to

Pet. I see a wench may be made.

If she had not a spirit to repel,

Pet. They shall go forward.

Obey the bride, you that stand on the

Carrion fall measure by her and

But for me, sweet one, May, look not back, one day

I will be master of her.

She is my goods, my shadow;

My household-staff, my book, in my

And here she stans, touch here,

I'll bring my action on the part

That stops my way in Fallow.

Draw forth thy wappens, we

Rescue thy mistresses, if thou

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall

thee, Kate?

I'll buckler thee against a mad

Bap. Way, let them go, a swept

Gre. Well they not quickly, laughing

Tw. Of all mad matches, new

Loc. Mistress, what's your sister?

Bian. That being mad been

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio

Bap. Neighbours, and friend

And for my kinsman marriage never was before;

For to supply the places at the

And let Bianca take her sister's

Thee Shall sweet Bianca prate it?

Bap. She shall, Laurence.—O! let's go.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. A HALL in Petruchio's

Enter GRUMIO.

Gre. Fye, fye on all tired in masters! and all foul ways! I

beaten! was ever man so rayes

so wary! I am sent before to

And they are coming after to woe

sowr, and as

in the tooth.

by the fire shall we

considering the weather, so to

shall take cold. Holla! hoy!
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

233.

ew Court.

that, calls so coldly?

t or les: If thou doubtest, thou

me, thy head and my neck. A fire,

comme and his wife coming, Gra-

my, Court, ay: and therefore fire,

a for a show as she's reported I

was, winter tames man, woman,

in thy hand, whom she being now

shall soon feel, to thy cold com-

now in thy hot office.

how, good Gramio, tell me, How

would, Court, is ever so fine but

therefore, be: Do thy duty, and

by my master and mistress are

there ready: And therefore, good

Jack hop: be hop: and as much

you are so full of contriving:

therefore, fire; for I have caught

where’s the cook? is supper as

triumphant, makes stewed, obras

the serving-men in their new face

stockings, and every officer his

ent on? Be the jacks fair within,

chast, the carpets laid, and ever-

and therefore, I pray thee,

may your horse is tired; my mas-

selves taken.

their saddles into the dirt; and

a fair, good Gramio.

nice ear.

[Striking him,

refrains, and not to hear a tale,

therefore called a sensible tale;

but to knock at your ear, and

now I begin; imagine, we

and therefore, my master riding

on one horse?

a horse

the tale:—but hadst thou

now she should have heard how

, and she under her horse; thou

heard in how many a place, how

; how he left her with the

; how he beat me because of

, how she waited through the

of me; how she swore; how

but never pray’d before; how I

away, how her bride

abo and my cropping:—with many

which now shall

, and then return unexperienced

in his reckoning, he is more shrew

at that thou and the proudest of

, when he comes home. But

of this!—call forth Nathanial, Jo-

sephe, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Mensarop, and

the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed,

their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an

indefinable knit: let them curry with their left

, and not presume to touch a hair of my

master’s horse-tail, till they kiss their hands.

Are they as ready?

Gra. They are.

Gra. Call them forth.

Gra. Do you hear, sir? do you must meet my

master, to countenance my mistress.

Gra. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Gra. Who knows not that?

Gra. Thou, it seems; that caitiff for company to

countenance her.

Gra. I call them forth to credit her.

Gra. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Gramio.

Phli. How now, Gramio!

Joe. What, Gramio!

Nick. Fellow Gramio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gra. Welcome, you;—how now you; what,

you;—bellow, you;—and thus much bellowing.

Now, my sparse companions, is all ready; and

all things neat!

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our

master.

Gra. Even at hand, sighted by this; and

therefore be not,—Cock’s passion, silence!—

I hear my master.

Enter Partridge and Katherine.

Par. Where be these knives? What, no man at

door.

To hold my stirrup, not to take my horse!

Where is Nathanial, Gregory, Philip—

All Sirs, Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Par. Do you hear, sir? Here, sir! Here, sir!—

You logger-headed and unpolish’d groom!

When, no acquaintance I no regard I no duty I—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gra. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Par. You peasant wench! you yokel on your

mule horse!—Drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rash’d knives with thee?

Gra. Nathanial’s coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel’s pumps were all unshod! The

beef.

There was no link to colour Peter’s hat,

And Walter’s daggers was not from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and

Gregory:

The rest were ragg’d, old, and beggarly:

Yet, as they are here, they are come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper

[Kneeling some of the Servants.

Where is the life that I ask?—

Sings. Where are those,—Sit down, Kate, and wel-

come.

Sond, sound, sound, sound!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Par. Why, when, I say!—Nay, good sweet Kate, be

mercy.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains:—

When?

It was the first of these grey,

As he forth walked on his way—

Only, only, rogue! you pluck my foot away!—

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other,—

Be mercy, Kate?—Some water heave what, her?

Where’s my spuel? Triolus! Sirrah, get you hence.

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.—

[Exit Servants.

X 2
TAMING OF THE SHERW.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
(a hand to present a hem.)
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
(barrow and ewer.)
You whoreson villain! Will you let it fall?
(Kneels.)
Kate. Patience, I pray you; 'tis a fault untimely.
Pat. A whoreson, bestial-headed, slap-carpeted
Come, Kate, sit down; you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall
What is this? Matron?
I Sess. Ay.
Pat. He who brought it?
I Sess.
Pat. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the tossed cook?
How dare you, villains, bring it from the dear
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trumperies, cups, and all:
(Threw the meat, &c. about the stage.)
You heedless jotsheads, and sammall'd slaves!
What do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Kast. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pat. If I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried
And I expressly am forbid to touch it.
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'were that both of us did fast.
Bince, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended.
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[Exeunt Pat, Kaye, and Currt.
Nath. (Advancing.) Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Re-enter Currt.

Gra. Where is he?
Currt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rage, and swear, and rate; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And signs in gesture, signification new-vision from a dress.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. 
[Exeunt.

Re-enter PETEREN.

Pat. Thus Kate, in a politeness beguiled my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully;
My Falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stope, she must not be full-porg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lare.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is—to watch her, as we watch these kites
That hate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll sitting the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the covert, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hordly, I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rial and bawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew.
[Exit.

SCENE II. Passion. Digital

Enter Tamora and Bessi.
Tam. So'st possible, Bessi? Is it so?
Bessi. Doth fancy any other but Lord
Tell me, sir, do, she bears me not
Sir. Bessi, I cannot use you in the
Stand by, and mark the manner.

Enter Bessi and Luc.
Luc. Now, mistress, prodigious you read
Bessi. What, master, read you
Luc. Yes, that I pray you, Bessi.
Bessi. And may you prove, this art
Luc. Why, whom do you love
Your heart.
Bessi. Quick proceedings, many I pray,
You that darst appear thus so much:
Love's none in the world.
Luc. O, desolate love I must
I tell thee, Lucio, this is wonder
Her. Mistake no more; I am
Nor a, madam, I am not.
But one that scorrs to live in the
For such a one no heart is good
And makes a god of such a
Know, sir, that I am
Luc. Sigular Hortensias, I bow
Of your entire affection to Bessi.
And wise mine eyes are witness
I will with you,—if you be so
Forwaste Blanca and her love
Her. See, how they kiss and say
Lacceo.
Here is my hand, and here I put
Never to woo her more; but do
As one unworthy all the former
That I have fondly fastened her
Luc. And here I take the liber
Ne'er to marry with her thong
Fye can she see, how beauty she
Tam. Would all the world be
For me,—that I may surely be
I will be married; I
Ere three days pass; which last
As I have lov'd this proud dying
And so farewell, signior Lasco,
Kindness in the bosom, not their
Shall win my love;—and so I
In resolution as I swore before.
[Exit Hortensias.—Luci

Luc. Mistress Blanca, bles
Grace as nogeth to a lover's bles
Nay, I have ta'en you napping;
And have forsworn you, with a
Bessi. Tamini, you jest; but
Forsworn me!
Luc. No, mistress, we have.
Luc. Thus we:
Luc. 'Fait, he'll have a leg
That shall be won'd and waddes
Bessi. God give him joy!
Luc. Ay, and he'll take her.
Bessi. He.
Luc. 'Fait, he is gone unto the
Bessi. The taming-school? wh
A place.
Luc. He, mistresse, and Feltrich
That teachest trick eleven and
to tame a shrew, and charm
[Exit.
TAMING OF THE SHREW

Upon cutrely, have a present arm;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I—who never knew how to entreat—
Am star'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deathly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
—I care not what, so it be wholesome food,
Gra. What say you to a meat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gra. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, nicely broil'd?
Kath. Like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me,
Gra. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gra. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little,
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gra. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard.
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. The beef, or one, or one, or one thing with this,
Gra. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. 60, get thee gone, thou false defacing slave.
[Exit 60.
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That trifle thus upon my mastery!—
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petrucho with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all and all.
Her. Mistress, what cheer?
Pet. Call up thy spirits, love, cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

Sen. the dish on a table.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
Pet. What, not a word? Nay then, thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no 'prent;—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Her. Signior Petrucho, y'eloy are to blame! Come, mistresse Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me much.
[Aside.
Good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat space:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And reveal it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and ruffles, and farthingales, and
With scars, and furs, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knave
What, hast thou done? The tailor stays thy leaving;
To deck thy body with his raufing treasure,

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.
Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?—
Hab. Here is the case your worship did beaksep.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porphyry,
A vellum dish;—fly, fly! 'tis lect and cullory.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Why, 'tis a cockcle, or a wallamothshell.
A knach, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Her. That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will: I am no child, no babe;
Your better's had cure'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears,
By holding them with two fingers of my heart;
Or use my heart, concealing it, will break
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the aftermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A knach, a toy, a trick, a white silk pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'est it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay,—Come, tailor, let
O mercy, God! what making stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve! 'tis like a demi-canoe;
Here's up and down, car'd like an apple-cart;
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and cut, and
like a ladybird.

Pet. To a censer in a barber's shop:

Her. Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay,—Come, tailor, let

Pet. You bid me make it orderly and well.
According to the fashion, and the time,
Pet. Merry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Pet. You may go over every kennel home;
For you shall hop without my custom, sir;
I'll none of it: hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown.
More quaint, more pleasing, more commend-

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou

Thou yard, three-quarters, half yard, quarter.
Thou flounce, thou nite, thou winter creckon them:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skin of thread! A
Thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be mate thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think upon prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, thou hast mar'd her gown.

Tut. Your worship is deceived; the gown is

Pet. As just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Pet. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Pet. But how did you desire it should be made?

Pet. But did you not request to have it cut?

Pet. Thou hast faced many things.

Pet. Face not me; thou hast braved many men;
Brave not me; I will neither be faced nor
braved. I say unto thee,—but I thy master
cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut
it pieces; rag, thou first.

Pet. Why, here is the note of the fashion to cut

Pet. Read it.

Grumio. The note lies in his throat, unless I say I
said so.

ScENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's
Enter Trandro, and the Pedant dressed
VINCENZO.

Pet. Sir, this is the house; please you

Pet. Nay, what else? and, but I do

Signior Baptista may remember me.
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, when

Yes.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Luc. What sayst thou, Biancioletto?
Blun. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Luc. Biancioletto, what of that?
Blun. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expose the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
Luc. And what of him?
Blun. His daughter is to be brought by you to the support our father's.
Luc. And then?
Blun. The old priest at St. Lake's church is at your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Blun. I cannot tell; except they are busy about a counterfeit assurance; Take you assurance of her, now prudence and prudence make a man to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.
Luc. If this be true that you look for, I have no more to say.
Blun. But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[Going.]

Luc. Hearst thou, Biancioletto?
Blun. I cannot stay: I know a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Lake's, to bid the priest be ready to come again to you with your appendent.

[Exit.]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented. She will be so, I think; then wherefore should I doubt?

[Exit.]

SCENE V. A publick road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, and HOSTENDES.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more to the tower of our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself.

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list.

Or ere I come to your father's house,

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please; And if you please to call it a real candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun.

But sun or moon, when you say it is not; And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it smooth, even that it is; And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward; thus the bowl shall run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; what company is coming here !

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Whereaway!—

Vin. Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
TAMING OF THE SHREWS.

Heat thou breathe a tender gentlewoman! Such war of white and red within her cheeks! Whose eyes doth shine with such beauty, As those two eyes become that heavenly face! Fair lady maid, once more good day to thee— Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake. Ah! I will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kate. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet.

Whiter away: or where is thy shade? Happy the parents of so fair a child; Happier the man, whom favourable stars Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow.

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not two, or two, to man.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered; And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Par. Parson, old father, my mislocated eyes, That have been so bedazzled with the sun, Thou dost more beautify the earth green: Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father; Parson, I pray thee, for my mad mistake.

Pet. What's this, then, for my mad mistake?

Which way thou travelledst: if along with us, We shall be joyful of thy company.

Pet. Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress,— That with your strange encounter inneh smould'rd me;

My name is call'd—Vincenorio; my dwelling—

Pet. And bound I am to Padua; there to visit

A son of mine, whose long I have not seen. What is his name?

Pet. Lucenaro, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age, I may entitle thee—my loving father; The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, Thy son by this bath married. Wonder not, Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem, Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; Bratise, so qualified as may bewitch

The spouse of any noble gentleman. Let me embrace with old Vincenorio; And wander we with my honest son, Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Pet. But is this true? or is it else our pleasure! Like pleasant travellers to break a jest Upon the company you overtake?

Her. I do assure thee, father, so it is. Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth herof; For our first errand, both hath made thee jealous. [Exit Pet. Kate, and Vin.

Her. Well, Petrouchio, this bath put me in the right.

Have to my widow; and if she be forward, Then hast thou taught Hurtlestone to be untoward.

[Exit.

ACT V.


Enter on one side Biondello, Lucenaro, and Bionca; Bionca sitting on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can. [Exit Luc. Bion. and Bionc. O good name! I am come not with this whole. [Exit Petrouchio, Katharina, Vincenorio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucenaro's house,

My father's ears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and I leave you, sir.

Pet. You shall not choose but doit here you go.

If I will, I shall command your woman.

And, by all likelihood, some change is thither. They're busy within, you'll knock louder.

Enter Parian above at a window.

Pet. What's that, that knocks as he walks down the gate?

Par. It is Signor Lucenaro within, sir.

Pet. He's within, sir, but not to me within.

Par. What if a man bring him a handkerchief, or two, or three?

Pet. Keep your hundred pounds to he shall need none, so long as I live.

Par. Nay, I told you, your son was in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—he has circumstantial testimony, sir, that his father is come from Ferrara, for he is there to speak with him.

Pet. Then best; his father is come from Ferrara, and here looking out at the window.

Pet. Art thou his father?

Pet. Ay, sir; so his mother says; but I believe her.

Par. Why, how now, gentleman; can this— why, this is flat knavery, to so you another man's name.

Pet. Lay hands on the villain; I mean to constrain somebody in this day, in my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church: God send 'em good shipping—is here I mine old master, Vincenel, are undone, and brought to nothing.


Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Pet. Come hither, you rogue; what you forgot me?

Bion. Forget you I no, sir; I cannot forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Pet. What, you notorious villain, do you ever see thy master, Vincenel. Bion. What, my old, worshipful old boy, marry, sir; see where he looks out a window.

Pet. I'll so, indeed. [Aside

Bion. Help, help; help! here's a villain who will murder me.


Pet. Prythee, Kate, let's stand and see the end of this controversy. [Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Vin, and Servants.

Tras. Sir, what are you that offer yourself to me?

Pet. What am I, sir? say, what am I—0 immortal gods! 0 fine villains! doubtless! a very honest! a very deafe
capstan hat!—O, I am undone! I am while I play the good husband at home, and my servant spend all at the univers.

Tras. How now, what's the matter? Bap. What, is the man in liquor? Tras. Sir, you seem a sober ancient, by your habit, but your words are madman: Why, sir, what concerns I wear pearl and gold! I thank my go I am able to maintain you.

Pet. Thy father! O, villain! he is a maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake; sir; you mistake.

Pet. What do you think is his name? Pet. His name is as if I knew not hi
TAMING OF THE SHREW

In 1st, and, also, the name is Lu-
mine only son, and heir to
Ignatius Vincentio.

O, he hath murdered his
him, I charge you, in the
my fiancé, my son—tell me,
1st, my son Lucentio? an
officer: [Enter one with an
road knave to the good,—
charge you see that he be
o the good!;
; he shall not go to prison.
Signior Gremio; I say, he
Signior Baptista, lest you be
this business; I dare swear,
lucentio.
now darst.
not swear it,
west best say, that I am not
there to be Signior Lucentio,
the distant; to the good with
angers may be haled and
in! 1st, with Luciento, and Bianca,
spoiled, and—Yonder he is;
or him, or our sweetest son,

[Knocking.

[Knocking. How hast thou offended
?
Here's Lucentio,
right Vincentio;
marriage made thy daughter
supposes beth' thine synne
CKing, with a witness, to de-
that damned villain, Tranio,
'd me in this matter so?; I
, is not this my Cambio?
ch' d into Lucentio.
right these miracles. Bianca's
my state with Tranio,
my countenance in the town;
you arrived at last
seven of my kins;
myself curse'd to him;
, sweet father, for my sake,
's villain's more; that would
be called, sir, sir! [2° Lucentio,
my daughter without asking
Baptista; we will content you,
if, in, to be revenged for this
[Exit.
sum the depth of this knavery.
[Exit.
pale, Bianca; thy father will
, and Bian is
dough; But I'll in among
3d—but my share of the feast.
[Exit.

and Katharina advance.
, let's follow, to see the end
me, Kate, and we will,
the midst of the street!

Per. What, art thou ashamed of me?
Kath. No, sir; God forbid—but ashamed to
Per. Why, then let's home again—Come,
sirrah, let's away.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now, pray
thee, love, stay.
Per. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late.

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's House. A Banquet set out. Enter Baptisto, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Luciento, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortenio, and Widow. Tranio, Benedello, Gremio, and others attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes
agree—
And time is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and peril overcome.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortenio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house: My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer; 'Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.
[They sit at table.

Per. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat! 3d Bapt. Paolo affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Per. Paolo affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word
were true.
Per. Now, for my life, Hortenio fears his
widow.
Wid. They never trust me if I be abroad.
Per. You are sensible, and yet you miss my
sense;

I mean, Hortenio is afraid of you.
Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns
round.
Per. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Per. Conceives by me!—How like Hortenio
that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her
tale.

Per. Very well mended: Kiss him for that,
good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns
round—
I pray you, tell me what you mean by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a
shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Per. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow—
Per. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
down.
Hor. That's my office.
Per. Spoke like an officer!—'Tis to thee, lad.

[Drunk to Hortenio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted
folk?

Grem. Believe me, sir, they but togeth't better,
Bliss, Head, and butt! a hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and
horn.

Kath. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened
you?

Bliss. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll
sleep again.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have you for a bitter jest or two.
Bian. And if your bird I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[Exit BIANCA, KATHERINE, and Widow.
Pet. She hath prevented me—here, Signor TRAJANO,
This bird you aim’d at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tr. O, sir, Lacentio slip’d me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something cruel.

Tr. ’Tis well, sir, that you hated for your sake.
’Tis thought, your deer does bold you out a bay.

Bap. O bo, Petruccio, Tranio hits you now.

Pet. Poor fool, she is a gird, good Tranio.

Her. Congress, congress, hath be not hit you here?

Pet. ’A has a little gall’d me, I confess; and,
As the jest did glance away from me,
’Tis ten to one it may work you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, see Petruccio,
I think then hast the vertest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for assurance,
Let’s each one send unto his wife:
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Her. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns! Twenty crowns!

I’ll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Her. Content.

Pet. A match; ’tis done.

Her. Who shall begin?

Pet. That will I, Go.

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

[Exeunt BIONDELLO and BIANCA.

Luc. I’ll have no delusion of your wits.
Thou art a clown, and she cannot come.
I’ll send her, love is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

Pet. O, lo! correct her! Nay, then she must needs come.

Pet. I am afraid, sir, do what you can, yours will not be excused.

[Exeunt BIONDELLO and Petruccio.

Now where’s my wife?

Bian. She says, you have some good jestly in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. O vile, intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me.

[Exit GRUMIO.

Pet. The fooler fortune mine, and there an end.

KATHARINE.

Bap. Now, by my holy soul, how much the more willing?

Kath. What is your will, sir, that I was for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and your wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the prate.

Pet. Gone with them befaller? If they come,
Swine shall them soundly forth unto both hands:
Away, I say, and bring them hence.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and quiet life.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you will have it.

Her. And as it is.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and quiet life.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you will have it.

Her. And as it is.

KATHARINE, with BIANCA, and Luc. See, where she comes; and brings your fair wives.

As prisoners to her womanly punishment; Katharine, that cap of yours womanly, and

With that beauty, throw it at her foot.

KATHARINE pulls off her cap, and

Lat. God, Lord, let me never more have a nose to
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Faith, what a foolish girl and

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

With that beauty, throw it at her foot.

Kath. Fye, fye! unskilful that thy trick.

Pet. And dart not scornful glances from thee.

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy prince,
It blots thy beauty, as from frost the

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwind shrews

buds;

And in no sense is meet or allowable.

A woman mov’d, is like a fountain treasured,

Mundily, ill seeming, thick, churlish, homely.

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy love.

Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for
And for thy maintenance: consumes his life!

Pet. To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in

While thou liest warm at home, senses

And craves no other tribute at thy feet.

Pet. But love, fair looks, and true obedience.

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the

Even such a woman o’erwhell to her

And, when she’s forward, peevish, un

And, not obedient to his honest will.

What is she, but a fool concealing rags

And graceless traitor to her loving lord.

I am a dam’ed, that women are so stupid.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Petr. Why, there's a wench—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt have it.

Fis. 'Tis a good bearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are forward.

Petr. Come, Kate, we'll go to bed—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;—
(To Lucetta.)

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

(Exeunt Petruchio and Kate.)

Her. Now go thy ways, thou hast tauld a curt shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be ta'nd so.

Exeunt.
to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhood; and there rooted between them that such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attended, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassades; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as if were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves.

But I think, there is not in the world either man, or matter, to alter it. You have an un- speakable comfort of your young prince Mamil- lilia; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

---

You may well agree with us in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

---

Would they else be content to die?

---

Yes; if there were no other reason why they should desire to live.

---

For, now he had an son, they would des- ire to live on crutches till he had one. [Enter.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in State in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamil- lilia, Camillo, and Attendants.

Poli. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been.

The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:

And yet we sleep, for perpetually,

Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in a rich place, I multiply,

With one we thank-you, many thousands more

That go before it.

Leom. Stay your thanks awhile;

And pay them when you part.

Poli. O sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,

Or breed upon our absence: That may blow

inough after, some day home, to make us say,

This is not path for truth! Besides, I have stay'd

To take your royalTY.

Leom. We are tougher, brother,

Than you can put us't.

Poli. No longer stay.

Leom. One seven-night longer.

Poli. You see, sir, to-morrow.

Leom. We'll part the time between'then and

in that

I'll no gain-saying.

Poli. Cross me not, 'tis a weak-drawn, sir.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none in the world.

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although I were

needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder

Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,

To you a charge and trouble: to save both,

Poli. Take your pardon, sir.

Leom. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Herm. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.

Poli. Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,

At, in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction

The banishing done proclaim'd: say this to him,

He's best from his best ward.

Herm. To tell, he longs to see his son, were

But let him say so then, and let him go;

But let him swear so, and shall we

We'll warm him hence with disdain.

Yet of your royal presence ('To feast our

adventure.

The borrow of a work. When at Bill

You take my lord, I'll give him my son

To let him there a mouth, behind the

Prevent his parting: yet good speed you:

I love those not a jar of the clash that

What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Herm. Nay, but you will? I may

Veri. You set me off with limerick vows;

Though you would seek to unpleas

with oaths.

Should you you're, poli. Veri. You

Shall not go: a lady's verity is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go you

Force me to keep you at a prisoner, Not like a guest; so you shall pay ye.

When you depart, and save your hand

say you?

My prisoner for my guest! by your hand

Of them you should be.

Poli. Your guest think, To be your prisoner, should import it Which is for me less easy to consult, Than you to punish.

Herm. Your guest should think.

Leom. Not your guest,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll quit

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, whom

boys; You were pretty lordlings then.

Poli. We were, a

Two lords that thought therewas no man

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

Herm. Was not my lord the verter w

two

Poli. We were as twain'd lambs, that

the sun,

And beat the one at the other: we

Was innocence for innocence; we

The doctrine of ill doing, no, nor do

That any did: Had we pursued that:

And our weak spirits ne'er been high

With stronger blood, we should have

Bolled, Not Guilty; the imposition of

Hereditary ours.

By this we gather,

You have tripp'd our.

Poli. My most me

Temptations have since then been Is

In those unaff'd days was my wife,

Your precious self had then not crown'd:

Of my young play-fellow.

Herm. Grace to Is

Of this make no conclusion; lest you

Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go

The offences we have made you do, swer;

If you first sin'd with us, and that w

You did continue fault, and that you d

With any but with us.

Herm. Is

He'll stay, my lord.

Leom. At my request, he w

Hermione, my dearest, than never up

To better purpose.

Never?

Herm. What have I twice said we

I pray thee, tell me; Cram us w

At as fast as tane things: One good de

Graffiers a thousand, wanting upon i
WINTER'S TALE.

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or our wages: You may ride us, kiss, a thousand furlongs, or hean an acre. But to the god:—
was, to entertain his stay;
first it has an elder sister, nes: O, would her name were

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I spoke to the purpose: When?
not; 1 long.

Why, that was when

immanuell sound'd themselves to

take the open thy white hand, off my love: then didst thou utter,

it is grace, indeed,—

now; I have spoke to the purpose

yer earned a royal husband;

name while a friend.

[Going his hand to POLIXENES.

Too hot, too hot: O, Andro.

endship far, is misgiving bloods.

write on me:—my heart dances;

—not joy;—This entertainment

etc on;—derive a liberty

me, from honesty, till Cossano,

me the agent! It may I, I grant;

calling, and pinching fingers,

and making peaceful smiles, glass;—and them to sigh, as 'were
door; O, that is entertainment

as we be by browes.—Manilled, my.

Ay, my good lord, licks!

I hearcock. What hast smother'd

—scopy out of mine. Come captain,

or; not most, but clearest, captain; or,

the helter, and the call, next.—Still virginal

swearing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

it: How now, you wanted call?

all?—Yes, if you will, my lord,

westn't a rough pass, and the

it I have,

: yet, they say, we are

as eggs; woman say so,

any thing: But were they false

stalks, as wind, as water; false

be lost;—by one that stays

his and mine; yet were it true

our, air page, with your walking eye: Sweet vilt

my collop?—Can thy dam? —

intention stabs the centre: —

possible, things not so hold; I

with dreams?—How can this

mater than courteous art,

nothing. Then,'tis very ercent

and reason, and knowledge, and I find it (]

infection of my brains,

of my browes. Woman say so.

What means Sicilia? nothing seems unsettled.

How, my lord! now 'st with you, best brother? You

look, a brow of much distinction, t,

my lord.

No, in good earnest:—

a nature will betray its folly,

and make itself a pastime

I looking on the lines

metaphors I did recall

Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreack'd,

in my great velvet coat; my dogger snaziled,

lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

as ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

this squash, this gentleman—or mine honest friend.

Will you take eggs for money?

Mom. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Loom. You will? why, happy man be his
do:—My brother,

Are you a friend of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth my matter.

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;

He makes a July's day short as December:

And, with his varying children, cures in me

Thoughts that would thine blood,

Loom. So stands this squire

of thee: with me; We too will walk, my lord,

leave to your grave step—Hermione,

How thou be'st us, show in our brother's will

Meet you we seek us,

we approach the garden; Shall's attend you there?

Loom. To your own hunts dispose you: you'll

be.

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,

Though you perceive not how to give line,

Go to, go to! [Andro. Observe Pol. and Loom.

How she holds up the neck, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife.

To her allowing inbound! Gone already! Inch-thick, knee-deep, c'er head and cars a

fork'd one—

[Exeunt Pol. Ham. and Attendants.

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disorder'd a part, whose home

Will bias thee to my grave; consuetudin and clamour

Will be my knell;—Go, play, boy, play. There

have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cackolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, when I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks, she has been shielded in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Angelo, his neighbour: ay, there's comfort in

While other men have gates; and those gates

As mine, against their will; Should all despaire,

That have revoluted wives, the teeth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for'th there is none;

It is a handy planet, that will strike

Where 's predominant, and 's powerful, think it!

From east, west, north, and south: Be it con

cluded.

No barberco for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy.

With loads and baggages: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel'st not. How now, boy?

Mom. I am like you, they say.

Loom. Why that's some comfort.

What! Camillo there?

Cun. Ay, my good lord,

Loom. Go, play, Camillo; th'nest an honest

man.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cun. You had much ado to make his anchor set?

When you cast out, it still came home.

Loom. Didst note it?
Winter's Tale.

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already: whispering, on guard.

Serv. in a whisper. 'Tis far gone,
When shall we go it last.—How came'st, Camillo?
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leo. At the queen's, he?—good, should be
pertinent:
But so it is. It was. This taken
By any understanding pate but thine!
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the blocks.—Not noted, in't.
But of the finer natures! by some severities,
Of tenderness, piece extraordinary! lower masses.
Perchance, are to this business perturb'd: say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think, most un
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha!

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy thy highness, and the en-
treaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Cam. Satisfy.

The entreaties of your mistress!—Satisfy!—
Let that perform. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, privately, thou
Hast clean'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy gentle protest's: but we have been
Devil'd in thy integrity, devil'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord,

Leo. To bide upon't:—Thou art not honest:
or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hev'n honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be
A servant, graft'd in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a foul,
That went a game: play'd home, the rich stake
Drawn, and took it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and four'ful;
In every one of these no man is free.
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Against the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: in thy affairs, my lord,
If ever I were, will'd negligent,
it was foully; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence.

Not weighing well the end; if ever fear'd
To do a thing, where the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest; these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'besséeve thy grace,
Be pleased with me; let me know my trespass
But do not hate me: if then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Cam. Have you not seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eyes)
Is thicker than a cackled horn; or heard,
(Fur, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute, or thought.—for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it.)—
My wife is slippery! if thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impatiently against
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought); then

My wife's a hobby horse; deserves a name
As rank as any fux-wench, that puts to
Before her truth-pitiable: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a standing
My sovereign mistress clad'd on; my present wounds
You never spoke what did become;
Thus this, which to retrench, seem
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering
Leo. Is whispering
Leo. In carding check to check? is mount
Kissing with inside lip? I stopp'd it
If laughter with a sigh? (a note of
Of breaking honesty;) turfer bust:
Shaking in corners? wishing closer Hours, minutes! noon, midnight! i
blind
With pin and web, but their, than
That would nauseas we be wild in
Why then, the world, and all that's
The covering sky is nothing; Hoben
My wife is nothing; nor nothing for
Things, if this be nothing.

Leo. Good my lord,
Of this diseas'd opinion, and better
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say, it is
Leo. No, no, my lord;
Leo. In you;
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I by
Promise thee a gross lose, a mis
Of a base honor: think'st thou
That canst with thine eyes alone see the
Inhuman to them both: Were my
Inflicting on them both: Were my
The running of one glass.

Leo. Why be, that wears her victual
About her neck; Bohemia: Who—
Held servants true about me; that
To see alike mine honor as their
Their own particular, the
That
Which should undo more doing: A
His cup-bearer, whom I from
Have beaumont, and read to us
must see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, as

How I am called, might'st hear
Of mine own saying, whom I drew
Which draught to me were cordial

I could do this: and that with no
But with a lingering dram, that should
Melodiously like potion: But I can
Believe this crack to be in my dre
No soveereignly being honorable.

I have love'd thee.

Leo. Make thy question,
Don't think, I am so muddle, so am
To appoint myself in this vexation
The purity and whiteness of my al
Which to preserve, is sleep; which
Is quads, thorns, nettls, tails of s
Give scandal to the blood of the pr
Who, I do think is mad: and love
Without ripe moving to't I 'Wold
Could mean such a thing.

Cam. I must be
I do; and will fetch of Bohemia
Provided, when he's remov'd
Will take again your queen, as yo
Even for your son's sake; and,
Sealing
The injury of tongues in courts as
Known and allied to your

Leo. Thou do
Leo. Even so as I mine own courage has
I'll give no blemish to her honor.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance
WINTER'S TALE.

That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel:
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to alter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, fast, and at so good night.

O, good Camillo.

Camillo, I am appointed him to murder you.

Pert. By whom, Camillo?

Camillo.

Pert. By the king.

Camillo.

For what?

Camillo. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he

said As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his

queen Forbiddingly.

Pert. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be ye'ld with his, that did betray the best!

Turn then my fruited reputation
To a savour, that may strike the doleful nostril
Where I serv'd; and my approach be shamed;
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That ever was heard, or read!

Camillo. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven,
And by all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the set for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pi'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pert. Should how this grow! Camillo.

I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which
You shall hear along upon't—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by two, and three, at several postures,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:
For, by the honours of my parents,
I have o'er'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth, there.

His execution sworn.

Pert. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure.
Two days ago—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does receive,
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenge is most
In that he made more bitter. EскориInvalides me,
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his scheme, but noth-
ing
Of his ill-commerce suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou heart'st my life off hence: Let us avoid,
Camillo. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the postures: Please your high-
ness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

Lords. Come, my gracious lord,

Shall I be your playfellow?
WINTER'S TALE

No, I'll none of you.

Though he does bear some signs of age,

Not for because

Have too much blood in him.

Though he bears some signs of age,

Not for because he shall stand on

Have too much blood in him.

Though he does bear some signs of age,

Not for because he shall stand on

Have two much blood in him.

Though he does bear some signs of age,

Not for because he shall stand on

Have too much blood in him.

Though he does bear some signs of age,

Not for because he shall stand on

Have too much blood in him.

Though he does bear some signs of age,

Not for because he shall stand on

Have too much blood in him.

Though he does bear some signs of age,

Not for because he shall stand on

Have too much blood in him.
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Most pitious to be wild! 1 have despacht d in
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleoneeas and Dion, whom you know
Of steed's sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whose spiritual count hath
Shall stay, or your me. Here I done well:
Lest. Well done, my lord.
Law. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Then at this present, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others: such as be,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth; So have we thought it
good,
From this true person she should be confound'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two fold hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow me;
We are to speak in public: fear not the
times; will raise us all.
Ant. (Aside.) To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Events.

SCENE II. The same. The outer Room of a Prison.
Enter PAULINA and Attendants.
Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
This is an Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am.--Good lady! No crime in Europe is too good for thee,
What dest thou then in prison?--Now, good sir,
Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.
You know me, do you not?
Keep. No.--For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then.
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express command.
Paul. Here's ado.
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitation is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her woman? Any of them?
Emilia. Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia thence.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants.
Keep. And, madam, I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, p'r'sease. [Exit Keeper.
Here's such ado to make to stall a stall,
As passan' savoring.
Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady? Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May have together: On her merits and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater).
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter: and a goodly babe.
Leavy, and like to live, the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, My poor prisoner,
I am swarmed as you.
Paul. 1 dare be sworn,
These dangerous amuse lutes of the king be
threw therin.
He must be told on 't, and he shall:
the office
Becomes a woman's part. I'll take it open me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-tong'd anger be
The trumpet any more.--Pray you, Emilia,
Command my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 'r the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' lowest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight of the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Permeates, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
WINTER’S TALE.

That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great strand: Please your ladyship.
To visit the next room, I’ll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer’d of this design;
But, that thought of him — for, the Oberon of honour,
Let she should be denied.

Lett. Tell her, Emmilla, I’ll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I’ll find some good.

Emm. Now be you blest for it! I’ll to the queen: Please you, come something
Keep. Madam, if’t please the queen to send the lady,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir: The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law the solemn voice of great nature, hence Freed and unfashion’d: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Jum. Do not you fear: upon
Nine honour, I will stand ‘twixt you and danger.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ALEXANDER, ANTIPATRIS, Lords, and other

Attendants.

Lam. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
To bear the matter thus: mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being — part of the cause,
She, the shepherdess, — for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Would fly from me to again. — Who’s there?
I Attend.

Lam. How does the boy?
I Attend. He took good rest to-night.
’Tis both his sickness is discharged.

Lam. His noblemen?
Conceiving the dishonesty of his mother,
He straight declin’d, dropp’d, took it deeply;
Feared it in a master, and made it on’t in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish’d. — Leave me solely: —
So,

See how he fares. [Exit Attend.] — Fye, fye! no
The very thought of my revenge that way
Rec’d from me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance. — Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Pollessus
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Blush she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

Lam. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me;
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen’s life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

I Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir; I
To bring him sleep. ‘Tis such as you —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needful breathing; and
Nourish the cause of his suffering;
Do come with a true heart and a planet,
Honest, as either: to purge him of that
That presences from him. —

Lam. What means that
Paul. No nois, my lord, but some
Sorcery.
About some gooses for your highness.
Away with that lascivious lady: Antipatris,
I charg’d thee, that she should not come
I knew she would.

Lam. I told her so, my lord.
On your dispencers’ peril, and on mine.
She should not visit you.

Paul. What, cannot I?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can;
Ulens he take the course that you has
Commit me, for committing himself.
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Let him be on you now;
When she will take the reins, let her be
But she’ll not stambe.

Lam. Good my boy, I come.
And, I beseech you, bear me, wise
My self your loyal, your noblest,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet
Less appear so, in comforting your crown
Than as much as ye seemed — I do;
From your good queen.

Lam. Good queen! — —
Paul. Good queen, my lord; good
Paul. And, the man, the worst about you.

Lam. Please him,
Paul. Let him, that makes but thin,
First hand me: on my own accord, I’ll,
But, first, I’ll do my errand. — The good
For she is good, hath brought you forth:
Here ‘tis: commends it to your blindness.

Lam. A mankind with him! Hence with him, out of
All, —

Paul. I am as ignorant in that, as you
To say entitling: and I, too, have
Than you are mad; which is enough, I’ll
As this you seem to be.

Wit. Will you not push her out? Give her the

Lam. Unwarrantable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess, by that beloved
Which he has put upon’t.

Lam. He dreads him.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then,
All doubt.
You’d call your children yours.

Lam. Of a rest.

Lam. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; but

Lam. But one, that’s here; and that’s himself.
The sacred honour of himself, his own
His hopeful son’s, his babe’s, betrays to
Whose sting is sharper than the sword
Not (for, as the case now stands, it is a case
He cannot be compell’d to ‘t), once removing
The root of his opinion, which is rotten.

Lam. As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Lam. [Laying down his
WINTER'S TALE.

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gue; who late hath beat her
it—This beat is none of mine;
volubleness;
and, together with the dews, the
fire.
It is yours;
lay the old proverb to your
be worse,—Behold, my lords,
be little, the whole matter
father; eyes, nose, lip,
town, his forehead, nay, the
as of his chin, and check; his
frame of hand, nail, un-
goddess nature, which hast
at got, if thou hast
in mind too, amongst all others
out she suspect, as he does,
her husband's.
A gross lie!—
art worthy to be hang'd,
your tongue.
Hang all the husbands
not hurt, you'll leave yourself
out.
Once more, take her hence,
weary and unnatural lord.
I'll have thee burn'd. I
care not;
that makes the fire,
man. I'll not call you tyrant;
will usurp your queen
see more ascension
weakling's fancy) something
will ignoreable make you,
to the world.
On your allegiance,
er with her heart I am a tyrant,
life! she does not call me so,
me one.
Away with her,
s, do not measure: I'll be gone,
the, my lord; 'tis yours; Jove
ng spirit.—What need these
as no tender over his fellows,
a good, not one of you.
 ill, we are gone. [Exit,
hat set on thy wife to
will I?—even thou, that hast
'ot it, take it hence,
y commune with fire;
me but thou. Take it up
bring me word, 'tis done
istry), or I'll solve the life,
that call'st thou; if thou refuse,
step with my wrath, say so; and
me with these my proper hands;
Go, take it to the fire;
on thy wife.
I did not, sir:—
noble petition, if they please,

We saw your royal liege,
not your coming father.
Here sit;
should your highness, give us better
I truly owed you; and beseech you;
and on our knees we beg
out our due services,
ere, that you do change this
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, mone
Lend on to some four lines. [Exit.
Len. I am a feather for each wind that
blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard
And call me father? Better barn it now,
Then curse it then. But, be it; if it live;
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you after;
[To Antinous.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray, what will you
adventure.
To save this heir's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, this much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Len. It shall be possible; Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant.
Len. Mark, and perform it; (seem thou?)
for the fall.
Of any point it shall not only be
Death to myself, but to thy beloved wife; Whom,
for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art llegeno to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more money, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice change tides.—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture.—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may move, or end it: Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had become more safe.—Come, let us haste.
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savagery aside, have done
Like other fowls. Sir, be prosperous.
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing
Against our cruelty, light on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! 
[Exit, with the Child.
Len. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.
1 Ant. Please your highness; posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both
landed.
Hastening to the court.
1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Len. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed they
tell.
The great Apollo certainly will have
The truth of this appear.
Prepare you, lords; Summon a session, that we may arrange
One most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly scurr'd, so shall the have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon your bidding.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. THE SAME. A ROOM IN THE SAME.
Enter Cleomenes and Dion.
1 Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most
sweet:
Fertil the air; the temple much surpassing.
The common praise it bears.
Dian. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I should so term them), and the re-
Of the grave wearer. O, the sacrifice
How could I be found, and sense,
It was the offering!

Chao. But, of all the heart
And the ear-deafuing voice of the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dian. If the event of the journey
Prove as successful to the quest,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on.

Chao. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best: These proclamations,
So forcing faith upon Hermes,
I'll give it a name.

Dian. The violet carriage of it
Will be no oracular chariot: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine soul'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even they who have the highest knowledge.—Go,
FRESH horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A Court of Justice.

Leon. Lords, and counsels, appear proper seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king: our wife; and one
Of us must needs be cast out, like to be cast.
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Presume to justice; whosel shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the prosecution.

Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highest pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. [Exit.

Hermes is brought in, guarded; Paolina and
Ladis, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Leon. Hermes, queen to the worthy Leonor,
Being Sicilia; then are here accused and arraigned
Of high treason, in committing adultery with Polix-
King of Bohemia: and comparing with Ca-
To take away the life of our sovereign lord the
King, the royal husband: the presence officered being
By circumstances nearly laid open, then, Hermes,
According to the faith and allegiance of a true subject,
Dole counsel and sent them, for their better safety, to
Fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which concerns me in my accost; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself: it shall scarce
Boast me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, be
So receiv'd. But thus,—if powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blin, and tyrannous
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so), my past life
Of both as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devil's
Dwelling in the earth, or in the air. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
Then to a happy prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, your
Whose story, by the help of God, I shall
As I were grief, which I would spare: for to
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixena,
WINTER'S TALE. 251

A Servant, hastily;—
the king, the king!
What is the business?
Can't be hated to report it:—
no more conceit and fear
in语音.
How's gone?
Is dead, angry, and the heavens themselves
injustice;—
How now there?
Is mortal to the queen's—

I take her hence;—
her heart, she will recover;—
solely apply to her;—
Apolo, pardon and—

Can recall the good Camillo;—
's a man of truth, of mercy;—
my jealousies
and to revenge, I chose
more:—which had been done;—
's a mind of Camillo tardy
and, though I, with death, and

In his own words,
forehead, I will, and

I am sorry for;
All faults I make, when shall I come to know that

I do repeat: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rambles of a woman, too;
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help;
Should he part grief; Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you;—rather
Let me be punish'd; that have misled you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your queen—'tis, fool again—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too; Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Thou dost speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be prided of thee. 'Prity,' bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son
One glass shall be for him, and one for thee.
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual;—Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie: and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature well bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrow-s.
WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III. Bohemia.

A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Aaron, with the Child; and a Mariner.

And still hot: what perfect them, our ship had

There was no desert in Bohemia?

Aye, my lord; and men:

We have landed in little time, the Clark has great hastily, and

And those present blemishes. In my conce:

The heavens with that we have in hand are

And drawn upon us.

Hungry.

And their sacred wills be done!—Go, get,

Look to thy back; I'll not be long, before

I call upon thee.

To do so. Mother bear haste; and go not.

Too far I feared; 'tis like to be a heavy weather,

To have that place famous for the creatures

Of prey, the best that keep up.

Go thou away:

I'll follow instantly.

Mar.

To be so rid o' the business.

[Exit.]

Come, poor baby; I have heard (but not better'd), the spirits of

May walk again; if such thing be, them mother

Appeared to me last night; for never dream so like a waking.

To me comes a creature, sometimes her head on one side, some another;

I never saw a woe of such sorrow, so ill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach. My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed before me;

And, gathering to begin some speech, her eyes

Because two spots: the young sparrow, anon

This break from her: Good Antigonus,

Sweet rest, against thy better disposition,

Flash made the person for the thousand one.

Of my poor baby, according to thine oath.—

Places remote enough in Bohemia.

There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the baby

It counted least for one, Perdita;

I forbear, call'd; for this cannot chance business, I

Put on thee by my lord, thou or'ershalt see

The rift with Perdita; more, and so with shrinks,

She melted into air. Affrighted much, I

Did in time collect myself; and thought

This was no seaman and slumber. Dreama are toys;

Yet, for this once, oye, superstitiously, I

I believe Hermione hath suffer'd death: and

That Apollon would, this being indeed the issue

Of King Philip's curse, it should here be laid,

Either for life, or death, upon the earth

Of its right father.—Bless him, speed thee well!—

[Leaping down a Child. It there lie; and then thy character; there these;

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,

Precy.

And still respite. The storm begins.—Poor wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art expos'd

To lose, and what may follow.—Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleedeth; and most accursed am I,

To be by oath enjo'led to this.—Farewell! The

The day draws more and more: thou art like

A hollow too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clai:

Well may I get aboord!—This is the chaise; I

I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a Bear. And

Enter old Shepherd.

Sheep. I would, there were no age betwixt

And three-and-twenty; or that sowth would sleep

For there is nothing in the desert

But getting weanings with child, wronging the

anciently, stealing, fighting. —Art

Would any but these boisterous brains

And two-and-twenty, I think this we

have scar'd away two of my best I fear, the wolf, the bear, and any other than

if any where I have them, 'tis no

browning on ivy. Great luck, any

What have we here? [Dashing up the Child

of our's, a barne; a very pretty barne; child, I

A pretty one; a one: Sure some scaph, though

it, yet I can read waiting gentles en-

scape. This has been some twenty

work, some behind-door wall warmer that got this, then the pearl

I take it up for pity: yet I'll make

[Enter Clown.

Clp. Hilla, Hilton, O. 

Shep. What, art so near? If thou

talk on when thou art dead and is

What all the world.

Clp. I have seen two such sights,

by land — but I am not to say, it is

the sky: whatsoever the fashion

you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, buy, how is it?

Clp. I would, you did but see how it
rages, it how it takes up! that's not to

point: 0, the most of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em: now the ship being

her main-mast: and anon swallowed

and froth, as you'd thrust a cork

head. And then, how the poor souls

how the heart bore on his shoulders

enjoy'd to me for help, and said, his

Antigonus, a nobleman — But to me

of the ship — to see how the sea

but, first, how the poor souls

to the sea mocked them: — and how

thousands roused, and the hearth mocked

rearing louder than the sea, or went

Shep. 'S name of mercy, when was

Clp. Now, now; I have not wish

saw those sights: the men are

water, nor look, nor fear half-d:

gents; he's at it now.

Shep. Would, I had been by, to

the old man.

Clp. I would you had been by the

have but help'd her, where your ch's

had lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy look

t here, but I would, if you meet with things
dying, with this thing. Here's a sight for thee: look there, cloth for a queen's child! Look here

up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's fold

I should be rich, by the fall, and

some changeable; — open't. What's this?

Clp. You've a made old man; if

your youth are forgiven you, you're

Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and

so: up with it, keep it close; one

next way. We are lucky, boy, and

requires nothing but secrecy. — Let me

Come, good boy, the next way by

Clp. Go you the next way with you

I'll go sec if the bear be gone from

man, and how much he both eat

her, never cast, but all the time,

be there be any of him left, I'll buy

Shep. This is a good deed; if they

cern by that which is left of him,

fetch me to the sight of him.

Clp. Marry, will I; and you shall

him the ground.

Shep. This a lucky day, boy; as
do good deed's on. 
WINTER’S TALE.

Act IV.

Scene 1. Time, as Cleone.

Time, so sober;
Time, so sordid; stoop, try all; both joy,
and make, and unfeard order.—

In the name of Time,
Impute it not a crime,
Its passage, that I slide
And leave the growth unried
Since it is in my power
And in one self-born hour,
Thim certification.
Let me pass
Without a tear;
I preceded: I witness
To right these is; so shall I do
Age now reigns; and make
His present, as my tale
Your patience this allowing
I give my scene such growing,
Between.
Leaves leaving
Heart jealousies; so grieving,
Time, I imagine
That I now may be
And remember well
Of the king’s, which Florizel
Said; and with speed so pace
To be now grown in grace.

What of her causes,
I shall not tell you now;
Time himself doth say,

You never may.

SCENE II.

In the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Camillo.

Camillo, I, good Camillo, be no more a
Sickness, denying thee may
Grow in thy gains.
Since I saw my country,
For the most part, been
To lay my houses there.
Untimely, my master, hast not
Doth thy griefs; it might be
To think so; which my departure.

Enter Albina, Camillo, wipe not services,
By leaving me now;
Of their own power, I put not to have thee then,
They, having made me break
Without thee can sufficiently
To execute them thy
With the be very services
If I have not enough con
Much I cannot, to be more
Be thy stoty; and my
A-deep affections. Of that
That I cannot speak no more;
Gratified with me the remem
As thou callst him, and my
Brother; whose love of his
End and children, are even now
Say to me, when sawst
Or, son! Kings are no
Issue not being gracious,
Bring them, when they have
Days since I saw the
Happier affairs may be; are to
The missing noted, he is
Set from court; and is free;

If I have considered so much, Camillo;
And with some care; so far, that I have eyes
Under my service, which look upon his
Readiness from whom I have this intelligence:
That he is distant from the house of a most
Honest shepherd; a man, they say, that from
Very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his
Neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.
Camillo: I have heard, sir, of such a
Man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report
Of her is extended more than can be thought to
Begin from such a cottage.

Camillo: That’s likewise part of my intelligence.
I hear the angle which plucks our son thither.
Thou dost not accompany us to the place; where
We will, not appearing what we are, have some
Question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity,
I think, it not easy to get the cause of
My son’s restless thither. Pray thee, be thy
Presence in the business, and an eye abide the
Thoughts of Sicilia.

Camillo: I willingly obey your command.

Camillo: My best Camillo! We must disguise

SCENE III.

A Road near the Shepherd’s Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When delicious begins to peer,—

With, with, the sky over the hills.—

Why, then come in the streets of the year?—

For the red blood reigns in the winter’s pulse.

The winterr dress blushing on the bare earth.

With, with, the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Dost set my juggling touch on edge!—

For a rainy ale is a dish of oil. —

The bark, that terrifera chance,—

With, with, with, the cloud and the joy.—

Are summer songs for you and your aims.

While we dally in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time,
Wore three gaiters; but now I am out of services.
But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and here,
Then do I must go right.

If any may have leisure to rise,
And hear the safe-at-hodges,
Then my accout there will give you.

Camillo.
My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look
to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;
who, being as I am, littered under Mercury,
was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
With thim and dish, I have made his expansion;
and my revenue is the silly cheat:
Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the
highway; beating, and hanging, six terrors to me;
for the life to come, I sleep out the thought
of it. —A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clop. Let me see; —Every seven weather—totes;
every top yields—bound and odd shifting; fifteen
hundred asked more; —What corn came to

And, if the spring hold, the cock’s mine.

Clop. I cannot do without counters. —Let me see;
what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing
feast? — — — — — — — — — — — —

Clov. What will this sister of mine do with
rice? —But my father hath made her mistress of
the feast, and she lays it up. She hath made
me four-and-twenty nawegay for the shears: three
man-songs more all, and very good ones; but
they are most of them means and base;
but one Pariah amongst them, and he sings
poems to hornpipes. I must have buffoon,
to colour the wander plate; meet,——, none;
that’s out of my note: messengers, whereas a nest;
WINTER'S TALE.

two of ginger; but that I may buy—few pounds of ginger, you know, and many of raisins o' the man.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[Grovelling on the ground.

Cle. The name of me.

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but of these rags; and then, death! death! pluck, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the falsehoods—of them offred me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Cleo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel taken from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Cleo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Cleo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service.

Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Cleo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Cleo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket] good sir, softly; you hast done me a charitable office.

Cleo. But lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want; other me no money, pray you; that kills my heart.

Cleo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-emy dans; I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the count.

Cleo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtuous whipped out of the count: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more be able to do it all.

Au. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server; a bull-bill; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal's son, and married a tile; and then he lurked within a mile where my land and living lie; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Antolydency.

Cleo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Au. Very true, sir; be, sir, he is that's the room, that out me into this apparel.
servant: well, madam, have you finished with the table, and danced her turn now?

the table, now is it the middle; and he; her face o'ftimes if the thing, she took to queen her one slip: You are retir’d,facetious one, and neat meeting. Pray you, bid friends to us welcome: for it is as better friends, more known, our blusters; and present you,are, mistress of the feast. Come some to your sheep-shearing; she shall prosper.

Welcome, sir! [To Pet.] will, I shall take on me o’ the day:-"You're welcome," [To Camillo.]

Ors there, Dorothea. - Reverend rosemary, and rue; these keep your, all the winter long: embrace, be to you both, our shearing!

Shepherdess, one, well you fit our ages winter; the year growing ancient,-
care's death, nor on the birth

flower's, the tallest flowers of the

and streak'd gilliflowers, nature's bards; of that kind ever's barren; and I care not

Whether, gentle maidens, them?

For I have heard it said, which, in their presence, share

future.

Say, there be;

more by no mean, as that mean: so, o'er that art, and that more, as an art

You see, sweet maid, we to the wildest stock;

ever a lack kind

cence. This is an art

and nature.—change it rather:

nature.

So it is,

like your garden rich in gilliflowers bards.

I’ud not put

ath to set one slip of them; were I painted, I would wish old say, 'twere well; and only

me.—Here’s flowers for you; attic, savoury, marigold;

but goes to bed with the sun, need sweeping; these are flowers net, and, I think, they are green

gre. You are very welcome, it leave grasing, were I of your

pains.

Gaut, alas!

n, that blasts of January

through and through. Now, a friend,
some flowers o’ the spring, that he of day; and yours; and yours;

That wear upon your virgin branches yet:

Your maidenheads growing; — O Proserpine,

For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou leftst fall

From Dirce’s wagg’d, daffodils.

That come before the swallow darts, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets, diane;

But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes,

Or Cytherea’s breath; pale pimpernose,

That the summaried, er, ere they can behold

Bright Phoebus in his strength, a melody,

Most incident to maidens; hold eulogy, and

The crown-imperial; fillies of all kinds,

The flower-de-luce being one; O, these I lack

To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,

To steer him over and over.

What? like a come? Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;

Not like a come: or if,—not to be buried,

But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do

In Whitman’s pastorals: sure, this rule of mine

Does change my disposition.

Fie. What you do, still betters what is done. When you speak,

sweet, I’ud have you do it ever: when you sing,

I’ud have you buy and sell so; give able men;

Pray ask, and, for the ordering your affairs,

To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish

You a wave of the sea, that you might ever do

Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own

No other function: Each you’re doing,

So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,

That all your arts are queens. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,

And the pure blood, which fairly peepeth through it,

Do plainly give you out an untamed shepherd;

With wisdom I might fear, my friends.

You wou’d me the false way.

Fie. Do you think, you have as little skill to fear, as I have purpose to put you to? — But, come, our dance, I pray:

Your horses, my Perides; so packets pair,

That never mean to part.

Farewell! I’ll swear for ’em.

Pet. This is the prettiest low-born lad, that ever

ran on a green award: neither she does, or

seems.

But marks of something greater than herself;

Too noble for this place.

Com. He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out: Good sooth,

she is

The queen of cards and cream.

Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry,

Gurick.

To mend her kissing with.

May. Now, in good time! [Music]

Come, dance up.

Pet. Pray, good shepherd, what

Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself.

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it.

Upon his own report, and I believe it;

He looks like south: He says, he loves my daughter;

I think no too, for never gard’ the moon

Upon the water, as he’ll stand, and read,
WINTER'S TALE.

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I think there is not half a kiss to choose, Who loves another best.

Sol. She dances feely.

Shaw. So she does any thing; though I report it, That should be silent: if young Doricles Do but half as much, I shall bring him Which be not to dream of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten balls, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Chs. He could never come better: he shall come in; I love a lad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and song lamentably.

Wan. For men, or woman, of all ages; no musician can so fit his customers with divers tunes, he hath as the prettiest love-songs for maid's; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate brows of dido and felicity; and where some stretchkin's voice would, as it were, mean mische.

Pur. He makes a fuel gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, Whom do ye not harm, good man; puts him off, sighteth, with Whom, do ye not harm, good man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Chs. He hath a body that is the soul of all admirable concerted fellow. Has he any unbridled ways?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours that he rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; jacks, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were as a bishop's gown; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Chs. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Pur. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrillous words in his tunes.

Chs. You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYcus's singing.

Loves an an as drawn snow;
Cypresses, black as ever was snow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Lashes for faces, and for men;
Silver-breasted, necklace-amber;
Perfumes as the lady's chambers;
Golden quills, and stomachers,
For my lady to give their dues;
Flows, and pouting-sticks of steel,
What maidens lack from head to heel;
Come, buy of me, come; come boy, come boy;
Buy, lady, or else your loves cry;
Come, buy, buy, &c.

Chs. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being en

birdly'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of caddisses and gloves.

Mops. I was proust'd them against the feast: but they come not too late now.

Serv. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mops. He shall pay you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Chs. Pol. She do manners left among maid's; will they wear their placquett, where they should have bread and wine? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kin-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be little-
WINTER'S TALE.

Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Sel. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better;

By the pattern of my own thoughts I must un

The purity of his.

Sel. Take hands, a bargain:—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to it.

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Fie, O, that must be

The virtue of your daughter; one being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder; But, come on,

Contract as for these witnesses.

Sel. Come, your hand:—

And, daughter, yours.

Sel. Soft, sweeten a while, besiege you;

Have you a father? I have: But what of him?

Sel. Knows he of this? No, he neither does, nor shall.

Sel. Methinks, a father.

Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. 'Pray you, once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not void

With age, and altering reason? Can he speak?

Fie. No, good sir; He has his health, and ample strength, indeed,

Than most have of his age.

Sel. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong;

Something amiss: Reason, my son

Should choose himself wise wife; but as good reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

Fie. I yield all this;

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I do not acquaint

My father of this business.

Sel. Let him know 't.

Fie. He shall not.

Sel. Pr'ythee, let him.

Fie. No, he must not.

Sel. Let him, my son; he shall not need to give

At knowing of thy choice.

Fie. Come, come, he must not:

Mark our contract.

Sel. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself;]

Whom so I dare not call; thou art too base.

To be acknowledged: Then a sportive heir,

That this affected a sheep-lover.—Thou, old

traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

Shorten not thy side, but thou, new-fish piece

Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must

The royal fool thou cop'st with:—

Fie. O, my heart!

Sel. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with brimstone,

and made

More honestly than thy state.—For thine, fond

boy,

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,

That thou no more shall see this knave, (as

never)

I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succes-

sion;

Not hold thee of our blood, so, not our kin,

But thou descent off.—Mark thou my words;
WINTER'S TALE.

Follow us to the court.—Then chair, for this
Though full of east displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, embasements
Worthy enough a blemish; you, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour thecles,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, hencethese,
These rural tarts to his entrance open,
Or keep his body mean with thy embrace,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to 't. [Exit. Per.]

You have been undone!
I was not much abed: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The selshness one, that shines upon his court,
But I leave it, as it chance from our cottage,
And looks on silk.—Will 't please you, sir, he goes? [To Fluddus.]

I told you, what would come of this: Breeched you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no look further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Why, how now, father! said one there died;
Stept, I cannot speak, nor think;
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[To Fluddus.]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yes,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hagman mat Beth on my shoulders, and lay me
When the priest shoves in dust—O cursed wretches! [To Fabius.]

That knewt this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure
To minge faith with him.—Undone! undone!
I live not, but I die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [Exit. Fl.]

Why look you so spur me? I am but sorry, not afraid I,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for pikeing back; not fol
My flesh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech—which, I do guess,
You not purpose to him—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Fl. I do not purpose it.

I think, Camillo. [Exit.

Per. Even he, my lord;—
How often have I told you,'twould be thus!
How oft have, my dignity would last
But till they were known? [Exit.

Fl. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides of the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Up lift thy looks:—
From my secession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to thy affection.

Cam. I will advis'd.

Fl. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obdurate, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Fl. So call it: but it does fill my vow;
I needs must think it honest. Camillo.
Not for Bohemia, nor the pump that may
Be thereat glesard; for all the sun sees,
Or the clove earth worms, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathom, will I break my oath
To this my fairbeloved: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my best friend,
When he shall miss me (as, in fey, to see him any more), cast you
Upon his passion: Let myself in
To her with whom, here I cannot
And, most opportune to my end,
A vessel rides fast by, but not for
For this design. What course shall nothing hearken your news
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. I would your spirit were easier;
Or stronger for your need.

Fl. I pray you, sir,—if you will but hear me,
I'll hear you by and by.

He's resolved for flight: Now were his
goes I could frame to serve
Save him from danger, do him to
Purchase the slight again of den
And that unhappy my, me
I so much thirst to see.

Fl. Now, sir, I am no fraught with errours as
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. You have heard of my poor son
That I have borne your father?
O'c. Have you deserv'd it; it is for
To speak your deserv'd; not little to
To have them recomposed as

Cam. If you may please to think I knd
And through him, what is near
Your gracious self, embrace be
(If your more pondersong and a
May suffer alteration) I'll point you where
You shall have
As shall become your highness;
Enjoy your mistress (from the
There is no disjunction to be more
As heavens foreordain: your ruin
And (with my best endeavours,
Your discontenting father strive
And bring him up to lying.

Fl. I may this, almost a miracle, be
That I may call thee something other
And, after that, to trust thee.

Cam. A place, whereunto you'll go?

But at the unthought-on need
To we what weildy do; so we ourselves to be the slaves of
Of every wind that blows.

Fl. This follows,—if you will not
But undergo this flight: Make
And there present yourself, and
(For so, I see, she must be), if
She shall be hasted, or be left
The partner of your bed. Meet
Leoures, opening his few arms
His welcomes forth: asks thee
me,
As'twere the father's person: Of
your fresh princess; 'tis and
'Twixt his unkindness and his
He chides to hell, and bids the
Faster than thought, or time.

Fl. What colour for my visitation
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the
To greet him, and to give him
WINTER'S TALE.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there,

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flx. And those that you'll procure from king

Leonato—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!—

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Wherefore are we here?

[Seeing ASTROLOGER.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Ant. If they have overheard me now,—why hunting.

[Aside.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so! Fear not, man; here's no harm-intended to thee.

Ant. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee; Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange; therefore, discharge thee instantly (thou must that, here's necessity in 't), and change garments with this gentleman; Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Ant. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prayer, despatch; the gentleman is half stayed already.

Ant. Are you in earnest, sir!—I smell the trick of it.

[Aside.

Flx. Despatch, I pray thee.

Ant. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[FLO and ASTRO exchange garments.

Fortunate misfortunes,—let my prophecy

Come home to you.—you must retire yourself into some covert; take your sweethearts hat;

And pack it over your brows; muzzle your face;

Dismantle you; and as you can, disfigure

The truth of your own seeming; that you may.

[For I do four eyes over you] to shipboard

Get unseized.

Per. I see, the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam. Have you done there, Flo?

[Aside.

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have—

Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Ant. A dinner, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word.

[THEY创造出 space.

Cam. What I last said, shall I be to tell the king?

[Aside.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,

To force him after in whose company

I shall review Sicilia; for whose sake,

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed you!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the seaside.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Flx.入, Leano, FLO, and Cam.

Ant. I understand the business, I heard it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year converse at us, and we may do any thing extremiores. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog, at his behest; if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do it: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant in my profession.
Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside:—here is more matter for a hot brain;—every lane's end, every shop, church, mansion, hanging, yields a careless hint for work.

Cl. See, sir, what a mass are we now! there is no other way, but to tell the king, she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shy. Nay, but hear me.

Cl. Nay, but hear me.

Cl. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood hath offended the king: and, in your flesh and blood is not to be part, your flesh and blood are yours.

Shy. Tell me what's the matter: there's one thing, which is more about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her:—this being done, let the law go whistle;—I warrant you.

Shy. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, every breath that breaks too: who, I say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Cl. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearest, by by how much more much shall I warrant you.

Ant. Very wisely; puppets!

[Aside.]

Ant. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Cl. 'Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Ant. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [Takes off his shoes.]

Cl. How now, my master! what is your business? to whom do you belong?

Shy. To the palace, as it like your worship.

Cl. 'Pray, where? what with whom? is this the condition of that farde, the piece of your dressing, your name, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Cl. Goe to the plain fellows, sir.

Ant. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabling bread.

Cl. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shy. Are you a courtier, sir, like you sir?

Cl. I am sent for like me, or, on, I am a courtier.

Shy. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these ensembles? hath not my gilt in it, the measure of the coast, and my coat a reincarnation from me I reflect not on thy baseless, court-consciousness, but see thou, for that I disdain, or else from their thy business, I am therefore so courtier, I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy cart.

Shy. My business, sir, is to the king.

Ant. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shy. I know not, nor like you.

Cl. Advocate is the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shy. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, or hen.

Ant. How bleed'rd are we, that are so simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not be a courtier.

Cl. I cannot be but a great courtier.

Shy. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Cl. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I warrant; I know, by the picking on'ts neck.

Shy. The farde there? what's the farde? Wherefore that box?

Cl. Sir, there lies such secrets and box, which none must know it and which he shall know within it may come to the speech of him.

Ant. Age; these be last but thy labors.

Shy. Why, sir?

Ant. The king is not at the place abroad. a new ship to purge with his warranty himself; for, if thou hast next serious, thou must know, the king's

Cl. So 'tis said; air; about he should have made a shepherd's journey.

Ant. If that shepherd be not in him by; the curses he shall have, he shall feel, will break the back heart of monsters.

Cl. Think you so, sir?

Ant. Not he alone shall suffer,

make heavy, and vengeance bites that are greater than him, though so times, shall all come under the king; though it be great pity, yet it is no old sheep-walking tongue; a no offer to have his daughter comeSome say, he shall be stoned; but too soft for his say—: I draw so on a sheep-pole! all deaths are too easy too easy.

Cl. Has the old man c't a son bear, not like you, sir?

Ant. He is a son, who shall be then, 'inclined over with honey, or of a wasp's nest; then stand, sit quarters and a drum dead: there be aqua-vite, or some other then, raw all, and in the hot mortification proclaims, shall be brick wall, the sun looking with eye upon him; where he is to be flies blown to death. But what is trailingly ransomed is killed at, their offensiveness so capital you seem to be beshrewed: plain you have to the king: being something suffered, I'll bring you where he be your vengeance to his presence, in your behalf; and, if it be in the king, to rectify your ait, here do it.

Cl. He seems to be of great men with him, give him gold; and the be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft with gold; should be in the outside of his hand, and no man member stoned, and flown alive.

Cl. An't he a slave to a rich business for us, here is that gos make it as he casts a man in pawn, till I bring him.

Ant. After I have done what they say I will say.

Shy. Earl, well, give me the modest party in this business.

Cl. In some sort, sir; but though pitiful one, I hope I shall not be for thee, O, that's the case of the ab—Hang him, he'll be made an ass

Ant. Comfort, good comfort; w king, and show our strange dog know, 'his none of your daughters we are your right; Sir, I will give as this old man does, when he is formed, and remain, as he says till it be brought you.

Ant. I will trust ye. Talk the sea-side; go on the right hand look upon the hedge, and follow.

Cl. We are blessed in this in say, even blessed.

Shy. Let's before, as he bids us to vied to do as good.

[Exeunt Shepherd]
WINTER'S TALE.

[Scene: Leon.]

Lea. Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione,

I know, in honour—O, that ever I

Had squadred to thy counsel!—then even now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;

Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them

More rich, for what they yielded.

Paul. More such wives: therefore, no wife: one

worse.

And better nad, would make her painted spirit

Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage

(Where we offenders now appear), soul-ex'd,

Begin, And why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,

She had just cause.

Lea. She had, and would incense me

To murder her I married.

Paul. Should so:

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark

Her eye: and tell me, for what dull part in't

You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your

ears

Should ring to hear; and the words that followed

Should be, Remember mine.

Lea. Stars, very stars,

And all eyes else dead coals:—fear thou no wife,

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear

Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Lea. Never, Paulina; be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. The good my lords, bear witness to

his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over much.

Paul. Unless another,

As like Hermione as in her picture,

Ach, his eye,

Cleo. Good madam,—

have done.

Yet, it my lord will marry,—if you will, sir.

No remedy, but you will: give me the office

To choose you a queen: she shall not be young

As was your former: but she shall be such,

As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take

joy

To see her in your arms.

Lea. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Cleo. That

Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath:

Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she

The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access

To your high presence.

Paul. What with him: he comes not

Like to his father's greatness: his approach,

So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,

'Tis not a visitation framed, but forc'd;

By need, and accident. What train, I

Gent. But few.

And those but mean.

Lea. His princess, any your, with him?

Gent. Ay: the most precious piece of earth, I

think,

That ever the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,

As every present time doth host itself,

Above a better, gone; so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

Have said; and writ so (but your writing now

Is colder than that theme). She and her son

Ne was not to be equal'd;—thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis稍rely
e'er

To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam;—

The one I have almost forgot (your pardon)
WINTER'S TALE.

The other, when she has obtained't your eye,
Will have your cognizant too. This is such a creature!
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else? make proficie
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How not women? I
God, Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The best of all women. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still his
strange,
Flourish. CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentlemen.
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince (Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between the birth.

Lom. 'Tis th' bane.
He dies to me again, when talk'd of; sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, th' speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfasten me of reason. They are come.—
Readier CLEOMENES, with FLORIEN, PERDITY,
And their train and attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock; prince;
For she did print your royal father off;
Concerning you; Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His visage, that I should call you brother,
As I did him: and speak of something, wildly
By as perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
An honest prince, a prince, a prince, a prince,
God bless you!—O, alas! I
Lost a couple, that twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, heaving sometime
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flor. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but intruding
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself;
That time was cast, or twist your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say as more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living, live)
Lom. 0, my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs, I have done
Thee, sit
After your wishes; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, as are interpreters,
Of my behind-hand slackerness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposé'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, angrily) of the dreadful Neptune,
To gret a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Paul. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Lom. Where the wardlike Smalls,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd! Mec
Flor. Most royal air, from thence; from him,
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
(And prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dissolv'd; Who
For Bohemia's tend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
Here where we are.

Lom. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a lady A graceful gentleman; against who
So sacred as it is, I have done so;
For which the heacon, taking up
Have left me insects; and your self
(As he from heaven merit it) with
Worthy his goodness. What might
Might a son and daughter now has
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most
That, which I shall report, will be
Were not the proof so nigh. Pius
Sir.
Bohemia greets you from himself,
Desires you to attach his son; who
(Its dignity and duty both enti of
Fled from his state from his keep
A shepherd's daughter.

Lom. Where's Bohem.
Lord. Here in the city; I saw on
I speak amaz'd; and it become
My marvel, and my muse. To
While he was hast'ning (in the ob
Of this fair couple, meets he on
The father of this weary lady,
Her brother, having both their co
With this young prince.

Lom. Camillo has
Whose honour, and whose house;
Endure all weathers.

Lord. Lay'st not
He's with the king your father.

Flor. 0, my
The heavens set spiles upon us, the
Our contract celebrat'd.

Lom. We are not, sir, nor are we
The stars, I see, will kiss the vale
The odds for high and low'st
Lom. In the death of a king!

Flor. When once she is my

Lom. That come of by you speed
Will come on very slowly. I am
Most sorry, you have broken from
Where you were tied in duly; as
Your choice is not so rich in we
That you might well enjoy her.

Flor. Though fortunate, visible an eman
Should chance us with my father;
Hath she, to change our loves.—

Lom. Remember since you owd 'no so
Than I do now: with thought of a
Step forth mine advocate; at yo
My father will grant precius thi
Lom. Would he do so, I'll beg
mistress.

Flor. Your eye hath too much youth in't
Fore your queen died, she was so
great.

Lom. Than what you look on now.

Flor. Even in these looks I made.—

Lom. Is yet unanswered.' I will to you
Your honour not o'erthrown by;
em, and you; upon which
the old man, and his son aboard the
prince, told him, I heard them talk of a far-off
and I knew not what; but be at that time,
several of the shepherd's daughter so she then
took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick,
and himself little better, extremity of weather,
continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered.
But it's all one to me: for I had been the finder,
out of this secret, it would not have relished
among my other discords.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against
my will, and already appearing in the lustre
of their fortune.

Slop. Come, boy; I am past more children,
but toy sons and daughters will be all gentle-
men born.

Cl. You are well met, sir; You denied to
fight with me this other day, because I was no
gentleman born. See you these, sir; and think me
still so gentle-
man born? you were best say, these robes are

WINTER'S TALE.

"em, and you; upon which
it; therefore, follow me,
p. I make: Come, good my
Lenard.

same. Before the Palace.

gentleman, n. air, were you present at
it the opening of the farried
shed deliver the manner how
upon, after a little amazed
mindless out of the cham
ought, I heard the shepherd
shriek:


3 Gent. Wrecked, the same instant of their
master's death; and in the view of the shepherd
so that all the instruments, which aided to ex
pence the child, were even then lost, when it was
found. But, O, the noble combat, and la
adored, the oracle was fulfilled: she
lifted the princess from the earth; and so
locks in her embracing, as if she would bid her to her
heart, that she might no more be in danger of los

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was the
worth of all the princes and kings; for by such act

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all,
and that which angler for mine eyes (caught
the water, though not the fish); was, when the
relation of the queen's death, with the manner
how she came to it (bewildered, and in
mercy by the king), how attention was woun
ded his daughter: till, from one another to another, she did, with an ache! I would fain
say, bleed tears: for, I am sure, my heart was
bled. Who was most marble there changed
colour; some swooned, all sobbed: if all the
world could have seen it, the wise had been
universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

2 Gent. No: the princess, hearing of her mo
ther's statue, which is in the keeping of Pau
nia,—a piece many years in doing, and now
performed by that rare Italian master,
Julio Romano; who had be himself eternity,
and could put blood into his work would be
plete nature of her custom, so perfectly he is
her ape, he so near to Hercules, that these
Hermione, that they, say, one would speak to
her, and stand in hope of answer: neither with
all goodness of affection, are they gone; and
they intend to stay.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter
there in hand; for the habit privately, twice or
three a day, ever since the death of Hermione,
visited that removed house. Shall we thither,
and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. We would be the first that has the
benefit of access: every wink of an eye, some
new grace will be born; our absence makes us
unorthy to our knowledge. Let's along.

Enter Gentleman.

Ant. Now, had I not the dash of my former
life in me, would preferment drop on my head.
I brought the old man and his son aboard the
prince; told him, I heard them talk of a far-off,
and I knew not what: but be at that time,
several of the shepherd's daughter (so she then
took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick,
and himself little better, extremity of weather,
continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered.
But it's all one to me: for I had been the finder,
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fight with me this other day, because I was no
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still so gentle-
man born? you were best say, these robes are
WINTER'S TALE.

not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do not; and try whether thou art not now a gentleman born.
Cl. Ay, I knew you were so, sir, a gentleman born.
Cl. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Cl. And so have I, boy.
Cl. Do you have me—then I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother: and then the two kings called thy father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the prince called my father, father: and so we went: and there was the first gentleman-like tear that ever we shed.

Cl. We may live, son, to shed many more.
Cl. Ay, or else twenty hard lucky, in its postestates estate as we are.
An. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.
Cl. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be genteel now we are gentlemen.
Cl. Thou wilt amend thy life?
An. Ay, as it like your good worship.
Cl. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art a honest true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Cl. You may say it, but I will swear it.

Cl. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman?

Let hoops and franklin say it, I'll swear it.

Cl. If it be not 'seer so false, a true gentleman may, may I may, I may, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I am sure, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

An. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Cl. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.

-Arach! the kings and the princes, our kindreds, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERCULA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O, to have found Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Pol. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services, You have paid home; but that you have vouch'd With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdom, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

(Paulina enters)

Leo. O Paulina, We know you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen; your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paulina. As she lies peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it lonely, apart: But here it is; prepare To see how this lively mock'd, as of ever Still sleep mock'd death; behold; and say, 'tis well.

[Pol. endows a Curtain, and discovers a Statue.]

Like your silence, it the more is Your wonder: But yet speak, sit here,
Comes it not something near? Loom. Her sister Chide me, dear stone; that I may Tell sir, Perdix; or, rather, in thy not chiding: for she was An insipidity, and grace.—But yet Perdix, Hormine was not so much with so aged, as this seems. Pol. O, not be so. PAUL. So much the more our pleasure: Which lets go by some sixteen years As she liv'd now. Loom. As now she was, So much to my good comfort, as Now plying to my soul. O, it is Even with such life of majesty! [As now it doth stand]; when do I am ashamed: Does not the no for being more stone than flesh? There's magic in thy majesty; My evils confound to remember From the syren's song; they shrivel; Standing like stone with like! Per. And do not say, 'tis superstition, I kneel, and then implore her to Dear queen, that ended when I gave me that hand of yours, to PAUL. The statue is but newly fix'd, the statue is not dry.

Leo. Come, my lord, your sorrow was on? Which sixteen winters cannot tell So many summers dry: scarce's he Did ever so long live; no sorrows But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Do let him, that was the cause of it To take off so much grief from you, Will piece up in himself.

Leo. Indeed, If I had thought, the sight of the world Would thus have wrenched you (I mine), I'd not have show'd it.

Leo. Do not do this PAUL. No longer shall you gaze fancy May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let PAUL. Would, I were dead, but that, ready— What was let, that did make it? Would you not deem, it break those veins! Did verify bear blood? PAUL. Master, The very life seems warm upon Leo. The picture of her eye h As we are mock'd with art. PAUL. I'll draw My lord's almost so far transposed. He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O you Make me to think so twenty yen. No settled senses of the World The pleasure of that madness: PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have: you: but I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, For this affliction has a taste as As any evil combats. Well, There is an air comes from her! I Could ever yet cut breath? Let no For I will kiss her.
WINTER'S TALE.

Good my lord, forbear: her lip is wet; kiss it; stain your own. Shall I draw the curtain? the twenty years. So long could I

Father, forbear, Imply; or resolve you do. If you can behold it, move indeed; descend, stand; but then you'll think that, I am assured

that you can make her do, on what to speak, for 'tis as easy to move.

It is required, faith: Then all stand still; it is unlawful business depart. Proceed;

ack; awake her; strike—

Manch. a stone no more; approach, upon with marvel. Come; set stir; say, come away; and numbness, for from him.

—You perceive, she stirs some down from the fowls. shall be he, as, a lawful: do not slay her; she acting: for them

Nay, present your hand; she, you weak her; now, to

We warm! Embracing her.

it be an art

he embraces him, sent his neck; let her speak too, c't manifest where she has the dead?

That she is living, should be boasted at

Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives, Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel; And pray your mother's blessing.—Yours, good lady;

Our Puritis is found. [Presenting Puritis who kneels to HERO.]

HER. You gods, look down, And from your sacred vials pour your grace. Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own; Where last thou been preserved? where liv'd I how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,— Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle Gave hope, thou wast in being; have preserv'd I Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that; Lest they desire, upon this path to trouble Your joys with like relation. Go together, You precious winners all; your exultation Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, Will wing me to some palace I'd bough: and there My state, that's never to be found again, Lament till I am lost.

Lear. O peace, Paulina; Thou should'st a husband take by my consent, A F by thine, a wife: this is a match, And made between'my vows. Thou hast found mine:

But how is to be question'd, for I saw her, As I thought; dead, and have in vain, said many A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek for (For him, I partly know his mind), to find thee An honorable husband!—Come, Camillo, And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty

is rarely noted; and here justified By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place,— What! Look upon my brother!—both your pardons

That ever I put between your holy looks My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law, And son unto the king (whom heavens direct-

ing).—Istroth, plight to our daughter.—Good Paulina, Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely Each one demand, and answer to his part Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first We were disconsoled: Hastily lead away. [Exeunt,

AA
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINIUS, Duke of Ephesus.
    ANTONIUS, a Merchant of Syracuse.
    ANTHINUS, a Porter of Syracuse.
    ANTIPODES, a Porter of Syracuse.
    DROMERUS, a Porter of Ephesus.
    JULIANUS, a Porter of Ephesus.
    BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.
    ANGELO, a Goldsmith.
    PIUS, a Schoolmaster and a Counselor.
    JENUS, a Porter of Ephesus.
    AGATHOS, her son.
    HELLA, her servant.
    LEONAS, her page.
    LUCIUS, a Courier.
    HANNA, a Countrywoman.
    GAULIER, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Solinus, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Duk.) Enter, Solinius, to procure my fall. And, by the dooms of death, end woes and all. Duke of Syracuse, plead no more; I am not partial, to infringe our laws; The enmity and discord, which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,— Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives, Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blood, Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. For, since the moral and intestine jyle 'Twixt thy sedulous countrymen and us, It hath in solemn synods been decreed, Both by the Syracuseans and ourselves, To admit no traffic to our adverse towns: Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus, be seen At any Syracusean mart or fair, Again, if any Syracusean born, Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose; Unless a thousand marks be secured, To quit the penalty, and to ransom him. Thy substance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount unto a hundred marks; Therefore, by law thou art condemned to die.

Solin.) Yet this my comfort; when your words are done, My woes end likewise with the evening sun. Duke. Well, Syracusean, say, in brief, the cause Why thou depart'st from thy native home; And for what cause thou canst not to Ephesus.

Solin.) A heavier task could not have been imposed,

Then I to speak my griefs unspoken: Yet, that the world may witness, that it Was wrought by nature, not by the influence I'll utter what my sorrow gives me: I lived in Syracuse was I born: and wed Unto a woman, happy best for me. And by me too, had not our last been With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth and By prosperous voyages I often made To Epidamnum, fill my factor's chest: And he (great care of goods at random) Drew me from kind embracements of my friends From whom my absence was not six months. Before herself (Almost at fasting, one) The pleasing punishment of women! Had made provision for her following; And soon and safe, arrived where I was. There she had not been long, but she bore A joyful mother of two goodly sons; And, which was strange, the one of both. As could not be distinguished but by a That very hour, and in the selfsame day. A poor mean woman was delivered Of such a custom, make twins, both both Those, for their parents were exceeding I bought, and brought up to attend my wife, Not meanly proud of two and Male daily motions for our home return. Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon. We came aboard; A league from Epidamnum had we sailed Before the always wind-eheaving sleep. Gave any tragic instance of our lands But longer did we not retain much Of what obscured light the heavens did But convey unto our fearful minds. A doubtful warrant of immeasurable Which, though myself would gladly be acknowledg'd. Yet the incessant weepings of my wife Weeping before for what she saw seem
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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But to our honor's great dis鄜agement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'lllimit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help;
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Big thou or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art deposed to die—
กาoler, take him to thy custody.
Good, I will, my lord.
Ag.Benevolent, and helpless, doth 

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A publick Place.
Enter ANTIPHILUS and Dores of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Ephesian,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is a money that I have here.

Ant. S. Go bring it to the Centaur, where we keep

And stay there, Dorio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be nine o'clock.

Till that, view the manners of the town,
Form the traders, gawk upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn:
For with long travel I am still and weary.

Get thee away.

Doro. S. Many a man would take you at your word:

And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[Exeunt.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dealt with care and melancholy,
Lighten my humour with his merry jest.

What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefi;
I crave your pardon. Noon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart:
And afterwards consort you till bed-time.
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself.

And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to my own safety.

[Exit Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own credit,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
To the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop.
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, invisible, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother, and a brother.

Enter Dores of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date—
Here now! How chance thou art return'd so soon.

Doro. E. Return'd so soon! Rather approach'd too late.

The eagles gorg'd, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath struck twice upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. To thee in thy wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?
COMEDY OF ERRORS

Dres. E. O., Cæcine, that I bard of Wednesday.

To pay the saddler for my mistress’s grapple—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. Sir, I am not in a spurious humour now: Tell me, and daily not, where is the money? We being strangers here, how darest thoa trust So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dres. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at

I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my part.
Methinks, your master, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Broncio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this;
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dres. E. To me, sir? why you gave so gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dres. S. Now, so I am a Christian, answer me,
In what sense you have bestowed my money;
Or I shall break that merry stanza of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed;
Where is the thousand marks thou hast of me?

Dres. E. I have some marks of yours upon my

Some of my mistress’ marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If you should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently,

Ant. S. Thy mistress’ marks? what mistress, slave, east thou?

Dres. E. Your worship’s wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will be home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, will thou fust me thus unto

Being forbid! There, take you that, sir knave.

Dres. E. Mean what you, sir I for God’s sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I’ll take my heels.

[Exeunt Dres. E. and Ant. S.][Heb]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A publick Place.

Enter Adrïn and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return’d.
That time hast I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o’clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited

And from the mart he’s somewhere gone to dinner;

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty;

Time is their master; and, when in
They’ll go, or come: if he be not
Adr. Why should their liberty be more?

Luc. Because their business will not
Adr. Looks, when I serve him so;

O, know, he is the bridegroom
Adr. There’s none, but aye, died soon.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is

There’s nothing, situate under this
But hath his bound, in earth, to
The beasts, the fishes, and the
Are their master’s subjects, and
Men, more divining, the matters of
Lords of the world, and wide
Indulged with intellectual sense:
And more pre-emminence than fish are
Amasters to their females and
When they then be hard, you usefulness out.

Luc. Till become home again, in

Adr. Patience, unmoved, so she past.

Adr. This servitude makes you

Luc. Not this, but troubles other

Luc. But, were you wedded, you

Adr. Here I learn love, I’ shall

Adr. How if your husband star

They can be meek, that have not

Adr. This foot-pegd patience in them

Luc. Well, I will marry can day.

Here comes your man, now is your

Enter Demenio of Ephes.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master

Luc. Nay, he is, but he is
And that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with

Luc. Yes, it is brought he

Adr. E. Ay, say, he told his all

Behewhis hand, I scarce could;

Luc. Speak he so doubtfully, not feel his hand aching?

Luc. Nay, he struck so he too well felt his blows; and

Adr. But, I say, he is, he is it seems he hath great care to give to

Dres. E. Why, mistress, saw

Luc. I am pleased, thou villain!

Dres. E. I mean not cuckolded

When I desired him to come here

He said’d me for a thousand marks

To dine-dine, dine-dine, dine;

Adr. My servant hath, quoth I; and

Where’s to the thousand marks I gave

The pig, quoth I, is born’t; my go

My great dear, quoth I; I know not thy mistress; see on thy

Luc. Quoth who?

Dres. E. Quoth my master; I

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife,
So that my errand, one unto my I thank him, I bear home upon

For, in conclusion, he did best in

Adr. Go back again, then sir

home.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act. S. Yes, dost thou see, and flout me in the teeth?
Thou art; thou jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
(Drawing him.)

Act. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Act. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my food, and chat with you,
Your kindness will Jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shineth, let foolish goats make sport,

But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect;

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your head.

Dec. S. Sceone, call you it? so you would leave battering. I had rather have it a head; an you use these blows long, I must get a scence for my head, and insence it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Act. S. Dost thou not know?

Dec. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Act. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dec. S. For wit, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Act. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dec. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of reason?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Act. S. Thank me, sir, for what?

Dec. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Act. S. I'll make your amends next day, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dec. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Act. S. To good time, sir, what's that?

Dec. S. Basting.

Act. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dec. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Act. S. Your reason?

Dec. S. I shall make you cheerful, and purg.

Act. S. Change me another dry basting.

Act. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; there's a time for all things.

Dec. S. I darst have denied that, before you were so cheerful.

Act. S. By what rule, sir?

Dec. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bale of rye; Time himself.

Act. S. Let's hear it.

Dec. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Act. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dec. S. The Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Act. S. Why in Time such a beggar of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dec. S. Because it is a blessing that he believes on his head, and what he hath scummed to hair, he hath given them in wit.

Act. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dec. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.


Dec. S. The beller dealer, the sooner lost; Yet he lost it in a kind of folly.

Act. S. For what reason?

Dec. S. For two; and sound once too.

Act. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dec. S. Sure oaks then.

Act. S. Nays, not sure, in a thing failing.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

Scene I. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BAILIFF.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you are

in a rage: my wife is shrewish when I keep a

secret, that I digg'd with you at you.

To see the making of her ear-sake, and

that to-morrow you will bring

...
COMEDY OF ERRORS?

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh—

Dro. E. Have you with you a proverb.—Shall I set it in my

Dro. E. Have you with you another—thats—

Lace. When can you tell if?

Dro. S. Either name be called Lace, Lace, then

Lace. So you say'd you, you minion, you'll let

Dro. S. I hope I

Lace. I thought to have ask'd you.

Lace. So.

Dro. S. So, come, help; we'll strike; there

Lace. Was bow for blow.

Lace. Dro. S. Master, knock the door hard.

Lace. Let him knock till it ska.

Dro. S. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat

Lace. Dro. S. The door down.

Lace. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Dro. S. Master, what is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled

Lace. Dro. S. Are you there, wife? you might have

Dro. S. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from

Dro. S. How went in pain, master, this have

Dro. S. How, Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome;

Dro. S. We would faint even have either

Dro. S. In declaring which was best, we shall part

Dro. S. We stand at the door, masters; bid

Dro. S. We, your name, is welcome wits,

Dro. S. You would say, master, if your

Dro. S. Your cake here is warm within;

Dro. S. It would make a man mad as a luck, to be so

Dro. S. I want to see the gate.

Dro. S. Break my sleeping here, and I'll break

Dro. S. A man may speak a word with you,

Dro. S. If I speak it in your face, it will break it

Dro. S. I seem then, want break, breaking;

Dro. S. Here is too much, out upon thee! I

Dro. S. Ay, when you have no feathers, and

Dro. S. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a
crow.

Dro. S. A crow without feather; master, mean

Dro. S. No, you not; for a fish without a fin, there's a soul

Dro. S. If a crow help us in, we shall, we'll pluck a crow

Dro. S. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an
crow.

Dro. S. Have patience, sir; let it not be so
crow.

Dro. S. Herein you are against your reputation.

Dro. S. The uninvited honour of your wife.

Dro. S. Her sober virtues, your name, and modesty.

Dro. S. Plead on her part some other, and not you,

Dro. S. Why at this time the doors, the doors are made against,

Dro. S. And let us to the Tiger's dinner,

Dro. S. To know the reason of this strange

If by strong hand you offer to break to,
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A valet comment will be made on it;
And that supposed by the common root
Against your unbalanced estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon accession;
For ever housed, where it once gets possession.

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle:—
There one discourse: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without deceit),
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her knot weeds dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring, if you know, to the Peripetes;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(But it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there; good air, make haste;
Since mine own dores refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour

Later. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense.

[Ernest.]

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Luciana, and ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
That by this time shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness.

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty.

Apparel wise like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Then tells the carriage of a holy saint:
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted
With simple thief's brag of his own attain?
'Tis double wrong, to transact with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board;
Shame, too, a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Also, pretty woman! make us but believe
Both concomitant, that thou love me;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We are but the common turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine),
Least, patient wit, and weary, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak.

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' decreit.
Against my soul's purr truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am, then well I learn
Your weeping sister is as wifely as
Nor to her bed so homage do I so
Far more, he means to do it, O
O, train me not, sweet murmurs,
To draw me in thy sister's sink
Singe, altho', for thyself, and I will
Spread over the silver wave
And as a bed I'll take thee, and be
And, in that glorious apposition
He gains by death, that both such an
Let love, being light, be drawn
Lace. What, are you mad, that you

Ant. S. No, mad but mated; 'tis

Luc. It is a fault that springs from

Luc. Give you where you should, to clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet

Luc. Why call you me love? I call

Thy sister's slave:—That's

Is it thyself, mine own self's best
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's

My food, my fortune, and my own
My sole earth's heaven, and my

Luc. All this my sister does.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, Thee will I love, and with thee
Thou hast nothing, but yet, nor
Give me thy hand.

Lace. O, soft sir, I'll fetch my sister, to get her go

Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS

DRONIO OF SYRACUSE.

Int. S. Why, how now, Droni'must thou so fast!

Dros. S. Do you know me, sir? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dronio, thou art thyself.

Dros. S. I am an ass, I am a woman besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man am I thyself?

Dros. S. Marry, sir, besides my to a woman: one that claims me, e.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to

Dros. S. Marry, sir, such claim lay to your heart: a

Ant. S. What complexion is she

Dros. S. Swart, like my shoe, but thing like so clean kept: For why

Ant. S. That's a fault that was

Dros. S. Not sir, 'tis in grain; could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dros. S. Nell, sir—but her na
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.
Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pencost the sun is down,

And since I have not much importance to you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To Persia, and what glories for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction;

Or I'll讨 you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus;

And, in the instant that I met with you,

He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,

I shall receive the money for the hare too.

Please you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPODES of Ephesus, and DRUMMOND of Ephesus from the Continence.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ang. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house,

I buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confidantes.

For locking me out of my doors by day—

But soft, I see the goldsmith—get thee gone:

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year; I buy a rope!

Ang. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you.

I promised your presence, and the chain;

But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me;

Helleth, you thought our love would last longer,

If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note:

How much your chain weight to the utmost carat;

The fineness of the gold, and chargeable fashion;

Which doth amount to three and thirty fancies more

Than I stand debted to this gentleman;

I pray you, see him presently discharged;

For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ang. E. I am not furnished with the present money.

Besides, I have some business in the town;

Good signal, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the same on the receipt thereof;—

Pendence, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ang. E. Not; I bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ang. E. As I have not, sir, I hope you have;

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain.

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,

And to Messer, have laid him too long.

Lur. Good lord, you use this dilattancy, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:

I should have chid you for not bringing it.

But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Mr. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, de-
spatch.

Aig. You hear, how he importunes me; the
hour steals.

Int. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch
your money.

Aig. Come, cousin, you know, I gave it you
even now;
Either send the chain, or send by some token.

Int. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of
breath:
Come, where is the chain? I pray you, let me
see it.

Mr. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, where you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Int. E. I answer you! What should I answer
you?

Aig. The money, that you owe me for the
chain.

Int. E. I owe you none, till I receive the
chain.

Aig. You know, I gave you it half an hour
more.

Int. E. You gave me none; you wrong me
much to say so.

Aig. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mr. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. Sir, and charge you in the duke's name,
to obey me.

Aig. This touches me in reputation:
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Int. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Aig. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer; I
would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. Do you arrest me; sir; you hear the suit.

Int. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the meat in your shop will answer.

Aig. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious slavish, I doubt it not.

Exeunt DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. 1. Master, there is a bark of Epiphanum,
That stays till her owner comes aboard.
And then, bear away; one thought, sir, I
have covertly abroad; and I have bought
The oil, the salamander, and aqua-vite.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nothing at,
But for their owner, master, and myself.

Int. E. How now! a madman! Why thou
wicked sheep,
What ship of Epiphanum stays for me?

Dro. 1. Sir, that ship you sent me to, to hire waitage.

Int. E. Those drunken slaves, I sent thee for
a bark:

Aig. And thee to what purpose, and what end.

Mr. Where you sent me, sir, for a rope's end as
well.

Aig. — a debate this matter at more lea.

Mr. —— to list me with more heed.

Aig. Same, his thee straight;

Int. E. —— tell her in the desk.

Mr. —— with Turkish tapestry.

Aig. —— let her send it;

Mr. —— thee, slave; be gone.

Aig. —— till it come.

Mr. —— thee, officer, and Aig. E.

Aig. —— where we didn't

Mr. —— thee; be gone.

Aig. —— adieu, sir.

Int. E. —— to compass.

Mr. —— we remain.

Exit.

Mr. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, de-
spatch.

Aig. You hear, how he importunes me; the
hour steals.

Int. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch
your money.

Aig. Come, cousin, you know, I gave it you
even now;
Either send the chain, or send by some token.

Int. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of
breath:
Come, where is the chain? I pray you, let me
see it.

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Int. E. I owe you none, till I receive the
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Aig. You know, I gave you it half an hour
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Int. E. You gave me none; you wrong me
much to say so.

Aig. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

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Exeunt DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. 1. Sir, here go; the desk, the now, make haste.

Int. E. How hast thou lost thy is

Dro. 1. By

Dro. 3. Where is my master, Drom.

Dro. 3. No, he's in taurus link.

Aig. A devil in an everlasting garmen
One, whose hard heart is covered
A bend, a fairy, pitiful and rood
A wolf, may worse, a fellow all
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper,
A fast friends:

The passages of alley, crevices,
And a bound that runs counter, and
foot well;

One that, before the judgment, ear
to hell.

Int. E. Why, man, what is the m

Dro. 1. I do not know the f

Dro. 3. I know not at whose salt well;

But he's in a suit of but, which're

can I this I will you send him, mistress, remoney in the desk;

Aig. Go, fetch it, sister. — This

That he, unknown to me, should
Tell me, was he arrested on a ba

Dro. 3. Not on a hand, but on a s

A chain, a chain; do you not he

Aig. What, the chain?

Dro. 1. No, no, the belt; 'tis ac

It was two ere I left him, and

Aig. The hours come back! th

Mr. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, de-
spatch.

Aig. You hear, how he importunes me; the
hour steals.

Int. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch
your money.

Aig. Come, cousin, you know, I gave it you
even now;
Either send the chain, or send by some token.

Int. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of
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It was two ere I left him, and

Aig. The hours come back! th
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hour meet a sergeant, etc., in debt! how fondly
y bankr upt, and owes wit to season; are you not heard men
g on by night and day? set, and a sergeant in
back an hour in a day? cans.
we’re the money, hear it
home immediately — effects with consent; and my injury.
[Enter.

The same.

As of Syracuse.

man I meet, but doth
equated friend; time by his name; me, some invite me; asks for kindnesses; ties to buy: line in his shop, if he had bought for me, measure of my body, parry wits, inhabit here.

of Syracuse.

the gold you sent me the picture of old Adam
did? what Adam dast
m, that kept the pass,
keeps the prison; he skin that was killed for me behind you, sir, like on for sake your liberty, thee not.

a shabj case; he that is a case of leather; the ottoman are tied, givam: he, sir, that takes and gives them suits of up his rest to do more than a morris-pike.

arrant an officer! sergeant of the band; he renewer it, that breaks a, you may always going ye good rest.

ew in your forr loth to night may we
ought you word an hour expedition put forth to
binder by the ser. my Beins; here are the
est to deliver you, ser.

ions; live us from hence!

sic, met, master Antipholus, and the goldsmith now; come in to day? ! charge thee temp

a mistress Satan? &

horse, she is the devil’s ses in the habit of a light man, that the wench

say, God denies me, that’s as much as to say, God
make me a light wench. It is written, they ap
pear to men as angles of light; light is no
fect of fire, and fire will burn; stop, light wench will burn; come not nearer.

Coun. Your man and you are marvelous merry, sir. Will you go with me, sir? We’ll mend our dinner here.

Drec. S. What, if you do, expect spoon-meal, or bespeak a long spoon.

Anj. & Why, Droneo?

Drec. S. Merry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Anj. S. And then, then! what tell’st thou
me of supping?

Then, as you are all, a sorcerers:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Coun. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner.

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised; And I’ll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Drec. S. Some devil ask the parting of one’s nail.

A rash, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin.

A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous. Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright as
with it.

Coun. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Anj. & Avaris, thou witch! Come, Droneo, let us go.

Drec. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [Enter Ant. and Droc.

Coun. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would be never so demure himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promised me a chain! Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad (Besides this present instance of his rage), Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doings being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now, to be house to his house, And tell his wife, that, being unsatisfied, He rush’d into my house, and took perfurce. My ring away: This course I fittest choose: For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Anj. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away; I’ll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money To warrant thee, as I am rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day: And will not lightly trust the messenger, That I should be attached in Ephesus: I tell you, twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope’s end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.

How now, sir, have you that I sent you for? Drec. E. Here’s that, I warrant you, will the rope.

Anj. E. But where’s the money! Drec. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Anj. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope.

Drec. E. I’ll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Anj. E. To what end did I bid thee tie thee home? Drec. E. To a rope’s end, sir: and to that end am I retard’d.

Anj. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [Gearing him.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Then whosoever, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would, I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows; when I am cold, he beats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep: raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home: welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar went her best; and, I think, when he hath laden me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIAN, LUCIANO, and the Comteess, LUC. SERPILLO, PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. You shall receive, respect them, respect your end, or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the royal end.

Dro. E. Away with you still talk! [Beats him.

Cru. How say you now, is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; you shall have him in your true sense again. And I will pay you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and sharp he looks! Cru. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your ear.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, haunt within this man.

To yield possession to my holy prayer.

And to thy state of darkness he thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Ant. E. That thou wert not, poor distressed suit!

Ant. E. You mislead, you, are you these our custo-

Did this companion with a saucin face

Revive me? You did not keep me at my house to-day.

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut, and I denied to enter in my house?

Where therefore, had I remained until this time,

Free from these strainers, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Didst thou at home? thou villain, what

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at the king's house.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out.

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Saus sable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scoff at me?

Dro. E. Cester, she did; the kitchen-wench scorn'd you.

Ant. E. Didst not one in rage depart from hence?

Dro. E. To verify, you did;—That since have felt the vigour of

Ant. E. It good to smooth him, or the

Pinch. It is no shame; the labor

And, yielding to him, answer'd as

Dro. E. Thou hast scold'd, to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I beat you money is

By Dromio here, who came he is

Dro. E. Money by me! I know:

But, sorely, master, not a rag of:

Ant. E. Wast not thou then to

Dro. E. God and the requital

Witness, that I will, seat for nothing but

Pinch. Mistress, both man and sir,

I know it by their pale and deal

That they must be bound, and held

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou

And why dost thou deny the

Ant. E. Didst not, gentle husband, 

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I

But I confess, sir, that we were

Adr. Dissembling villains, thou in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, all.

And art confederate with a dam.

To make a loose-lying aspect seem

But with these nails I'll pick

That would behold in me this! [Pinch and his assistants kneel.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, near me,


Luc. Ah me, poor man, how he looks.

Ant. E. What, will you mar garder, thou,

I am thy prisoner; will thou as

To make a recovery?

Off. Masters, he

He is my prisoner, and you shall

Pinch. Go, bind this man, sir.

Off. What will thou do, thou

Hiast thou delight to see a wret

Do outrage and displeasure to

Off. He is in my prisoner; if the debt he owes, will be requ.

I will discharge thee, ere Beer me forthwith unto his love.

And, knowing how the debt grow

Good master doctor, see him as

Home to my house.—O most

Ant. E. O most unhappy state

Dro. E. Master, I am here to

fit you.

Ant. E. On thee, villain! thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will thee be bound?

Ant. E. Good master; cry, the devil.

Luc. God help, poor soul, he talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. —Sir men.

[Exeunt PINCH and ANTONIO; TERENTIUS and E.

Say now, whose suit he arces

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith

him.

Adr. I know the man: What is
COMEDY OF ERRORS

ACT III, SCENE 5

Enter-ADRIANA, LUCILLA, COUTUREAU, and others.

Ard. Hold, hurt him not; for God's sake, he is mad.-

Some get within him; take his sword away:

Blind Mordioli too, and bear them to my house.

Duo. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a horse.

This is some privity:—In, or we are spurn'd.

[Exeunt Antipholus and Duno in the Priory.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throw you thither?

Ard. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ard. I knew, he was not in his perfect wit.

Abb. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possestion held the man?

Ard. The means he hath been heavy, poor, sad,

And much different from the man he was;

But, till this afternoon, his passion

Never broke into extremity of rage:

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck?

Ard. No, but the rent went on.

Buried some dear friend? Hath not his eye

Strayed from affection in unlawful love?

Ard. A friend, and which much in youthful men.

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Abb. Of these sorrows is he subject to?

Ard. To none of these, except it be the last:

Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Ard. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not roughly enough.

Abb. Avaricious, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Happily, in private.

Abb. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Ard. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it.

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:

The venom of a jealous woman

Poisons those deadly as a man and more:

It seems his sleep was hindered by thy railing:

And therefore comes it that his head is light.

Thou sayst his meat was sauce'd with thy up-brainings:

Unquenchable malice, digestion,

These of thy rage for fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his spirits were hinder'd by thy brawls

Sweet recreation bared't, what doth ename,

But moody and dull melancholy.

(Kingman to gins and comaspaedia)

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distempers, and foes to life!

In food, I fed him heart, and life-preserving rest

To be disturbed, would mad or man, or beast;

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have ascended from the use of wines.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he displeas'd himself, rough, rude, and wildly:

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Abb. She did betray me to my own reproach.

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Ard. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Nor this, he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

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Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adv. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And with all paltry means support myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Add. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have said the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
The which, when done, I will leave him here with me.

Adv. I will not hence, and leave my husband
And ill it doth bewray your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Add. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.

[Exit Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adv. Go; and I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Move most my grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Adv. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Amen, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Luc. Upon what cause?

Adv. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unkindly into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Adv. See, where they come; we will behold
The ducal sentence.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke attended:水流 the headman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
Is any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adv. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adv. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
What is become of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
They tearly parted, he was hurried through the street
(With him his bootman, all as mad as he),
Doing disavowal to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrougs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Amen, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mast attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Gad'us us away; till raising of more aid,
We could again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And the shapeless gates shut the gates on us,
And will not suffer to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
There is a most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in
When thou didst make master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—

Go, some of you, knock at the door
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I die.

Enter a servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, am I
My master and his man are both in
Beaten the masts a-row, and bound
Whose head they have set on fire.

And ever as it blazed, they threw their great pails of salted meal to quench
My master preaches patience to his
His man with scissars nicks him in
And, sure, unless you send some to
Between the wheels

Adv. Peace, fool, thy master is here:

And that is false, thou dost report,
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I told
I have not seen him almost, since
He cries for you, and vows, he will
To scourch your face, and to dispise
Hark, hark, he bears him, mistress: Dukes, Duke, Duke, stand in a corner with halberds.

Adv. Ah me, is it my husband? I
That he is borne about like this;
Even now we know'd him in the
And now he's there, past though

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of.

Adv. E. Justice, most gracious didst thou justice!
Even for the service that long she
When I bestrid thee in the war, a deep
To save thy life; even that
Then I lost for thee, now gone
Fie! Unless the fear of death do
I see my son Antipholus, and
Adv. E. Justice, sweet prince, woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be
That hath abused and dishonour'd
Even in the strenght and height of
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless
Duke. Discover how, and thon:
Just. E. This day, great duke, doors upon me,
While she with harlots was feasted in:
Duke. A grievous fault: Say, v
Then so I
Adv. No, my good lord;—say she,
To-day did dine together; so she,
As this is false he burdens me with
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day,
But she tells to thy highness the
Aug. O perjur'd woman! they

In this the madman justly charges
Aug. E. Justice, I am advis'd
Neither disturbed with the effect:
Nor heavy rash, provoked with me
Albeit, my wrongs might make on
This woman lock'd me out this day
That gaited with there, were he not

Could witness it, for he was with
Who parted with me to go fetch a
Promising to bring it to the poet
Where Baullazar and I did dine
Our dinner done, and he not come
I went to seek him: in the street
And in his company, that gentiles...
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you must know me well.

Ege. Oh! grief hath chang’d me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time’s deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatours in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Dro. Neither.

Dro. Dromio, not thou?

Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure, thou dost,

Dro. Ay, sir! but I am sure, I do not;
And whatsoever a man denes, you are now bound to believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice! O, time’s extremity!

Hast thou so crack’d and splitted your poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son,
Knows not my joyous voice of amiable cares?
Though now my face shone graciously, and bright
In sap-consuming winter’s drizzling snow;
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory.
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left;
My dead dear ears a little use to bear;
All these old witnesses (I cannot err),
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ege. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou knowst, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou shams’t not to acknowledge me in misery.

Ege. I never saw Syracusa in my life.

Dro. I tell thee, Syracusa, twenty years
Have I been patron in Antipholus,
During which time he never saw Syracusa;
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Ege. Enter the Abbess, with Antipholus, Syracusan,
And Dromio Syracusan.

Ant. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong’d.

Adv. I see two husbands, or mine eyes decease me.

Dro. Of all these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these? Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who despairs them?

Adv. Sir, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. Sir, I, sir, am Dromio; pr’yee, let me stay,

Adv. Sir, Aegon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. Sir, O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Adv. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

Adv. Speak, old Aegon, if thou best the man
That hast a wife once call’d Emilia,
That here be at a burden two fair sons;
O, if thou best the same Aegon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia.

Adv. If I dream not, thou art Emilia;
If thou art sir, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Adv. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Cordith
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum;
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Dro. Why, here begins his morning story right.

These two Antipholenses, these two so alike,
And those two Dromioes, one in semblance,
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Which accidentally are met together,
Antipholus, doth come from Corinth prosecuting
Duke. Hey, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I come from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Duc. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adv. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. E. I, gentle mistress.

Adv. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Adv. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, shall have leisure to make good:
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Adv. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. E. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Adv. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Adv. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adv. I saw you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Adv. E. No, none by me.

Ant. E. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio; my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other’s man,
And I was ta’en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duc. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Crew. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Adv. renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here;
And hear at large discovered all our
defame the Syrian.

Duc. E. Ready. Stay, stand apart; I know not which

that by this sympathised one day’s
Happily to wrong, go, keep us on
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Twenty-five years have I but gone of
Of you, my sons, and till this press
My heavy burden here delivered.

The duke, my husband, and my child
And you the calendars of their name

to a gop’s train, and go with a

After so long a grief, such naughtiness!

Duc. With all my heart, I’ll gosip

[Enter Duke, Ant. S., and Ant. E. All

Merchant, Angerio, and衰.

Duc. S. Master, shall I fetch your shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine

Duc. S. Your goods, that lay by at

The Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am

Dromio;

Come, go with us; we’ll look to the
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice;

[Enter Ant. S., and Ant. E. All.

Duc. S. There is a fat friend by your

take for you today, and do not

The whole now shall be my sister, not my

Duc. E. Methinks, you are my

my friend.

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced yo-

Will you walk in to see their goods?

Duc. N. Not I; sir; you are my e

Duc. E. That’s a question; how do

Duc. S. We will draw cats for the

then, lead thou first.

Duc. E. Nay; then thus:

We came into the world, like brothe

And now let’s go hand in hand, no

another.
MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.  
GENTLEWOMAN attending on Lady Macbeth.  
MACBETH, his Son.  
NABBED, Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.  
BANQUO, of Banquo.  
MACDUFF, an Officer attending on Macbeth.  
SIR ROBERT BARNYON, a Scotch Doctor.  
SIR SIMON, a Soldier.  
LADY MACBETH.  
DUNCAN, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Army.  
BANQUO, a Gentleman.  
SCENE II. A Camp near Forres.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open Place.

[Enter three Witches.

Witch 1: When shall we three meet again?

Witch 2: Under the short plumage of the rook.

Witch 3: Above the thirteenth step.

Witch 1: The Riddle shall be solved.

Witch 3: The Riddle shall be solved.

Witch 1: Welcome, welcome.

Witch 2: In the end of the Fourth Act, lie in England.

Witch 3: Through the rest of the play, in Scotland.

Witch 1: And chief, at Macbeth's Castle.

And chose their art, The merciless Macdonwald (Worthy to be a rebel for to that  
The multiplying vanities of nature  
Do swarm upon him), from the western isles  
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;  
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smock'd with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion,  
Care'd not his passage, till he fate'd the slave;  
And more shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseem'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And ex'd his head upon our battlements.

Duns. O, valiant constable! worthy gentleman!  
Sad! As when the sun, 'gan rise his reflection  
Shipwrecks storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark;  
No sooner justice bad, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;  
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,  
With furnish'd arms, and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.

Duns. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?  
Said:  
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.

B S 2
MACBETH.

If I say sooth, I must report, they were
As cautious as a hare about the ears;
So they
Doth quickly redoubles upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in recking wounds;
Or measure another Golgotha,
I cannot know.
But I am faith, my gashes cry for help.
**Dum.** So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds.

They snatch of honour both:—Go, get him surgeon.

Enter Banquo.

Who comes here?—

**Mac.** What's that he looks through his eyes?

**Enter Macduff.**

That seems to speak things strange.

**Mac.** God save the king!—

**Dum.** Whence comes this thou, worthy thanes?

**Mac.** From Fiol, great king.

**Dum.** Where the Norwegians banner beat the sky,
And flax our people cold.

Noon, when the Horatian barbarous terribles,
Assisted by that most diabolical traitor
That could uphold the bloody Cawdor, gave a dismal contest:
To thatullen bridge, leap'd up in a prose.
Controverted him with steel-commenon;
Point against point rebellious, now against arm;
Carving his hungry spirit:—And, so uncushion'd,
The victory fell on us:—

**Dum.**

**Mac.** Great happiness!

**Enter Ross.**

That now

**Ross.** How comes it that today

**Mac.** What, is it thus we dream?

**Dum.** No more that thanes of Cawdor shall survive.

Our bosom interest;—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title great Macbeth.

**Mac.** I'll see it done.

**Dum.** What hath hest lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

SCENE III. A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?—


1 Witch. Sister, where thou?—

3 Witch. A sailor's wife had crosseted in her lap,
And mornched'd, and mornched'd, and mornched'd:

**Dum.** Give me, good witch, one more:

Nec Plus ultra, witch? the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her music is all aspido gossip, mister o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

1 Witch. I'll give thee, when.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

2 Witch. And I no sooner;

1 Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I, the shipman's ear.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep, shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seaworn nights, nine times nine,
Shall be dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest too'd.

Look what I have.

2 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Loose there I have a plisse's thumb,
Wreck'd, as hopeless, thus did come.

[Drums within.]
MACBETH

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pain
Are register'd where every day I turn
The ledger that I read. Let not your honest heads... Think upon what hath chance'd, and, at more
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban.
Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. — Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. — Fores. A Room in the Palace.
Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.
Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not those in command yet return'd?
Mal. They are not yet come back. But I have spoke With one thatraw him die: who did report That very frankly he confess'd his treason; Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth A deep repentance: nothing in his life Because him, like the leaving it; he died As one that had been studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he own'd, As 'twere a careless trifle.
Don.
There's no art, To find the mind's construction in the face; He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust. — O woe to honest counsels! Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.
The slu of my incogitation even now
Was heavy on me; 'Twas art so far before,
That swift-wing'd wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. "Would, thou hast less discern'd; That the proportion both of thanks and payment Might have been mine! only if I have left to say, More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe, In doing it, says itself. Your highness' part Is to receive our duties: and our duties Are to your throne and state, children, and ser-

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Don. Welcome hither.
Don. I have begun to plant thee, and will labour; To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo, That hast no less discern'd, nor must be known No less to have done so, let me unbind thee, And hold thee to my heart. [Exeunt.
Don. The harvest is your own.

Don. My plenteous joys, Wanton in fullness; seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow. Sine, kinman, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know, We will establish our estates upon Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter, The prince of Cumberland; which honour must Not, unaccompanied, invest him only; But sign'd of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deserved. — From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not out of your
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach; So, humbly take my leave.

Don. The prince of Cumberland. — That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'ertake
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your heads; Let not light see my black and deep desires; The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
MACBETH.

Don. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so
And in his commendations I am fet;
It is a bouquet to me. Let us to the
Whose cure is gone before to bid;
It is a preciousisman. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Interneus. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Lady M. They say not in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more to them than moral wisdom; — When I learned in desire to question them further, they made themselves — oh, unto which they vanished. While I stood apace in the number of it, some minutes from the king, all-hail-ed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, my heart was not inclined to accept me, and refused me to the coming on of time, sick, Hall, king that shall be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dear. Scorned of greatness; that then might not be the dotes of rejecting, by being ignorant of what is enjoined. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor: and shall be
What thou art promis'd: — Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
To catch the nearest way: These wouldst be great;
Art not my nimble ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst be
Wouldst be a music.
That wouldst thou boil bloody: wouldst not play false;
And yet wouldst wrongfully win; wouldst have great Glamis;
That which cries, Thou then must do, (when hast it;
And that which rakes them dust away;
Thou shalt bear to undue; His thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And clasise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crow'd withal. — What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Attended. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou hast said to me: — Is not he master with him who, won't, no,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Attended. For cause you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
What you do be, by breath, had nearly more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. How is it? — Give Kim tending.
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse;
[Exit Attendant. That rooks the fatal entrance of Duncan.
Under my battlements. Come, come, we're spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unseen here;
And fill me, from the crows to the top; full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunction visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murmur philosophers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You walk on nature's mischief! Come, thick, thick
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wond it makes;
Nor heaven see through the blanket of the dark. —
To cry, Lady! Lady! — Great Glamis! worthy

Enter Macbeth.

Glamis. Greater than both, by the all-hail before! — Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel as
The future in the instant. Macbeth. Thou art Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. What Macbeth. To-morrow — as he purp(
Lady M. Shall we that tomorrow see?
Your face, my thane, is as a book.
May read strange matters: — take this —
Look like the time; bear welcome;
Your hand, your tongue; look like a flower;
But the serpent under it. Be thou
Must be provided for: and say to
This night's great business into my ear;
Which shall to all our nights and
Give sole sovereignty away and
Macbeth. We will speak further.
Lady M. To alter favours; ever to be:
Leave all the rest to me. —

SCENE VI. The same. Before

Hawthorn. Servants of Macbeth.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, Adam.

Don. This castle hath a pleasant seat.
Nimbly and sweetly recommends
Unto our gentle senses.

Hawthorn. This gives the temple-haunting martial
By his loving'ness, that the bell
Smells wondrous here: no jutty,
Brepresent, nor reach of vantage,
Hath made his pendent bed a

Where they most breed and hast
The sir is grated.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Don. See, see! our bane;
The love that follows us, sometimes
Which still we thank for love. Have we
How you shall bid God yield us and
Thank you for your troubles.
Lady M. At every point twice done, and then
And single business, to against
To Against those honours deep and
With your majesty loads our home: For
And the late dignities heap'd up,
We rest your honour's peace.

Don. Where's the thane
We coulds' him at these feet, and
Be his purveyor: but he rides
And his great love, sharp as his
To his home before us: Fair
And we are very great to-night.
Lady M. Your
Thir gys's themselefs, and what
To make their andit at your height
Still to return your own.

Don. Give me
Conduct me to mine host; we love
And shall continue our graces too
By your leave, hostess.

SCENE VII. The same. A Room

Enter Banquo, Tiresias. Banquo,
And serve. Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. If it were done quickly: if the ass
Could tramure the consequent
With his successor, success; that
ACT II.

SCENE I. The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANCO and FLAMINE, and a Servant, with a Torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

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

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fla. I take it, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword;—There's husbandry in heaven.

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, and yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers! Restrain me in the cursed thoughts, that nature Gives way to in repose.—Give me my sword,—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a Torch.

Ban. Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and sent forth great largess to your officers: This diamond he gives your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostness, and shut up In meanless content:

Macb. Being apprehend'd, Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wrought, Ban. It is well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them; Yet, when we can entreat a hour to serve, Would spend it in some words upon that business.

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'at leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—

when 'tis, It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none, In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom frankish'd, and allegiance clear, I shall be correspondent.

Macb. Good reposing, the while! Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

Exit Banquo.

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

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;—

I have thee now, and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feelings as to sight? Or art thou but A dagger of the mind; a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain? I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw.

Thou mar'st me the way that I was going;
The very stones pray now to be left unharmed. I put it now:—While I am in a state. Words to the heat of deeds too cold a breath gives. I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. Hark! it not, Duncan; for it is a knave That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. 

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

**Lady M.** That which hath made thee drunk, hath made me bold; What hath quench'd thee, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace! It was the night that shriveled, the fatal bellman, Which gives the sternest nigh good night. He is about it: The doors are open; and the surfeited servants Do mock their charge with stores: I have drugged their porridge, That death and nature do contend about them, Whether they live or die. Mac. [Aside] Who's there?—what, ho! **Lady M.** Mac! I am afeard, they have awak'd, And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed, Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready, He could not miss them:—Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband! 

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise? **Lady M.** I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry. Didst thou not speak?' Mac. When? **Lady M.** Now. Mac. As I descended.
MACBETH.

The Lord's anointed, and the life of the building.

Macbeth. What is 't, thus ye say? the life?

Macduff. And me mean ye your majesty.

Macleod. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new gorgon. Do not bid me speak.

See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake! Awake!

(Evere Macleod, and Les.)

Ring the alarm-bell! Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! Shake off this dozy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself — up, up, and see The great doom's image. — Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To costume this horror! [Bell rings.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to partecy The solemnities of the house? — speak, Macbeth.

Macbeth. O, gentle lady; 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, in a woman's ear, Would murder as it fell — O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd! —

Lady M. Woe, alas, What, in our house? Ban. Too cruel, any where. — Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself; And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant, There's nothing serious in mortality: All is but toys; renown, and gentry, is dead; The wine of life is drunk, and the mere lees Is left this vaunt to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Dun. What is amiss? Macbeth. You are, and do not know it: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd. Macbeth. Your royal father's murder'd. Mac. O, by whom? Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't. Their hands and faces were all bedraid with blood, So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found Upon their pillows: They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life Was to be trusted with them. Macbeth. O, yet I do repeat me of my fury, That I did kill them. Macbeth. Wherefore did you so? Macbeth. Who can be wise, bearded, temperate, and just, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: The expedition was my violent love To out-nam the passer reason. Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood; And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature. For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unanimous breech'd with gore; Who could refrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make his love known? Lady M. Help me hence, he! Macbeth. Why do we hold our tongues? That most may chance this argument for ours? Dun. What should be spoken, Here, where our fate, hid in anague-hole,
MACBETH.

May rest, and solve us! Let's away; our terms are not yet brea'd.

Yet, nor our strong swerve
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban.

[LADY MACBETH is entering.

And when we have our seats prepared, bid
That seat be made for me, let no more
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Peace! and scarce a syllable
In the great heels of God! I cried and thence,
Against the underwrote pretext I sign'd
Of treasonous matches.
Macb.

And so do I.
All.

Sit all.

But sit; let's briefly put on many readiness,
And meet 'till the ball together.
All.

[Exeunt all but MAL. and DOG.]

[Scene IV. Without the Castle.

Exeunt ROMEO and an Old Man.

Old M. These are some of the events the world remembers well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange: but this
sore night
Hath put the former knowings.
Rom. Ah, good father;
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
set
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis
set.

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp;
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame?
That darkness does the face of earth contam'n;
When living light should kiss it?

Methinks 'tis unnatural.

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a menacing hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rom. And Duncan's horses (a thing most
strange and certain),
Beastrous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flesh'd
out;
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make
War with mankind.
Old M. Tis said, they ate each other.
Rom. They did so; to the amusement of mine
eyes,

That lock'd up'st. Here comes the good Macd---

[Exeunt MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?]

Meth. Why, see ye not
Rom. I know, I know, that did this more than
bloody deed
Meth. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rom. Also, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Meth. They were suborn'd Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's own sons,

Are stol'n away and foul; which
Suspicion of the deed.

Rox. Gaunt. Thriftier ambition, that will re
Think own life's means?—Then
The sovereignty will fall upon
Meth. He is already man's

To be invested.
Rox. Where is Ban?

Meth. Carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his
And guardian of his bones.

Rox. Will Meth. No, cousin, I'll to
Rox. Meth. Well, may ye see it

That would make good of bad

[ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room

Exeunt Banquo and Groom.

Banq. Thoss! ha's it now, his

Sir. at.

At the weird woman's promise.

Thos! played on most folly for;
It should not stand in thy path.
That may itself should be the
Of many kings. If there come!

As upon thee, Macbeth, their
Why, by the verities on thee
May they not be the oracles
And set me up in hope.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. Without the Castle.

Exeunt Macbeth, as Groom; Lennox, Ladies, and Attendants.

Len. Here's our chief guest.

Macb. If he had
It had been as a gap in our grace
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night, we hold the set
And I'll require your presence.
Ban. Command upon me; to the wit
Are with a most indestructible

For ever keep.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon

Macb. We should have chief advice

(Which still hath been both good)

In this day's counsel; but we'll

Ban. As far, my lord; as will

Twixt this and supper: go in

better,

I must become a borrower of

For a dark hour, or twain.


Macb. We hear, our bloody

Sto'd

In England, and in Ireland; in
Their cruel particide, filling the
With strange invention: But of
Whose, therewithal, we shall be
Crawling as jointly. He you
Till you return at night. Come to

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our

Macb. I wish your horses

Foot;
MACBETH.

Now, if you have a station in the file, Not in the worst rank of mansdood, say it: And I will put that business in your bosoms, Whose execution takes your enemy off; Grapples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear one health but sickly in his life, Which in his death were perfect.

1 Mac. I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffet of the world Have so incensed, that I am reckless what I do to the world.

2 Mac. And I another, So weigh, with disasters, tangled with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance, To mend it, or be rid on it.

Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

1 Mac. True, my lord.

2 Mac. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance, That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near-at life: And though I could With bare, Iack'd power sweep him from my sight, And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not, For certain friends—take both his and mine, Whose loves I may not drop, but wait his fall. Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is, That I to your assistance do make love.

Masking the business from the common eye, For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mac. We shall, my lord. Perform what you command us.

1 Mac. Though our lives—

Mac. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, I will advise you where to plant yourselves: Acquaint you with the perfect spy of the time. The moment is on it; for 'tis now three o'clock, And something from the palace: always thought That I require a clearer; And with him (I leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work), Pierce his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's, most embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart; 'Till come to you again.

1 Mac. We are resolve'd, my lord. Mac. I'll call upon you straight, shine within, It is concluded—Banquo, thy soul's right, If it find heaven, must first it out to-night.

SCENE II. The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Serv. Madam, in court.

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns in to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his pleasure.

For a few words.

Serv. Madam. I will, for you think on things without relation.

The frame of things disjoint, Both the worlds suffer, C C
MACBETH.

Ere we will put our heads to our sword
In the effusion of these terrible dreams.
That doom us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whose eyes we close, than open them to see
Then on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless fancy. Dreams are in his grave;
After life’s fatal sleep, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor seed, nor
purple.

Muller demesnial, foreign levy, nothing.
Can teach him further?

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Black o’er your ragged books; be bright and jovial.

Among your guests to-night.

Lady M. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo: present him alms; both
With eyes and looks; address the while, that we
Must love our homoeans in these rattling streams;
And in their words and looks return to us;
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this,
Mind. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
With that Banquo, and his Fleance, love.
Lady M. But in these nature’s copy’s not
A true image.

Mack. There’s comfort yet: they are ainable
Then be thou bound: Ere the bat hath flown
His chidren’s sight; ere, to black Hecate’s moon;
The shudd-horned beetle, with his drovwy hums,
 Hath rung night’s yawning portal, there shall be
down
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What’s to be done?
Mack. He innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chief.
Till then applaud the deed. Come, seeering night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keep me pale—Light thickness; and the
Forsake.

Mack. Willows to the rocky wood;
Get thee ere day begin to droop and drowse;
Whilest night’s black agents to their prey do
Me.

Mack. Then marvelst’t at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by

II. So, pr’ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same.

A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mor. But who did bid thee join with us?
2 Mor. Macbeth.
3 Mor. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

2 Mor. Then stand with us.

3 Mor. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!
2 Mor. [Within.] Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are off the court.

1 Mor. His horses go about.
3 Mor. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate;
Make it their walk.
MACBETH.

Wait on upon,
Is please your highness sit?
Of Banquo, peace, and cite an honest place.
Now our country's honour,
on of Banquo present,
single for unkindness, ever!
His absence, sir, I promise. Please it your royal company?
Here's a place reserved, sir, for your lord.
What's that moves you to surrender
We have done this?
What, my good lord! not say, I did it: never...
...rise: his highness is not my friend: my lord, is often in your youth: "pray you, keep your thought": if much you note him, and extend his passion: a no.—Are you a man?
...awl, that dare look on
the devil.
O proper stuff! a string of your fear:
...dagger which, you said, O, these flaws, and starts, not, would well become a winter's fire, madam. Shame itself! Each face! When all's done, now, there be both! look! I know
thus cannot end, speak too. of our graves, manhood, and rear, our monuments fall: [Ghost disappears.] Quite amaz'd! in folly! ere, I saw him.
...Eye, for shame! been shed ere now, if the
was the gentle west: orders have been performed once: the times have been, as were out, the man would set now, they rise again, murders on their crowns, to the west, more strange to tell.
My worthy lord, to lack you.
I do forget—any most worthy friends: truth, which is nothing me. Come, love and health—Give me some wine, all
al joy of the whole table, last men at Banquo, whom we miss; all to all, and him, we thirst, duties, and the pledge.

Macbeth. Avast! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold! Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers, be as a thing of custom: 'tis no other: Only it spoiles the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare: Approach thee like the ragged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger, Take any shape but that, and my firm purpose Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword: If trembling I inhabit thee, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so—being dead, I am a man again.—Pray you, all still.

Lady M. You have displeas'd the night, broke the good meeting,
With most admiring disorder.

Macbeth. Can such things be, And overcome us as a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange.

Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think, you can behold such sights, And keep the natural sense of your senses, When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ran. What sights, my lord, Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse; Question excites him: at once, good night!—Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health.

Attends his majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all! [Exeunt Lords and Attendants.

Mack. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:

Stonehenge has been known to move, and trees to speak.

Augurs, and understood relations have,
By auguries, and omen, and sounds, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night? Lady M. Almost at odd with morning, which is which.

Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person.
At our great bidding? Did you send to him, sir? Macbeth. I hear it by the way; but I will send: There's not a one of them, but in his house I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow, (And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good.

All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand; Which must be acted, ere they may be scam'd.

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

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

SCENE V. The Heath: Thunder.

Enter Hecate, meeting the three Witches.

Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily
Hec. Have I not reason, beholds, as you are, so
Sane, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close confidant of all harms,
Was never call'd to hear my part;
Or show the glory of any art
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wanton; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you:
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of Abercorn
Meet me i'the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere moon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusions.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and hear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [Witch.] Come, come away, come away, &c.

Thou, the harlot of the fairies, sing,
My spirit, my little spirit, sing,
Sit in a faggot cloud, and stay for me.

[ exits.
I watch. Come, let's make haste; she'll come
She'll come, she'll come back again.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Forest. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. Long speeches have but hit your thoughts;
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely wrong: The gracious
Duncan
Was murdered by Macbeth—murder, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you. Fleance
For Florence said: Men must not walk too late;
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Macbeth, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father! damned fact!
How did it happen with Macbeth? I did not straight,
In pious rage, the two dilligent tears,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of tear?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So, that I say,
He, whose heart and hand Duncan's were under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not., they
should and
What 'twere to kill a father! so should Florence.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and caus
His presence at the tyrants feast, I hear,
Macbeth lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
Fleance from this tyrant holds the issue of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most places Edward with such grace,
That the malversation of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect:
Thither Macduff I go to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Steward:

[Enter Hecat.] and the other three.
Hec. O, well done! I commend
And every one shall share the joy.
And now about the coronet stiff:
Like elvses and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cave.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.
1 Witches. Twice the brinnel, and
2 Witches. Twice; and once it wont
3 Witches. Harper cries:-'Tis the

1 Witches. Round about the cave
At the pool's entrails three,
Toss, last under clesent stone
Days and nights thirty
Sweeter's venom; sleeping
Boil thou first 't' charm shall
All, Double, double toil
Fire, burn, and
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
Scale of dragon, to
Witch's money; man and
Of the ravid salt-sea-shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd in
Liver of blashphemous Jews;
Gall of goat, and slips of y
Strewn in the moon's eve
None of Turk, and Tartur's
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Minion deliver'd by a draught
Make the gourd thick and flat
Add thereto a tiger's chandray
For the ingratitude of our case.
All, Double, double toil
Fire, burn, and

3 Witches. Cool it with a bab
Then the charm is firm and

[Exit.]
MACBETH.

SONG.
Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Midnight, midnight, midnight,
I'm that midnight song.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes;
O, Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth—
When shall we three meet again?

Thick as Troubles, deep as ever,
Dark as midnight, bright as day.

Ancient beef, the beef of war;
Old beef, the beef of peace.

Farewell, Macbeth; and when thy name
Shall be a blacker than the blackest toers,

Macbeth, Then live, Macduff! What need I fear thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this?

Thick as Troubles, deep as ever,
Dark as midnight, bright as day.

Farewell, Macbeth; and when thy name
Shall be a blacker than the blackest toers,

I thee, Macbeth; and when thy name
Shall be a blacker than the blackest toers,

ACCESSION;

[Descends.

Macbeth, Then live, Macduff! What need I fear thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this?

Thick as Troubles, deep as ever,
Dark as midnight, bright as day.

Farewell, Macbeth; and when thy name
Shall be a blacker than the blackest toers,
 Then other gold-bond brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Finy bags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!
What! the line stretch out to the crack of
doom? Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That twofold bills and terrible squawcry carry:
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-seller's Bangle smiles upon me,
And points at me for his,—What! is this so?
I read, Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Machiavel here amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Machiav. The Witches dance, and cauld, etc.

Mack. O what!—Are they done!—Let this per
nicious hour
Stand marked in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenxel.
Lenx. What's your grace's will?
Machiav. Saw you the weird sisters?
Lenx. No, my lord.
Machiav. Can they not by you?
Lenx. No, indeed, my lord.
Machiav. Infected be the air wherein they ride;
And this and all those that trusted them,—I did hear
The neighing of horses: Who was come by?
Lenx. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word.
Machiav. I must needs be in England.
Mack. Ay, my good lord.
Machiav. Time, time! anticipat' my dread ex
ploits;
The frightful purpose never is overtook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very testaments of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
to crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done.

The castle of Machiav I will surprise;
Sorcerous spells: give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babio, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
sovereign:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights. Where are these gentle
men?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Fite. A Room in Machiav's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macbeth. What had he done, to make him
by the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macbeth. He had none; His flight was madness: When our actions do not, Our fears do make us traitors. You know not, Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macbeth. What left him?—I leave his wife, to leave his
babies,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not, He wants the natural touch for the poor wretens,
The dull, submissive, of birds, wild flight.
His young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Final Scene. My dearest son,
I pray you, school yourself; Bot, for your hus
band,
He is noble, wise, judicious, an
The fix of the season. I dare no
But cruel are the times, when and
And do not know ourselves:— rumour
From what we fear, yet know not
But soar upon a wild and void
Each way, and move,—I take my
Shall not be long but I'll be here
Things at the worst will cease, up
To what they were before.—My
Blessing upon you!
L. Macbeth. Father's he is, and get
Ross. I am so much a fool, to
longer,
It would be my disgrace, and you
I take my leave at once.
L. Macbeth. Sirrah, your And what will you do now! How
Son. As heard do, mother.
L. Macbeth. We Son. With what I get, I means;
L. Macbeth. Poor hard I should be not, nor time
The pitfall, nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? I are not set for.
My father is not dead, he all goes
L. Macbeth. Yes, he is dead; he for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a
L. Macbeth. Why, I can buy me market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em too to
L. Macbeth. Those speak' it with us
With wit enough for three.
Son. Was my father a traitor, I
L. Macbeth. Ay, that he was,
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macbeth. Why, one that swears
Son. And be all traitors, that o
L. Macbeth. Every one that does and must be hanged.
L. Macbeth. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macbeth. Why, the honest me Son. Then the traitors and scoundrels for there are liars and swearers
The honest men, and hang up the Son. Now, God help thee, But how will thou do for a father Son. If he were dead, you'd if you would not, it were a go
L. Macbeth. Poor ye art to learn how
Enter a Messenger.

Murr. Bless you, fair dame! I

Though in your state of honour! I doubt, some danger does appear if you will take a homely man's He be not found here; hence, with
To fright you thus, methinks, I To do worse to you, were full o' Which is too ungrateful your person serve you I dare abide no longer.
L. Macbeth. What? I
I have done no harm. But I re
I am in this earthly world: who is often laudable; to do good, is Accounted dangerous folly: We Do I put up that woman's defen To say, I have done no harm these faces.

Enter Murderers.
Son. Where is your husband? L. Macbeth. I hope, in no place a
then may'st find him.

He's a traitor
P'd, thou shag-e'd villain.
What, you egg! [Striking him, mutterly]
He has kill'd me, mother; say you.

[Dies.

MACDUFF, crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.

A Room in the King's Palace.

MALCOLM and MACDUFF, seek out some desolate shade, for seem empty. Let us rather
mortal sword; and, like good
enrol'n birthdorn: Each new
ort; new orphans cry; new sor-
se the face, that it reminds
Scotland, and ye'll out
adore.

That I believe, I'll bear
speak, it may be so, peregrine, close sole name blusters our
this honest: you have lost't him
wh'te you? I am young: but ye,
'ter of him through me; and wis-
reck, poor, innocent lamb, angry god, no treacherous.

But Macbeth is,
ous nature may recall,
charge. But crave your pardon: as are, my thoughts cannot trans-
but still, though the brightest fell; gaal hoof would wear the brow of
I still look so.

I have lost my hopes.

no, even there, where I did find it.
ives left you wife and child; may innocents those strong knots of
making—I pray you, nouces be your dishonour, oc satires—you may be rightly

all think.

Bleed, bleed, poor country! lay thou thy bases sure,
area not check thee.—wear thou
nec'd.—Face thee well, lord;

the villain that thou think'st
pace that's in the tyrant's grasp, fast to foor.

Be not offended

in absolute fear of you.

many sinks beneath the yoke; mete; and each new day a gash
sounds: I think, withal, his head split't in my right; a gracious Englands, have I offer
stands: But, for all this, read upon the tyrant's head, my sword, yet my poor country
re time as if he had before, at more sundry ways than ever, falt succeed.

MACBETH. What should he be?

MAL. If it is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so graff'd,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my countenance's harm.

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evil, to top Macbeth.

MAL. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, snatching of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, now, in
My uprightness: your wives, your daughters,
Your manners, and your minds, could not fill up
The cinders of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would overbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Blessed inecntenance,

In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The unswerving emptiness of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But now he's yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet secure, the time you may be breed-
ing.

We have been days, there cannot be
That virtue in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed ambition, such
A stanchness avarice, that, were I young,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more having would be, a sea
To make me hunger more: that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wrath.

This avarice

Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyons to fill up your will.
Of your own owner! All the are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL. But I have none: The king-becoming

To justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Booty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several part,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

O Scotland! Scotland!

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

Fir'r to govern!

MAL. No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untainted tyrant bloody-aspectled,
When shall thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the trendless of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands uncurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal

Was a most painted king; the queen, that bore
there,

Oftentimes upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These are their reports: and their reports
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here.

MACFRIE, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, rescue'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilak Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
MACBETH.

Into his power; and modest wisdom pleads me
Peep through - unresisted haste; but God above
Dead between time and me; for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and [sits.
Unguarded mine own destruction; here adhere
The talons and blusses I laid upon myself,
For tyrants to my fortune: I am good
Unknown to women: never was Fow; therefore
Hereafter have censured what I was mine own;
At no time broke my faith: I would not betray
The devil to his fellows; and delight
To work death, though done dish: my first base speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and thy poor country's, to command;
Whether, indeed, before the full grasped
Old Siward, with ten thousand valiant men,
All reached a point, was acting forth;
Now we'll together; and the chances of good
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
And thus, with welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Mal. Well; more anon.— comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doc: ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The best array of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
The presently amended.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Mard. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil: the means miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How do solicit heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visiteth peo-
ple,
All alike and ulcers, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The full benefit of. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy:
And his blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

[Enter ROSS.

Ross. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Mard. My ever-true country, welcome hither.
Ross. If I knew him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Mard. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Also, poor country!

Mal. Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seem to smile;
Where all things groan, and shrieks that rend the
air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knee
Is there scarce tak'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or are they taken. O, relation,

Mal. Too nice, and yet too true! Thank the heavens! What is the newest grief?
Ross. That of an heir's age doth kiss the
sewer;
Each minute seems a new one.

Mal. How does my wife?
ACT V.

Dunsnow, A Room in the Castle,  

Scene 1. A room in the castle, and a sitting room.

The two nights which I have been in your company, I have not slept a wink, and my mind is so agitated that I cannot think straight.

MACBETH, a page, and a orderly.

So I have been sleeping, but I have also been thinking. What is the matter with me? Why am I so restless? What is the reason for this sudden change in my behavior?

The King of Scotland, and myself: my thoughts are with him; if he escapes, shall I be safe?

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MACBETH.

Pour not, Macbeth; nor yield to passion.

Near not. (Dear, dear, dear."

Shall never rest with thee."

Tablet, the English speeches.

Nor yield to passion."

Black, thou cream-scar'd lick.

Where goest thou?"

Tis not needed yet,

Tell me, what is your gracious pleasure?"

Tis not needed yet,

He is not sick, my lord; for she is strong in her mind, and careareth not for any thing but the even settling of a case in her son's head."

Tis not needed yet,

Hast thou not a mind to be silent?"

Shall never rest with thee."

Shall never rest with thee:"n our heads, and the heart I bear, Shall never rest with thee."

Shall never rest with thee."

Shall never rest with thee."

Shall never rest with thee."

Shall never rest with thee."
MACBETH 299

By this great clatter, one of greatest noot
Seems bruised: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

Enter MAGNO and old SIKIARD.
Sik. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd.
The Tyrians' people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mac. We have met with few
This strike beside his.
Sik. Enter, sir, the castle.

Re-enter MAGNO.
Mach. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gathers
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACNO.
Mach. Turn, hel-hound, turn.
Mach. Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Mach. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; then bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!
[They fight.
Mach. Then speak't.
Mach. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gage of the time.
We'll have thee, as our racer monsters are,
Paliated upon a pole; and underwrite,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Mach. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabbler's curse.
Though Birnham wood be come to Dunsinane,
And then opprest, being of so much born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And dam'd be him that first cries, Halt, enough.
[Exeunt. Fighting.

MACNATH, FLOWORTH, RE-ENTER, with Dreme and CIVANTS.
MACNO, old SIKIARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGLIS, CASTLENC, MENTEO, and Soldiers.
Mach. I would, the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd.
Sik. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mach. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldiers'
death;
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
in the unlashing station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Sik. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field; your
cause of sorrow
Must not be measurd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sik. Had he his hate before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Mach. Why then, God's soldier be he
Hath as many sons as I have hairs,
MACBETH.

I would not wish them to a falser death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mac. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sao. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACKUPT, with MACBETH's Head on a Pole.

Macd. Hall, king! for so thou art! Behold,
where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free;
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salvation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire shone with mine.—
Hall, king of Scotland!

Ali. King of Scotland, hall!

[Flourish.

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, his Son; afterwards King Henry III.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.
WILLIAM MARSHALL, Earl of Pembroke.
WILLIAM LONGSWORTH, Earl of Salisbury.
HUBERT BOYSE, Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his Half-brother, Bastard Son to King Richard the First.
JAMES GASKET, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER OF POINSFRET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PAULINUS, the Pope’s Legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHASILLON, Ambassador from France to John.
ELINOR, the Widow of King Henry II. and 1 of King John.
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.
BLANCHE, Daughter to Alphonso, King of G and Nicolle, King John.
LAURE FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Duke Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, British raids, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton.

EAST KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SADLY, and others, with CHASILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chasillon, what would France with us?

Chas. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France.

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

FLourish. We shall not spend a long upon time.

Before we reckon with your several hosts,
And make us even with you. By many
kissers,
Henceforth be ears, the first that can be,
in such an honour nam'd. What's more?
Which would be planted newly with the
As calling home our exiled friends should.

That feed the staves of watchful trumpet
Producing forth the cruel missiles
Of this dead butcher, and his brother.
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and visitors,
Took off her life—This, and that must
That calls upon us, by the grace of God.
We will perform in measure, time, and
So thanks to all at once, and to each one
Whom we invite to see us covered to the

[Flourish.]
If old Sir Robert did keep us both,
And were our father, and this son like him!--
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven
Lent thee here!
Edw. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue after him;
Do you not see some token of that lion
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What dost move you to claim your brother's land?
Bart. Because he hath a half-face, like my father:
With this half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced great five hundred pound a year:
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much:
Bart. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother:
And once despatch'd him in all embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor.
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence was thus:
And in the mean time sojourne'd at my father's:
Where he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of was and shows
Between my father and my mother lay
As I have heard my father speak himself,
And this same justly gentleman did ever;
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took to, on his death,
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before his course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how is my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, noble friend, your father and I have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might have; if he were my brother,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, release him: This concludes,—
My mother's son did get you by his wife
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?—
Bart. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Edw. Whether hadst thou rather, be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and so land beside?—
Bart. Madam, no, if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were not so walking-rod'd,
My arms such eel-skin's stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a girdle;
Least men should say, Look, where three furthings
End.
And to, his shape, were heir to all this land;
Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it if every fool to have this face;
I would not be Sir Rob in any case.
Edw. I like thee well; wilt then forsake thy kindred?
Bart. Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me:
I am a knight, and, now he is out of it,
I would not be Sir Rob in any case.
Bart. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
D D
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year; yet sell your face for five pence, and 's stirr -
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eliz. Nay, I would have you go before me thicker.

Bast. Our country manners give our better way.

KNEEL. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my kinsman; so is my name began; Philip, good Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

Kneel. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou hearst.

Kneel down thou, Philip, but arise more great:

All. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

Kneel. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;

My name's desconceal honour, yours gave land:

Now blessed be the hour by night or day, When I was granted Sir Robert was away.

Edw. The very spirit of Plantagenet! -
I am thy kinsman, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Avoid my chance, but not by truth!

What though!

Something about, a little from the right,

In the window, or else o'er the hatch;

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am, however I was begot.

Kneel. John. God, Furneborhidge: now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.-

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed.

For thou wast got 'tway the way of honesty,

Even all but the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady; -

Good day, Sir Richard: God-a-mercy, fllies;

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For now a good honour doth forget men's names; 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion. Now your traveller;

He and his toothpick at my worship's mee;

And when my knighthood is suffic'd;

With seven or eight teeth, and car-which;

My picked man of countries: -

My dear sir (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin).

I should have now, what is now question.

And then comes answer like an A.B.C. book:

O say, fair water, at your best command;

At your employment; at your service sir.

No, sir, says question, I, master, at yours:

And a true answer knows what question would

(Saving in dialogue of complements;

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po),

It draw towards supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time;

That doth not smack of observation;

And so am I, whether I smack, or no;

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;

Which, though it will not practise to deceive,

Yet, even the meanest, I mean to learn;

For it shall strewe the footsteps of my rising;

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before

Kneel. EDWARD FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GUNNEY. -

O me! is it my mother? -

What now, good lady? What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, -

Where is he, that holds in chase mine honour!

Bast. My brother Robert old Sir Robert, old Sir Colbran the giant, that same Sir is Sir Robert's son, that you see. Sir Robert's son! and a good boy,

Robert son! Why soun't ye be

He is Sir Robert's son; and so I say.

Bast. James Gurney, with thee awhile!

Our Lord, good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip,-

There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert; Sir Robert might have beat me. Upon good Friday, and on all Sir Robert could do well; Marry, could he get me! Sir Robert not.

We know his handy-work by the mother.

To whom am I beholden for thee

Sir Robert never help to make me. Lady F. Has thou conspired with me too?

That for thine own grace shouldst thou not honor?

What means this scour, thou art thy knife?

Bast. Knight, knight, good man and co-like;

What am I stubb'd; I have it on,

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert I have discam'n'd Sir Robert, and Legitimation, name, and all is gone; then, good my mother, let me see

Some proper man, I hope; Who am

Lady F. Hast thou denied thy bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I饮料 the lady F. King Richard Coeur-de-

father;

By long and vehement suit I was

To make room for him in my nest.

Heaven, lay not my transgression:

Thou art the issue of my dear off

Which was so strongly urg'd, past

Bast. Now, by this light, were I

Madam, I would not wish a better

Some sins do bear their privilege,

And so do yours; your fault was

Ned a must not be subjected to commanding

Against whose fury and unmatchable

The awakery could not be prepossessed

Nor keep his princely heart from the

He, that perfurce roses lions of the

May easily win a woman's heart.

Ay, with all my heart I thank thee for

Who lives and dares but say, thou

When was I got, I'll send his soul

Lady, I will show thee to

And they shall say, when Riches

If thou hasted him say him, it had

Who says it was, he lies; I say

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. Before the Wood.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke's Forces; on the other, Philip, Kl, and Forces; Lawis, Constance, Attendants.

Leo. Before Angiers well met, be Arthur, that great forerunner of the Richard, that robb'd the lion of his

And fought the holy wars in Pale
KING JOHN.

Some early to his grave,
As posterity,
Other is he come,
Boy, to thy behalf;
Preparation
W, English John:
Him, give him welcome
Agree you Cœur-de-lion's
Give his offspring life,
Under your wing:
Eyes a powerless brand,
Of anstained love;
Silent to this, duke.
Who would not do the
Seek lay I this Jealous kiss,
Are of my love;
If, that white-faced shore,
These scenes bearing rides,
Clouds her islands,
Hid in the main,
Swark, still secure
Omnipotence,
Corner of the vast
Ask then, fair boy,
Her fellow arms;
Other who's a widow's
She shall help to give him
Deal to your love,
Heaven is theirs, that lift
Suitable war.
To work; our cannon shall
This ruling town,
Men of discipline,
Our advantage;
Now our royal bones,
In Frenchmen's blood,
Subject to this boy,
Answer to your embassy,
In your words with blood;
By from England bring
Here where we argue in war;
Each drop of blood,
Indirectly shed.

CHARLTON.

Lady—be upon thy wish, thou art ravished—
By briers, gentle lord,
Here, Charlton, speak,
Our forces from this paucity
Just a mightier task,
If your just demands,
For the adverse winds,
Told, have given him time
I as soon as I
In the town,
Covert, within the town,
The mother, queen,
In blood and strife;
Lady Blanch of Spain;
If the king descended;
Amones of the land—
Very voluntaries,
These men of spears,
As at their native homes;
Broadly on their backs,
New fortunes here.
Of deadliness spirits,
Over the swelling tide,
In Christwood.

Our chariots drawn
[Drum beat.]
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Ed. Come to thy grandsam, child.

Count. Do, child, go to it: grandsam, child;
Give grandsam kingdom, and it' grandsam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a dig:
There's a good grandsam.

Ard. Good my mother, peace! I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Ed. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Count. Now shame upon you, who's she does or no!

His grandsam's wrongs, and not his mother's
Shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Ed. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Count. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominions, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's
son,
Inferior in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

E. John. Bedlam, have done.

I have but this to say—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plagues, her sin; his injury
Had been disabled, and a
For bloody power to rush on;
But, on the sight of us, you
Who painfully, with much
Have brought a constercher to
To save unscratch'd you
checks.
Behold, the French, amaz'd
And now, instead of bullets
To make a shaking fever in
They shoot but calm rounds,
To make a faultless error in
Which trust accordingly, sir
And let us in, your king;
For wardens in this union
Crave harborage within p

E. Phil. When I surveyed
both.

Lo, in this right hand, who
Is most divinely vouch'd up
Of him it holds, stands you
Son to the elder brother of
And king o'er him, and all
For this down trodden o
In warlike march these guns
Bring me further easeassy to
Than the constraint of him
In the relief of this oppress
Religiously preaches, the
To pay that duty, which is
To him that owns it; sum'd
And then our arms, like to
Save in aspect, have all of
Our cannon's mutually yield
Against the invaluable of
And, with a blessed end as
With animal's sword's, a
brave's,
We will bear home that in
Which here we came to see
And leave your children, peace.

But if you fondly pass our
KING JOHN.

One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even.
We hold our town for neither; yet for both,
Then, at one side, KING JOHN, with his Power;
ELISAY, BLANCH, and the Berjard; at the other,
KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIE, and FORGE.

K. John. France, hast thou more blood to
drink?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment, Shall leave his native channel, and o'erwhelm With course disorder'd even thy confining shores; Unless thou let thy silver water keep A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Philip. Thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more we of France; Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear, That sways the earth this climate overthrows. Before we will lay down our just borne arms, We'll push them down, 'gust whom these arms we bear.

Or add a royal number to the dead; Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss, With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Hurra! Hurra! how high by high tower?
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire?
O, now both death line his dead change with steel; The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his wings; And now he feasts, mongst the flesh of men, In undetermined differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field;
You equal potent, sordid kindred spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's victory; till them, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townspeople yet admire?
K. Philip. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king!

1 Cor. The king of England, when we knew the king.
K. Philip. Know in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. That are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cor. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be unbounded, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong barri'd gates; King'd of our fears; until our fears resold'd.
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scruples of Angiers
flow you, kings;
And stand secretly on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gaze and point
At your inductions scene and acts of death.
Your royal presence be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem;
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town;
By east and west I west France and England mount
Their battle on his cannon, charged to the mouthing
Till their soul-fearing clamours have drawne down
The fiery ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Evel till increased discontent
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, discover your united strengths,
And part your mistred colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall roll forth
Out of one side her happy mansion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious commission.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that banes above
our heads,
KING JOHN.

I like it well;—France, shall we knot our powers,
And lay this Angliæ even with the ground;
Thou dost adjure thee to be king of it?
\textit{Bast.} An if thou hast the mantle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town.

Turn thou the month of thy artillery,
At well our, not these saxy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.
\textit{K. John.} Dost thou say so?—Say, where will you astonish

\textit{K. John.} We from the west will send destre.

Into this city's bosom.

\textit{K. Philip.} Our samples from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

\textit{Bast.} The student disciplin from north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's month;

\textit{M.} I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away,
I am your son; great kings vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd leaguer;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to live in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field;
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.
\textit{K. Philip.} All is now in hand, on, with favour, we are best to hear.

\textit{K. John.} That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanche,
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewisham, Dauphin, and that lovely maid;
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should be find it fairer than in Blanche?
If scowling love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanche?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not come, O say, he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Let to be finished by such a she:
And she again a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do wash the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made

Two such controlling bounds shall you be,
kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates: for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce.
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confounded, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so perturbate,
As do keep this city.

\textit{Bast.} Here's a stay,
That shak's the rotten carcass of old death.
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As madis of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannont broght this lusty blood?
\textit{He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounces:}

He gives the bastions with his bow.
Our cannon are caged; yet not a sound.
If you have but brought of this match
Since I first call'd my brother's line
\textit{Edw.} bow, list to this conjunction:

Give me a dgest and enemy;
For by this knot thou shalt be snared.
Thy now unseen assurance to me.
That you green bow may have success.
The bloom that promiseth a nobody
Is a reposing mark, how they whisper: up

Are capable of this ambition:
Last seal, now melted, by the wind
Of soft petitions, and cool and cunning again to wait it.
\textit{K. Philip.} Why answer not the dead?

This friendly truce which I have
\textit{K. Philip.} Speak England first, the other.

To speak unto this city:—What say
\textit{K. John.} If that the Dauphin there,
Can in this book of beauty read,
Her dear shall worth equal weigh
For Anjou, and fair Tournay, Mall
And all that we upon this side the

\textit{Edw.} Except the city of London.
Find liable to our crown and dignity
Shall gird her bridled head; and clad her

In titles, honours, and promotion.
As she in beauty, education, bliss
Holds hand with any princess of
\textit{K. Philip.} What say'th thou, boy

\textit{K. John.} That the Dauphin there,

Lest seal, now melted, by the wind
Of soft petitions, and cool and cunning again to wait it

\textit{K. Philip.} Yes, what answer not the dead?

This friendly truce which I have
\textit{K. Philip.} Speak England first, the other.

To speak unto this city:—What say
\textit{K. John.} If that the Dauphin there,

Lest seal, now melted, by the wind
Of soft petitions, and cool and cunning again to wait it

\textit{K. Philip.} Yes, what answer not the dead?

This friendly truce which I have
\textit{K. Philip.} Speak England first, the other.

To speak unto this city:—What say
\textit{K. John.} If that the Dauphin there,
KING JOHN.

ACT III.

SCENE II. The same. The French King’s Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married! gone to swear a false oath!

Sal. False blood to false blood join’d! Gone to be friends!

Con. Shall Lewis have Blanche and Blanche those provinces?

Sal. It is not we, thou hast mispronounced, misheard; be well advis’d, tell o’er thy tale again; it cannot be; thou dost but say, ’tis so; I trust, I do not trust thee; for I have a king’s oath to the contrary. Thou shalt be punished for this frightening me; for I am sick, and capable of no opposition; I am weak, and therefore fall.

Con. A widow, husbandless, subject to tears; a woman, naturally born to tears; and though thou now content, thou didst but jest.

Sal. With my vex’d spirits I cannot take a truce, but they will quail and tremble all this life. What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head? Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? What means that hand upon that breast of thine? Why holds thou eye that lamentable rheum, like a proud river peering o’er his bounds? Be these and signs confirmers of thy words? Thou speakest again; not all thy former tale; but this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Con. As true, as I, believe, thou thinkest it false.

Sal. That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow, teach thosethis sorrow how to make me die; and let belief and life encounter so.

Sal. As doth the fury of two desperate men. Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.

Con. Lewis marry Blanche! O, boy, thou word then art thou! France frieze with England! what becomes of me?

Sal. Fellow, he gone; I cannot break thy sight; this news hath made thee a most ugly man. Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done, but spoke the bane that is by others done?

Con. Which harm within itself so lesions is, as it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arthur. I do beheve you, madam, your content. Con. If thou, that bidst me be content, were grim.

Sal. Ugly, and undaunted to thy mother’s womb, full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains; Lauer, foolish, crooked, swift, predictions. Patch’d with foul moles, and eye-offending marks.

Sal. It would not care, I then would be content; for then I should not love thee; no, nor thou, because thou hast birth, nor dost any crown. But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy! Nature and fortune joint’d to make thee great. Nature’s gifts thou mayst with likes boast, and with the half-blonde rose; but fortune, O! She is compos’d of chance, and won from thee; she adorns hourly with thy name John; and with her golden hand hath plac’d thine on France.

Con. To tread down fair respect of sovereignty, and make his majesty the hewer to thine. France is a hand to fortune, and King John that sumptuous fortune, that usurping John—Tell me, that fellow, is not France thine today? Enrave him with words; or get thee gone, and leave those wars alone, which I abhor.

Con. Am bound to under-bear,
KING JOHN.

Sal. Parson me, madam, I may not go without you to the king.

Cost. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrowers to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes an own estate.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, and kings come bow to it.
[She throws herself on the ground.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, BERNARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Cost. A wicked day, and not a holyday:—[Rising.

What hath this day deserved? what hath it done?
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, peril:
If I must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Leat that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But on this day, let women fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begin to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not purred'd me on my majesty?

Cost. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd,
And tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours;
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace;
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Aris, arm, ye heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let the doers of this anguily day:
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed disorder 'twist these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace, peace;
Cost. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymognes! O Austria! thou dost shame
That blunder's self; Thou showest there is

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, within this life.

Cost. And hang a calf's-skull on thine limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate pope;
To thee, King John, my holy erewd I Pandulf, of fair Mitan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate:
Do, in his name, religious duty:
Why thou against the church, our Lord,
So willfully dost spurn; and, hence to
Keep Stephen Langton, choses and
Of Canterbury, from that holy seat.
This, in our 'twearld body faithful as
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
A. John. What earthly name is thine
Can task the free breath of a sacred
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a
So snaight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the
Tell him this tale: and from the men
Add thus much more.—That no and
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme
So under him, that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will assume
Without the assistance of a mortal b
So tell the pope: all twrence set a
To him and his aenery'd authority.
A. Phil. By brother of England, you
In this.
K. John, Though you, and all th
Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling
Drauling the curse that money may
And, by the merit of vile gold, drown
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man
Who, in that act, sells pardon from
Though you do, you do.
And this juggling witchcraft with re
Yet I, alone, alone do oppose
Against the pope, and count his fri
Pand. Then, by the lawful power
Thou shalt and must.
And blessed shall be he, that doth
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And moreover shall that hand be
Caimonied, and worship'd as a saint
That takes away by any secret course
That hateful life.

Cost. O, lawful let it
That I have room with Rome to one
Good father cardinal, cry thou, and

Aust. Phil. Though thou knowest not from me

KING JOHN.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith?

And, like a civil war, setst oath to oath,

Thy teaching against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven performed.

That's, to be the champion of our church!

What once thou swarest, is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself.

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss, is not amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better act of purposes mak' est it.

Is, to mistake again: though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cares; as fire cools fire,

Within the searched veins of one new born'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows a kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion;

By what thou swarest, against the thing thou swarest;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath. The truth thou art amiss
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn:

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.

Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,

Is in thy self-rebellion to thyself;

And better conquest never cast thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against those giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou wouldest them: but, if not, then know,

The peril of our courses light on thee;

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off.

But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Ass. Rebellion! I flat rebellion!

Bass. Will it not be?

Will not a calf'skin stop that mouth of thine?

Law. Father, to arms.

Blanche. Upon thy wedding day!

Against the blood that thou hast married

What shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud clarioned drums

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, slack! how new is husband as my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce.

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Cous. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Then virtuous Damphir, alter not the doom

Forcethought by heaven.

Blanche. Now shall I see thy love; what motive

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Cous. That which upholdeth him that thee upholdeth.

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine hon-our.

Law. I accuse, your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respect doth pull you on.

Pand. I will demur to this, whereof I protest.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall on thee.

Cous. O fair return of banish'd majesty! Etc. O foul revolt of French insubordination!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour:

Best. O, the clock-teller, that bold sexton,

It is as he wills: well then, France shall rue:

Blanche. The sun's alreadie with blood: Fair day, adieu!
KING JOHN.

Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am not both: such an army hath a head;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They will assault, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandmother, I will not wish thy wish to thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured loss, before the month be past.
Low, Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
Bless'd! There where my fortune lives, there

K. John. Cousin, go draw our parliaments together.
[Exit Bastard.
France, I am burn'd up with insulting wrath; A rage, whose heat hath this condition, That, worse than alay, nothing but blood, The blood, and dearest vessel's blood, of France.
K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shall burn.
To take, ere our blood shall quench that fire: Lean, for thyself, those arms in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he doth those arms. —To arms, let's be!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Please near Angiers.
Alarums; Excorious. Enter the Bastard, with France.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows worse.
Some airy devil boxes in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.
K. John. Hubert, keep this boy: —Philip, make
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And taken, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescue her;
Her heightness is in safety, fear you not; But on my life: for very little pains Will bring this labour to an happy end.

SCENE III. The same.
Alarums; Excorious. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Low.
K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay
[To Elinor.
So strongly guarded. —Cousin, look not sad.
[To Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will As dear to be thee as thy father was.
Arise; this will make my mother die with grief.
K. John. Cousin [To the Bastard], away for
[Exit Bastard.
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags Of hoarding boards: imprisoned angels Set them at liberty: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed upon;
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back:
When gold and silver beck on me to come on.
I leave your highness; —Grandam, I will pray (If ever I remember to be holy) For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.
Edw. Farewell, my gentle cousin.
K. Phi. Con, farewell.
[Exeunt Elinor, Arthur, and Low.
K. John. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[She takes ARTHUR aside.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle

Hubert.
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh I have to a soul counsel thee thy creditor, And with advantage means to pay thy love;

And, my good friend, thy voluntary.
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished
Give me thy hand. —I had not time But I will fit it with some better trim
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost on
To say what good respect I have for thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your
K. John. Good friend, thou hast a
say yet;
But thou shall have and command me.
Yet it shall come, for me to do the
I had a thing to say. —But let it go:
The sun is in the heavens, and the
Attendéd with the pleasures of the
Is all too soon, and too full of
To give me audience —If the noble
Did with his iron tongue, and breath
Sound one unto the grovying face of
If this same were a churchyard and
Then possessed with a thousand
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it
[Which, twins, run tickling up on

Hab. Making that idiot, laughter, keep it
And strain their cheeks to idle tune:
A passion hateful to my purpose;
Or if that thou couldst not see me well,
Hear me without thine ears, and as
Without a tongue, using conceal
Without eyes, ears, and tongue seen then,
In despite of brooded watch
I would into thy bosom pour my
But ah! I will not let thee
And, by my truth, I think thou lovest
So, well, that what you bid me
Thou that my death were all
By heaven, I'ld do.
K. John. Do I not know, the
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, the
On the young boy; I'll tell thee who
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, whereasof this host of mine
He lies before me: David and
Then art his keeper.

K. John. And I will
That be shall not offend your majesty.
Hab. My lord?
Hab. Why, sir?
K. John. I could be merry now: Hubert, I
Well, I'll not do what I intend to remember. —Madam, dare you?
I'll send those powers to
My blessing go with thee?
K. John. Sir, for Hubert shall be your man, trusted
With all true duty. —Onward!

SCENE IV. The same. The French.
Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AND ATTENDANTS.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring temper
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and dispersed.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all well.
K. Phi. What can go well, we run so ill?
Are we not nearer? is not Angler
Arthur'te'en prisoners divers near
And bloody Englands into England
Overbearing interruption, splice up?
Low. What hath he won, that both
So lost a speed with such a tempest
Such temperate order in so few;
Both want example; who both go
Of any kindred action like to this?
KING JOHN.

"O, sir, I thought that England had a better pattern of our shame."

"O, Constance!
леаr" a grave unto a soul;
it spirit, against her will,
of afflicted breath:
 ее away with me.

"I now see the issue of your
 My lady! I comfort, gentle
 I all counsel, all redress, is all counsel, true redress, amiable lovely death!"un conch of lasting night,
or to prosperity,
detestable bonds;
 its in thy vanity brows;
upers is thy household
 of breath with fulsome dress,

and I will think thou smil'st, thy
Miserable's love,
O fair affliction, peace.
I will not, having breath to
wees in the thunder's mouth.

"If we would shake the world
My lady's feeble voice,
   doth invocation.

and not out
not holy to be his me so;
   is hair I tear it mine;

once: I was Jeffrey's wife;
ye son, and he is lost;
  would to heaven, I were!
   I should forget myself.

I am a grief should I forget!

   enough to make me mad,
cannot, cardinal;

but sensible of grief,
   it produces reason

vivifies of these woes,
   him or hang myself:

should forget my son;
   the bones were he:
    so well, too well I feel
m of each calamity.
     those treasures; O, what love
ide of those her hairs! a

a silver drop hath fallen,

three thousand wry friends

in sociable grief;
   whole, faithful loves,
   in calamity.
   and, if you will.

I will; and wherefore will

their bonds; and cried aloud,

would we redeem my son, this

their liberty,

unmit them to their bonds,

child is a child -
   I have heard you say,
   and know our friends in head-

shall see my boy again;

the best, the best, the noblest child.

at yesterday's supper,

is a gracious creature borne.

sorrow eat my sad

live beauty from his cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;

As dim and meagre as an age's fit;

And so he'll die; and, ruing so again,

When I shall meet him in the court of heaven

I shall not know him; therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too licentious a respect of grief.

Con. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child.

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

I put on his looks, repairs his house;

Remember me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Pare you well; had you such a loss as I,

I could get better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Stripping off his head-dress.

When there is such disorder in my wit.

On lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow's-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

[Exeunt.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exeunt.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Veiling the dull ear of a drowsy man;

And bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste.

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost.

In this which he accounts so dearly won;

Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rabb,

Out of the path which shall disturb such thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, black.

John hath scald'd Arthur; and it cannot be,

That, whilest warm life plays in that infant's veins,

The displeas'd John should entertain an hour

One minute, say, one quiet breath of rest! a

A seerople, snatch'd with an uneasy band,

Must be as hoisterously maintain'd as girded;

And be, that stands upon a slipper's toe,

Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up;

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did,

Lew. And I, like him, live, and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!

John lays upon plots; the times conspire with you;

For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,

Shall find his bloody safety, and survive.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
KING JOHN.

That none so small advantage shall stop forth, To check his rage, but they will cherish it; No natural emulation in the sky, No mercenary, no discontented day, No common wind, no customed storm, But they will peck away his natural combe, And call them motives, pretences, and signs, Abstrusive, prouche, and tongues of heavens, Finally descending vengeance upon John. Law, may be, he will not touch young Arthur's life.

But hold himself safe in his imprisonmeent.

Fend. O, sir, when he shall bear of your appre-

If that young Arthur he go not already,

then the hearts of his whole race shall revolt from him,

And him the lips of unexcited change;

And pack strong matter of revolt, and wreck,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hardly all on foot;

And O, will better mother breeds for you,

Than I have seen'd—The bastard Fastolf-bright.

Is now in England, ransacking the churches,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow, turbid and white,

A snow becomes a mountain. O noble Despina,

Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,

What may be wrought out of their discontent;

Now that their souls are toppled of offence,

For England go; I will whet on the king.

Young reasons make strong motions;

Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hub. Hear me these iron's hot: and look thou stand

With the arms: when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:

And, as I have a boy, which you shall find with me,

Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

I Amphi. I hope, your warrant will bear out

Hub. Uninterably scrape! Fear not you; look

[Exeunt Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow; Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title

To be more prince), as may be. — You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been married.

Arth. Mercy on me! Methinks nobody should be sad but I!

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I do not.

My uncle practices more harm to me:

Hair of head of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, let's not; And I would to heaven,

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will make my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

[Aside.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert! I you look pale

On day: In search, I would see you.

Hub. [Aside.] O, I love Hubert, I love him.

Read here, young Arthur;

Turn off discourse to this,

Get out, and make eyes, for I say

Can you not read it in his eye?

Must you with hot beseas

[Read to Arthur.

Hub. Young boy! Young Arbuthnot.

Arth. What say you that?

Hub. Madam. Have you the heart but also

I tell my love's widow.

[The boy, in a passion.

Or, what good love may I

Many a poor man's son be

And never have made a

But you at your side say

That I may think may

And call it coming:

If heaven be pleased their

Why, then you must—his

[Hubert shews them the eyes

That these eyes, that never did

So much as brown on you,

[Read to Arth.

And wit hot iron made it

Arth. Ah, none, but let

Do it!

The iron of itself, though I

Approaching near these eyes

And queen his fiery look.

Even in the matter of mine

Nay, after that, consume it.

But for containing fire to

Are you here with whom is a

iron?

An if an angel should have

And told me, Hubert shews me

I would not have believed

[Read to Arth.

Hub. Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, and

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert are out,

Even with the force looks

Give me the iron, here,

Arth. Alas! what need? rough?

I will not struggle, I will

For heaven's sake, Hubert, Nay, hear me, Hubert do

I will sit as quiet as a

Nor look upon the leun me

Thrust but these men since

Whatever torment you do

Arth. Go, stand within this

I Amphi. I am best pleased

Arth. Alas! I then have a

He hath a stern look, but

Let him come back, that it

Give life to your

Hub. Come, be
KING JOHN.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told:
And, in the last repeating, troublous,
Being urged at a time unreasonable.

Sad. In this, the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to pitch about:
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, offendance, excusing of a fault.
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discreditable, in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sad. To this effect, before you were new-
crown'd,
We breathe'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To overhear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation,
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong:
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear),
I shall induce you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, 'tis not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant your requests.

Pem. Then I (as one that am the tongue of these,
To round the purposes of all their hearts),
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which my self and them
Bend their best studies), heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
To break into this dangerous argument—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong), should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to close his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich privilege of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Thou whose right to our weal, on thee depending,
Counts it thy weal, be he his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
Enter Hiberny.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed.
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do feearfully believe, 'tis done.

Sad. What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sad. The colour of the kingly doom came and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so rife, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue strange.


K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand!

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night:
E E
SOL. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Par. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
SOL. It is a present soul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Par. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which o'er the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[Exeunt Lords.

K. John. Thy burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sore foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood, That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather;—How goes it all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such news.

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land?
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk!
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And not the sight of it.

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stop'd with dust; the first of April, died
Young Public mother; And, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
This day before, but this is rumour's tongue
I fully heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speech, dreadful occa-
sion.
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My most treasured peer!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France?
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here!

Mrs. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these tidings.—Now, what say the world
To you proceedings? I do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be sordid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unhinder'd, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Abot the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have spend among the clergy men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantastical
Possess'd with rumour, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundred's treading on his heels;

To whom he sung in his rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension
Your highness should deliver us.
K. John. Thine idle dreams, than so?

Perc. Foreknowing that this out.
K. John. Hubert, away with him;
And on that day at noon, when
I shall yield up my crown, let
Deliver him to safety, and run
For I must see thee.—O my god,
Lest this Hearst the news abroad, 

Bast. The French, my lord
Are all of it.

Besides, I met Lord Bigot, my
With eyes as red as blood
And others more, going to seek Of Arthur, who, they say, is
On your superior.

K. John. Greatly!
And thrust thyself into their midst
I have a way to win their love
Bring them before me.

Bast. will
K. John. Nay, but make a
foot before.
O, let me have no subject e'en
When adverse foreigners affer
With dreadful pomp of most:
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy
And fly, like thought, from the
Bast. The spirit of the time
K. John. Spoke like a spirit
—
Go after him; for he, perhaps
Some messenger betwixt me and
And be thou my

Mess. With all my heart,
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUB.

Hub. My lord, they say, five
Four fixed; and the fifth die
The other fours, in wondrous
K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men, and bend;
Do prophyry upon they
Young Arthur's death is e'er
And when they talk of him,
Hearts,
And whisper one another in th
And he, that speaks, doth
Whilst he, that bears, makes ft
With wrinkled brows, with

I saw a smith stand with his
The whilst his iron did on the
With upon mouth swallowing:
Who, with his shears and men
Standing upon slipsers (which he
Had falsely thrust upon contra
Told of a many thousand wart
That were embattail'd and
Another lean unassw'd artifer
Cuts of his tale, and talks of
K. John. Why seek'st thou to

Why urgest thou so off young
Thy hand hath murder'd him
cause:
To wish him dead, but thou hast

Hub. Had none, my lord! w
provokes me!
KING JOHN.

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curse of kings to be attended their honours for a warrant a bloody house of life:
Of authority, or to know the meaning only, when, perchance, it
than advised, regard, and seal for what I did, the last account twisty heart
shall this hand and seal to damnation: I mean to do ill deeds:
Hasten thou not bea good, of nature marked,
he do a deed of shame, O come into my mind: thy words will signify,
bleeding vileness, based to his death: cursed to a king,
be to destroy a prince.

on but shook thy hand, or
what I purposed;
said upon my face,
tale in open words;
suck me bane, made me
might have wrought fears
stand by me, by signs, pain, by words,
placed to thrice, thy rude hand to set
our tongue's held vile to
never see me more!
and my state is bra', th;
 ranks of foreign powers;
this boldly land,
lines of blood and breath,
small reigns
see, and my counsel, death,
your enemies, touch your soul and you;
this hand of mine
an innocent hand,
merits spots of blood,
never end'd yet
and of a most virtuous though, n't nature in my form;
but exteriors,
slower mind
if an innocent child,
her live? Oh haste thee
their incensed rage,
their obedience!
that my passion made
any rage was blind,
trees of blood
hides men than thou art.
my closet being
is all expedient haste;
early; run more fast.

[Exeunt.

next. Before the Castle.
c, or in the Woods.
high; and yet will I leap
fail, and but me not,
do I know; if they did,
ty haste dignis'd me
I'll venture the
not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away.
As good to die, and go, as she, and stay.

O me! my uncle's spirit is to these stores:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my home?

[Exit.

Satt. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Ed-
mund's-Bury: it is our care, and we must embrace
this gentle offer of the precious time.

Pem. But what brought that letter from the car-
dinal?

Satt. The Count Melan, a noble lord of France;
Whose person was with me, of the most force,
and much more general than these lines import.

Bis. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Satt. Or, rather then set forward: for I will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ever we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, disem-
pair'd lords;

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Satt. The king hath despoil'd himself of us;
We will not fine his thin bestroid cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks;

Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bis. Wanta're you think, good words, I
think, were best.

Pem. [aside.

Our griefs, and our manners, reason

Bis. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, t'other reason, you had moments now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Bis. Y'self: to burst his master, no man else.

Satt. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[seeing Arthur,

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty!
The earth but a hole to hide this deed.

Satt. Murder, as bustling what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Bis. Or, when he doth this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave,

Satt. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you
behind.

Or have you read, or heard or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do sect could thought, without this object

Form such another? This is the very top,
The bright, the crest, or crest, to be crest,
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagry, the vilest stroke,
That ever well'sd worth, or staining rage,
Presented to the ears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders punish'd have it in this; And this, so sole, and so unmistakable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unknown sin of times,
And prove a deadly bloodshod but a jest,
Example by this banitious specter.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
That it be the work of any Christian's love.

Satt. If that it be the work of any hand—I

We had a kind of flight, what would cause;
It is the shamefull work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Knowing before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The insane of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have a glory to this band.

By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Bis. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

The Plays of Shakespeare: The Tragedy of King John, Act 5, Scene 5.
KING JOHN.

Enter BERTRAND.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sat. O, he is bold and blushes not at death:—
A vaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!—
Hub. I am no villain.
Sat. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.
Ber. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sat. Not till I death it in a murderer’s skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say.
By heaven, I think, my sword’s as sharp as yours—
I would not have you, lord, forge yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, doughty! don’t thou brave a noblemain!
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sat. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe’er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pym. Cut him to pieces.
Ber. Keep the peace, I say.
Sat. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Ber. Thou wert better defend the devil, Salisbury.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy brawny spleen to do me shame,
I’ll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword hence;
Or I’ll so man you and your tantalising iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer!
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill’d this prince?
Hub. ‘Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour’d him, I lov’d him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life’s loss.
Sat. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rhenum.
And long, long claded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, away, all you, whose souls shooth
The uncleansely savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stilled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Berry, to the Dauphin there!
Hub. Here, tell the king, he may inquire me out.
[Exit Lords.
Ber. Here’s a good work!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn’d, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Ber. Ha! I’ll tell thee what;
Thou art damn’d as black—noy, nothing is so black.
Hub. Art more deep damn’d than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a tend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul—
Big. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou wast a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twitted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A burning tongue thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, counten, or do,
Be guilty of that; felicity
Which was embraced in life to be lost
Let hell want palmas enough to eat,
I left him weal.
Ber. Go, here him—
I am aman’th, merknakes; but let
Among the thorns and darts of
How easy dost thou to all day
From this forth mores of and
The life, the right, and truth of it is
Is the death.
To tug and scramble, and to put
The saved interest at present
Now, for the heart’s best
Doth dogged war bristle his leg
And mount, boast with the lord of
Now powers from home, and
home,
Meet in one line; and vast con
(As doth a raven on a sticht-stick)
The imminent decay of
Now happy be, whose clock
Hold out this tempest. Then
And follow me with speed; if on
A thousand businesses are brief
And heaven itself doth frown.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. A Room

Enter King John, Petrel and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yield’d the
The circle of my glory.

Take

From this my hand, as holding
Your sovereign greatness; and I
K. John. Now keep your hold
The French;
And from his holiness we all;
Our discontented counties do
Our people quarter with delight
Swearing allegiance, and the
To stranger Blood, to foreign;
This inundation of mistemper;
Resta by you only to be quaffed;
Then pause not: for I decree
That present medicine must

Proud. It was my breath that

Upon your stubborn usage of
But, since you are a gentleman
My tongue shall bid again th
And make fair weather in you
On this Ascension-day, renews

Proud. I pay my oath of service to
Go I to make the French lay

K. John. Is this Ascension-day

Proud. Say, that, before Ascension day
My crown I should give off? I
did suppose, it should be on
But, heaven be thank’d, it is

Enter the Basta

Ber. All Kent hath yelded
hold out,
But Dover castle; London he
Like a kind host, the Dauphine
Your nobles will not hear you
to offer service to your enem,

The little number of your dos
KING JOHN.

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Of stern injustice and confused wrong—
And is 't not pity, O my grieving friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and lift
Her enemies’ ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enfeebled cause);
To grace the gentler of a land remote,
And follow unsanctified colours here!
What, here’s the—O noot, that thou could’st not remove?
That Neptune’s arms, who clipest thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapule thee unto a Pagan shore;
Where these two Christian arms might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league.
And not to spend it so unneighborly!

Let a heap rest there shine in this;
And great affections, wreathing in the face of right,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silyer doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at thy lady’s tears,
Bring an ordinary lamentation:
But this effusion of such many drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz’d
Than I had seen the vanity of heaven
Figur’d quite o’er with burning meteor’s.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart leave away this storm;
Commend these waters to those lady eyes,
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor meet with fortune other than death,
Fall warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the pure of rich prosperity,
At Lewis himself;—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit thy sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandelph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spoke:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Their excellence, the best in France.

The next is this,—King John hath reconcili’d
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in;
That stood against the holy church,
The great metropolitans and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threat’ning colours now wind up,
To tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster’d up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And he no further harm’d than in slow.

Len. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at court,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument.
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war.
Between this chastel’d kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should fuel this fire;
And now ‘tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the fire of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yet, thrust this enterprise into my heart,
And come; you now to tell me, John hath made
Himself with Rome! What is that peace to me?
By the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conqu’rd, must I back;
Because that John hath made his peace with

Rome.
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome born,
What man provided, what wisdom sent,
To underpay this nation? 'Tis not I,
That underlay this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweet in this business, and smelting this war?
Have I not heard these lamenters shout out,
Philip's my prey! O, I have heaved their towns!
Have I not sent the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded sat? No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.
Plead, you look bold on the outside of this work.

Law. Outside or inside, I will not return.

Till my attempt to much be glorified
As to my simple hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant band of war,
And to its bosom fairy spirits from the world,
To outlook conquer, and to win renown.
Even in the jaws of danger and death.
(Trumpet sound.)

What sly trumpet thou dost summon us to?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak—
My holy lord of Milam, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant flawed unto my nævus.

Pom. The Dauphin is too wilful--opposite,
And will not tamperise with our extrications;
He dastily says, he'll not lay down his arms.
Bast. By all the blood that ever fiery breath'd,
The youth says well; now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and ready too, he should;
The French to him with a sanguine approach,
This harshest masque, and sandraction revel,
This sandal'd sainctess, and boylostry troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dawrafth war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cedgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like baskets, in concealed wells;
To shiver jutter of your ancle planks;
To lie, like paws, lock'd up in chests and trucks;
To hand the tiswine; to seek sweet safety out
In vains and prison; and to thrill, and shake,
End the crying of your nation's crown,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman—
Shall that victorious band be forbidd'n here,
That your chambers gavo you chastisement?
No, Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And the English voice o'er his glory towers,
To some annoyance that comes near his nest—
And you derogate, you ingrave revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush, for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale violet's maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gunstolets change,
Their needs to laces, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Law. There stand thy brave, and turn thy face
in those...

We grant, thou canst not exceed as: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a braggar.

Pom. Give me leave to speak.

Law. No, I will speak...

Bast. Attend to neither;—
Strike up the drums; and let the tunes of war
Friend for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. To thee, my lord, thy dreams be lenient, will cry out;
And so shall ye, being honest; Do but start
An echo with the valour of thy drum,
KING.

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thee a service, as well as thou of mine?

Bar. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought; I will, upon all hazards, well believe,
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

Bar. Who thou wilt: as if thou please,
Thou mayst befriended me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkindness, remembrance! than, and eyes
Less night;
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bar. Come, come; same compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bar. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O! my sweet air, news fitting to the night,
Black, heard, comfortless, and cold,
Bar. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk;
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bar. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Bar. Who did it? thou leave to bend his majesty?

Hub. Why know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bar. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven;
And tempt us not to bear above our power—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half say power this night,
Passing these stars, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped,
Away, before! command me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bishop.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, or curribly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling
- house).

Both, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak: and he be
That, being brought into the open air,
It would alloy the burning quality
Of that full poison which assails him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Both he still rage?

[Exit Bishop.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he is:

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fence extremities.
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he yelds and

[Exit Pembroke.

John.
KING JOHN.

With many legions of strange fantasias;
Which, in their throats and press to that last hold,
Could not the cloud of death, that death should stay.
I am too young to live this pale fraud even,
Who chances a delirium to his own death:
And, from the organ-pipe of death, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
To set a form upon that indigist
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.
Restorer Bannor and Attendants, who bring: an image
John in a Cage.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room.
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to death:
I am a scribed form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchement; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Pencove'd—ill bare—dead, forsook,
cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my jaw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my bare'd bosom; nor encroach the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold;—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, too, to decree that I

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in
here.
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot—
With his head as a bell; and there the poison
Is, as a thief, confidid to tyrannize
On unprevisible condemned blood.

Enter de Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scaled with my violent motion,
And spirit of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and barn'd;
And all the shrouds, whereby my life should
sail,
Are torn to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till the news be stirred:
And then all this thou seest, is but a clad,
And mode of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Duke is preparing further:
Where, heaven be known, how we shall answer
him.

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I was able to do, make a
Wore in the washes, all unwaried,
Devoored by the unexpected flood.

[Sol. You breathe these dead new wor-
am care.

My liver! my lord!—Here now a king,

P. Hen. Even so most I run on a
stop.

What secrecy of the world, what hope
When this was now a king, and not

Bast. Art thou gone so? I bid ha
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my soul shall wait on this
As it on earth hath been thy servant.
Now, now, you stars, that move in
spheres,
Where by your powers! Show us thy
father,
And instantly return with me again
To push destruction and perpetual
Out of the weak door of our failing
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall
The Dauphin rage at our way have.

Sal. It seems, you know not the way.

The cardinal Randolph is within a
Half an hour since came from th
And brings from him such offers of
As we with honour and respect
With purpose presently to leave it
Bast. He will the rather do it with our
Ourselves well shewn to our debt;
Nay, it is a manner done for many marriages he hath design'd
To the seconde, and put his cause
To the disposing of the cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and
If you think meet, this afternoon:
To consummate this business hap

Bast. Let it be so— and you, my
With other princes that may best
Shall wait upon your father's friend

P. Hen. At Worcester must his

So for he will it.

Bast. Tither shall
And happily may your sweet self
The lineal state and glory of the
To whom, with all submission, as
I do hearken my faithful services,
And true submission everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of ours,
To rest without a spot for evermore
P. Hen. I know how you
thy thank
And knowes not how to do it, but
Bast. Let us pay the time but since it hath been beforehand with
This England never did, nor never ill
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to know
Now these three princes are come in
Come the three corners of the way
And we shall knock them:
Nought us re
If England to itself do rest but try

[The King dies.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Henry Percy, his Son.
Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
Sir Pierre de Exton. Sir Stephen Schoop,
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.
Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, noe Gardeners, Keepers, Grooms, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Especially in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

KING RICHARD, attended: JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles with him.

Guv. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Now, according to thy oath and band,
As higher Henry Hereford thy bold son;
To make good the obstinacy late appeal,
That our brave course would not let us bear.
In the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
So, I have, my liege.

Guv. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
To send the duke on ancient malice;
Or, as a good subject should,
It may be knownly or treacherously done?
As near as I could sift him on that argument,
The apparent danger seem in him,
At your highness' no inveterate malice.
And then call them to our presence, face to face,
On their own brook to brow, ourselves will bear
Our treachery, and the accursed, freely speak.

[Exit some Attendants.

As I vomit dreadful, and false of life,
Proof as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and
NORFOLK.

Bow. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving lieget
Now. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown?
K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one bit better
As well appeareth by the cause you come:
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Bow. First, (heaven be the record to my speech)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven;
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuck I thy throat;
KING RICHARD II.

And wish (so please my sovereign,) are I move,
What my tongue speaketh, my right-drawn sword shall

Now. Let not my cold words here accuse my

'Tis not the trial of a woman's woe,
The bitter slander of two eager imagines, Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such same patience bate,
As to be bash'd, and snatched at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness causes me

From giving reins and spurs to my fence speech;
Which being well known, not, till it had runn'red these
Terms of treason doubly down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him base, and a coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, where I knew to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where he had driven and cast off his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely he doth lie.

Today. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my

Dissolved is the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to accept;
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honours' pawn, then stoop;
By all my wealth of all the rights of kingdom else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoken, or thou canst worse devise.

Now take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my kingdom on my

I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial.
And when I mean, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight:
K. Rich. What doth our counsellor say to Now?

That Bowlwray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles,
In midst of the受到了 for your highest soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ.

Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
Or shame, or my, or, in the utmost verge,
That ever was survey'd by English eye—
That all the treasons, for those eighteen years
Complicit and contriv'd in this land,
Fetch from false Bowlwray their first head and

Further I say—and further will maintain
Upon his best life, to make all this good—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Stole't ost his innocent soul through streams of
blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And by the glorious word of my descent,
This arm shall do, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
Now. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf;
I have told thee slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impudent and un

Were he my brother, nay, my king,
(As he is but my father's brother's)
Now by my sovereign's awe I make
Such neighbour nearness to our eye
Should nothing privilege him, nor
The unchristening freemanship of my
Or he is our subject, Mowbray, so my
Free speech, and Searles, I do live
Now. Then, Bolingbroke, I bow low
Through the false passage of thy lieut

Three parts of that receipt I had and

Disd'red I daily to his highness's
The other part reserv'd I by chance
For that my sovereign liege was
Upon remainder of a dear access
Since last I went to France to fetch
Now swallow'd down that lieut—

I slew him not; but to my own
Neglected my sworn duty in that:
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my soul.
Once did I lay in ambush for you
A trespass that doth vex my grief.

Not till I receiv'd the savour I did confess:
And exactly beg you grace and pardon, and, I hope
This is my heart: As for the rest
It issues from the rancom of a youth
A revereant and most degenrate
Which in myself I hold will detest
And interchangeably shall deny:

Upon this overweening I have
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood-chamber
In haste whereof, most heartily I
Your highness to assign our trial
K. Rich. Wraiths and skilful geomet

Let's purge this choler without delay:
This we prescribe, though no the
Deep makes false to make deep inc.
Forget, forgive; consider, and
Our doctors say, this is no time in
Good quiet, let this deu where it
We'rm call the duke of Norfolk,
Gosnay. To be a make-piece in the

Throw down, my son, the dastard

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw

Obedience binn, I should not bid
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down;

Nor. Myself I throw, dread not

My life thou shalt command, but
My one thy duty owes: but my
(Despite of death, that lives upon
To dark dishonour's see those who
I am disgraced, impeach'd, and
Pier'd to the death, that lives upon
Which the no balm can cure, but
Which had the end of this
K. Rich. Rage mans I

Give me his gage: I Jesus makes
Nay. Yes, but not change the
my shame,
And I rescue my gage.
My dear:

The purest treasure mortal time possesses—
Is—potless reputation; that awa
Those are but gold and lamen,
or part
A jewel in a ten hours burn'd up
In—a bold spirit in a loyal breast. M
Mine honour is my life; both grace
Take honour from me, and say if
Then, on, on my liege, mine honour,
In that I live, and for that will I
In, throw down your gage; do I defend my soul from such foul
fallen in my father's sight? I gasp new impiety my height
old, distaste! Ere my tongue
honour with such feeble
a parke, my teeth shall tear
of reclaiming fear;
ing in his high disgrace, th'harbour, even in Mowbray's
[Lord GANNT], were not born to me, but to
not do so to make you friends, rives shall answer it,
the air that makes the day; swords and lance arbitrate
ence of your settled state; alone you, we shall see
victor's chivalry,
command our officers at arms
these home-alarums. [Exeunt.
SE II. The same.
Duke of Lancaster's Palace.
and Duchess of Gloster.
part I found in Gloster's blood
me, than your exclaims, his butchers of his life,
us breath in those hands, fault that we cannot correct,
et to the will of heaven; in the hours ripe on earth,
guance on offenders' heads.
shed blood in thee no sharper
old blood no living fire;
awe, whereas the self are one, task of his sacred blood,
when springing from one root
are dried by nature's course,
nches by the destinies set:
dear lord, my life, my Glost
Edward's sacred blood,
couch of his most royal foot,—at the precious liquor spill;
and his summer leaves all geld, and murder's bloody axe.
good war thing; that bed, that
self-anointed, that fashion'd thee,
and through thou liv'st, and
in him: then dost consent
ploy his father's life, die,
Gnnnt, it is despair;
thy brother to be slaughter'd,
asked pathway to thy life; under how to butcher thee;
can now we cuttle-patience, artice in noble breasts,
so safeguard thine own life, to revenge my Gloster's death.
? is the quarrell; for heaven's
red in his sight,
cath: the which if wrongfully,
nyer lift a finger over his minister; then, aye! may I complain
en, the widow's champion and
I will. Farewell, old Gnnnt, custom, there (to behold
Our cousin Hereford and tell Mowbray fight:
all my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear.
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
O, if misfortune miss the first career,
be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
that they may break his foaming course's back.
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
a caftifl reverence to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gnnnt; thy sometime brother's
wife.
With her companion grief must end her life.
[Green, Sister, farewell! I must to Coventry;
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!
Dost. Yet one word more:—grief boundeth
where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight;
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund Lord.
Lo, this is all—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remove no more. But as I am set
With all good speed at Plasby visit me.
Alack, and what shall good Old You there see,
But empty lodgings and indifferent walls,
Unpeopled offices, unstoned stones!
And what chores there for woman, but my
grooms?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwellth every where:—
Desolate, desolate, wilt thou hence, and die?
The last leave thee takes I weep in my eye.
[Exeunt.
SCENE II.
Gosford Green, near Coventry. List set out, and
a Theme, Herald's, by attending.
Enter the Lord Marshal, and Aumerle.
Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?
Amer. Amen. Yes, at all points: and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, auspiciously and
hold.
Stay but the summons of the appellant's trump-
et.
Amer. Why then, the champions are prepar'd,
and stay.
For nothing but his majesty's approach.
[Howick of Trumpeter. Enter King Richard, who
takes his seat on his Theme. Gant, and others?
Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is
sound'd, and answered by another Trumpet's voice.
Then enter Norfolk, to armour, preceded by a
Herald.
K. Rich. Marshal, demand of your champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who this
art, and why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
spell,
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valor!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk.
Who this warranty engaged by my oath.
(Which heaven defend, a knight should viciate!) Both to my loyalty and truth, To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this his arms, To prove him, in defending of myself, A traitor to my God, my king, and me.
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[He takes his seat.
Trumpet sounds. Enter Boleyn, to armour; preceded by a Herald.
K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms;
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
KING RICHARD II.

Thus plighted in habiliments of war; And formally according to our law, Deposit him in the justice of his cause.

Marc. What is thy name? and whereabouts comest thou, Before the king Richard, in his royal lists! Against whom comest thou; and whate's thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven! 

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby.

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms, To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour, In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, That's he's a traitor, foul and dangerous, To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me; And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Marc. On pain of death, no person be so bold, Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists; Except the marshal, and such officers Appointed to direct these fair designs. 

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss thy sovereign's hand, And bow my knee before his majesty: For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men That vow a long and weary pilgrimage; Then let us take a ceremonious leave, And giving farewell, of our several friends. 

Marc. The attendant in all duty greets your highness, And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave. 

A. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, So be thy fortune in this royal fight! 

Farewell, my blood: which if to-day thou shed, Lament it not, but let revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear; As constant, as is the falcon's flight Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. — My loving lord [To Lord Marshal], I take my leave of you.

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Anmerle: — Not sick, although I have to do with death; 

But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath.

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet; O thou, the earthly author of my blood —

(To Gaunt.) Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, Both with a deed of vigorous lift me up To reach at victory above my head,— Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers; And with thy blessings steel my lance's point, That it may enter Mowbray's waken coat, And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt, Even in the lasty favour of his son.

Geoff. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous! 

Be swift like lightning in the execution; And let thy blows, doubly retributed,

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; some virtue with valour couch'd in thee orders the trial, marshal, and begins. 

[The King and the Lords pass to it. 

Marc. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, 

Receive thy lance; and God defend! 

Boling. [Bowing.] Strong as a tower, cry men. 

Marc. Go bear this lance [To A. 

Thomas duke of Norfolk. 

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancashire, Derby, 

Stands here for God, his sovereign, me On pain to be found false and refuse To prove the duke of Norfolk, Mowbray, A traitor to his God, his king, and me, And dares him to set forward to the 

[2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mortimer, duke of Norfolk, 

On pain to be found false and refuse Both to defend himself, and to me — 

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and I To God, his sovereign, and to him, 

Courageously, and with a free desire, Attending but the signal to begin. 

Marc. Sound, trumpets: and set your banners. 

Stay, the king hath thrown his word: A. Rich. Let them lay by their 

Draw near,

[To all. 

And list, what with our council we For that our kingdom's earth should 

And for our eyes do hate the dire of Civil wounds plough'd up with owls' 

And for we think the eagle-winged 

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thou With raving-hating envy, set you on To wake our peace, which in our case Draws the sweet infant breath of 

Which so round'd up with boisterous 

Drums, With harsh resounding trumpets' dre And grating shock of wrathful lives: Might from our quiet confines fright 

And make us wake even in our 

Therefore, we banish you our trespass. You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of 

Till twice five summers have enrich'd Shall not regret our fair dominions. 

But tread the stranger paths of 

Essex. Your will be done: This comfort be, 

That sun, that warm'st you here, shall it 

And those his golden beams, to you.
... put into his hand a touch to tune the harmony, with your engage'd my tongue, that, with my teeth, and lips; stile, barriers, ignorance nor to address on me, you upon a name, or, to be a pagan now; sentence then, but speechless darkness; my tongue from breathing native restituences not to be compassionate; once planning comes too late. But I turn me from your country's doze; shades of endless night.

Having then again, and take an oath with all inward heart, and hand; duty that you owe to heaven, what we and wishing (what you wish to do), what that we administer; to let you know the truth and heaven; others' love in banishment; a upon each other's face; to appoint, nor reconcile trespas of you. This is a home-bred hate; mediates purpose more, or, or commit any ill, states, our subjects, or our land. To keep all this, how far to mine enemy; and the king permitted us, as the wander'd in the sir, fruit wench'rice of your flesh, it is banish'd from this land: serious, ere than fly the realms: far to go, bear not along burden of a guilty soul. disgraceful: if ever I were traitor, forfeit from the book of life, seven banish'd, as from hence! art, heaven, thou, and I know; on, I fear, the king shall rear, long to know no way can I stay in England, all the world's my way.

Cecil, even in the glasses of thing's heart: thy sad aspect number of his banish'd years was with the frozen winter's spent: welcome home from our. There a line lies in one little word! waterers, and four wanton springs. Such is the breath of kings, of my liege, that, instead of me, every year of my son's exile; age shall I rear thereby: 6 years, that he hath to spend, 60 moons, and bring their times oil, and time civilized light, et with age, and endless noise; nor will be burnt and done, death not let me see my son. by, made, thou hast many years in a minute, king that thou cast eth cast with ulterior sorrow; does from me, but not lend a mortal time to narrow me with age, circle in his pilgrimage; never will, for my death; kingdom cannot buy my breath, son is banish'd upon good advice;

Wherefore thy tongue a party verdict gave! Why at our justice seems'th then to lower? Genre. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour. You wasn't as a judge; but I had rather, You would have bid me argue like a father: O, had it been a stranger, not my child, To smooth his fate I should have been more mild. A particular cloud I wish to avoid, And in the sentence my own life destroy'd. Also, I look'd, when some of you should say, I was too strict, to make mine own away: But you gave me leave to my unwilling tongue, Against my will, to do myself this wrong. A. Rich. Comin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so.

Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [Flourish. Examin K. Kast. and Train. Aus. Comin, farewell; what a dance must not know, From where you do remain, let paper show. Mar. My lord, no leave take I for I will ride, As far as land will let me, by your side. Aus. O, what justice find thou board thy words, That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends? Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you, When the tongue's offer should be prodigal) To break the stantant dolo of the heart. Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time. Genre. What is six winters? they are quickly gone. Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten. Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscellaneous, Which is an enforced pilgrimage. Gaunt. The sudden passage of thy weary steps Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to act. The precious jewel of thy home return. Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make.

Will but remember me, what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love, Must I not serve a long apprenticeship To foreign passages; and in the end, Having my freedom, boast of nothing else, But that I was a journeyman to grief? Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits, Are to the man ports and haven's: Teach thy necessity to reason thus: There is no virtue-like necessity. Think not the king did banish thee; But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit, Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. Go, say: I sent thee forth to purchase honour, And not—the king excels thee: or suppose, Devouring pestilence hangs in our air, And thou art flying to a freer climate. Look, what thy soul and body, imagin it To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou camest. Suppose the singing birds, musicians; The grasse whereon thou tread'st, the presence sweet'st; The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps no more Than a delightful measure, in a spring. For gazing sorrow hath less power to be The man that mocks at it, and sets it light. Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand, By thinking on the frosty Cassandra? Or stay the hungry edge of argument, By bare imagination of a feast? Or swallow naked in December snow, By thinking on frustrate summer's heat? O, no! the apprehension of the good, Gives but the greater felicity to the worse;
Ann. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears
were shed?
Ann. Faith, none by me: except the north-
east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak’d the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?
Ann. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdain’d that my tongue
Should so proclaim the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief;
That words seem’d buried in my sorrow’s grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen’d hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but ‘tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Ourself, and Basny, Bagot here, and Green,
Observe’d his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into our state,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reversions he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As ’twere, to banish their affects with him.
Of goss he basoned to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dryxmen bid—God speed him well,
And in the bosom of his supple knee,
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our England in reverie his,
And be our subjects’ next degree in hope.
Gauss. Well, he is gone; and with him go
Now for the rebel, which stand out in Ireland:—
Expeclent measure must be made, my liege;
Gauss. Will the king come that I
may last
In wholesome counsel to his aunt.
York. Vex not yourself, nor set
your breaths;
For all in vain comes counsel to him.
Gauss. O, but they say, the true
men
Enforce attention, like deep burn where words are scarce, they are
in vain.
For they breathe truth, that knows
no
praise.
He, that so more must say, by
Then they whose youth stood
to glose;
More are men’s ends marked
before;
The setting sun, and splendour,
As the last state of sweet, in
Writ in remembrance, more
last;
Though Richard my life’s esp
be;
My death’s, and mine may yet put
York. No; it is stopp’d with
wounds.
As, praises of his state; then, the
Lacivorous motives, to whose own
The open ear of youth doth about:
Report of fashions in proved lust,
Whose manners still our three and
Limpia after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world threat trust
(Do it be true, there’s no request)
That is not quickly honor’d hence.
Then all too late comes counsel
Where will doth medley wish;
Direct not him, whose way his
Tis broken those back’d, and
those lose.
Gauss. Mischaks, I am a
KING RICHARD II.

K. Rich. — A mistick keen-laid woman,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dare at thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; clashing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Went thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy reverent abodes.

Gauze, O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son.

For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou fapp'd out, and drunkenly caroused?
My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul,
(Whom sorrowing wit in heaven doth happy souls!)
May be a precious, and witness good,
That thou respect and not spilling Edward's blood;
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy sinlessness be like a dewy rose;
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee.

These words hereafter thy tormentors be—
Convey me to my bed; then the worst is past.
O, let my heart, my life, my tongue, my heart,
Love they to live, that love and honour have,
Rapt to 

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sin
have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. Beseech thy majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and not purpose.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear;
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true; as Hereford's love,
so his;
As theirs, or rather, and all be as it is.

Ends NORTHERN LAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commendeth him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he.

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that.—Now for our Lithian wars;
We must applaud those roughshod-heads headed;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege abroad.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Toward our assistance, we must do so too:
The plate, coins, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long!

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, our Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs.

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke.

About his marriage, nor about his grace;
Have ever made me more my patient check;
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons;
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion raged more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild.
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he, the
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he from th' earth, it was by a tale.
And not against his friends: his noble hand,

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
Yes.  O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I prithee
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and grip into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Ganast dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Ganast just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day:
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, for aforesaid (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to see
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You want the sound and dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into
Our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll none be the white: My liege, farewell!
What will come hereof, there's none can tell;
But it may be may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.
K. Rich. Go, Busby, to the earl of Wiltshire strict.
Bid him come, and stay we to Ely-hone;
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lord as well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[Exeunt Great King, Queen, Busby, Acreule, Green, and BASSET.
North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Rich. And living too; for now his son is duke.
North. He may, in title, not in revenue.
Rich. Richly in both; if justice had her right.
North. Richly in both; it is his great;
but it must break
with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him
ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!
Wilde. Tends th' thing'd speak, to the duke
of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
North. He, at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gifted of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such
wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more,
Of no blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By farrisseurs; and what they will inform,
Merefly in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute.
Young men, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Rich. The commons hath he pill'd with griev.
ous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Wilde. And daily new exactions are devil's;
KING RICHARD II.

Eye at some thing it grieves, or from my lord the king: a grief hath twenty
Itself, but are not so; red with blood's tears, ore to many objects; 
Oh, rightlie god'd upon, division: ey'd away, your sweet majesty, 
War our lord's departure, more than himself, to wait: 
Is, is sought but shadows on, thrice-gracious queen, 
His departure weep not; 

But, first sorrow's eye, 

Breath things imaginary: 

Know of to-day, 

As: How's it be, 

As: King, on no thought I 

Nothing faint and shrink, but concerned, my gracious 

Less: Conceit is still deriv'd 

Grief: mine is not so; 

Yet something griev: 

Yet not known: what 

Soul, most woe, I wot. 

Gaze, 

Your majesty — and well 

Yet ship'd for Ireland, 

Then so: 'tis better hope, 

Taste, his haste good hope; 

Then hope, he is not 

Hope, might have retir'd 

Air an enemy's hope, 

A footing in this land: 

Boy repels himself, no 

Safe arriv'd 

God be heaven forbid! 

His too true; and that is 

And, his young son Henry 

Exceed, and Willoughby, his friends, are fled to him, you 

Know me, all of my kin: 

The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath 

And dmy side of the; the other again, 

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd: 

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right, 

Well, somewhat we must do: — Come, cousin, I'll 

Dispose of you: Gentlemen, go, muster up 

Your men, 

And meet me presently at Berkeley-castle. 

I should to Plassy too; 

But time will not permit: — Att is uneven, 

And every thing is left at six and seven. 

[Exeunt York, and Queen. 

Bussy. The wind sin fair for news to go to 

Ireland. 

But some reserve. For us to levy power, 

Proportional to the enmy, 

Is all impossible. 

Green. Besides our nearness to the king in 

Love, is near the hate of those love nor the king. 

Baget. And that's the wavering comments: 

For their 

Lies in their purses; and whose empties them, 

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate, 

Bussy. Wherein the king stands generally 

condemnd. 

Baget. For judgment lie in them, then do we. 

Because we ever have been near the king. 

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol 

Castle; 

The earl of Wiltshire is already there. 

Bussy, They will not with you: for little office 

Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Being. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspur to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willobghy, wasting your company:

Which, I protest, hath very much begali'd
The tediousness and process of my travel;
But theirs is sweeter'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short: as mine hath done:

By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Being. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.
North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whomsoever:

Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
His health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook
The court.

Brooked his staff of office, and dispaier'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me one Robert Malbute, to announce

Is yet but such thanks, Walter,

Shall be your love and labour's re
Rest. Your presence makes to my lord.

Walter. And for surmounts our lab
It.

Being. Evermore thanks, the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune con
Stands for my bounty. But who

Enter Rebecca.
North. It is my lord of Buckingham.

Buckingham, my lord, I come to you,
And I am come to seek that cause
And I must find that title in you.

Before I make reply to make
Rest. Mistake me not, my meaning.

To raise one title of your house,
To you, my lord, I come (from the most gracious regard)
The duke of York to know;

To take advantage of the same
And right our native person with

End. Thus, sweet.

Being. I shall not need meeting
by you;

Here comes his grace in your care.

York. Show me thy humblest thy knee;
Whose duty is servable and till
Being. My gracious uncle—
York. Til, till!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle;
I am no traitor's name; and this
In an ungracious mood, in lust
Why have those heads? and do

Dare't once to touch a dent of me?

But then more why—Why is

Walter. And for surmounts our labour's re

Rest. Your presence makes to my lord.

To raise one title of your house,
To you, my lord, I come (from the most gracious regard)
The duke of York to know;

To take advantage of the same
And right our native person with

Enter Malbute.

Malbute. He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake
together.

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To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
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Why have those heads? and do

Dare't once to touch a dent of me?

But then more why—Why is
n, and here art come, thy time, thy sovereign, and I was banish'd for Lancastor, crouch your grace, in my indifferency; muttinhk, n, then, my father! I tall stand comfortless my rights and royalties enforce, and given away hence forth was I born? to be king of England, to be Duke of Lancaster, to my noble kinman; he had been thus trod away to death, and had been the uncle Gaunt a father, chose them to the bay. every here, at give me leave: constrained, and sold: all amiss employed, if do I am a subject, orines are denied me; I lay my claim or descent, hath been too much grace upon to do him. endowments are made, land, me tell you. cousin's wrongs, to do him right: in brave arms, cut out his way, wrong—it may not be: in this kind, to rebel all. hath sworn, his coming to the right of that, on to give him aid; that breaks that oath, thence of these arms; needs conform, ask, and all ill left: but gave me life, and made you stoop of the King; known to you, So, fare you well—er in the castle, calls this night, that we will accept, race, to go with on, they say, is held eir compounds, unweath, need, and pluck away, ill go with you: but one country's laws, me welcome you are; now with me past care. [Ermar. Camp on Wales, and a Captain, say, we have staid ten or twelvenight together, go from the king: we ourselves: farewell, ny, thy trusty Welsh.

The king reposest all his confidence in thee.

Cap. Tie thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered, and moore the fixed stars of heaven; the pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth, and is an old prophet, who prophesies heart change. Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy, the other, to enjoy by rage and war! These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

Act II. Scene I. Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Rest BOLINGBROKE, York, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERSY, WILLOUGHBY, Roes. Officers behind them, Bumby, and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls (since presently your souls must part your bodies).

With too much urging your perilous lives, for 'tis too much pity, yet, to wash your blood From off my hat, here, in the view of men, I will unfold some cause of your death.

You have missed a prince, a royal kind.

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments, By you unembattled and disfigured clean.

You have, in manner, with your sithial hours, Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him; Broke the possession of a royal bed, And staid the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks With tears drawn from her eyes with your foul wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth, Near to the king in blood; and near to love, Tilt you did make him misinterpret me,— Have stopp'd my neck under your injuries, And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds.

Eating the bitter bread of banishment:

Whate you have fed upon my signatories, Dispar'd my parks, and tell'd my forest woods; From my own windows torn my household coat, Ru'd out my images, leaving me no sign; Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—

To show the world I am a gentleman, This, and much more, much more than twice all this, Condemneth you to the death;—See them deliver'd over.

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is—that heaven will take our souls.

And plague injustice with the pain of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[Enter NORTH. and Others, with Prisoners. Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house; For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreat'd; Tell her, I send to her thy kind commands: Take special care my greetings be deliver'd; York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd with letters of thy love to her at large.
A long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venoms,
And heavy-ghated toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless congregations, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall fall under fuel rebellious arms.
Bishop, Fear not, my lord; that Power, that
Made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of success and redress.
Amen. His means, my lord, that we are too
remiss.
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable counsel I know at thou.
Not that when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseem.
In murder, and in outrages, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detected sins,

K. Rich. But now, the bold

Did triumph in my face,
And, till so much blood thy
Have I not reason to look
All souls that shall be safe;
For time hath set a blot up
Amen. Comfort, my liege:
are.
K. Rich. I had forgot
Awake, then staggard maid,
Is not the king's name true?
Arm, arm, my name; a pa
At thy great glory.

Look:

Ye favourites of a king; As
High be our thoughts; I in
Hath power enough to save
Comes here?

Enter Bass
Scoope, More health and
liege,
Then can my care-less'd sons
K. Rich. Mine ear is open
part'd:

The worst is worldly kept,
Say, is my kingdom lost?
And what loss is it, to be so
Strive Bolingbroke to be a
Greater he shall not be, If
We'll serve him too, and be
Revolv our subjects there
They break their faith to u
Cry war, destruction, rules
The worst is—death, and a

day.
Scoope, Glad am I, that

To bear the tidings of chimes
Like an unseasonable storm
Which makes the alder
above.

As if the world were all di
So high above his limits ow
KING RICHARD III. 553

such shall pay for it.

mount, peace, with Bolingbroke,

they made him, in

ance, dam'd without

fews on any man?

blood warm'd, that stung

never was than Judas

of terrible hell make war

for this offence?

I see, changing his pro-

most deadly hate:—

their peace is made

with hands: those whom

reason's destroying wound,

in the hollow ground, 
cr, and the earl of Willi-

them at Bristol lost their

forks, my father, with his

be, where; of comfort no

worms, and epithets;

and with rainy eyes

tom of the earth,

, and talk of wills:

what can we bequeath,

le to the ground?

and all are Bolingbroke's,

all our own, but death;

of the barren earth, 

cover to our bones,

us sit upon the ground,

the death of kings—

upon't, some slain in war;

hast they have deposed;

dr wives, some sleeping

within the hollow crown,

at temples of a king,

and there the antick sits,

grasping at his pomp;

a little scree

od and kill with looks;

and rain conceit—

walls about our life,

and laugh'd you'd thus,

I with a little pin

a little pale wall, and—forever,

mock not flesh and blood

nor throw away respect,

consequences day;

look me all this whole;

you feel want, taste grief, 
cold thus,

no I am a king?

n'te well their present

the ways to wall;

fear oppresseth strength,

as, strength into your face,

against your strength.

worth can come, to fight

death destroying death;

pays death service breath,

is a power, inproe of him;

body of a limb.

me well:—Proud Bon-

there for our day of doom.

over-Skin;

in our own;

youranel with his power

through (by looks be you,

Scap. Man judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the wound that must be filled:—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your northern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.

Bedrew face, cousin, which didst lead me forth

Te Asmerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to declare!

What say you now? What comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,

That holds my seat of comfort any more.

Go, to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;

A king, who's slave, shall kingliness lose off

That power I have, I discharge; and let them go

to eat the land that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none,—Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Asm. Menge, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,

That wounds me with the fatherties of his tongue.

Discharge my followers, let them hence:—

Away.

From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's far day.

[Scene III. Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBRELAND, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,

The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,

With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;

Richard, not far from hence, hath bid his head.

York. It would bewear the lord Northumberland.

To say—King Richard:—Alack the heavy day.

When such a sacred king should hide his head?

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,

Would you have been so brief with him, he would

be so brief with you, to shorten you.

For taking so the head, your whole head's length,

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should.

Lost you mistak't: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not

Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

[Enter Peace.

Well, Harry: what, will not this cattle yield?

Percy. The castle royalty is man's, my lord, 

Against thy encroach.

Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king!

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king: King Richard lies

Within the limits of you line and mine;

And with him are the Lord Asmerle, Lord Salisbury.

Sir Stephen Scroop: besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To North.

Go to the rude rib of that ancient castle; 

Through beauteous trumpet sound the breath of parris

Into his coin'd ears, and thus declare:

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
KING RICHARD II.

To his most royal person:Neither come
Even on his, his sides of arms and power;
Provided that, my submission renew'd,
And hands restores' again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rains'd from the wound of slaughter'd English;
The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
broke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stopping duty tenderly shall show,
Of fire and water, when their blushing shock
At meeting tears the cloudy clouds of heaven.
Be he the king, that in the flood of battle;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.
A Parley sounded, and answered by another Trumpet
within. Favour. Enter on the walls King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scoop, and Salliberry.

York. See, see, King Richard doth himself,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
Out from the ferry portal of the east;
When he perceives the cavernous clouds are beat
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; Aisch, alack, alack, for war;
That any harm should stain so fair a show?
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
To Northumberland.

As we thought ourselves thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismaid us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can make the sun to rise, or the candle of our sceptre,
Unless he do prose, steal, or seil.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us;
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know—my master, God omnipotent,
Is maistreing in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unbourn, and sabegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glorious my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond methinks, he is),
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason; He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere he crown he looks for live in peace,
To walk in bloody crowns of mothers' sons.
Shall it become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her mild-pale peace;
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
And so, the king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should be in civil and unmixed arms
Be rush'd upon! Thys thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, both hemyly kiss thy hand:
And by the honourable tomb he swee
That stands upon thy royal grandeur;
And by the royalties of both your bloods;
Corrects that spring from one most

And by the buried hand of warlike O
And by the worth and honour of his
Compiling all that may be sworn or his;
Coming hither hath no further
Than for his loyal royalties, and to
Enfranishment immediate on his k
Which on the royall party granted on his
Glittering arms he will command his
Barbed steeds to stabiles, and his
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swear he, as he is a prince, in

K. Rich. Northumberland, say—the return;
His noble cousin is right welcome to
And all the number of his fair deman;
Shall be accomplishment without count.
With all the gracious utterance thereto
Speak to his gentle bearing kind one
We do declare ourselves, cousin, so we
To look so poorly, and to speak so ill;
Shall we call back Northumberland,
Dedance to the traitor, and so the
Am. No, good my lord; let's light on
words,
Till swords, till friends, and friends the

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er

That laid the sentence of death on you
Your proud man, should take it off;
With words of sooth! O, that I were
As is my grief, or lesser than my
Or that I could forget what I have
Or not remember what I must be
Swell'd till the proud heart I'll give
to beat;
Since foes have scope to boast both

K. Rich. What must the king do
he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he do
The king shall be his;
He must be name of king o'God's name,
I'll give my jewels, for a set of heat;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's
My figure's gibus, for a dish of vee;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking;
My subject's, for a king's;
And my large kingdom for a little
A little little grave, an obscure grave
I'll be buried in the king's high;
Some way of common trade, whereas
May hourly trample on their severe;
For on my heart the treason they
And, buried once, why not upon my
Aumerle, thou wretch!
My tender

We'll make fast weather with deep
Ourselves, and they shall lodge them
And make a death in this
Or shall we play the wantons with
And make some pretty match with
As thus—To drop them still upon
Till they have fretted us a pair of
Within the earth; and thereby lay
Too hummen, dig'd their graces with
Would not this ill do well?—Well,
I talk but slyly, and you must ask at
Most mighty prince, my Lord North
What says King Bolingbroke?
Give Richard leave to live till Rich
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke
KING RICHARD II.

I. Lady, I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Q. And could I weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners.

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My swatchness unto a row of pins, They walk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Wee is forever with wee.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricots.

Which, like unsure children, make their show
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

Give some appearance to the hanging twigs.

Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our garden.

All must be even in our government.

You thus employ'd, I will go run away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

I see, Why should we be, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chock'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges rank'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars!

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffered this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the full of leaf:

The woods, that his broad-sprawling leaves did

Keep from eating him, to hold him up.

Are pinch'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Basny, Green...

I care, at are, that they do care.

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.

Oh! what pity it is.

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we his garden:

We are time of year: Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees; Left, being over proud with sap and blood,

With too much riches it confound itself.

Had he done so to great and growing men,

They might have liv'd, and he to raise their

Fruits of duty. All superfluous branches

We top away, that bearing boughs may live:

Had he done so, himself had born the crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

I see, What think ye then, the king shall be

Deprest? He is already; and deposit,

Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,

That tell black tidings.

Q. O, I am press'd to death,

Through want of speaking—Thou, old Adam's likeness,

Seiz'd to dress this garden, how dared

Thy harsh-eu tongue sound this unpleasing news

What news, what serpent hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why then, thou say, King Richard is deposit?

Dost not thou, then little better thing than earth,

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how.

Can'st thou by these ill tidings speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam; little joy have I,

To breathe this news; yet, what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold.

Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are wea

SCENE IV.

The Duke of York's Garden.

The Queen, and two Ladies.

Sad heart shall we devise here in private,

Say the honest thought of care.

Madam, we'll play at bowls,

Twist make me think, is full of rude, and that my fortune

The bias.

Madam, we will dance, and we can keep our measure in delight

Our heart no measure keeps in grief; we dancing, girl; some other sport.

Madam, we'll tell tales.

Of sorrow, or of joy.

If either, madam.

Of neither, girl; being altogether wanting, number me the more of sorrow; of, being altogether had, so sorrow to my want of joy; so far, I need not to repeat: I want, it boils not to complaint.

Madam, I'll sing.

'Tis well, that that hast came; haste it; please me better, would'st weep.

The King, in the busy court he doth attend thee: may'st please you to come.

Down, down, I come; like luster.

manage of sullied ladies.

[Exit.]

Come down! Down! come down! a king

Whose airick, where mounting larks sing.

[Aside.]

Sorrow and grief of heart speak familiarly, like a tautuck man:

RICHARD, and his Attendants, aside.

all apart.

ny duty to his Majesty.

Lord.

[Knowing.

for cousin, you debase your princely

Blue earth pride with kissing it:

ed, my heart might feel your love, played it seem your courtesy up; your heart is up, I know,

child his own head, although he be low.

gracious lord, I come but for mine

Your own is yours, and I am yours...

So far be mine, my most beloved

service shall deserve your love.

Well you deserve: They well do

have, the strongest and surest way to get—

me your hand? say, dry your eyes; their love, but want their name too young to be your father, are not old enough to be my heir.

Ill have, I'll give, and willing too; many of these I have as surely London—Cousin, is it so?

yes, my good lord.

Then I must not say no.

[Exeunt.]

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Madam, we'll tell tales.

Of sorrow, or of joy.

If either, madam.

Of neither, girl; being altogether wanting, number me the more of sorrow; of, being altogether had, so sorrow to my want of joy; so far, I need not to repeat: I want, it boils not to complaint.

Madam, I'll sing.

'Tis well, that that hast came; haste it; please me better, would'st weep.
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself, And some few vanities that make him light; But in the balance of great Bolingbroke, Brandy himself, and all the English peer, And with that odd he weighs King Richard down.

Pos'd to London, and you'll find it so; I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischief, that art so light of soul.

Doth not thy emissary belong to me, My city, and to me thou must return! O, thou think'st to serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go, To meet at London London's king in woe.—

—What, was I born to this! that my sad look Should grace the changes of great Bolingbroke!—

Gard. I'm sent for telling me this news of woe, I would, the plants thou graff't, may never grow.

Gard. Poor queen! 'Twere not as thou might'st perhaps be so worse, I would forbear fear to subject thee to curse.—

Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place, I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace; Rue, green for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall.

[Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrett, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants, Officers behind, with Bagot.]

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind; What thou dost know of noble Glosier's death; Who wrought it with the king, and who per

Boling. The bloody officer of his times is end. Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd. In that dead time: when Glosier's death was

I heard you say,—It was not my arm of length, That reacheth from the sceptred English court As far as Calais, to my uncle's head? Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say, that you had rather refuse The offer of a hundred thousand crowns, Than Bolingbroke's return to England;— Adding within, how blest this land would be, In this your cousin's death.

Aumerle, princes, and noble lords, What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, On equal terms to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd With the attainer of his disdainful tips.—

There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest, And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false, In thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stain the temper of my mighty sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it

Aumerle. Excepting one, I would he were the best In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so. Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in the name By that fair sun that shows me upon thy stand,—

I heard thee say, and wonder'st thou not? That thou wert cause of noble Glosier's death? If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou; And I will hurl thy falsehood to thy face.

Where it was forged, with my spear's point. Aumerle. Thou dar'st not, coward, burn this by day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would live in Aumerle. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd by this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour's true, In this appeal, as thou art all about. And, that thou art so, there I throw up to prove it on thee, to the uttermost Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dare. Aumerle. And if I do not, may my head rot, And never brandish more renownful bat Over the glittering helmet of my foe. Aumerle. I took the earth to the sovereigns. Aumerle. And spair thee on with full as may be. As may be hold'n in thy treasurers, or From sun to sun: there is my honour; Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. Aumerle. Aumerle. Who sets me else by heaven? From all: I have a thousand spirits in one head, To answer twenty thousand such as ye. Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do requite well The very time Aumerle and you did hit. Fitz. I'm very true; you were in good Then; and I can witness with me, this is true. Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heathen is true. Fitz. Surrey, thou liest. Dissembler. That lie shall be so heavy on my soul, That it shall render vengeance and revenges Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do in Earth as quiet as thy father's soul. In proof whereof, there is my honour's engage To the trial, if thou dar'st. Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a fleet horse? If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or be, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness. And spit upon him whilst I say, be lie And lies, and lies: there is my head of To tie thee to my strong correction. As I intend to trial, by heaven, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal: Beware; I heard the banish'd Norfolk speak. That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy To execute the noble duke at Calais. Aumerle. Some hour's Christian truth may give, That Norfolk lies: how do I throw them If he may be repeal'd to try his honour. Boling. These differences shall all rest gory. Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd shall As, though mine enemy, restored again To all his land and sig'ne: with justice, With the same honour that he once had, Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. How that honourable day shall never be Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought For Jesus Christ; in glorious Christian and Streaming the standard of the Christian cause Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens; And, bold'd with works of war, retir'd To Italy: and, there at Venice, gave the body to that pleasant country's earth, And his pure soul into the keeping of Captain Charles. Under whose colours he had fought to long. Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk death
KING RICHARD II.

my lord,
conduct his sweet soul
unto the blissful fields of paradys.
—Lash the appallant,
all the days under gage,
he is of the true
high and noble.
ending now from him,—
that name the fourth
he'll ascend the royal

Once, say I speak,
the bold and truthful.
This noble presence
is not a true judge
a true heart would
not a soul so true.
Now is this golden crown
that oves two bucklers
in this empty dancing.
The other crown, and full of water.
That buckler down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boiling, I thought, you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
but not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boiling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care—gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with utter stay.

Boiling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, so no, ay—so for most I most
Therefore no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me well, I will make me:
I give this heavy weight from off my head;
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand.
The pride of kingsy away from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm;
With mine own hands I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own strength release all gracious oats;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manners, receipts, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny;
God pardon all oats, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, we made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved;
And thus with all pleasing, that hast all achieved;
Long mayst thou live in Richard's next to sit.
And soon shall I be heard in an empty pit.
God save King Henry, unkind Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!

NORTH.
No more, but that you read
Of the Pupies a Paper.
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May now that you are worthily disposed.
K. Rich. Most do I so; and must I ravel out
My weary'd up follicles? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy office were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a letter of thee? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrants of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of lives.
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth hast myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
KING RICHARD II.

Showing an outward pity; yet yea Pilate's
Have here deliver'd me to my own cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
North. My lord, despacht; read over these articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet the water blains them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To seek the pompeous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a shame;
Proud majesty, a subject; states, a pestilent.
Nord. My lord.—
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou hast, in
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis meanly—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters over,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a berry king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly loved,
An if my word be standing yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking.
[Scene ii. Attendant.
Nord. Read o'er this paper, while the glass
Both come.
K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I
come to bell.
Boling. Urp it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
Nord. The Commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.
Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.
Give me that glass, and thereat will I read.—
Mark how they wrinkles yet! Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds—O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
That's hot the wanton! O, what is this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did like a thousand men? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink:
Was this the face, that far'd so many follies,
And was at last outcast'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shiner in this face!
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[Death the Omens against the ground.
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, alack king, the morrow of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again. The shadow of my sorrow! Has he's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external maimers of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with audiences in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance; and I thank thee, king,
Rex. How dost thou know, that not only griefs
He came to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then he goes, and provoketh you no more;
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name is, far cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
For, when I was a king, my father
Were then but subjects: being so,
I have a king here to my father:
Being so great, I have no need to
Boling. Yet ask;
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, in
you sights.
Boling. Go, some of you, convey
K. Rich. O, good! Convey—O, yet all,
That rise thus maimly by a true king
[Exeunt K. Rich, some Lords.
Boling. On Wednesday next we down.
Our coronation: lords, prepare;
[Exeunt all the Abbott, Bishops,
And Audubin.
Alas, a woeful pageant have we
can. The word's to come to the
unborn
Shall feel this day as stony to the
Asia. You holy clerkship, is it
To rid the realm of this pernicious
Alas, before I freely speak me
You shall not only take the surr
To bury my losses, but also to
Whatever I shall happen to draw
I see your brows are full of discos
Your hearts of ashen ashes, and you
Come home with me to supper; a
plot, shall show us all a merry

ACT V.

SCENE i. London. A Street within.

Enter Queen, and Lord
Quean. This way the king will
To Juliu's Caesar's ill-averted
To whose first bosom my conduct
is down'd a prisoner, by proud
Then were let them speak; I do not
Have any resting for her true heart.

Exeunt King Richard, and
But soft, but see, or rather do me
My furrow with a wicket: Yet look on
That you in pity may dissolve
And wash him fresh again with
Ah, thou the model where old
Thou map of honour; thou King!
And not so, Richard, thou must
Why should hard-hearted griefs
When triumph is become an end
K. Rich. Juts not with grief, but
so not.
To make my end too sudden; let
To think our former state a happy
From which awak'd, the truth of
Shows us but this; I am awak'd
To grim necessity; and he and I
I will keep a league till death. Blunt
And cloister thee in some religion
Our holy lives must win a new
Which our profound down.
Owen, that is my Richard; the
And mind
Transport and weakness! Had
Depend_thine_intellect_hath_beth
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth
And wounds the earth, if nothing.
To be overpower'd; and with the
Take thy correction saidst


KING RICHARD II.

Queene. Give me mine own again; there is no good part.
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
K. Rich. So now I have mine own again, begun,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

SCENE II.
The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Duck. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest.
When weeping made you break the story off
Of one two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave it?
Duck. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Throw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know well,
With slow, but steady pace, knowing the way,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

York. You would have thought the very windows
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements darted their desireful eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesus preserve thee! I welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, tower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespeake them thus—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duck. Also, near Richard! where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on that which enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scoow on Richard; no man cried, God save him:
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But that was thrown upon his exceded head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combattant with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience.
That had not God, for some great purpose, steed;
The hearts of men, they must perfome what they are meet,
And barbarism itself have pitied them.
But heaven hath both a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our sad contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honours I for eye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Duck. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth;
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
Duck. Welcome, my son. Who are the victors now?
That strove the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aumerle. Madam, I know not; nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief he some one.
York. You shall hear you well in this new spring
Of time.

[Exeunt.]
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.
Yor. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
Yor. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[___ is read.]
Treason! soul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duck. What is the matter, my lord?
Yor. Ho! who is within there? [Enter a Servant.] Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duck. Why, what is it, my lord?
Yor. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my
horse:—Now by mine honor, by my life, my troth,
I will apprehend the villain. [Exit Servant.
Duck. Peace, foolish woman.
Duck. I will not peace:—What's the matter,
son?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life meet answer.
Duck.
Thy life answer!
[___ Servant, with Boots.
Yor. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Duck. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd;—
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[___ Servant.
Yor. Give me my boots, I say.
Duck. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
With these, my lord, to be the trepasser of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my meaning date drawn up with time?
And will thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a mother's happy name?
If he be not like thee I shall be thine own?
Yor. Thou fond and mad woman,
Wilt thou now use this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them have here taken the sacrament,
And interjacently set down their hands,
To kill the king at Unford.
Duck. He shall be none;
Wilt thou name him here? Then what is that to him?
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand,
Thou hast a traitor in thy cause.
Yor. Would I, fair mother, I shall make thee
Stay thy cause to fear.
Yor. [Within.] Open the door, or I will break
hardy king:—
Shall I, for love, speak treason?—Open the door, or I will break
[___ Servant.
And beat our watch, and run away.—While he, young, wanton, and so
Takes on the point of honour, so
So dissolve a crew.
Aum. My lord, some two day
And told him of these triumphs in
Being. And what said the girl
Percy. His answer was,—be so
stew;
And from the commonest creature
And wear it as a favour; and
He would anhance the lowest ch
Being. As dissolute, as despens
both
I see some sparkes of a better k
Which elder days may happily b
But who comes here?—
[___ Aumerle, best
Aum. [Within.] Where is
Being. Our cousin, that he stays and i
Aum. God save your grace,
your majesty.
To have some conference with ye
Being. Withdraw yourselves here alone.—[Enter Pit.
What is the matter with our c
Aum. For ever may my kn
earth.
My tongue cleave to the roof wit
Unles a pardon, ere I die, or
Being. Intended, or commut
it but the first, how knowest er
To win thy after-love, I pardon
Aum. Then give me leave th
That ye may enter till my late
Being. Have thy desire. [At
Yor. [Within.] My togs, so
thyself.
Thou hast a traitor in thy cause
Being. Villain, I'll make thee
Aum. Stay thy revengeful h
Thou hast no cause to fear.
Yor. [Within.] Open the do
hardy king:—
Shall I, for love, speak treason?
Open the door, or I will break
[___ Servant.
KING RICHARD II.

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Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there; Or, in thy做的 heart plant thou thine ear; That, hearing how our prayers and prayers do

*Pity may move thee, pardon to rejoice.*

Dying. Good am I, stand up.

Duck. I do not use to stand.

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Dying. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duck. O happy vintage of a knotted knee! Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again:

Twice saying pardon, duct not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Dying. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duck. A god on earth thou art.

Dying. But for our treaty brother in law,

And the abbot,

With all the rest of that connected crew,—

Destruction on right hand, destruction on the left;—

Good uncle, help to order several powers To Oxford, and wheresoe'er these taxes lie,

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and, cousin, too, awhile:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duck. Come, my old son— I pray God, make their new.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Did you not mark the king, what words he spoke?

How sa w or Friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serc. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I a friend? what he! he speak it twice,

And mark it twice together; did he not?

Serc. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me:

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart;

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go; I am the king's friend, and will rid his toe.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Pomfret. The Daughter of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live, unto the world;

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;

My soul the father: and these two begot

A generation of still breeding thoughts,

And those same thoughts people this little world;

In humours, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented. The better sort

As thoughts of things stiling, are intermin'd

With scriples, and do set the word itself

Against the word:

As thus,—Come, little ones! and then again,—

It is as hard to come, as for a camel

To tread the pattern of a needle's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot

Unlike wonderers: how these vain weak nags

May tear along through the dusty ride

Of this hard world, my ragged prison wall;

And, for they cannot, die in their own gait.

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,

They are not the first of fortune's slaves,

Nor shall be the last; like silly beggars,

Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse cloathes;

That many have, and others must sit there;

And in this thought they find a kind of ease.
KING RICHARD II.

Bearing their own misfortune on their back
Of such as have before defended the like;
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crazing penury
Pernicious mark, I was better when a king;
Thee am I king again: and, by what name
Think that I am asking 'by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing—But, whate'er I am
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be cast
With being nothing.—Music do I hear!—

[Enter Groom.] Ha, ha! I keep time:—How sound sweet madam is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So it is in the sack of men's lives.
And here have I the dauntlessness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd strain;
But for the keeping of our state and time,
Had not an ear to bear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now time wasters time.
For now my time he made me his music's clock;
[no further lines visible.]
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, sleep.
Their watches on to miss the outward sound.

Whereeto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, air, the sound, that tells what time is,
Are cimborous grounds, that strike upon my heart.
Which is the bell? So sighs, and tears, and time.

Show minutes, times, and hours—but my time
Reas posting on in Bolingbroke's provident
While I standfooiling here, his Jack o'clock.
This music made me, let it sound so more;
For now my time he made me his music's clock.
In me, it seems, will make wise men mad,
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me.
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this fatal-winged hour.

[Enter Groom.]

Groom. Hall, royal princes!—
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer: The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear,
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad song
That brings me food, to make misfortune live!
Groom. I was a poor groomsman of thy stable, king,
When thou was royal king; who travelling towards
York, With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To come into thy presence royal master. Peace,
O, how I yearned my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbury!
That horse, that so I carefully have drest;
K. Rich. Rodes he on Barbury? Tell me, my lord, How went he under him?
Groom. He was so proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground,
[his back]
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on That horse, that once I reared from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down
(Since pride must have a fall), and break the ground!
Of that proud man that did usurp his back
Forsooth, the horse; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I have a burden like an ass,
Spur-gait't, and tied't, by jocund Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Keep Favour, give place; here is no longer stay.
Groom. To thee, Groom. K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou went away.
Groom. What tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
KING RICHARD II.

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I trusted enemies,
In by my father brought,
That they not; for thou hast

with thy fatal hand,

all this famous land.

town mouth, my lord, did

not poison that did poison

got I did with him dead,

love him murdered,

I take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word, nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of oblivion,

And never show thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe;

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grove:

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,

And put on silken black incontinent:

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood from off my guilty hand;

March sadly after; grace my meanings here,

In weeping after this untimely hour. [Exeunt.

FIRST PART OF

G HENRY THE FOURTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Patsy.

Gadshill.

Pett.

Burdelf.

Lady Percy, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

Mrs. Quickly, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drapers, noe Carriers, Travelers and Attendants.

Scene—England.

CT I.

1. A Room in the Palace.

Westmoreland, Sir Walter and Others.

As weare, so wan with care, righted peace to pant, adding accounts of new broils.

stronds after remote entrance of this soil

in her sons children’s blood:

ing war channel her fields, to

with the armed hand

on opposed eyes,

sors of a troubled heaven,

one substance be

in intestine shock

civil butcherry,

well beseeching ranks, and be so more oppos’d

kindred, and allies:

an ill sheathed knife,

No more shall eat his master. Therefore, friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

We are impressed and engag’d to fight).

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,

Whose arms were moulded in their mother’s

womb.

To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,

Over whose acres walk’d those blessed feet,

Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail’d

For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

But this our purpose is a twelve-month old, and

boothless ‘is to tell you—we will go; and

Therefore we meet nor now—Then let me

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,

What yesternight our council did decree.

In forwarding this clear expediency,

Went. My liege, this haste was hot in question,

And many limbs of the charge set down

But yesterday: when, as after, there came

A post from Wales, loaded with heavy news;

Whose worst was—that the noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight.
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way. [friend,  
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-inclinations  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
But twist that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome.  
The earl of Douglas is discomfited; [news,  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty  
knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur  
Mortlake Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To twenty Douglas, and the earls of Atholl,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize I ha', cousin, is it not?  
Hest. In faith,  
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.  
K. Hen. Yes, there thou mak'st me sad, and  
mak'st me sin  
In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so blest a son:  
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:  
Whilst 1, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of such a young boy, O, that it could be prov'd,  
That some night tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle clothes one children where they lay,  
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet.  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thought—What think you, coz?  
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mortlake Earl of Fife.  
West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is  
mak'st me sin.  
Malevolent to you in all aspects;  
Which makes him prone himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

Fal. No, by my troth; not so it  
serve to be prolonges to an end and  
P. Hen. Well, how then I can  
roundly.  
Fal. Marry, then, sweet way, wi'  
king, let not us, that are squire  
body, be called thieves of the day;  
us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen  
imon of the moon: And let me  
men of good government: being  
the sea is, by our noble and chaste  
under whose countenance  
P. Hen. Thou sayst well; and  
too; for the fortune of us, that us,  
doh ebb and flow like the  
governed as the sea is, by the un  
proof, now: A purse of gold is  
stripped on Monday night, and  
spent on Tuesday morning; get ye  
by; and spent with crying—Is  
in as low an ebb as the feet of the  
and by, in as high a flow as it  
gallows.  
Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st  
not my hostess of the tavern  
wench?  
P. Hen. As the honey of Hyb  
the castle. And is not a bely  
sweet robe of durance?  
Fal. How now, how now, me  
thy quips, and thy quiddities  
have to do with a bely jerkin?  
P. Hen. Why, what a host my  
hostess of the tavern?  
Fal. Well, thou hast called her  
many a time and oft.  
P. Hen. Did I ever call forthe  
Fal. No, nor elsewhere;  
all there.  
P. Hen. Yes, and elsewhere,  
coin would stretch; and where  
how I have my credit.  
Fal. Yes, and so used it, that  
appearent that thou art heir app  
yther, sweet way, shall the  
standing in England when that  
resolution was fobbed as it is,  
curb of old father smite the law.
KING HENRY IV.

When to a hare, or the 4h.

king, not unamoury similis,

of comparative, vascu-

But, Hal; I pres- wite; but I regarded

re with vanity, I would not be, where a commodity

be sought; an old lord e the other day in the

in the 1st, I marked him not; wisely, but I regarded

and wisely, and in the

Haly, for wisdom does to mean regards it,

able iteration; and art, mental. Than hast done

Hal.—God forgive thee thee, Hal, I know no if a man should speak

one of the wicked. I and I will give it every

in science, I am willing; I'll be's so son in Christendom.

we take a peace ac-

lad, I'll make one; an, and buffer me.

Amendment of life in more taking.

at a distance.

vocation, Hal; 'tis no in his vocation, Point! If Gadshill have not a
to be saved by merit, i t hot enough for him to set down pain

su, Nee, so-east Hal. What says that easy Sir John Sack

grees the devil and thee and soldi to Good-

do to his word, the devil for the over yet a divert the devil's time,
diamond for keeping thy

endurned for sooening

my Jud, to-morrow

early at Gadshill; Gadshill is

the border with finer riding to London

vines for you all, you see; Gadshill lies to.

aye becopoke supper to

then, we may do it as we will: I go, I will stuff your

and if I tarry at home,

make one?

a thief I not I, by my

honesty, manhood, nor

nor than canst not of

dare stand for ten

once in my days I'll be a

told.

what will, I'll tarry at

the traitor then, when

other, have the prince

and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Edw. Well, may'the have the spirit of per-

suasion, and be the ears of profiting, that what thone speakest may move, and what he hears

may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false that; for the poor

abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Fare-

well, All-hallowsummer! [Exit Falstaff.

Point. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride

with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute,

that I cannot manage alone. Fabian, Bardolph,

Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob these men that we have already laid; yourself and I will be

not there then, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this hand from

my shoulders.

P. Hen. By Heaven, how shall we put them in

setting forth?

Point. Why, we will set forth before or after

them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fall; and then

will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved,

we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know

us, by our horses, by our habit, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Point. Tost! our horses they shall not see, I'll

tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we have left; and, shrift, I have cases

of buckram for the nose, to immanse our outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt they will be too hard

for us.

Point. Well, for two of them, I know them to

be as true bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees

reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this

same jest requires will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with;

what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow

night in Eastcheap, there I'll sep. Farewell, Farewell, my lord! [Exit PONTS.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a white alp

the unyck'd humour of your idleness: [hold

Yet before we imitate the sun;

Who doth permit the base contagious
demons to smother his beauty from the world.

That, when he please again to be himself: Being wanted, he must be more wonderful at.

By breaking through the fowl and ugly mists

of vapours, that did seem to struggle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would we as tedious as to work; But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised;

By how much better than my word I am,

So much shall I falsify men's hopes.

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,

Of my reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall shine more proudly, and attract more eyes,

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so often, to make offence a skill.

Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,

HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cool and

temperance.

Unapt to stir at these indulgences.
The moody frontier of a servant's brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[Exit Womnan.]—
North.
You were about to speak.
Yes, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name de-
manded.

Which Harry Percy here at Holmelson took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
[Enter.]
My liege, I did desy no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the light was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new raps'd,
Shone like a sparkling land at harvest home;
He was perfumed like a milliner:
And twist'd his finger and his thumb he held
A pooner-box, which o'er and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it went came there,
Took it in snuff,—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—outright knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a toller unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wine and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popish lay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectfully, I know not what;
He should, or he should not—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a well-favoured woman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)
And telling me the severest of things on earth
But by the chance of war,—ah, needs no more but one tongue to wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which we took,
When on the gentle Severn's side
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of us:
In changing hardiment with great,
Three times they break'd, and durst they drink.
Upon agreement, of swift,
Who then, a wager'd with thee,
Ran fearfully among the men,
And bid his crys band in our blood-stain'd tree.

Never did bar and return
Colour her working with a name;
Nor never could the noble,
Receive so many, and all.
Then let him not be ashamed.
X. Lord. Thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with
He tell thee, he durst as well have met thee.
As Owen Glendower for us,
Art thou not ashamed? Lord, let me not hear you speak of
Send me your prisoners.
Or you shall hear in such a tale
As will displease you.—By land,
We license your departure with
Send us your prisoners, or your.
[Enter Alice Hummer.]—
And if the devil come,
I will not send them—I do;
And tell him so; for I will.
Although the witch bewray'd,
North. What, drunk with what?
Here comes your uncle.
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He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay, I'll have a starving shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion. Hear you,
Come a word.

Mortimer stood on a stone;
All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,

But I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'll have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

War. Farewell, kinman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nord. Why, what a wap-tongue and impa-
tient fool.

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Frying thy ear to no tongue better than own

War. Why, hook you, I am whip'd and scour'd
with rods.

Nord. And styled with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

War. What's the matter, you wretches?
In Richard's time—What do you call
The A plague upon it?—it is in Gloucestershire;

When I first saw how well
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you shall be come back from Ravenspring.

Nord. Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
War. Nay, if you have not, let's again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Nord. I have done, I'll wish you peace,
And pass the bag to you, your Scottish pri-

War. Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only men. For

War. He shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You are my lord.

Nord. The northern people,

War. Tewick is not.

Of that same noble prelate, well below'd.
The archbishop.

War. Of York, let's not.

War. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
In rank conduct, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face.
Or that occasion that shall bring it on.

War. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
Nord. Before the game's astouned, then shall let slip

War. How, it cannot choose but be a noble
And then the power of Scotland, and of York;

War. To join with Mortimer, ha?

War. In faith, it is exceedingly well advis'd,
War. And this no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves at even as we can.
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we ourselves obligated.
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And we already, how he doth begin
To make as strangers to his looks of love.
SCENE I. Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! A'int be not four by the day, I'll be hanged; Charles Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler?

Ost. [Hinting.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, best Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrong in the wilders out of all ease.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pome and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor Jukes the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fives: I am stung like a tanch.

1 Car. Like a tanch! by the mass, there is never a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow me never a Jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fives like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler? come away and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a guinea of bacon, and two pieces of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charles Cross.

1 Car. 'Od body! the turkeys in my panner are quite starved. — What, ostler! — A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head! I cannot hear! An I were not as good a deed as drink, to hear thee, I know. — Come, be hanged; I have no faith in thee!

Enter Gasbrell.

Gasb. Good morrow, carrier. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gasb. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see

If I hung, old Sir John boom wh thoo knowest, he's no staving, are other Trojans that thou dream which, for sport sake, are coast profession some grace; that woe should be looked into, for their own make all whole. I am joined with wakers, no long-staff, sixpenny g of these wad, mustard, purple warams; but with nobility, ad burgomasters, and great seizes; hold in; such as will strike some ad speak sooner than drink, ad than pray: And yet I lie; for the nasly to their saith, the common rater, not pray to her, but pay they ride up and down on her, in their boots.

Cham. What, the common-coll she will hold out water in for us? God. She will, she will; juster her. We steal as in a castle, cocke: the receipt of feuce, we walk.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think beholden to the night, than to your walking invisible.

Gods. Give me thy hand; the share in our purchase, as I am a Cham, Nay, rather let me have a false thine.

Gods. Go to; Homo is a common man. Bid the ostler bring my the stable. Farewell, you would.

SCENE II. The East G'ty

Enter Prince Henry, and and and d'art are some d'art.

Prince. Come, master, shake, shake. Fabian's horse, and be dressed velvet.

F. Hen. Stand close.

[Exit Fabian, with the prince.]
Peto! I'll starve, ere I'll rob a man! An 'twere not as good a deed as to save men, and leave these rogue, rascal varlets that ever chew'd with a half yard of uneven ground, in three ten mile shot with me; and the six villains know it well enough! A set, when thieves cannot be true to! [They Haste.] When!—A plague of give me my horse, you rogue; horse, and be hanged. Peace, ye fat-guts; lie down; lay me to the ground, and list if thou be bred of travellers. If thou any bebe to let me up again, if 'tis need, I'll not hear mine own shot again, for all the cold in thy bungler. What a plague mean ye to? Then fast, thou art not coltled, thou other, good Prince Hal, help me to good king's son. But, you rogue! shall I be your rescuer? Help thyself in thy own beirt-appa. If I be taken, I'll pech for this, of bullets made on you all, and sung up, let a cup of sack be my poison: it is so forward, and stout too,—I

EAST CUMHILL.

Not, against my will; with our sector: I know his voice.

EAST BURSDEN.

at news! you, men and boys, with your voices; eye of the king's coming down the leg to the king's exchequer. I'll, you rogue; 'tis going to the

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Jof, Zounds! will they not rob us? P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Falstaff? Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal. P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof. Fens. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast. Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises? POINS. Here, hard by; stand close. [Eaves P. Han. and POINS.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dose, say I; every man to his business. Easy Travellers.

I TRAVELLERS. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk o'ert a while, and ease our legs.

THEES. Stand.

Fal. You bless us

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whomsoever enters la! bacon-fed knaves! They hate us youths; down with them; niece them. I TRAVELLERS. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gabbled knaves! Are ye undone? No, ye fat clouds; I would, your store were here! On, bacon, on! What, ye knowes? young men must live: You are grand jurors are we! We'll jure ye, 'tis thine. [Eaves Fal. &c., driving the Travellers out.

RE-ENTRY PRINCE HENRY AND POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go mercifully to London, it would be argument for a kick, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. POINS. Stand close, I hear them coming.

RE-ENTRY THIEVES.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins, than in an wilted duck.

P. Hen. Your money.

[Rushing out upon them,}
FIRST PART OF

Away, good Nod. Falstaff sweets to death,
And传染 the lean earth as he walks along:
Why do you laugh, Sir John? I should pity him.

Enter. How the rogue roars'! [Exit.

SCENE III. Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter.

—then, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well
contented to be there, in respect of the boon I lose your
honor. He could be contented. Why is he
not then? In the respect of the love he bears
our person, and the show in this, he loves his own
barter better than he loves our house. Let me
see some more. The purpose you understand is dan-
gers;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous
to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you,
my mistress' ransom, and of hostile danger, we pluck
this flower, safety. The purpose you understand
is dangerous; who in three days hath not sown,
sowing the time itself unsown; and your whole plot too,
for the counterplot of so great an opposition. —Say
you so, say you a tell! I say unto you again, ye
are a shallow, cowardly hound, and you lie.
What is this? The summary is this. By the Lord, it is
not a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full
of expectation: an excellent plot, very good
friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? With
his lord of York commence the plot, and
the general course of the action. Sounds, we
were now by this rascal, I could brand him
with his lady's fan. Is there not rather my,
uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer,
my uncle's sword, and Queen Gismonder! Is not
there, besides, the Doegias? Have I not
all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth
of the next month: and are they not, some of
them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal
is this? an infidel! Has ye you shall see now,
in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will
the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O,
I could divide myself, and go to boys, for
moving each a dish of seasoned milk with so
honorable an interest. Hang him; let him tell
the king; We are prepared: I will set forward
at night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these
two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus
alone?

For what offense have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my lady's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what's that takes thee from
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden
health. Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth?
And be bold in thine aim when thou art not alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee?
To thine eye'd nursing, and care'd melancholy
In thy faint slumbers, thine eye's have watch'd,
And heard thee mummer tales of iron wars
Speak terms of danger to thy bounding
Cry, Courage! is the field: and thou hast talk'd
Of swordsmen, of swordsmen, of swordsmen, of
pallasoas, of lances, of parapets,
Of battalions, of cannon, of cuirassiers,
Of dragoons, of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a hateful fight.
The sun hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep.
That beauty of great have stood upon thy brow,
Like blossoms on a desert stream,
And in thy face strange motions have appeared;
Beauteous as the lilies to retrain their
On some great sudden haste, O, what portents

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.
After what, hot is Williams with the packet
grave!

Enter Servant.

Serge. He is, my lord, an hour or two
Hot. Hast Butler brought thou the
Serge. One horse, my lord, be-hold
Hot. What horse? a horse, a cross
Serge. It is, my lord.

Hot. That road shall be,
Well, I will back him straight; the
Butler let him forth into the

[Exit.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you so

Hot. Why, my horse, my love,

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A woeful story will I tell you: As you are
are as old as I am. In truth,
I'll know your business, Harry, for
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth
About his person; and hath sent for you.
To line his ensign; and I can't

Hot. So far not, I shall be

Lady. Come, come, you particulars
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little leg
As if thou shall not tell me all this

Hot. Away,
Away, you rider!—Love! I love
I care not for thee, Kate: this is:
To play with mawmets, and to bid
We must have bloody men, and
And pass them current too—so farewell!

What say'st thou, Kate? what

Lady. Doth she love me? days
Well, do not then; for shinnye,
I will not love myself. Do you
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest,

Hot. Come, will thou see me

And when I am of horseback, I will
I love thee infinitely. But hark ye;
I must not have you forth in me
Whether I go, nor reason where
Whether I must, I must; and, to
This evening I must meet thee:
I know you wise; but yet me and
Then Harry Mortimer's wife: comest
But yet a woman: and not for
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not meet me
And so far will I trust thee, gentle
Lady. How?—so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hast
Whether I go, thither shall you
To-day will I be ready to morrow;
Will this consent you, Kate?

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's

Enter Prince Henry and

P. Hen. Not, ouch the, come o' th' room,
And lend me thy hand to

Poin. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four amongst three or four score hogshead
I can call them all by their Christian
Tom, Dick, and Francis, I have
up their salvation, that, though
of Wales, yet I am the king of
me flatly I am no proud je-
staff; but a christian, a lad of
—by the lord: but, call me
I am king of England, I shall

Some good lady in Eastcheap. They are
dead, dy ing scarlet; and when
P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [Exeunt Winsten.] Polia!

Re-enter Poulia.

Poulia. Amen, amen, sir. P. Hen. Sirrah, Falsstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry? Poulia. As merry as cricket, my lord, but that har yec; What cunning match have you made with this jest of a drawer? come, what's the issue? P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves to-day, the old ways of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Frances with wine.] What's o'clock, Francis? Frances. Amen, amen, sir. P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north: he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—I go upon this quest life! I want work. Q) my sweet Harry, says she, how hast thou killed to-day? Give me my noon horse a drink. holiday, says she; and answers, Some fourteen, an hour after; a strafe, a sir. I pr'ythee, call in Falsstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brown shall play dame Mortimer his wife. I'll be, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falsstaff, Gadsbile, Bardolph, and Petruchio.

Poulia. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been? Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. —Exeunt Falsstaff, etc. Petruchio. I'll sing songs at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou dost, then behold that compadre.

Fal. You rogue, here's life in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with life in it; a villainous coward. —Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if mankind, good mankind, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a stolent herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old; God help the while I live! I say, would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woot-sack! what matter you

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of bath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales! P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter? Fal. Are you not a coward! answer me to that: and Poulia there. Poulia. Sounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee dammed ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. I call thee that backing of your friends! A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drink to-day.

P. Hen. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.
FIRST PART OF

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. (He sobs.)

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? There be four of us here that have taken a thousand pound this morning. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

P. Hen. Where is it taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ward with thee. I have been two hours together. I have 'scaped by my miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler out through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, once, and once. I never dealt with a man that would do so. a plague of all cowards. Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villainous, and the authors of darkness and confusion.

P. Hen. Speak, sir; how was it?

Fal. In a quarter set upon some dozen.

P. Hen. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gon. And bound them.

Fal. They were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew chaser, an Edew Jew. Would we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, and unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of rascals; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. What, God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; for I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure. I have paid two rogues in backgamut suits. I tell thee why. Had I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old world:—here I lay, and thou I bore my point. Four rogues in backgamut let drive at me.

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, ever since.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

P. Hen. Ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all the lances in my target, thou.

P. Hen. Seven, why, there were but four, even seven.

Fal. In backgamut.

P. Hen. Ay, four, in backgamut suits.

Fal. Four, Hal; or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Damned hear me, Hal! P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Damned hear me. O, Hal! I was not my point. These nine in backgamut, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their routes being broken.

P. Hen. Down fell their horses.

Fal. If it had not been for my good mother and for the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, thou canst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that beggteth them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-poled foot; thou whoremonger, obscene, grossly talung.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could thou men in Kendal green, when it was couldn't not see thy hand? come reason; What sayst thou to this?

P. Hen. Come, your reason, but like a fool.

Fel. What, upon computation? by the strappado, or all the rack in the world would not tell you on computation; reason on computation; if reasons as blackberries, I would give an occasion to the other.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer gay; this sangenay, this horse-breaker, this huge hill.

Fal. Away, you starving, you empty, you, O, for breath, for utter that is like a seller's yard, and the earth, you too vile standing pack.

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and again; and when thou hast tire, by comparison, hear me speak but this.

P. Hen. We two saw you but one bound them, and were meat.

Fal. Mark now, have you not put you down. Then did we four, and, with a word, out of the price, and have it; yes, and we here in the house; and, Caleb, your guts away as nimble, with a very, and spoke, and perished, and roared for mercy, and roared as ever I heard bull-calf art thou, to knock thy sword aside, and then say, it was in fight? What device, what starting hole, came out to hide thee from this open a shame?

P. Hen. Come, let's hear, Jack; W thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, that made ye. Why, hear ye, say it for me to kill the heir apparent turn upon the true prince. Why, if I am as valiant as Hercules: be strict; the lion will not teach the instinct is a great matter; I was instinct. I shall think the better of thee, during my life, if ever I shall see the king for a true prince. But, by the Lord, I am glad you have the money, so to the doors; watch tonight, prince; Gallants, lords, boys, hearts of little of good fellowship come to shall we be merry! shall we have temperance?

P. Hen. Content—and the art be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, I will.

Enter Hostess.

Hos. How now, my lord the prince; what sayst thou to me?

Hon. Mark, my lord, there is the court at doors; wouldst thou not come from thy father.

P. Hen. Give him no such, as a royal man, and send him back mother?

P. Hen. What manner of man is he.

Hon. An old man.

Fal. What's the matter out of his sight? Shall I give him such a P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him to your grace.

P. Hen. Now, sir; by'th' by, ye—so did you, Peto;—so did you; thou art fours too, thou ran away with you will not touch the true prince.
KING HENRY IV. 553

I run when I saw others run, moe now in earnest. How came I so

hacked? I knocked it with my dagger; determined to bear

though I had been drunk; and then to balabheb

hit, and to swear it was the first. I did that I did not see this sudden

stroke to bear his monstrous

blows, then stole a cap of sack, and went taken with the

ye since thou hast blast ed ex

blaze and brand on thy side,

put away; What instinct b receives

do you these meteors do s

attacks?

think you they portend? Love and coldness are miraculous; my lord, if rightly taken. If rightly taken, father.

Act II. Scene I.

A Jack, here comes brave horse; great creature of bombast! How

duly, since thou sawst thine own

knew when I was about the twenty each two in the lane crept into an oldman's

plague and grief? It is.

like a blasher. There's villainy, here was Sir John Bray

yon? You must to the court in the same maid fellow of the north

of Wales, that gave Ammon and made Lucifer cuckold, and his true liege man upon the cross

Excuse, a plague, that puzzle you

more, the same; and his son;

and old Northumberland; is Sir Scroop Douglas, that

up a hill perpendicular.

at vixens at high speed, and with a

I hit it.

do never the swallow.

raucous harsh good mettle in him;

what a rascal art thou, to

crack, ye cuckoo! but, about, he

Jack, upon instinct. Well, he is

one Mordace, and a thousand

Worcester is stolen away to

beard is turned white and may

buy land now as cheap as

then, 'tis like, if there come a

civit batting hold, we shall

as they buy kibbutz, by the

lads, lad, thou sayest true; it is

is good trading that way.

and, art thou not horribly afraid? Appune, could the world pick

enemies again, as that fiend did Poncey, and that devil Gisou

not horribly afraid? doth not art it?

when I say faith. I lack some of

will be horribly slain to-mor. row, when thou comest to thy father: If thou

love me, practice an answer.

[Exeunt.]

Pet. Shall I content? This chair shall be my

state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my

prince be taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and the

precious rich crown, for a pitiful bad crown!

Pet. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shall thou be moved.—Give

me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must

speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cymby's vein.

Pet. [Aside. Well, here is my leg.]

Pet. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

[Aside. This is excellent sport, 'tis faith.

[Aside. Weep not, sweet queen, for tricking tears are vain.

[Aside. O, the father, how he holds his coun

[Aside. Peace, good pint-gut; peace, good tinkle-

brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou

spendest thy time, but also how thou art accom

panied; for though the cannon, the more it is

trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the

more it is delayed, the sooner it weakens. That

thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's

word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a

villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish

hanging of thy tether lip, that doth warrant me.

If then be son to me, here lies the point,—

Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at?

I shall the blessed son of heaven prove a tipick, and
eat blackberries! a question not to be asked.

I am the son of England prove a thief, and take

pursues a question to be asked of this thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of,

and it is known to many in our land by the

name of Cymbeline; this pitch, well-worn writers do

report, dord dedle; so doth the company thou

keepest. For, Harry, now I do not speak to

thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but

in passion; not in words only, but in words

also; and yet there is a voice and a name whom I have

often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

[Exeunt.]

Pet. What manner of man, so like thee

Maid.

Pet. A good portly man, 'tis faith, and a

corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a

most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age

some sixty. For, by my lady, incline he is so gay;

And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff,

'that man should be bowly given, he decriev

me for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If

then the tree may be known by the fruit

by the leaves, then, peradventure I speak it, there

is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep well, the

rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty

vagabond, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Pet. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou

stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Flut. Depose me if thou dost it half so gravely,

so majestically, both in word and manner, hang

me up by the heels for a rabbit-sacker, or a

ponyler's hare.


[Aside. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

Pet. Here, Harry! whence come you? I

My noble lord, from Enitchop.

[Aside. The complaints I hear of thee are

[Aside. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—I

will try thee for a young prince, 'tis faith.

[Aside.
FIRST PART OF

P. Hen. Swear at thee, angracious boy! be henceforth never look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a ten of man's company. Why dost thou converse with that tram of humours, that boiling-butch of headacines, that swoln parcel of droopies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed clock-bag of gits, that roasted Memmingrave ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father raffish, that vanity in years, that be good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in the market? I wherefor villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in your grace?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you; Whom means your grace? P. Hen. That innumerable misbeliever of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded sotan. Fal. My lord, the man I know. P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do grace him; but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the woman! if to be old and merry be a sin, then may all the host that I know, is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord! banish Petos, banish Bardolph, banish Polins; but for Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and there- fore my lord, hearing as he is, old Jack Fal- staff, banish not him by Harry's company; banish Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [Aside.]

[Enter Hostes, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Oath, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostes, hastily.

Host. O Jove, my lord! my lord!—

Host. But, Jack, heigh! the devil rides upon a sledgestick: What's the matter? Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to warn the house; Shall I let them in?

Host. You shall not let them in; Hallo! never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit; thus art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Host. I deny your major: If you will deny the sheriff, so, no, but let him enter: If I become not a court as well as another man, a plague on my head! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras; the major is come up above. Now, my master, for a true face, and good compliance.

Host. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exit all but the Prince and Poins.

P. Hen. Enter in the sheriff.

Host. Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sir. First, pardon me, my lord. A harde cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Host. Some of them is well known, my gracious lord.

A great fat man.

Sar. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here.
KING HENRY IV.

1. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water sked,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

2. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And eats me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous canal out.
I'll have the current in the channel'd up;
And here the snag and silver Tenes shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

3. No wind it shall, it must, it shall; you see,
it doth.

4. Yes, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

5. I'll have it so; a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

6. I will not have it alter'd.

7. No, nor you shall not.

8. Who shall say me nay? Who shall tell me.

9. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

10. I can speak English, lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

11. And I, Mary, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—new,
Than one of those same metre failed-monkeys:
I had rather hear a brazen caxt turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axte-tree;
And that would set my teeth shivering on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the force-gait of a shuffling nag.

12. Come, you shall have Treut turn'd.

13. But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll exalt on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the inferiours drawn? shall we be gone?

14. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll in and haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence: I
am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doted on her Mortimers.

15. My eye, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

16. No, I cannot choose sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the multiform and the kit.

17. Of the dreamer Merlin and his progeny:
And of a dragon, and a fellow-fish,
A clip-wing griffin, and a moulted raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimpel-shamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several divs' names,
That were his lacks: I cried, humpt, and—

18. But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tird horse, a ruffling wise.

19. Worse than a smoky horse; I had rather live
FIRST PART OF

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
That feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and good-

In strange conceits; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous able; and as honourful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curst himself even of his natural scope.
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not be so hasty, let me entreat you.
War. In faith, my lord, you are too wild;
And since you coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs, my lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
And (that's the dearer grace it venders you),
Yet oftentimes it doth present hard rage.
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a boisterous,
Lost me his heart; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Breaking them of commendation.

Mort. Well, I am school'd; good manners be

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOW, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me.—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
With you.
She'll be a good thing too, she'll to the war.
Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my
Son shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[Glend. speaks to his Daughter in Welsh, and she answers him the same.
Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self.

One that no persuasion can do good upon.
[Lady M. speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty
Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
Heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In parting only, I should answer thee.
[Lady M. speaks again.
I understand thy kissers, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disposition;
But I will never be a treason, love,
Till I have heard thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned.
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her rate.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[Lady M. speaks again.
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.
Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay
you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Chasing you out with pleasing heavinesses;
Making such difference (twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harreau's team
Begins his goddes progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her
sing.
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
[Glend. Do so.
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here; sit, and attend.

Hat. Come, Kate, than set not down:
Come, gentle, gentle; let
My hand in thy lap.
Lady P. God, and gently, gently,
[Glendow] says a speec newe
that he scarce knew.
Hat. Now I perceive, the damne
Welsh;
And a pardel, Kate, he's no humour
By-lady, he's a good musician.
Lady P. Then should you in a manse;
for you are no suche to
humour.
Lie still, ye yde, and sit
singing.
Hat. I had rather hear Lady, and

In Irish.
Lady P. Wouldst thou hear this in
Hat. No.
Hat. Then he shall;

Lady P. Mother; "tis a womanful
Hat. P. How God help thee!
Hat. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What's then?
Hat. Peace; along.

A Welsh song
Hat. Come, Kate, I'll have your

Hat. P. Not mine, in good godly.
Hat. Not yours, in good month

er a coward; the wise;

And, as true as I am,
shall mend me; and, as true as I am,
sh 広 the same;

Lady P. And she such aargues of
As if thou never hadst further
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, me;
A good month-shaking oath; and he
And such protest of pepper-ginger
To velvet-guards; and heady-chit
Come, sing.
Hat. I will not sing.
Hat. 'Tis the next way to earn

As hot Lord Frye is on fire to go
By this our book's drawn; we'll then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all a.

SCENE II. London. A Room in
Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales.
K. Hen. Lords, give as leve: I want
and
Must have some private conference
at hand.
For we shall presently have need.
[Exit Sir John Fastolf.
I know not whether God will have
For some displeasing service I have
That in his secret doom, out of my
He'll breed revenge and a set
But thou dost, in thy passages of
Make me believe,—that thou art
For the hot vengeance and the red
To punish my mistreadings. Tell
Could such inordinate, and low do
Such poor, such bare, such

Such base pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and
Accompany the greatness of thy
And hold their level with thy pris
P. Hen. So please your majest

Quiet all offences with as clear ease
As well as, I am doubtless, I can
Myself of many I am charg'd with
Yet such extremity let me beg,
as, (in respect of manytakenhere
KING HENRY IV.

KING HENRY IV.

Thine ancient needs must haye,—
3 and base newnewmoongers,
A true, whereas my youth
And irregular,
We show'd in them,—yet let me woun-
Ding do hold a wing
Of all thy ancestors.
Our most truly lost,
Brother is supplie'd;
To the heart, the reins of my blood;
Of thy time is
Not by my seal
Retkoth thy fall.
Presence been,
In the thee of men,
Vulgar company;
To the crown,
Possession;
Least unmanish,
I could not stir,
Would'st of their children, This is he;
Here which is astonishing
Nectary from heaven,
Such humility,
Dance from men's hearts,
Action from their mouths,
The crowned king,
Ernest fresh, and new;
The pontifical,
And at;
And so my state,
I showed like a feast;
Such solemnit,
Ambled up and down
And rush beavin wits,
Burd's; carried his state;
Ceping fools;
Ofen with their scorns;
Nace, against his name,
Ye, and stand the press
In comparative
The common streets,
Opulency;
Loud by men's eyes,
One, and began
Wrostness, whereas a little
Much too much.
To see been,
June in June,
With such eyes,
With community,
Like majesty,
In admiring eyes;
And hung their eyelids
Render'd such aspect
Their adversaries;
Glutted, gorg'd, and full.
Harry, stand'st thou:
Princely privilege;
Sir, this is a common sight,
To see thee more;
I would not have it do,
Foolish tenedion.
Eather, my thric-terous
Lord, all the world;
Sir, was Richard then
Set foot at Ravenspurp;
On, Sir Percy now,
And my soul to boot,
Interest to the state,
And submission;
Colour like to right;
Harness in the realm;
Armour's armed jaws;
Debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords, and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to braying arms.
What never dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incurious, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majesty,
And military title, capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ;
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in wathching
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfted great Douglas: te'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep daddence up,
And shake the peace of all our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumber-

land;
(Timer)
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Nor.
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I say these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Then that art like enough—through vassal fear;
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'ty at his frowns,
To show how much degenerate thou art.

F. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find
It so;
And God forgive them, that have so much way'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour's name with it.
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shame redounded! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory due,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the same name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, most truly,
The long-grown wounds of my intemperate
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere brake the smallest parcel of this vow.
K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this—
[Herein.
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,

Enter BLEN'T.

BLEN'T. Now, good Blynch, this looks be full of speed.
Blench. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The vieweth of this month, at Shrewsbury;
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises he keep on every hand,
As every offer'd head shall pay a to-day;
K. Hen. The earl of Warwick set forth
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgewater: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glosseshire: by which account,
out of heart, money, and strength, that I cannot
repeat the strength of my mind. And I have not forgotten
what the inside of a church is made of; I am a
pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a
church! Company, villainous company, hath been the
spirit of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so treble, you cannot
die long.

Fat. Why, there is it;—come, sing me a hardy
song; make memerry. I was a virtuously given,
as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; wroke
little; died, not above seven times a
week; went to a hardy house, not above once
in a quarter—or an hour; paid money that
I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and
in good compass; and now I live out of all
order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you
must needs be out of all compass; out of all
reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fat. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life; thou art our admiral, thou hearest
the lanterns in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of
thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no
harm.

Fat. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use
of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or
a 'memorable man.' I never see thy face, but I think
upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple;
for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.
If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would
swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this
fire; but thou art altogether given over; and
wring indeed, but for the light in thy face, the
son of after darkness. When thou rais'st up
Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did
not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus, or a ball
of wildfire, there's no purchase in money, O,
thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting
lone-five-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks
in links and torches, walking with thee in the
night betwixt seven and seven; but the result
that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me
lights as good cheap, at the cheapest chamber's in
Europe, I have maintaine'd that Salamander
of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty
years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. Shithead, I would my face were in your
belly!
ACT IV.

SCENE I. _The rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HISPURT, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hart. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought nightly,
Such distribution as the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;
Nay, take me to the wood; approve me, lord.
Doug. Then art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hart. Do so, and 'tis well—:

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hart. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's sick.
Hart. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In so fruitful a time? Who leads his power
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Hart. 'Lo, 'tush, tell me, I shall keep his bed! Miss.
He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Hart. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visit'd;
His heart was never better worth than now.
Hart. Sick now! drop now! this sickness
Doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
Its eating hither, even to our camp.
Hart. He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by depiction could not so he drawn; nor at this meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement—
That with our small congregation, we should on,
Do how fortunate is this age.
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Hart. For, your father's sickness is a malin to us.
Hart. A pernicious, a very unlucky day!
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at once, to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of our doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Hart. For, in Faith, and so we should.
Where now remains a sweet reversion;
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hart. A refreshing, a home to by night, if
That the devil and mischance look big
Upon the malediction of our affairs.
But yet, I would your father had been
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and more discr
Of our proceedings, kept the east from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause.
FIRST PART OF

For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitration;
And stop all sight-sellers, every loop, from whence
The cause of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a certain,
That shows the ignorant kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise.

If the ear be here: for me must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head,
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'ertake it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all our sires, yet all our joints are whole.

Doyg. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself is in person of it set.
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The single-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrade, that dast'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All arm'd, all in arms,
All pin'd off: like erestives that with the wind
Breed, like eagles having lately batch'd;
Glistening in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the mouth of May.

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls;
I saw one here, forsoothing—his beaver on,
His ermale, and his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And rustled with such ease into his seat.

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And with the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like seraphs in their trim,
And to the fire-clo'd maid of smoky war.

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The united arms shall on his altar sit,
Up to the rays in blood. I am on fire,
To bear this rich repulse so nigh,
Yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse;
Next, and next, till one drop down a corse.

Ver. Gad, Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doyg. That's the worst tidings that I hear of.

Hot. Ay, by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach
To thirty thousand.

Ver. Forty let it be.

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us make a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doyg. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

Enter SCENE II. A Publick Ban

Fal. Bardolph, get thee hot
Fill me a bottle of sack; one to
Through; we'll to hame-Coll.

Hot. Will you give me me
Fal. Lay, and say our out.

Bard. This bottle makes an
Fal. An it is but, take for
It make twenty, take the half.

Bard. I will, captain: fares
Fal. If I be not ashamed of a
For I shall unfold this in
Dannish. I have got, in each and fifty soldiers, three brand,
I presume none but good house sons; inquire me out constable as has been makes twice
On commodity of warm slaves, L
The devil as a drum; such as
Calver, worse than a fierce wild-duck. I pressed me so
And better, with heat in than pins' heads, and they have services;
And now my whole ancient, corporals, lieutenants,
Companies, slaves as ragged
Painted cloth, which his crews: and those
And such as, indiar
And disbanded unjust
Sons to younger brothers, tears
Rasiers trade-dales: the canker and a long peace; ten times
Ragged as an old faced and me,
To fill up the rooms of them out their services, that you
If had a hundred and fifty tatter
Come from swine keeping, for hawks.
A man fellow men to
told me, I had abundance all
Pressed the dead bodies. No
Scare-crows. I'll not march with them, that's flat:
May march wide between leg gives on; for indeed, it had
But of priests, are not in
All my company; and the
Napkins, tucked together, sat
Shoulders like a herald's coat
And the shirt, to say the trust
Host at Saint Albans, or the
Uninspired. But that's all
Linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY AND

P. Hen. How now, blown quill?

Fal. What, Hal! How now a
devil dost thou in Warrick! the
lord of Westmoreland, I er thought,
your honour had
Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis
that I were there, and you too are
There already: The king
For us all: We must see
Fal. Tut, never fear me: I
A cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think a steel
Thy thou hast already made
Tell me, Jack; whose fellows
After came after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did see

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough
Powder, food for powder; it
Well as better: tush, man, men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, I
Exceeding poor and wave; to
KING HENRY IV.

by their poverty, I know not that; and for their barrenness, never heard of that of me. I'll be sworn: unless you call the ribes, bare. But, sirrah, re- cy is already in the field.

the king encamped? Sir John; if so, we shall stay.

of a fray, and the beginnings, and a keen guest. [Exit.

w, Rebel Camp near Erewbury, w, Wochester, Douglas, and Vernon,

at with him to-night. He may not be here then advantage. Not a whit, for I do not look for more be not for supply.

for his certain, ours is doubtful. mean, be advised; sir not too near my lord.

You do not counsel well; of fear, and cold heart.

slander, Douglas: by my life I maintain it with my life, I honour bid me on, counsel with weak fear, and any stress that live:—smother in the battle, v, Yes, or to-night.

Content.

say I. Come, come, it may not be, being men of such great lead:—not what impediments should: Certain horse 

men are not yet come up: mother's horse came but to-day; riled, great matter is asked, with hard labour come and dull, is half the half of himself.

an enemy. eyed, and brought low; in the story of the king exceedeth ours: enemies, and all come in. [The Trumpet sounds a portry.

Sir Walter Blunt.

with gracious offers from the me hearing, and respect. Sir Walter Blunt: And 'would determination: in good well; and even those some deserving, and good name; not of our quality, this like an enemy. od defend, but still I should limit, and true rule, t am ointed majesty!—The king hath sent to know our griefs; and whereupon is the breath of civil peace, treating his duteous land y: if the king with good deserts forgot,—eth to be manifest,—be your griefs; and, with all war desires, with interest.

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these, herein mixed by your suggestion.

Har. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king. Knows at what time to premise, when to pay. My father, and my uncle, and myself, Did give him that same royalty he wears: And, when he was not six and twenty strong, sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, A poor unmindful outlaw snapping home,— My father gave him welcome to the shore: And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God. He came hot to be duke of Lancaster, To sue his liberty, and beg his peace: With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal,— My father, in kind heart and pity most, Sware him assistance, and perform'd it too. Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm Perceiv'd Northumberland an enemy to him, The more and less came in with cap and kine; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages. Attended him on bridges, stood in lawns, Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths, Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him, Even at the heels, in golden multitude. He presently,—as greatness of a man itself,— Steps me a little higher than his vow, Made to my father, while his blood was poor, Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur: And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform Some certain edicts, and some writh decrees, That he lie heavy on the commonwealth. Cries out upon abuses, seems to wipe Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face, This seeming brow of justice, did he win The hearts of all that he did angler for. Proceeded further; cut me off the heads Of all the favourites, that the absent king In deputation left behind him here. When he was personal in the Irish war. Blow. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Har. Then, to the point,—

In short time after, he depos'd the king; Soon after that, depos'd him of his life; And, in the neck of that, took the whole state; To make that worse, suffer'd his cousin March (Who is, if every owner were well sold, Indeed his king) to be enca'd in Wales, There without ransom to be recovered; Disgrace'd me in my happy victories; Sought to entrap me by intelligence; Rated my uncle in a fatal round; In rage dissais'd my father from the court; Broke out on oath, committed wrong on wrong; And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out This howl of safety; and, withal, to pray into his title, the which we soon Too indirect for long continuance. Blow. Shall I return this answer to the king? Har. Not so, Sir Walter; We'll withdraw awhile. Go to the king; and let there be impaum'd Some safety for a safe return again, In the morning early shall mine uncle Bring him our purposes: and so farewell. Blow. I would, you would accept of grace and love. Har. And, may be, so we shall. Blow. Pray heaven, you do! [Exit.

SCENE IV. York.

A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. His, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief, With winged haste, to the lord marshal; This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest To whom they are directed: if you know How much they do import, you would make haste.

[Exeunt.
FIRST PART OF

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

K. Hen. You have not a
come in yet? There

Gent. Like enough, you do,
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'side the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The Duke will with mighty and quick raised power,
Meet with Lord Harry; and I, fear, Sir Michael,
With what the sickness of Northumberland
(Whose power was in the first proportion),
And what with Owen Glendower's absence, thence
(Who with them was a rated slayer too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophets)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear;
there's Douglas,
And Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Norsdale, Vernon, Lord
Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester: and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath
Drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The Duke of Northumberland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more cor-rivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
Oppos'd,
And hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our conferency.

Arch. And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him; Therefore, make haste: I must go write again To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. ([Exit severally.)

ACT V.

SCENE I. The King’s Camp near Shrewsbury.


Morn. How bloody the sun begins to peep Above you bashly hill the day looks pale At his distemperance.

P. Hen. The southern wind Both play the trumpet to his purposes: And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves, Foretell a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the lower end it sympathiseth; For nothing can seem feel to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well, That you and I should meet upon such terms As now we meet: You have deceived our trust; And made us doff our easy robes of peace, To crush our old limbs in augment steel; That is not well, my lord, this is not well, What say you to 't? will you again unkind This churlish knot of all-abhorred war? And move in that obdient orb again Where you did give a fair and natural light; And be no more an exhalt'd meteor, A prodigy of fear, and a portent Of broached mischief to the unborn times? War. Hear me, my liege;

For mine own part, I could be well content To entertain the leg-end of my life With quiet hours; for, I do protest, I have not sighted the day of this distress.
KING HENRY IV.

It—No, good Worcester, no, do not, we love you,
Your country's part: have the offer of our grace,
And you, yes, every man again, and I'll be kis'd,
I'll give you the word—but if you will not yield,
Nor cony, to be written with as your office.
So be gone; he troubled with reply.

JOHN WOOLNUT and VASCON. I met not, accepted, I do not know, the Heiterrus together
That the world is in arms, therefore, every leader to his
mer, will we set on them? As us, as a cause is just!
You, BARTON, and PADDISON JOHN. I see me down in the battle, at
So 'tis a point of friendship,
Of being the enemy of arms. I see we were bed-time, Hal, and so ends

HIS SWEET GOD, A DEATH. And, and how, I should be hast to his
What need I be so / that call not on me? Well,
Moor pricks me on. Yes, but
And make off when I come off honour set to a leg? No. Or
And away the grief of a wound? No skill in surgery then? No.
A word, What is in that word, his honour to Air. A trim
I had that he did o'Wed.
Doubt he it? No. Dost he hear it? I dub it then? Yes, to the dead.
It with the living? Why? No. What
And it suffer it? Therefore I'll none more use than
Have we no

II. The Rival Camp. WITHERS and VASCON; I nephew must not know, Sir
Of the king, if he did.
Then are we all undone, it cannot be,
To keep his word in loving us;
And find a time some in other faisons: I see shall be stuck full of eyes;
As, trussed like the fox;
So, cherished, and lock'd up, trick of his ancestors,
Or, or, or, or, or, or, I misquote our looks;
I like oaten at a stall,
I'll still, the nearer death.
Pass may be well forgot;
Of youth, and heat of blood;
The name of privilege
Steel, govern'd by a spleen:
Ve upon my head,
I, we did train him on;
On being ta'en from us,
All, shall pay for all,
Usin, let not Harry know,
Sister of the king.
But you will, I'll say, 'tis so.

Douch; and Officers and soldiers, stand.
And return us—Deliver up vessel.—Uncle, what news? Will you battle presently.

Dong, Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hic, Lord Douglas, go tell him so.
Dong, Harry, and shall, and very willingly.

Exit. War. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hic. Did you beg any God forbid?
War. I told him guilty of our grievance.
Of his oath-breaking; which he meandered then.
By now foreseeing that he is forewarned:
He calls us rebels to this, and we will answer
With bawdy arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.
Worang, Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did hear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
War. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the
king,
And, nephew, challenge you to single fight.
Hic. O, 'twould the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might misdread that I was
So skill in surgery then? No.
A word, What is in that word, his honour to Air. A trim
I had that he did o'Wed.
Doubt he it? No. Dost he hear it? I dub it then? Yes, to the dead.
It with the living? Why? No. What
And it suffer it? Therefore I'll none more use than
Have we no

Hic. Cousin, I think thou art enwrapped
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, sol-
diers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.
Merr. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hic. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dun's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we like to tread on kings; If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.
Merr. My lord, prepare: the king comes on apace.
Hic. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only these—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the bent blood that I can bear withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—expectation!—Percy! and set on—
Sound all the lofty instruments there
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Trumpet sounds. They embrace, and exult.]
Blow, I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot; And thou shalt find a king that will revenge Lord Stafford's death.

[They fight, and BLUNT is slain.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, haste thou sought at Holme- don there, I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where's he?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas! no, I know this face full A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; Scambly furnis'd like the king himself. Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes! A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear. Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king? Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his I'll murder all his wardrobes, piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away; Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

Other Alarms. Enter FASTAFF.

Fal. Though I could escape shot-free at Lon- don, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate,—soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you; Here's no va- nity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels,—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life, But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pray thee give me leave to breathe a while. Jack Groomes never did such My lord of Westmoreland, lend West. Come, my lord, I'll be tent. P. Hen. Lead me, my lord! And heaven forbid, a shadow A horse drive The prince of Wales from such a Where stand'st nobility lies trod. And rebels' arms triumph in me. P. John. We breathe too long— Westmoreland, Our duty this way lies; for God's [Exit P. John and [Exit P. John. P. Hen. By heaven thou hast Lancaster, I did not think thee lord of such Before, I look'd thee as a brother, But now, I do respect thee as a prince. P. Hen. I saw him hold fast With better maintenance than Is of such an ungrown warrior. P. Hen. lends mettle to us all!

Other Alarms. Enter DOUG.

Doug. Another king! they groan heads; I am the Douglas, fatal to all That wear these colours on thy That counterfeit'st the person of K. Hen. The king himself; grives at heart, So many of his shadows thou hast And not the very king. I have Seek Percy, and thyself, about But, seeing thou fall'st on me so I will away thee; so defend thy Dang, I fear, thou art another And yet, in faith, thou bearst it But mine, I am sure, thou art, And thus I win thee.

[They fight; the King is slain.

PRINCE HENRY. P. Hen. Hold up thy head, y' art like Never to hold it up again! the is Sir William Stafford, Blunt, and it is the Prince of Wales, that is Who never promiseth, but he m.
KING HENRY IV.

Enter Horrace.

Take not, thou art Harry Mon.;
I speak as if I would deny my
self is Harry Percy,
Why, then I see
noble of the name of Wales; and think not, Percy,
be in glory any more;
not their motion in one sphere;
glared brook a double reign,
't is, Harry, for the hour is come
of; And 'would to God,
now, is so great as mine
make it greater, ere I part from
thing honours on thy crest
be a garnet for my head,
larger brook thy vantages.

They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

'hast told it, Hal-- Nay, you
y's play here, I can tell you.
the fight with Falstaff, who falls
are dead, and exit Douglas.

y, thou hast robb'd me of my
in of brittle life,
ities than thou canst know of me;
thoughts, worse than thy sword
be state of life, and life's time

takes survey of all the world,
't, I could unloose
ay and cold hand of death
't, Percy, thou art dast
and false.

[Their
warns, brave Percy; Fare thee
best the prince of Wales,
now, how much art thou shrunk
only did contain a spirit,
was too soon a bound;
aces of the vilest earth
---This earth, that bears thee
as about a gentleman,

come so near a show of zeal;
has thy manifold face;
beauti, 'twill thank myself
fair rites of tenderness,
my praise with thee to heaven;
ep with thee in the grave,
word in thy trumpet.

[He sees Falstaff on the ground.

And so on all this flesh

[He soars a better man,

by noble Percy live, [Exit

[Embowed! if thou em-
't, I'll give you leave to powder

[Enter Horrace.

[Clown. To die, is to be
be the counterfeit of

[Enter Hotspur the better part of

[Enter Prince Henry and Prince John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely
best thou fleet'st
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless
and bleeding.

On the ground.

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pray thee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, nor your words.

Then art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double
man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I
Jack. There is Percy [showing the body dead];
your father will do me any honour; or, if not,
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look
be either ear or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy! I killed myself, and saw
thou dead.

Fal. Didst thou then--Lord, lord, how this world
is given to lying--I grant you, I was down,
and out of breath; and so was he; but we rose
both in an instant, and fought a long hour by
Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so;

[Exit P. Hen. and P. John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward.

[Exit.

Scene V. Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince
Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and others, with Worcester, and Vernon prisoners.

K. Hen. Thos. ever did rebellion find rebuke;
ill-spirited Worcester; did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Mince the tenor of thy kinman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour.
If, like a Christian, thou hast truly borne
Betray our armies true intelligence.

[Exit. What have I done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and

Vernon too.

Other offenders we will pause upon.--

[Exeunt Wou. and Vernon, parted.

How goes the field?
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn’d from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruist’d
That the pursuers took him. At my trust
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomable, and free;
His valour, shown upon our crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.;
Thomas, Duke of Clarence;
Prince John of Lancaster, afterwards his Son;
(2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford;
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, afterwards (3 Hen. V.) Duke of Gloucester;
Earl of Warwick;
Earl of Westmoreland; of the King’s Party,
Gower; Harcourt;
Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench,
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice,
Earl of Northumberland;
Scroop, Archbishop of York;
LordHoward; Lord Hastings;
Lord Bardolph; Sir John Courville.

ENEMIES TO THE KING.

TRAVELL AND MORTON, Domesticks of Berwick.
Falsstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Fag.
Poins and Peto, Attendants on Prince Hal;
Shallow and Silence, CountryJoysters.
Davy, Shoob, and Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Want, Ferrall, and Will Ratcliff.
Fang and Smalls, Sheriff’s Officers.
Rumour, A Porter.
J. Dugger, Speaker of the House.

LADY NORTHERNBERLAND, LADY PLOWNE.
Hasten Quickly. Doll the deer.

Scene.—England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland’s Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.
Run, Open your ears; For which of you will stop
The vant of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.

Upon my tongue’s continual sounder stil
The which in every language I pronounce
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports
I speak of peace, while covertly
Under the smile of safety, wounds the heart
And who but Rumour, who but only he
Make fearful murders, and prepare’st death,
Whilst the big ear, without some eye
Is thought with child by the stern look,
And no such matter! Rumour is a peer
Blown by storms, Jestsakes, conjured
CONC PART OF KING HENRY IV.

CARDINAL.'<n
Enter TRAVERS.

Nord. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Trav. My lord, Sir John Umfreyle turn'd me back
With joyful tidings, and being better bold now,
Outride me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost as ftant as speed,
That stopp'd me by the bloodied horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had grow'd
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold;
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, heading forward, struck his upright steed
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the reward-head; and, starting on,
He seem'd in running to devoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

Nord. He!—Again,
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold!
Of Hotspur, colden? That rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. If my lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my heart; never talk of it.

Nord. Why should the gentleman, that rode
By Travers, give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some noble fellow, that had stopt
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enters MORTON.

Nord. Yea this man's brow, like to a little leaf,
Forrestall the amount of a tragick volume:
So locks the storm, whereon the impetuous flood
 Hath left a witness'd navigation.—

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his sable mask,
To fright our party.

Nord. How dost my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is ater than thy tongue to tell thy credite.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woebegone,
Drew Primm's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Truce was burn'd:
But Primm found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And 1 my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and
Then
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy car with their bold deeds;
But in the end, to stop mine car indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Euding with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

Nord. Why, he is dead.

Mort. See, what aready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak,
Morton.

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong,
Meth. You are too great to be by me galled:
Your spirit is too true, your fear too certain.

Nord. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it low, or sit,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not, that reports his death.
SECOND

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead; 
Not he, which says the dead is not alive, 
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue 
Sounds ever, as it were as a solemn bell, 
Remonstrating a departing friend. 

But I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead. 

M. Por. I am sorry, I should force you to believe 
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen; 
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state, 
Rending faint quittance, weared and out 

To Harry Mommouth: whose swift wrath beat down: 
The never daunted Percy to the earth, 
From whence with life he never more sprung up. 
In for his death; whose spirit lent a fire 
Even to the dampest peat in his camp, 
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away. 
From the best temper'd courage in his troops: 
For from his metal was his party steed; 
Which once in him shahed, all the rest. 

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead. 
And as the thing that's heavy in itself, 
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed; 
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, 
Leant to this weight and a lightness with their fear, 
That arrows fled not swifter towards their aim, 
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety, 
Like from the street; Then was that noble Winter- 

ister 

Too soon taken prisoner: and that furious Scot, 
The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring sword 
Hath three times slain the appearance of the king, 
Gainst all his strength, and did grace the shame 
of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight, 
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all 
Is—that the king hath won; and hath sent out 
A speedy power to encompass you, my lord, 
Under the conduct of young Lancaster, 
And Westmorland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to 

In poison there is physic; and these news 
Have been long, that would have made me sick. 
Boltick, have some in measure made me well; 
And as the wretch, whose fever-weeked joint, 
Like strengthless hinges, buckle after file, 
Imprisoned out of the light, as breaks like a fire. 
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs, 
Weaken'd with grief, being now enwrap'd with 
riot. 

Are three themselves; hence therefore, then 

Are three crises: 

A scanty gaine now, with joints of steel, 
Must glove this hand: and hence, though sickly 
soft; 

Then art a guard too wanting for the head, 
Which princes, deck'd with conquest, aim to hit. 
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach 
The ragged shroud that time and fate have bring'd, 
To brown upon the enwrap'd Northumberland! 

Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand 
Keep the wild flood confound't! let order die! 
And let this world no longer be a stage, 
To feed contention in a fingering act; 
But let the spirit of the first born Cain 
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set 
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end, 
And darkness be the barrier of the dead! 

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

Bard. Sweet earl, divorc'd not wisdom from 
your bosom. 

M. The lives of all your loving complices 
Lose on your health; the which, if you give o'er 
To give away, must perchance decay. 

You cast the event of war, my noble lord, 
And averred the account of chance, before you said—

PART OF

Let me make head. It was your pr"ef 

That in the dole of bless you son 

You know, he walk'd over penitent. 

More likely to fall in, than to go 

You were advised. 

As your band, and your band, and that his 

Would lift him where most too 

Yet did you say,—Go forth; and 

Though strongly apprehended. 

The stifled exclamation! 

Or what hath this bold enterprise 

More than that being which was. 

Bard. We aff, that are engaged, 

Knew that we ventured so and do 

That, if we wronged, we might. 

And yet we ventur'd, for the 

In the course of likely part 

And, since we are o'erstep, veni 

Come, we will all put forth, both 

M. I would have a 

noble lord, 

I hear for certain, and do speak! 

The gentle archbishop of York 

With well appointed powers; he 

Who with a deputation, his 

My lord your son hath only but 

But shadows, and the shows of 

For that same word, rebellion, do 

The action of their bodies from 

And they did fight with question, 

As men drink potions; that their 

Secondly on our side, but, for the 

This word, rebellion, it found 

As fish are in a pond: But now, 

Turns insurrection to religion; 

Support'd sincere and holy in his 

He's follow'd both with body and 

And doth enlarge his rising with 

Of fair King Richard, scramble 

stones:

Derive from heaven his quarrel, 

Tells them, he doth beatards a 

Gasing for life under great Bed 

And more, and less, and less. 

North. I knew of this before; 

This present grief had I wrapt it 

Go in with me; and counsel ever 

The against way for me. 

Get posts, and letters, and make 

Never so few, and never yet me 

SCENE II. London. 

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with 
his 

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what to 
your water? 

Page. He said, sir, the water is 
healthy water: but for the part 
he might have more diseases the 

Fal. Men of all sorts take as 

me: The brain of this foolish com- 
man, is not able to vent any this 
laughing, more than I invent, or 

me: I am not only witty in my 

is in other men. I like no 

three, like a sow, that hath o'er 

litter but once. If that princes as 

service for any other reason this 

why then I have no judgment, 

mandrake, thou art fitter to be 

than to wait at my heels. I was 

with an agate till now; but I will 

in gold nor silver; but in v ile 

you back again to your master; j 

invaluable, the prince your masters 

not yet dangled. I will sooner
CH HENRY IV.

Ca. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you. Fal. My good lord—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relief of the fatness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ca. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. As not please your lordship, I bear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ca. I tattle not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into such a passe, if you be not a person of apoplexy.

Ca. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship; a kind of sleep that the blood generally will not stir.

Ca. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the causes of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deadness.

Ca. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled within.

Ca. To punish you by the hecules, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if it become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how should I be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dran of a simples, or, indeed, a simples itself.

Ca. I sent for you, when there were matters set out for your life, to have speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by your learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ca. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great lustm.

Fal. He that buckles him in his belt, cannot live in such.

Ca. Your means are very slender, and your wits are great.

Fal. Would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist shorter.

Ca. You have mislaid the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mislaid me! I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ca. Well, I am loath to call a new-drailed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's revolt on Gad's hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet subduing that action.

Fal. My lord!

Ca. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ca. What! you are as a cauldre, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel cauldre, my lord; all hollow; if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ca. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ca. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;
across of youth, that are written down on walls
all the characters of age! Have you not a moist
eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white
beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly?
Is not your voice broken? your wind short?
your chin double? your wit single? and every
part about you blasted with antiquity? and will
you yet call yourself young? I see, I see, Sir
John!

Fad. My lord, I was born about three of the
clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and
something a round belly. For my voice,—I have
laid it with hollowing, and singing of anthems.
To approve my youth further, I will not:
the truth is, I am only old in judgment and under-
standing: and he that will wager with me for a
thousand marks, let him lend me the money,
and have at me. For the box of the ear that
the prince gave you,—he gave it, like a rude
prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I
have checked him for it; and the young lion
repeals; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth:
but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better
companion!

Fat. Heaven send the companion a better
prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and
Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord
John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and
the earl of Northumberland.

Fat. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for
it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my
lady's hand at home, that our armies join not
in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two
shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat
extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish
any thing but my bottle, I would I might never
see white again. There is a dangerous action
can peep out his head, but I am threat upon it:
Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet
the trick of our English nation, if they have a
good thing, to make it too common. If you will
needs say, I am an old man, you should give
me rest. I would to God, my name were not
so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better
to be eaten to death with rest, than to be secured
to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest: And
God bless your expedition!

A Room in the Archbishop's

Enter the Archbishop of York,
Ind. Mowbray, and Sir
Arch. Thus have you best
known our means;
And, my most noble Friends,
Speak plainly your opinions:
And first, lord marshal, what
Mock. I well allow the oon
But gladly would be better
How, in our means, we should
To look with forehead bold a
Upon the power and puissant
Heat. Our present masters
To free and twenty thousand
And our supplies five largly
Of great Northumberland, we
With an incensed fire of infi
Bord. The question then
standeth thus—
Whether our present five and
May hold up head without
Heat. With him, we may,
Bord. Ay, marry,
But if without him be the
My judgment is, we should
Till we had his assistance by
For, in a theme so bloody—
Conjecture, expectation, and
Of aids uncertain, should go
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord

It was young Hotspur's ease
Bord. In my lord, who
hope.
Eating the air on promise of
Flattering himself with peerous
Much smaller than the small
And so, with great imagination
To proper madmen, led his
And, winking, leap'd into
Heat. But, by your leave, it
To lay down likelihoods, and
Bord. Yes, in this present
Indeed the instant action, (t)
Lives so in hope, as in an
We see the appearing bode
Hope gives not so much we
KING HENRY IV.,

a instead of seen:
its model of a horse
it; who, had through
its part-created cost
weeping clouds,
winter's tyranny,
hopes (yet likely of far
d that we now possess'd
action; strong enough,
all with the king:
ing but five and twenty
ce; nay, not so much,
c times do brawl,
one power against the
ower; perform, a third
the monarch's
his coffers wound
emptiness,
aw his several strengths
full pittance,
If he should do so,
arm'd, the French and
get never fear that:
should lead his forces
mester, and Westmore
self, and Harry Mon-
gainst the French,

Let us on;

ick of their own choice, hath surteed:

sure on the vulgar heart,
whom lord appasse
with blessing Boling-
brooke wouldst have him be
d in thine own desires,
e so full of him,
self to cast him up,
y, dist thou distorge
be royal: Richard;
eth thy dead vomit up,
What trust is in these
him die,
and liv'd, would have
'd on his grave;
on his goodly head,
when he came digg'd up
of Bolingbrooke,
d we that king again,
ights of men account
best; things present
law our numbers and
and many subjects, and time bids

KING HENRY IV.,

Fang, Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, sir; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang, Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yes, good master Snare; I have entered
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed
me in mine own house, and that most
bravely: in good faith, 'tis cared not what mis-
chief he doth, if his weapon be out; he will
join like any devil; he will spare neither man,
woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but beat him once; an' come but
within my view——

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant
you, he's an intituitive thing upon my way.

Good master Fang, hold him sure; good master
Snare, let him not escape. He comes conti-
 nuously to Pleas-courer (saving your manhoods), to buy
a saddle; and he's judicious to dinner to the brover's
head in Lumbecue-street, to master Smooth's
the silkworm: I pray you, since my exion is entered,
and my case so openly known to the world,
let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred
marks is a long loan for a poor lone woman to
bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne;
and have been fobbed off, and fobbed off, and fobbed
off, from this day to that day, that it is
a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty
in such dealing; unless a woman should be
made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's
wrong——

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Younger he comes; and that arrant malacyn-
nyone is Bardolph, with him. Do your of-
ces, do your offices, master Fang, and master
Snare, do me, do me, do me, do me, do me, do me.

Fang. How now! whose male's dead: what's
the matter?

Host. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
Mistress Quickly.

Fang. Away, sculls! — Draw, Bardolph; cut
me off the villain's head; throw the queen in
the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw
thee in the channel. Witt thou? wilt thou?

Charter rogue! — Master, master! —

Charter honeycomb villain! wilt thou kill God's
officers, and the King's O' thou honey-seed
rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a varnish-queer,
and a woman-queer.

Fang. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Host. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—

Then won't, won't then? Then won't, won't then;
do, do, then rogue! do, then hemp-seed!

Fang. Away, you sculls! you rampallers!
Your fortifications! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter I keep the peace
here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech
you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you
braving here?

Dost this become your place, your time, and
business?

You should have been well on your way to
York.—

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou
on him?

Host. 0 my most worshipful lord, 0' please your
grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap,
and he is arrested at my seat.

Ch. Just. For what aim?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord: it
is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of

...
house and home; he hath put all my possessions into that fat fellow's keeping—but well have I sown some of it out again, and I'll ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fin. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. How now comes this, Sir John? Fiest what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation! Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fin. Let us use as much sum as I owe thee. I have

Hast. Marry, if thou were an honest man, thyself and the money too. These didst swear to me upon a parcel of gold, sitting in my Delf-i-phon-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for lying to his father to a singing-man of Windsor; these didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me thy lady wife. Caust thou deny it? Didst not good-wife Kewke, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gosap Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereas, as I told thee, they were till for a great wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiar with such poor people; saying that so long they should call me madam? And didst thou not, me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put them now to thy book-keepers: deny it, if thou canst.

Fin. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and her countenance poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquaint'd with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confidencenobrow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sarcasm from you, which can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the ease of this gentleman's spirit of this woman, and must, in her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hast. Yea, in both, my lord.

Ch. Just. 'Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villain you have done her; that one you may do with some good money, and the other with current reparation.

Fin. My lord, I will not undergo this snare without reply. You call honorable boldness, impudent sarcasm: if a man will make courtly, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your servant: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon basty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fin. Come hitter, hostess. [Taking her aside.]

Empire Gower.


Are ye not hand? the rest the paper tells.

Fin. As I am a gentleman:—

Hast. Nay, you said so before.

Fin. As I am a gentleman:—Come, no more words of it.

Hast. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fin. Glassess, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight droller, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-over, is worth a thousand hangings, with the price we have paid for thy shoes, both down to how we are in England. Go wash thy want actions; Come, thou needest not hurry, for I know thou wast set on to this.

Hast. 'Pray thee, Sir John, lend nobles; I find I am loath to pay thee good earnest, in.

Fin. Do none; I'll make all as a fool still.

Hast. Well, you shall have half my gown. I hope you'll come again pay me all together.

Fin. With my heart. [To Bardslow:] book me, book me. Hast. Will you have Doli Tardet at supper?

Fin. No more words: let's go out. [Eeome hostess, hostess, servant.

Ch. Just. I have heard better.

Fin. What's the news, my name?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gove. At the spoons.

Fin. I hope, my lord, to walk news, my lord!

Ch. Just. Of all your forces here Gove. No; fifteen hundred foot.

Are many'sd up to my lord of Lis Against Northernborough, and the

Fin. Comes the king back from noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters from me, and gentle with you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fin. Master Gower, shall I come to me to dinner?

Gove. I must wait upon your good thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you know I bring you are to take soldiers up you go.

Fin. Will you sup with me, me

Ch. Just. What foolish master manners, Sir John?

Fin. Master Gower, if they be he was a fool that taught them me right fencing grace, my lord; my part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the lord brightens if a great fool.

SCENE II. The same. Alone

Enter Prince Henry and?

P. Hen. Treat me, I am exceed

P. Hen. Is it come to that? I weariness durst not have attacks high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it doth me; the hours the completion of my knowledge it. Doth it not show to desire small beer?

P. Hen. Why, a prince should not studied, as to remember so weal

P. Hen. Blike then, my app

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art keeper knows better (than I); for, in short, I shall tell thee there, as thou hast not done, because the rest of thy low counsellors had a shift to eat, the Hollanders, and seeing whether those that are well are healthy, they shall inherit his kingdom:

never say, the children are not in Europe the world increases, and mightily strengthened. But if it follows, after you have hated, you should talk so silly! Tell my good young princes would do more being so sick as yours at this
talk I tell thee one thing, Poins! and let it be an excellent good shall serve among wits of no higher a race than ours; I stand the proof of your one motto will tell. By, by, I tell thee,—it is not that meet that sail, now my father is sick: albeit there (as to its pleasing me, for to call my friend), I could be Indeed, it hardly upon some subject, this; this, thou think'st me so far a brother, as, and Falstaff, so to piety; Let the fine try the eliderly,—my heart bleeds inwardly, and in time of times with thee, when thou hast of those art, hath in reason taken from censure of sorrow.


But wouldst thou think me, if I read, would think thee a most princely would be every man's thought: a blessed fellow, to think, as every one a man's thoughts in this the road-way better than thee: could think me a hypocrite indeed, since your most worshipful thought by, because you have been so kind, I engrafted to Falstaff.

and I do thus. This light, I am well spoken of, I with my own ears: the worst that of me, that I am a second brother, as a proper fellow of my hands; and kings, I confess, I cannot help. By the by, I like the thing, that you say Falstaff: he is mine, and, in good Christian; and look, if the fat did not misrepresent the flesh, our BARDOLPH and PAGE.

As your grace! And yours, most noble Bardolph! or, you virtuous one, to the page, must you be blushing! whereas you, what a suddenly man you are becomes! Is it such a matter, to get your gentleman? called me even now, my lord, at lance, and I could discern no fame from the window; at last, I say; and, methought he had made a sign to the six-wire's new petticoat, and by that not the boy profited.

Yet, you wereon upright rabbit, by, you rascally Althea's dream, Instruct, us, boy: What dream, try, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream. P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation. There it is, boy. Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cutters! Well, there is sixpence to preserve it. Bard. As you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong. P. Hen, and how doth thy master, Bardolph? Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you. Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the marlomense, your master? Bard. In bodily health. Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sickly, see. P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place: for, look you, how he writes. Poins. (Reads,) John Falstaff, knight. Every man must know that, as yet he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never pinch their finger, but they say, There is none of the king's blood; with health that! says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cup: I am the king's poor cousin, sir. P. Hen. Nay, they will, they will; and you, and they will fetch it from Jasper. But the letter: Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king. My lord, you must visit his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting: Why, this is a certificate. P. Hen. Peace! Poins. I will imitate the honorable Roman brave— he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded they; I command you this, I command short, and I trust thee. Be not too familiar with Poins: for he minutes thy favorer so much, that he scowls, thou art a marry his sister Neil. Repeat as idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thus, by you and on, to which is so much as to say, as thou wantest, Jack Falstaff, with my benefactors; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it. P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you suppose this, Neil? must I marry your sister? Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune but I never said so. P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the thoughts and the spirits of the rude, sit to the clouds, and mock us—Is your master here in London? Bard. Yes, my lord. P. Hen. Where are he? doth the old boat feed in to the old frank? Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-church. P. Hen. What company? Page. Episcopal, my lord; of the old church. P. Hen. Stop any woman with him! Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Quaich. P. Hen. What pagan may that be? Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish hewers are to the town built. Shall we steal upon them, Neil? at supper? Page. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow ye. P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town, be's for your husban'. Bard. I have no tongue, sir. And for tunes, sir, she still governs it. P. Hen. Face ye well; go. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and K. K.
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and Page.—This Doll Tear-sheets should be some reason.

Poem. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Poem. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poem. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Poem. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

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Poem. From a god to a gutt I heavy descent! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a peasant a low transformation! That shall be made for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY FARYN.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs; But not you on the visage of the times, Ah, be not a burden to Percy troublesome. Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at a low,

And, but my going, no thing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was father, that you broke your word, When you were more endeav'd to it than now; When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Larry, Threw out a northward look to see his father Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain. Who then persuaded you to stay at home? There were two honours lost; yours and your son's.

For you—may heavenily glory brighten it! For his,—it stalked upon you as the sun In the gray vault of heaven; and, by his light, Did all the chivalry of England move To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant; For he could speak low, and tardily, Would turn their own perfection to abuse, To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, honours of blood. He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave (Second to none, unseemed by you), To look upon the hideous god of war! I disadvantage; to abide a field, Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name Did seem definable;—so you left him: Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong, To hold your honour more precise and nice With others, than with him; let them alone; The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong; Had my sword, Larry had had half their numbers, To-day might I, baying on Hotspur's neck, Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Bless hear your heart, Fair daughter!—you do draw my spirits from me, With looking on ancient oversights, But I must go, and meet with danger there; Or it will seek me in another place, And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland, Till that the nobles, and the armed commoners, Have of their puissaine made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground in the king. Then join you with them, like and To make strength stronger; but let First let them try themselves; and He was so suffer'd:—so came I In and never speak for To rain upon remembrance with That it may grow and spread as If for recorrection to my noble lords North. Come, come, go in with me As with the tide swell'd up so much That makes a still stand, running: Fain would I go to meet the enmity. But many thousand reenons held me Will resolve for Scotland; then Till time and vantage crave me on.

SCENE IV. London.

A Room in the House of the Chief Town.

Enter Two Drinkers.

1 Drank. What the devil butt I there if apples? But butt I cannot endure an apple-John.

2 Drank. Mass, thou sayest but:— once set a dish of apple-Johns had told him there were five more putting off his hat, said, I am one of them six dry, round, and careless b led him to the heart; but he had 1 Drank. Why then, cover, and me And see if thou canst find out & mistress Texer-sheet would fare ill in sickness. Despatch,—: The room wine is too hot; they'll come in straight. 2 Drank. Sirrah, here will be his master Pons anon; and they will of our jerkins, and aprons; and I not know of it: Bardolph hath it. 1 Drank. By the mass, here will it will be an excellent stratagem. 2 Drank. I'll see if I can find out.

Enter Hostess and DOLL Ti.

Host. I faith, sweet heart, meet are in an excellent good tempered judge beats as extraordinarily a desire; and your colour, I warn not as any rose; But, I' faith, ye too much canaries; and that searching wine, and it perfumes our can say.—What's this? How Doth. Better than I was. From Host. Why, that's a noble, worth gold. Look, here comes Vagabond.

Enter FALSTAFF, sing'd Fal. Hal. What, arthur first in every jordan. —And was a worthy king: [How now, mistress Doll? Host. Sick of a calum: you, go Fal. So is her sect: an the, they are sick. Doll. You muddy rascal, is that you give me? Fal. You make fat rasca, miss Doth. I make them! glutony and them: I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make you help to make the disease, I of you, Doll, we catch of you; you poor virtue, grant that.

Fal. Ay, marry, our chains; Fal. If you serve bravely, to come off the breach with bravely, and to surgery bravely; the charged chambers bravely— Doll. Hang yourself, you need yourself!
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But, this is the old fashion; you'd have us fall to some discourse; a good truth, at rhymestack as you cannot one brow with ano-
est. What the good year! one that must be you: To Doll.,

what vessel, as they say, the
cock empty vessel bear such a
left there's a whole merchant's

If you see better staffed in the

ends with thee; Jack, thou art

s; and whether I shall ever see

it, there is nobody cares.

Thinner Drawer.

Sent Pistols's bottom, and would

in a swaggering rascal! let him

is it the last month's rogue

s, let him not come here; I

must live amongst my neigh-
s, I am in god name be very

Shut the door; you know I have not

to have swaggering now—pray

you, hear, please?—

you, pacify yourself, Sir John;

you know, it is mine ancient.

ly, Sir John, never tell me;

gazger comes not in my door-

after Thacker, the deputy, the

as he said to me—it was no

Wednesday last.—Neighbours—

master Dumb, our minister,

Neighbour-Thaddeus, says he, re-

for, faith he, you are not in

he said so, I can tell where-

you, see honest women, and

induce that would be sates

you says be, no swaggering compa-

ones here—would it what he said:—so, I'll no

swaggger, hostess; a tame

may stroke him as gently as a

he will not swagger with a

she feathers turn back in any

as, as him up, drawer, call

I will her none, nor no chest; But I

gap in that groan, I am the

s, and says—sagger, feel, masters,

hostess.

, in every truth, do I, an, I where

cannot abide swaggerers.

, BARDOLPH, and Page,

, Sir John!

ancient Pistols. Here, Pistols,

a gage of silver do you discharge

charge upon her, Sir John, with

of-piece; she; you shall hardly

I drink no proofs, nor do beli-

more than will do me good

sure, I.

you, mistress Dorothy; I will

I torn you, scornly compa-

before, rascally, cheating,

Away, you moody rogue;—

for your master.

, mistress Dorothy.

a cut-purse rascal! you bite

bought, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife

in your moody chops, as you play the saucy

educe with me. Away, you bottke-rake rascal! you

basket-hill stale jugger, you!—Since when, I

pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your

shoulder? much!

Pistol. I will murder your ruff for this.

Pistol. No more, Pistol! I would not have you

go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Pistol. No, good captain Pistol; not here; sweet.

Pistol. Captain, thou abominable damned
carer, art thou not ashamed to be called—
captain? If captains were of my mind, they

would trunchon you out for, taking their names
upon you before you have condemned them. You

are a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a

poor whose ruff in a bondy house!—He a

captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon

moody stowed prunes, and dried cakes. A

captain! such villains will make the word cap-

tain as odious as the word occupier; which was

an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted;—

therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Pistol. Herk thee, bidder, mistress Doll.

Pistol. Not I; tell me what, corporal Bardolph?

I could tear her!—I'll be revenged on her.

Pistol. I'll see her damned first;—to Pistols's

damned lake, to the infinite deep, with Bubbe

and tooth over the. Hold thee, and line, say

I. Down! down, dogs! down, factors! Have

we not hire here?

Bard. Good captain Pewso, be quiet; it is

very late, faith! I beseech you now, aggravate

your child.

Pistol. These be good humours, indeed! Shall

we pack ourselves, and hollow papier'd jades of Asia,

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day.

Compare with Caesar, and with Cambillou,

And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with

King Corbane; and let the weikin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Bard. By my troth, captain, these are very

bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow

to a brawl anon.

Bard. Die men, like dogs; give crownes like

pins; Have we not hire here?

Bard. This is a word, captain; is none such

here. What the good-year? do you think, I

would shew you for God's sake, be quiet.

Pistol. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Capillosi:

Come, give's some sack.

For give me renown, specifie me contente.—

Fear we broadside? no, let the hudg give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, he then

there.

Come we to full points here; and are cot curate

nothing.

Pistol, Pistol. I would be quiet.

Pistol. Sweet knight, I kiss thy nief! What

we have seen the seven stars.

Pistol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure

such a foolish rascal.

Pistol. Thrust him down stairs! know we not

Galloway nags?

Pistol. Go treat him down, Bardolph, like a shove

great shilling; nay, if he do nothing but speak

nothing, I shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pistol. What! shall we have incision? shall we

in the line?

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful

days.

Why, then, let grievous, ghting, gaping wounds

Wide in the sisters three? Come, Artopis, say I

Hoa. Here's gandy stuff towards:

Pistol. Give me my rapiers, boy.
Fal. Have you turn’d him out of doors?
Brod. Yes, sir. The rascal’s drunk; you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.
Fal. A rascal! to brave me!
Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alias, poor ape, how thou sweats’st! Come, let me wipe thy face—come on, you scoundrel chaps:—Ah, rogue! faith I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!
Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.
Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I’ll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.
Fal. Let them play:—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Dolli. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.
Dol. I faith, and thou followest him like a church. Thon whereon little tidy Bartholomew boa-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting of days, and founding of nights, and begin to patch up thine old body too heavy.

Enter behind Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doli! do not speak like a death’s head: do not bid me remember mine end.
Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince off?
Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantier, he would have chipped bread well.
Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.
Fal. He a good wit? hang him, ha! ha! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a matter.
Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?
Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and curfs coarser and fenne; and drinks off candles’ cords for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stocks; and swears
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Upon uneasy pallets Stretching thee,
And hard with buzzing night rides to slumber;
Then in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And Ind'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why fost thou with the vile,
In basesome beds; and leave'st the kinggrough,
A watch-case, or a common werean bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the vibration of the deep
To the wet seacoast in an hour or so?
And, in the mastsea most stencil night,
With all appliances and means to host
Deny it to a king? Then, happy love, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

As he was going in to his chamber.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty! K. Hen. Is it so good morrow, lords? War. This is one o'clock, and more. K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

You have read over the letters that I sent you.

War. We have, my liege. K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet, dispers'd, Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good advice, and in due manner.

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate; And see the revolution of the times.

Mar. The Poets say, that in the time of Richard,

Don. K. Hen. Trust not the Poets, they say not true; I know not what device may be,
That may be done.

War. What a past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
I'm not ten years gone since.

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did not together, and, in two years after,
Were they at war? It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother told in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot; Yet, in the midst of my spices, I did give him. But which of you was by (You, comes Nevil, as I may remember),

Don. When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears, The sneer'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak those words, now prov'd a prophecy?

Northumberland, thy bolder, by the which
My cousin Beliso de corne my theme; Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intention, But that necessity so bound the state,
That land grievances were coupled to the king:—
This shall come true, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall lead into corruption, I do say on. Forgetting this same time's condition,
And the division of our unity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives.
Scene II. Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Moultis, Shallow, Wart, Feble, Bell-calf, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the road. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sial. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow, low t and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sial. Alas, a black cowel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar; He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sial. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must thin to the lines of court shortly: I was once of Clement's inn; where, I think, they will take of mad Shallow yet.

Sial. You were called—usty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and nothing. There was I, and little John, Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and
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my old dame to the her hus- 197.
and need not to- 198.
cer men fitter to 199.
you shall go, 200.
got, 201.

advice; Know the, sir John; 202.
in to sit under; 203.

not. 204.

though, and thy 205.
se female is the 206.
so, indeed; but 207.
ce, he 208.

summer, prick 209.
shadows to fill 210.

art. 211.

his apparel is 212.
the frame stands 213.
men, sir; you can 214.
canoe Feeble; 215.

not been a man's 216.
son, Will thou 217.
my battle, as 218.
voice, sir; you 219.

will be as valiant 220.
maugrimous or 221.
will, master 222.
gone, sir, he's 223.
him be it to 224.
and; Let that 225.

read Feeble, 226.

bear a base mind;—an't be my destiny, say not 227.
be not, so; No man's too good to serve his 228.
and, let it go which way it will, he that 229.
quit for the next. 230.

also; thou're a good fellow. 231.

Thou, I'll bear no base mind. 232.

Feeble, sir. 233.

l-a.-cal. 234.

—Come, prick 235.
captain, 236.
come thou art 237.

man, 238.
cough, sir; 239.
king's affairs, 240.
the wars is a 241.
and; I will 242.
shall ring for 243.

any your num- 244.
ner, sir;—and so, 245.
with you, but I 246.
cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good truth, master Shallow. 247.

Shall O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields? 248.

Fad. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that. 249.

Shall. Ha, it was a merry night. And in Jane Night-work alive? 250.

Fad. She lives, master Shallow. 251.

Shall. She never could away with me. 252.

Fad. Never, never, she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow. 253.

Shall. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a homely wench. Dost she hold her own weal? 254.

Fad. Old, old, master Shallow. 255.

Shall. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I come to Clement's Inn. 256.

Sh. That's fifty-five year ago. 257.

Shall. Ha, count Silence, that thou hast seen that that knight and I have seen!— Ha, Sir John, and I well? 258.

Fad. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow. 259.

Shall. That we have, that we have, that we have;—in faith, Sir John, we have; one watchword was, 'Hens, boys!'—Come, it's to dinner; come, let's to dinner;—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. 260.

[Enter Fal. Shall. and Silence. 261.

Ball. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Marry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather because I am an unwilling, and, for mine own part, I have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much. 262.

Bard. Go to; stand aside. 263.

Mold. And, good master corporate captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir. 264.

Bard. Go to; stand aside. 265.

Fee. By my troth, I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a debt;—I'll never bear a base mind;—an't be my destiny, say not be not, so; No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next. 266.

Bard. Well said; thou're a good fellow. 267.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind. 268.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justice. 269.

Fad. Come, sir, which men shall I have? 270.

Shall. Four, of which you please. 271.

Bard. Sir, a word with you—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Ball calf. 272.

Fad. Go to; well. 273.

Shall. Come, Sir John, which four will you have? 274.

Fad. Do thy choose for me. 275.

Shall. Marry then,—Mouldy, Ball calf, Fee ble, and Shallow. 276.

Mouldy, and Ball calf;—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service; and, the year part, Ball calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will nurse of you. 277.

Shall. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likest men, and I would have you served with the best. 278.

Fad. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thighs, the stature, bulk, and big semblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow,—Here's Wart,—you see what a ragged appearance it is; he shall charge you, and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and
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ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest in York.

Enter the Archdeacon of York, with Harford, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest called?
Hast. 'Tis Gunthorpe Forest, sir.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and hear me forth.
To know the numbers of our race.
We have sent forth already,
My friends and brethren in these parts,
I must acquaint you that I have in
New-dated letters from Northumberland.
Their cold talent, temper, and virtue.
We here doth he with his person, with
As might hold sortment with his grace.
The which he could not sey; why
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing
To Scotland; and concludes in this,
That your attempts may overtake it,
And fearful meeting of their opposites.
Thus do the hopes we touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Mess. West of this forest, scarce
In goodly face of any speer.
And, by the ground they hold, number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty
Men. The just proportion that is.
Let us away on, and face them in

Enter WINTHROP.

Arch. What well appointed less
Now, it is my lord of West
West, Health, and fair greeting.

The princes, Lord John and duke of
Say on, my lord of West
peace.

What doth concern thy course?

Hast. Unto your grace do I in chief and
The other grace of your highness,
Came like itself, in base and shape
Led on by bloody youth, guided
And conducted by base passion.
I say, if damn'd commendation up
In his true, native, and fair
You, reverend father, and the
Had not been here, to dress the
Of base and piece, inscription,
With your fair honours, You, lead
Whose name is by a civil peace made
Whose bear the silver hand of
Whose learning and good letters

This brave page and pilot, I see no
In the law of nature, but I may snap at him.
Let time shape, and there an end.
KING HENRY IV.

In England the most valiant gentleman; Who knows, on whom fortune would they have errand? But, if your father had been victor there, He never had borne it out of Coventry: For all the country in a general voice, Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love.

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on, And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.

But this is more digression from my purpose,—Here come I from our princely general, To know your graces; to tell you from his grace, That he will give you audience; and wherein It shall appear that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them; every thing set on, That must so much as think you enemies. 

Mere. But he hath forc'd us to compell this offer.

And it proceeds from policy, not love. 

Hast. Mowbray, you overween to take it so; This offer comes from mercy, and not fear; For, lo! within a ken, our army lies: Upon mine honour, all too confident. To give a resistance to the strength of arms. Our battle is more full of names than yours, Our men more perfect in the use of arms. Our armour all as strong, our cause the best; Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd. Mere. Well, by my will, we shall admit no принцы.

Hast. That argues but the shame of your offer: A rotten case abides no handling. 

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission, In very ample virtue of his father, To bear, and absolutely to determine Of what conditions we shall stand upon? 

Hast. That is intended in the general's name: I must, you make so slight a question. 

Arch. Then take, my lord of Wontonland, 

For this contains our general grievances: Each several article herein rectr'd; All members of our cause, both here and hence, That are insinu'd to this action, Acquainted by a true substantial form; And present execution of our wills To o, and to our purposes, consign'd; We come within our awful bands again, And have our powers to the arm of peace. 

Hast. This will I show the general. Please you, lords, 

In sight of both our battles we may meet: And either end in peace, which heaven so frame! Or to the place of difference call the swords Which must decide it.

Arch. 

[Exit West.] 

Mere. There is a thing within my bosom, towards 

That no conditions of our peace can stand. 

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our point.

Upon such large terms, and so absolute, As our conditions shall consist.

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mere. Nay, but our valuation shall be such, 

That every slight and false-derived cause, 

Yet, every wild, nice, and wanton reason, 

Shall, to the king, taste of this action; That, were our royal thrones in arms, We shall as manfully bend our sword as any, That even our corn shall seem as light as chalk, 

Arch. No, no, my lord; Not this,—the king

Is wary.

Of dainties and such pickings grievances: For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death.
SECOND PART OF

The which hath been seen with some of the court.
Wherefore this Hydra son of war in
Whose dangerous eye may wink asleep,
With grant of our most just and rigid
evidences of this madman's
Stoop namely to the foot of majesty.

To the last man.

Hast. So be it; we have supplies to second our state
If they mislike, theirs shall scarce
And so, success of mischief shall be
And heir from heir shall hold this
Whereas England shall have grown

P. John. You are too shallow,
So let the breaking.

For see what it is.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

WESTMORELAND.

You do graze, just distance 'tween our armies

Mons. Your grace of York, in God's name.

WESTMORELAND.

Mons. Your grace of York, in God's name.

To you, your captain, to the army.

P. John. You are well encomiast here, my lord
But this day to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—

Hastings, and others: from the other side.

P. John. You are well encomiast here, my lord
You, your best; assembled by the bells
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your observance on the holy text;
That wherefore you are here an iron

SCENE II. Another Part of the Forest.

P. John. You are well encomiast here, my lord
But this day to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—

To you, your captain, to the army.

Hastings, and others: from the other side.

P. John. You are well encomiast here, my lord
But this day to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—

To you, your captain, to the army.

Hastings, and others: from the other side.

P. John. You are well encomiast here, my lord
But this day to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—

To you, your captain, to the army.

Hastings, and others: from the other side.

P. John. You are well encomiast here, my lord
But this day to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—

To you, your captain, to the army.
HENRY IV. 283.

trust, my lords, we shall tie to
together.

WHERESTOOLAND

wherefore stands our army still?

will he? I have, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought;

they have scored both with the very extreme

other Lord Hastings;

our army is happy'd already;

their lives, south; or, like a school brook

forward his home, and sporting.

As to your titles, my Lord Hastings; for

trader, of high treason —

departure; and you, Lord Low-

I attach you both.

proceeding just and honourable! A assembly so to

you thus break your faith?

I were not there none;

right of these same grievances, of

which mine hosts

with a most Christian care.

chums, — look to taste the chum,

and such acts as yours.

the arms, and all such acts.

a few, pursue the scatter'd stray;

army, hath fought too day; —

the traitors to the block of death;

yesterday and of breath.

Another Part of the Forest.

name. Esmir FALSTAFF and Colevile.

name, sir! of what condition

of what place, it pray?

knight, sir; and my name is

Colewile is your name; anknight and

your place; Colewile

a traitor your de-

nugge up your place; a place steep.

you! Sir John Falstaff?

man, as he, sir, whom I am.

it! If you are

loves, and they

they, therefore lose up fear and

devote to my mercy.

you are Sir John Falstaff; and

I yield me.

a whole school of tongues in this;

not of tongues, that all

any indifferency, I were simply

in Europe; My wench,

—the hour comes

Lancaster, WESSEX, and

a hint is put, follow no further

good cousin Westmoreland.—

waiver — where have you been all this

thing is ended, then you come;

nothing, my lord, but it should

were the reward of valor.

saw, an arrow, or a bullet I have in my

o'er my head, and the motion of thought;

have foundered nine score

and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour,

Sir John Colevile of the date, a most fur-

rious knight, and valourous enemy: But what of

that? I saw me, and yielded; that I may justly

say with the book-mad fellow of Rome,—

I came, saw, and overcome.

It was more of his country than

your deserving.

I will not; here he is, and here I yield

him: and I bewitch your grace, let it be booked

with the rest of this day's business, for the

Loud, I will have it in a particular bulid ethic,

see my own picture on the contrary the

kissing my foot: To the which comes, if it be

enforced, if you do not allow such like gibe trow-

ences out; and I, in the instant, arrive, o'er鞋子 as much as the full moon doth the

rinder of the element, which show like gine'

sell to lose, believe not the word of the noble;

 therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

John, Thine's too heavy to mount.

Let it shine there.

Thine's too thick to shine.

Let it do something, my good lord, that

may do me good, and call it what you will.

Is thy name Colevile? Cole.

Is, is my lord.

A famous rebel art thou, Dick.

And a famous true subject took him.

And, my lord, but as my better art,

That led me high: had they been rud'd by me,

You should have won them dearer than you know.

I know not how they sold themselves; but them, like a kind fellow, Gawest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

WHERESTOOLAND.

Now, have you left pursuit?

Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Send Colevile, with his confederates,

York, to present execution —

Biant, lead him hence; and see you guard

same with Colevile.

Now despatch we toward the court, my lord.

I hear, the king my father is sore sick.

Our nobles shall go before us in his company.

Which, cousin, you shall hear, — to comfort him; And we shall have other speeches to follow.

My lord, I beseech you give me leave to go to Glosbyshire: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my conclusion,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

I would have had but the wit; were better than your dexterity. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth, my the me; nor a man cannot make him laugh: — but that's no matter, it doth damn my wench. There's never any of these demure boys come to any

for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many foolishness, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenchers; they are generally fools and cowards; — which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sharpsack hath a two-fold operation in it. It sends me into the brain; drives me there all the foolish, and dull, and crooey vapours which the

envirok it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetful, full of nimble, sturdy, and detestable
SECOND

and page.—This Doll Year-sheet should be some read.

Flora. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Eliott. Well, that we see Painting boast himself to-night in his true colours, and not our- selves be seen?

Flora. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Eliott. From a god to a hell! a heavy de-
scription! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a pretender! a low transformation! I shall be made; for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUM- BERLAND, and LADY PARRY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give me leave into my rough affair,

Pat not you on the visage of the times,

And be with them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I speak no more:

Do you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at

saw;

And, let my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to

these wars.

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endured to it than now;

With your own Percy, when my heart's dear

Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost; yours and your

son's.

For your's,—may heavenly glory brighten it! For his,—it stanch upon him as the sun

In the gray vault of heaven; and, by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass

Which to the nobles both did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:

And speaking thick, which nature made his

Blemish.

Become the accents of the valiant:

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,

In all, in affection of delight,

In military rule, honours of blood,

He had the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous

him—

O miracle of men!—him did you leave

(Second to none, unseeded by you),

To look upon the hireless god of war

(i disadvantage; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him:

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice.

With others, than with him; let them alone;

The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:

Had my own, and Harry had but half their numbers.

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have walk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Even behark your heart,

Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,

With now insament ancient over Night.

But I must go, and meet with danger there;

Or it will seek me in another place,

And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,

That, the nobles, and the armed common, Have of their puissance made a little taste.
KING HENRY IV.

oh, this is the old fashion; 'tis all very good, but you fall full of some discourse! good truth, as the mobick as you cannot one hour with, an
What the good yeart one that must be you: [To Doll.]
Aker vessel, as they say, the
ack empty vessel bear such a
there's a whols merchant's French stuff in him: you have been staid in the hold,
mis with thee, Jack; these art
b: and whether I shall ever see
, there is nobody cares.

...Drawer.

neat Pistols's below, and would

swagger race! let him

it is the foul-mouth'd rogue

rather, let him not come here;

I must live amongst my neigh-

savers: I am in good name

very best—Shut the door; swaggers here; I have not to have swaggaing now—pray

you, be honest?—

in, pacify yourself, Sir John; swaggers here.

him: if it is mine ancient.

by, Sir John, never tell me; get him by my horse, and shut the door.

Tisack, the deputy, the

as he said to me—it was no

Wednesday last—Neighbours—

master Dumb, our minister,

neighbor-Quickly, says he, re-

read; for, saith he, you are in

a he said so, I can tell where-

he, one great honest woman;

therefore take heed what you says;

be, no swaggering compa-

nions come here—you would or what he said—no, I'll no

swaggers, honest; a tame

may strike him as gently as a:

he will not swagger with a

hers throw fans back in any

call you him: I will bar no

house, nor no charger: But I

geting; by my truth, I am she—

swaggers: feed, masters, 

I warrant you.

honest, in very truth; do I ever

cannot abode swaggers.

DR. BURLINGTON, and PAGE.

Sir John!—

ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, a

cup of sack do you discharge

charge upon her, Sir John, with

old-proof; sir, you shall hardly

it drink no proofs, nor no li-

to more than will do me good

you, mistress Dorothy? I will

if I stooze you, scurvy compan-

by, awa, you musty rogue! it

for your master.

mistris Dorothy, in out-parse race! you filthy

hong, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife

in your money claps, as you play the stately

ence with me. Away, you bottle-scar race! you

basket-tistle sacle juggler, you!—Since when,

I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your

shoulder? much?

Pur. I will murder your ruff for this.

Pist. No more. Pistol; I would not have you

go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Haur. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet

Pist. Captain! thou abominable damned

race, art thou not ashamed to be called—
captain? If captains were of my mind, they

would trunchon you out, for taking their names

upon you before you have earned them. You

a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a

poor whose ruff in a handy house—He a

captain? Hang him, rogue! He lives upon

modest staved prunes, and drier cakes. A

captain! these villains will make the word cap-

tain as odious as the word occupier; which was an

excellent good word before it was ill-sorted; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bar. 'Pray thee, go down, good accidant.

Pist. Hark thee bitter, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I; tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—

I could tell her—'I'll be revenged on her.

Page. 'Pray thee, go down, good accidant.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Pistols damned

lake, to the informer, with Clerkes and

tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I,

Down! dogs! dogs! down! down! Have we not

hurt her?

Haur. Good captain Pistol, be quiet; it is very

late, 'tis faith; I beseech you now, aggravate

your cloister.

Pist. These be good barmies, indeed! Shall

parchment horses.

And hollow pampered jades of Asia,

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,

Cnagare with Cavares, and with Cannibalas,

And Trojan Greeks? say, rather damn them with

King Cezar's words, and let the windings roar;

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Haur. By my truth, captain, these are very

bitter words.

Bar. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a

shame.

Pist. Dic men, like dogs; give crowns like

plums; Have we not Hires here?

Haur. No word, captain, there's none such

here. What the good-year? do you think,

I would deny?—for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calpulis:

Come, give some sack.

So far my father, means me content.

Fear we bracelets? no, let the brand give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thon

there.

[Laying down his sword.

Come we to fell points here; and are to extrait

nothing.

Pist. Plent, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy nayf! What! we have

we have seen the seven stars.

Pist. Threat him down stairs; I cannot endure

such a passion rascal.

Pist. Threat him down stairs! know we not

Galwaye nags?

Bar. Quilt him down, Bardolph, like a shore-

grout-shaling say; if he do nothing but speak

nothing, he shall be nothing.

Bar. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What? shall we have inquisition? shall we

make?

[Springing out of his mouth.

Then death rock me asleep, and to my doldet

do.

Why, then, let us, most装配, capsing wood's

Ungown the steward's three! Come, Atrope, say I.

Pist. Give me my taper, boy.


Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?  
Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have  
hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.  
Fal. A cascan! to brave me!  
Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you!  
Alas, poor soul, how thou sweepest! Come, let me  
wipe thy face:—come on, you whoreson choose!—  
Ah, rogue! I faith I love thee. Thou art as  
valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Aga-  
nemous, and ten times better than the nine  
worthies. Ah, villain!  
Fal. A ridiculously shamed! I will toss the rogue in  
a blanket.  
Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart; if thou  
dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.  

Enter Musician.  
Pag. The music is come, sir,  
Fal. Let them play,—Play, sir!—Sit on my  
knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave; the rogue  
seized from me like quidblers.  
Dol. I faith, and then followedest him like a  
church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew  
boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting of days,  
and join of nights, and begin to patch up  
thine old body for heaven?  

Enter behind. Prince Henry and Poins, disguised  
likeurers.  
Fal. Peace, good Doll I do not speak like a  
death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.  
Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince off?  
Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would  
have made a good painter, he would have  
chipped head well.  
Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.  
Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his  
wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is  
no more conceit in him, than in a mallet.  
Dol. What does the prince love him so then?  
Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness:  
and he plays at quoits well; and can coger and  
fercul; and drinks off cabin's ends for  
flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the  
beer; and none more joint stools; and swears  

Fal. Hale! a bastard son of the  
art not then. Poins his brother!  
P. Hen. Why, thou globe of art,  
what a life dost thou lead?  
Fal. A better than thou; I am  
a thong art a drawer.  
P. Hen. Very true, sir, and  
you out by the ears.  
Hot. O, the Lord preserve  
by my troth, welcome to Leg  
Lord ideas that sweet face of  
are you come from Wales?  
Fal. Thou whoreson mad ci-  
esty,—by this light flesh and con  
art welcome.  

Dol. How! you fat fool, I say.  
P. Hen. My lord, he will drive  
revenge, and turn all to a mere  
not the heat.  
P. Hen. You whoreson  
how vely did you speak of a  
fore this honest, virgins, civil  
Best, 'Blessing of your god  
she is, by my troth.  
P. Hen. Didst thou hear me?  
P. Hen. Yes; and you knew  
when you ran away by God’s  
as was at your back; and spoke  
try my patience.  
P. Hen. No, no, no; not so! I do  
wait within hearing.  
P. Hen. I shall drive you to  
willful abuse; and then I know  
P. Hen. Nothing else.  
Env. No abuse, Hale.  
P. Hen. No abuse!  
P. Hen. No abuse, Ned, in th’  
Ned, none. I disparaged him  
that the wicked might not fall  
in which doing, I have de
KING HENRY IV.

among you.
not that not; I think, then;
Marly, there is another in-
for suffering flesh to be
say, contrary to the law; for
then will howl.
What's a joint of
beast himself,
A gentlewoman,
my goodness
that which his flesh rebels
so loud at door? I look to
Francis.

"EAST PERTH.,
how now! what news?
father, is Westminster:
weak and wearied posts, post
and, as I came along,
knocking at the tavern,
you for Sir John Falstaff,
Pains, Pains, I feel me much
as the precious time;
eat, like the south
and, and knock:—Falstaff, good
PRINCE HENRY, Pains, Perth,
are in the sweetest morsel of
most, and hence, and leave it unkind'd.
More knocking at the door! (Exit.
"EAST BURLINGTON.
the matter?
at away to count, sir, presently;
a stay at door for you.
no, no, no; he's a beggar, you may sleep, when the man
Farwell, good wenches; away, gone, I will see you again
speak, if my heart be not
Well, sweet Jack, we have a care
farewell.
Farwell, Falstaff and Burbage.
well: I have known a life
more years, some peacetime;
and trust-hearted too.
Mistress Year sheet,
the matter?
Mistress Year sheet come
Doll, run; run, good Doll.

ACT III.

1. A Room in the Palace.

act in the Nightspies, and a Page,
call the ears of Suppy and of
then, bid them o'er-read them
rather than them. Make good
Page, and of my poorest subjects
-0 sleep, 0 gentle sleep,
you, how have I frighted them,
my eyelids down, senses in forgetfulness
up, lest then in smoky calls,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And beshir'd with buzzing night-flies to thy shamer.
Then in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly beds.
And all'd with sounds of sweetest melody!
O thou droll god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and lair'st in the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'lifer's bed?
With thou in all the bright and idle toys of my youth,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
To cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the violentation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the
Curling the monstrous heads, and hanging them
With despairing clamours in the slippery clouds;
That, with the hurly, death itself awake?
Caust thou him in partial sleep? to thy purpose
To the west sea-boy in so how rude a;
And, in the exultest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to bear,
Dumy it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down! Unruly
The head that wears a crown.

"EAST WARWICK and SURREY.
War. Many good mortals to your majesty? I. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. The hour one o'clock, and past.
I. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all,
your lords,
Have you read over the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
I. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our
kingdom;
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restored.
With good advice, and little medicine.
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd,
I. Hen. O heaven! that one may not read the
book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times;
Make mountains level, and the continent
Weary of solid furnaces melt itself
Into the sea, and, other times, to see
The beauteous girdle of the ocean
Too warm for Neptune's ships; how chances
And
What uplifts past, what crosses to
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die:
The new years gone.
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great
First.
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at war? It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother told in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yes, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by:
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember.
"To Warwick.
When Richard, with his eye burn'd o'er trust,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland!
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, then lagg'd, by the which
My cousin Beaufort avenge my throne.
Though then, heaven know'd, I had no such

But that necessity so how'd the state,
That I and greatness were companions in kiss.
The time shall come, thus did he follow it.
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break on all corruption.—I go on.
For telling this same time's condition,
And the disclosure of my anxiety.
War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Scene II. Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mowbray, Shallow, Wart, Feele, Bull-calf, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir; give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, your goddaughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ozenel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar; he is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly; I was once of Clement's inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called—Insty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and amongst other things, I was John Doit of Staffordshire, and Black George Bace, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squire a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swing-back legs in all the inns of court again; and, I may say to you, we knew where the buns rob was;

Sil. Here come two of eight men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, has besearch you, which is Justice Shallow of this county, and one of the peace: What is your good name?

Bard. My captain, sir; my captain, Sir John Falstaff by heaven, and a most gallant.

Shal. He greets me well, a good backsword man; He knieth I may ask, how my

Bard. Sir, pardon; a solace, modulated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in a well said indeed too. Better it is good; yes, indeed, it is surely, and ever were, very commodious;—it comes for good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I know the phrase, call you it? By this not the phrase; but I will with my sword, to be a so and a word of exceeding good a modulated; That is, when a accommodating; or, when a whereby,—he may be thought a word; which is an excellent

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very jest;—Loe Sir John. Give me your worship's good hand, look well, and bear your ye come, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you, Robert Shallow;—Master S

Shal. No, Sir John; it is in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is Fal. Eye! this is hot we have you provided me here

Shal. Marry, have we, sir

Fal. Let me see them, I t
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alone: my old dame for one to do her herry: you need not to be other men litter to.

Monday, you shall go, were spent.

once; stand abide; Know for the other, Sir John; Shadow?

have him to sit under; soldier.

son art thou? ah, sir!

me not like enough, and thy son of the female is the is often so, indeed; but a substance.

now, Sir John? awe for summer, prick number of shadows to hit

of?

ragged wart, m, Sir John?

arm: for his apparel is if the whole frame stands no more.

am I can do, sir; you can well.—Francis Fleece.

shot, Fleece? or, sir?

you, sir? if he had been a man's pricked you.—Will thou in an enemy's battle, as man's peregrine? good will, sir; you can

woman's tailor! well! Thon wilt be as valiant, as most magnanimous man's tailor well, master Shadow.

night be gone, sir, vert a man's tailor; that, and, make him fit to to a private soldier, that my thousands: Let that refer, sir.

her, reverend Fleece.—of the green! as we Bull-calf, my fellow?—Come, prick again.

my lord captain;—in my heart thou art an obsequious man. art so bold, sir; a cough, singing in the king's affairs, my sir: sit to go to the ware in a way thy cost; and I will by friends shall ring for

replied than your mum, I four here, sir;—and so me to dilute, I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good clout, master Shadow.

Sat. 0, Sir John, do you remember since we say all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields?

Fair. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Sat. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fair. She lives, master Shallow.

Sat. She never could away with me.

Fair. Never, sir? she would always say; she could not abide master Shallow.

Sat. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bawbler. Dost she hold her own well?

Sat. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-word, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sat. That fifty-five year ago.

Sat. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that that knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir, I said we well?

Fair. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Sat. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, Here, hypo!—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner; O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[Exeunt FAIR. SAT. SHEL. AND SILENCE.

Bull. Good master corporate candid, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, I have a desire to stay with my friends; d'ye, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Maid. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do any thing about boy, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my truth, I care not! a man can die but once; I give one God a death!—I'll we bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so, an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; than't a good follow. Fee. 'Tis, 'tis, Pat bear no base mind.

Re-enter VALASTAR, and Justices.

Fair. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Sat. Four, of which you please.

Sir. A word with you:—I have three pound to free Monday and Bull-calf.

Fair. Never, sir.

Sat. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fair. Do you choose for me.

Sat. Marry them, Monday, Bull-calf, Fleece, and, for your part, Bull-calf.—I will till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Sat. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fair. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care for the limb, the thewes, the stature, the bulk, and big ascension of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's War—ye see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and
SECOND PART OF

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest in Yonkers.

Enter the Archdeacon of York, the Bishop of Burntisland, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Bis. The Pinetree Forest, and
your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; as

And to know the members of our own

Hart. We have sent forth above

Arch. My friends and brethren in their

Hart. I most acquaint you that I have

Hart. Their cold intent, on their

Arch. Here doth he wish his person, with

Hart. The which he could not deny; we

Hart. To Scotland; and concludes in b

Arch. That your attempts may overflow;

Hart. And fearful meeting of their oppo

Arch. Thus do the hopes we

Hart. And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. West of the forest, some

Arch. In good form comes on the e

Arch. And, by the ground they kill

Arch. The just proportion that

Hart. Let us away, and face them to

Arch. Enter Westminster.

Arch. What well appointed is

Arch. It is my lord of

Hart. The prince, Lord John and duke

Arch. Say on, my lord of Yonkers.

Arch. What doth concern your coming

Mes. Unto your grace do I in chief to

Arch. The substance of my speech, if

Mes. If I came like that, in loose and shib

Arch. Led on by bloody youth, guarded

Arch. And contempt by boys, and I say, if

Arch. Let us go to the court of base and bloody insurrection

Arch. With your fair benefactors, you, lord.

Arch. Whose see is by a civil peace ma

Arch. Whose heard the silver hand of touc

Arch. Whose learning and good letters turn'd?

Arch. Whose white investments figure I

Arch. Wherefore do you so? I am the voice of the peace of speech, that be

Arch. Turning your books to graves, you.

Mes. My lord, I am your servant.

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—

Mes. Briefly to this end: we are not

Arch. And, with our sacred blessing, and we have brought ourselves into a beat:

Arch. And we must bleed for it; of what

Arch. Our late king, Richard, being liv
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In England the most valiant gentleman; Who knows, on whom fortune would them have smiled? But, if your father had been victor there, He never had borne it out of Coventry; For all the country in a general voice, Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love, Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on, And blessed, and graced indeed, more than the king. But this is mere digression from my purpose,— Here come from our principal general, To know your friends; to tell you from his grace, That he will give you audience; and wherein It shall appear that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them; every thing set off, That might so much as think you enemies. Much. But he hath force'd us to comply with this offer; And it proceeds from policy, not love. West. Muchowray, you overween to take it so? This offer comes from mercy, not from fear; For, lo! within a ken, our army lies; Upon mine honour, all too confident To give assent to a thought of fear. Our battle is more full of names than ours, Our men more perfect in the use of arms, Our armour all as strong, our cause the best; Then reason wins, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our offer is complied? Much. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley. West. That argues but the shame of your handling. Much. Hath the Prince John a full commission, In very ample virtue of his father, To hear, and absolutely to determine Of what conditions we shall stand upon? West. That is intended in the general’s name: I must, you make so slight a question. Arch. Then, take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule: For this contains our general grievances; Each several article herein redress’d; All members of our cause, both here and hence, That are insinu’d to this action, Acquainted by a true substantial form; And proceed, execution of our wills; To us, and to our purposes, consent’d; We come within our awful banks again, And knot our powers to the arm of peace. West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords, In sight of both our battles we may meet: And either end in peace, where heaven no part, Or to the place of difference call the swords Which must decide it. Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit West.] Much. There is a thing within my bosom, tells us; That no conditions of our peace can stand. West. Fear you not that? If we can make our peace Upon such large terms, and so absolute, As our conditions shall consist upon. Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains. Much. Ay, but our valuation shall be such, That every slight and base-derived cause, Yes, every little, nice, and wasted reason, Shall, to the king, taste of this action: That were our royal faiths martys in love, We shall be known’d with so rough a wind, That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff; And good and good-nature find no patron. Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary. Of dainty and such picking grievances: For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will be wise to their tables clean;
And keep no self-sate to his memory:
That may repeat and history his last
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdeeds present occasion;
His foes are so enwrapped with his friends,
That, thinking to undo an enemy,
He doth advance so, and make a friend.
So that a land, like an offensive war,
That hath engag'd him on to offer stroke;
As he is anything, holds his inhalt up,
And hope receiv'd correction in the arm
That was square'd to execution.

And being the king hath wasted all his lands
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The fruits of chastisement.
So that his power, like a fangious lion,
May offer, but not hold.
And

'Tis very true —
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we now make our attempt well
Our peace will, like a broken limb wait'd,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Exeunt Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: Plesach
Prepare, my captain, to meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Moon. To grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings, and Others: from the other side, Prince
John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray —
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop; —
And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —
My father of York, it better show'd with you
When that your mock, assembled by the bell,
Enriched you, to bear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Champaigner of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
The man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And rides in the sensibility of his favour.
Would he abuse the condescension of the king,
Alack, what mischief might be set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. —Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God!
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imag'd voice of God himself;
The very speare, and intelligence;
Between those graces, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the condescension and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable! You have taken up,
Under the counterfeit seal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my soul;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-ward'm them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;

The which hath been sent to the council.
Whereon this Hydra son of war,
Whose dangerous eyes may we esteem,
With grant of our most just and true obedience of this seat
Scop'd tàntum to the foot of this Mount. If not, we ready we to
To the last man.

Ghost. And though we
We have supplies to second
If they mistakes, theirs shall o'er;
And so, success of mischief is
And heer from their shall hold it
Weiss England shall have got.

P. John. You are too shallow,
Too shallow.
To sound the bottom of the wide
West. Plesach your grace,

How farth-forth you do like this
P. John. I like them all, as well;
And swear here by the honour
My father's partings have been
And some about him have too
Wrenched his meaning, and
My lord, these griefs shall be
Upon my soul, they shall. Ifth
Discharge your powers unto ties,
As we will ours: And here, but
Let's drink together friendly,
That all their eyes may see it
Of our restored love, and
Arch. I take your prince's retirements.
P. John. I give it you, and

And thenceupon I drink unto you.

Hunt. Go, captain! [Exeunt to the army.

This news of peace; let them be
I know, it will well please

Arch. To you, my noble lord
West. I pledge you from my heart:
What pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this
You would drink freely: but
Shall show itself more openly
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. Health to my lord, and gentle
Moon. I wish me heart to season;
For I am, the sudden, soon
Arch. Against ill chance,
But heaviness fortifies the go
West. Therefore be merry, sorrow
Serves to my thee, —Some g
to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am pass
Moon. So much the worse, be true.
P. John. The word of peace! how they about!
Moon. This had been cheere
Arch. A peace is of the man
For then both parties nobly a
And neither party loser;
P. John. Get
And let our army be dischary
And, good my lord, so please
March by us; that we may go
We should have endid within
Arch. Go, and
And, you they be dischary'd, is
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was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet I have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest touch of possibility: I have bounded nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the book noted fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let me be booked with the rest of this day's decree; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular bulid wise, with mine own picture on the top of it, with kissing my foot: To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like girt twine—

P. John. Hush you both, sting just and honourable nobly so! as break your faith?

I gaw'd thee none of these same grievances, grief, which by mine heartmost Christian care.

—look to taste the due, all such acts as yours.

P. John. Thine is too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it shine then. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine is too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?


P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.


P. John. Cole. Cole. I am your lord, but as a wondrous man That led me safer: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not now how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Exit Coleville.

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Fal. Thou, Send Coleville, with his confederates, To York, to present execution—

P. John. Blinn, lead him hence; and see you guard him well.

Exit some with Coleville.

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords; I hear, the king my father is sore sick; Our news shall go before us to his majesty—

Which, cousin, you shall hear,—to comfort him; And with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glastonbury: and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my condition Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exeunt.

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'were better than your cakedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love men; nor a man cannot make him laugh—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wort. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for this drink doth so overcool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-alkness; and then, when they marry, they get venereal; they are generally fool and cowards—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherry sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; drips me there all the foolish and droll, and crdy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, for getting, full of nimble, fiery, and deletable
Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I’ll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

SCENE IV. Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humfrey, Warwick, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate that bleeddeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is addressed, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pass us, till these rebels, now abroad,
Come undermarch the yoke of government.
War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon dispose.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he’s gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord;

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Chs. What would my lord and father?

Most noble lords, though at a
As scumiferum, or rash Gerard,
Chs. I shall observe him with a
K. Hen. Why art thou not with him, Thomas?
Chs. He is not there today,
K. Hen. And how accoup
Chs. With Poins, and other
K. Hen. Most subject is
Weeds;
And he, the noble image of a
Is overspread with them; it
Stretches itself beyond the
The blood weeps from my
Shape.
In forms imaginary, the up
And rotten times, that you see
When I am sleeping with my
For when his headstrong ride
When rage and hot blood are
When meanse and lavish man
O, with what wings shall his
Towards fronting peril and
War. My gracious lord, your
quiet;
The prince but studies him of
Like a strange tongue: with
language.
’Tis needless, that the most is
Be lock’d upon, and learn’t

Your highness knows, comes
But to be known, and hated.
The prince will, in the perfections
Cast off his followers; and
Shall as a pattern or a
By which his grace must meet;
Turning past evils to advance
K. Hen. ’Tis seldom—we
leave her comb
In the dead carriion,—Who’s
Land?

Enter Westmoreland.
West. Health to my sovereign

Adde to that that I am to
Prince John, your son, doth
KING HENRY IV.

humberland, and the Lord Bar

ower of English, and of Scots,

sh of Yorkshire overthrown:

of from order of the light,

it you, contains at large.

k of warner so should these good

ike me sick!

e ever come with both hands full,

in a stomach, and no food—

or, in healthy or else a feint,

k the stomach,—such are the rich,

dance, and enjoy it not.

now at this happy hour;

ight fails, and my brain is giddily

me, now I am much ill.

[Enter. Comfort, your majesty!]

O my royal father! I

ge your lord, cheer up yourself,

ent, princes; you do know, these

igns very ordinary.

s give him air; he'll straight be

he cannot long hold out these

care and labour of his mind

more that should confine it in;

k looks through, and will break

people fear me; for they do

, and households of nature:

age their ministers, as the year

and sweet, and leap'd them

ath those flows, no ebb to

time's doting chronicles, how

her heart: but the grace,

grandire, Edward, sick'd and

lowers, princes, for the king re-

s apoplex, will certain, his

ay you, take me up, and bear

a chamber: softly, pray,

ong the king into an inner part

d and place him on a bed,

made, my gentle friends; al

and favourable hand

k my weary spirit.

k in the other room,

me the crown upon the pillow

a, and he changes much

ime, less note.

HER PRINCE HENRY.

Who was the duke of Clarence?

hether, full of heaviness.

ow: rain within doors, and

ill?

Hearing in the good news yet?

alter'd much upon the hearing

be sick

ik recover without physic.

much noise, my lords;—sweet

other is disposed to sleep,

draw into the other room,

y grace to go along

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the

[Enter all but P. Henry.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Be so troublesome a bohflow?

polish'd perturbation! golden crown!

That keeps the pots of stinking open wide:

To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet.

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,

out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy sleeper, then dost sit

like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

Thrice lies a dwarf feather, which stirs not;

He reserve that light and weightless down;

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord,—my

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigid hath divided

So many English kings. Thy desolate

is tears, and heavy swells of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness;

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plentifully;

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which immediate from thy place and blood;

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

Which heaven shall guard, and put the world's

whole strength

Into one giant arm, and shall not force

This loyal honour from me: This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!]

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Csn. What would your majesty? How fares

you grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my

lords?

Csn. We left the prince my brother here, my

k, who undertook to sit and watch by

Csn. Edw. The prince of Wales! Where is he?

me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the cham-

ber where we stayed.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it

from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left

it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,

seek him out;

Is he so saxy, that he doth suppose

My dearest death? I

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.

This part of his conjunction with my disease,

And help to end me.—See, sons, what things

you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt;

When gold becomes her object.

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their

brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For they have engrafted and piled up

The canker'd heaps of strange-acquired gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invent

Their sons with arts, and ways of hoarding;

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower

The virtuous sweets

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with

honey.

We bring it to the hive;—and, like the bees,

Are murk'd for our rooms. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

L. L.
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quelled but blood;
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle woe's drops. He is coming hither.
A. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[Exit Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that day.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so image for my empty chair,
That thou wilt invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? 0 foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours,
Were to thee without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seiz'd up my expectation:
 Thy life did man'st thou lose'st me not;
And then wilt thou have dim'd it assured of it.
Then bid'st a thousand dargers in thy thoughts
With their deadly stem set rooted on thy stony heart.
To stab athalf an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my beard,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that, which gave life unto the worm, 
Pleck'd with the hoarfrost, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
For the fifth is crown'd—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apex of idleness
Now, neighbour comes, purge you of your scene.
Have you a rustick, that will wear, drink, dance,
Dance, dawd'ringly, in thy bed, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the little Harry from court'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall fluch his tooth in every innomend
To your poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my race could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again.
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
P. Hen. If I am pardon'd, my liege! but for my tears.

K. Hen. The most importunes of all my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep revenge,
To make you weep, as you desire, and make, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-durations spirit

SECRET OF PART OF

Heaven witness with me, when I beseemed
And found the course of breath with Jesu,
How cold it struck my heart! I'll
O, let me in my present wilderness
And never live to show the world
The noble change that I have put
Coming to look on you, thinking
(And dead almost, my liege, behold
I speak unto the crown as healing)
And thus upbraided it: The crowned
Hand fond again,
Therefore, thine, best of gold, art wont;
Other, less true in counsel, as more great
Preserving life in medicine possible;
But thou, most true, most honest, on
Hast not thy harshest, canst not
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemey
That had before me then,
The quarel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blooodish
Or swell my thoughts to any strake
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the grace I gave,
Give entertainment to the might
Let God for ever keep it from my
And make me as the poorest man
That doth with awe and terror he
K. Hen. to my son
Heaven put it in my mind, to tak
That thou might'st win the most
Peculating so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by me
And hear, I think, the very later
That ever I shall breathe. Hear me,
What, by what path, and indirect shall
I put this crown; and I myself:
How troublesome it sat upon me:
To thee it shall descend with best
Better opinion, better confirmation
For all the soil of the achievement;
With me into the earth. It seem'
But as an honour match'd with be
And I had many living, to upbra
My gain of it by their assistance:
Which duly grew on me:
Wounding supported peace: all
The crown sweet with peril I have saw
For all my reign hath been but as
Acting that argument; and now:
Changes the modes; for what is
Still,
Falls upon thee in a more faire
So that the garland wear'st seere
Yet, though thou stand'st more

Thou art not firm enough, since grief
And all thy friends, which thou
Have but their wings and teeth
By whose fell working I was first
And by whose power I well might
To be again displac'd; which to
I cut them off; and had a purpose
To lend out many to the Holy
Last rest, and being still, might'st
Too near unto my state. Therefore
Be it thy course, to busy giddy as
With foreign quarrels; that action
out.
May we the memory of the fore
More wonderful, but my lungs are
That strength of speech is alter'd
Thus I came to the crown. O, O
And grant it may with thee in this
P. Hen. My gracious liege,
Yours, worn it, wore it, kept it, gave
Then plain, and right, must my
Which I, with more than with a
Against all the world will rightfull
KING HENRY IV.

The king, coming to the church, saw the corpse of Sir John, and ordered the citizens of London to give him a state funeral. Upon this, the townspeople were incensed and rebelled against the king. The king, therefore, sent to see Sir John, who sent him his sword, thinking that it would pacify the rebels. However, the king immediately ordered the sword to be returned, and the town was put to the sword. The king then ordered the town to be burned, and the inhabitants to be killed. The king's soldiers killed the people of the town, and the king ordered the town to be burned.

SCENE II. Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? Whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; and, to our purpose, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him.

War. The service that I truly did his life, Hath left me open to all injuries.

Ch. Just. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not [myself].

Ch. Just. Know, he doth not; and the arm To welcome the condition of the time; Which cannot look more hideously upon The than I have drawn it in my fancy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and Others.

War. Have come the heavy issue of dead Harry?

Cl. What, that the living Harry had the tempest Of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must retire to spirits of viler sort! 

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturned.


P. Humph. Good morrow, Count; Good morrow, Prince.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
Hear your own dignity so much prized,
See your most dread laws so much adored.
Behold yourself by so a son divine
And they imagine me taking your
And, in your power, not able
After this cold consideration, want
And, as you are a king, speak in
What have I done that made
My person, or my liege's service
Kings. You are right, justice, as
this well?
Therefore still be hearken to me
And do you wish your honour may
Till you do live to see a son of
Offend you, and obey you, all I
So shall I live to speak my father
Happy am I, since a man shall
That dare do justice on my protest
And not less happy, having such a
That cannot bear his greatest
Into the hands of justice. You did:
For which I do conclude this,
The unfeint sword that you shall
With this remembrance,—That
With the like boldness
As you have done gainst me. The
You shall be as a father to me,
My voice shall sound as you despatch,
And I will stand and humble my
To your well-pleased, was done.
And, princes all, believe me, I
My father is gone wild into his
or in his tomb lie,
And with his spirit did I serve
To mock the expectation of the
To frustrate prophecies; and to
Rotten opinion, who hath written
After my appearing a
Hath proudly drest in vanity,
Now doth it turn, and chide back
Where it shall mingle with the
And flow henceforth in formal
Now call we our high court of
And let us choose such limits of
That the great body of our state
In equal rank with the best got
That war, or peace, or both; at
As things agreeing and family
In which you, father, shall have
To see the
Our coronation done, we will
As I before remember'd, all so
And (God conspire against it)
No prince, nor peer, shall
Heaven shorten Harry's happy

SCENE III.

Glostershire. The Garden of
Euer FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SIR
Page, and DUKE
Shal. Nay, you shall see mine
in an arbour, we will eat a last
my own gracing, with a truce of
so forth; come, cousin Silvius

Fal. 'Fore God, you have her
ing, and a rich.
Shal. Barren, barren, bare beggar all, Sir John.—man
Spray' the brave and
Fal. This Daisy serves you; she
is your serving man, and your
A great valet, Sir John.—By the
 too much seek at supper.
Now sit down, now sit down:
Sir, Ah, sirrath' quoth—w,

And prate hectorous for the many

ENGLISH EDITION

SECOND PART

War. We do remember it, but our argument is
not your state more than his. 
P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath
made us happy.
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, but we be here!
P. Humfrd. Or good my lord, you have lost a
And I do swear, you harbor not that base
Of solemn curse; it is, save, your own.
P. John. Though man be near'd; what grace
is there to find,
You father; your accidant expectations;
I am the errand; would, 'twere otherwise.
Ch. Well, you must now speak the John Fals
staff said:
Which praises against your stream of quality,
Ch. John, best princes, what I said, I did in
lear;
And by the impartial accident of my soul;
And I am most certain, that I will lay
A rugged and formal'd remonstrance—
I have much to say, but I must
ly I'll be the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Hark! where's the prince?
Exit King Henry V.
Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save
your majesty!
Kent. New and gorgeous garments, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think—
Browne, you idle your summer with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court:
Not Amurath an Amurath scources,
But Harry Harry: Yet be had, good braves,
For, to speak tru't, it very well becomes you;
Borrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on;
And wear it in my heart. Why then, he and
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you assure'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but hear your love, I'll bear your cares,
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will it
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By my love, the hours of happiness.

P. John. &c. We hope no other from your ma

King. You all look strangely on me; and
you must;
To the Chief Justice,
You are so near'd; I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am near'd, if I be measur'd rightly.
Your majesty hath so just cause to hate me.
Ezr. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So forgetful are you laid upon me?
What rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England? Was this easy
My this be wak'd in thee, and forgotten.
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your

The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And strike me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereof, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority.
And did soon enough: If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set entre dearest at sight;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blast the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person,
Nay, more; to spew at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.

Guenveur your royal thoughts, make the case

Be now the father, and propose a son:
KING HENRY IV. 

SIR, By thy lady, I think 'twas he; but goodman Puff of Barrow.

Puff, Puff!  

Puff to thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,  
And inner-skeller have I rode to thee;  
And sidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of peace.  

Yet I p'rythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.  

Puff. A foxtrot for the world, and worldlings base!  
I speak of Afric, and golden joys.  

Ed. O base Atheist knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Copplinor know the truth thereof.  

Siri. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, [Sings,  

Puff. Small dagonish cars confront the Heilcnor.  
And shall good news be hated?  
Then, pistol, by thy head in Fowlers lap.  

Ed. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.  

Puff. Why then, lament therefor.  

Ed. Give me again, sir.—If ye, you come with news from the court, I take, it there is but two ways: either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, sister the king, in some authority.  

Puff. Under which flag, Bezonian? speak, or die.  

Ed. Under King Harry.  

Puff. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?  

Ed. Harry the Fourth.  

Puff. A foxtrot for thine office!—Sir John, thy tender tibbick now is king;  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth;  
When Pistol ties, do this; and let me, Duce,  
The hanging Spaniard.  

Ed. What is the old king dead?  

Puff. An nail in door: the things I speak are just.  

Ed. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse;  
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the word, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.  

Ed. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.  

Puff. What do I bring good news?  

Ed. Carry master silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride along again.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away,  
Bardolph, [Exit Bardolph.][Exit Bardolph.][Come, Pistol, after more to use; and, whilst, devise something to  

do thyself good.][Boot, boot, master Shallow;  
I know the young king is sick for me. Let me take any man's courses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they  

Ed. What is the life that last I set, say they:  
Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.  

SCENE IV. London.  

Enter Beadle, dragging in hastily Quickley, and Dor. Till-ah-gent.  

How. No, thou art an old man; I would die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast  
drawn my shoulder out of joint.  

Ed. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-clever  
enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.  

Beadle. Not look, not look, you lie. Come on;  
I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-waist rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry,  

Ed. O the Lord, that Sir John were come!  

L. I.?
he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry:

1 Bond. If it do, you shall have a dozen of obstinate again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among

'Doll, I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a suit of mould will you as severely swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you silly furnished creature! if you be not swung, I'll for

1 Bond. Come, come, you shall knight, errant,

'Yours, O, that right should as overcome
Well; of suffrance comes none. [might]

[He is now in a suit of mould]

Doll. Ay; come, you starred blood-hound.

1 Bond. Electo's maids! the goodness house! Madness thy stones thee

1 Bond. Very well. [Exeunt]

SCENE V.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, serving Rakes.

1 Groom. More rakes, more rakes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice. 1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch. [Exeunt Grooms.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow. I shall make the king do grace: you shall hear upon him, as 'tis comes by; and do but mark the composure that he will give you. Shallow. God bless thy lenges, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol: stand behind me.—O, I have had bad time to make new liveries. I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [To Shallow.] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the real I had to see him. Shallow. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection. Shallow. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion. Shallow. If it doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to be able to remember, not to have patience to shift me. Shallow. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand staid with travel, and swearing with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affaires else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pistol. 'Tis summer time, for about he shall est. 'Tis all in every part.

Fal. 'Tis all in every part.

Fal. My knight, I will flame thy noblesse. And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base duration, and contagious prison; Halden By most mechanical and dirty band:— Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell For Doll is in: Pistol speaks ought but truth. Fal. I will deliver. [Scene within, and the Trumpets sound. Pistol. There sound the sea, and trumpet-clanger sounds. Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them. Fal. God save thy grace, King Hai! my royal Hai! Pict. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame! Fal. God save thee, my sweet by King. My lord chief justice, we vale man. Ch. Just. Have you given what 'tis you speak! Fal. My king, my love! I speak King. I know them not, all men's prayers. How all white hairs become the crown, I have long dream'd of such a kind. So softly-spelt, so old, and so pure, but, blessed be I, I do despise my Make less thy body hence, and meet Leave go mending: know, the gauze For thee those lighter than the star. Reply not to me with a foot-born I presume not, that I am the thing: For heaven doth know, so shall be off.

That I have turned away my face So will I those that keep me company. When thou dost hear I am at the Approaching me; and thou shalt be the Tutor and the feeder of my child Till then, I banish thee, on pain of I have done the rest of my life. Not to come near any person by: For competence of life, I will not. That lack of means refuses you so. And, as we hear you do return, as We will, according to your story lieber.

Give you advancement. Be it you To see perf'm'd the tenant of the set on.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; will you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, man. Do not you grieve at this; I shall private to him: look, he is to the world. Fear and your act will be the man yet, that shall Shal. I cannot perceive how, as my I see your doublet, and stuff me so I beseech you, good Sir John, let hundred of your thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as you that you heard, was but a colour. Shal. A colour, I fear, that you Sir John. Fal. Fear no colours; go with; Come, lieutenant Pistol: come, I shall be sent for soon at night. Re-enter Prince John, the Chief J. cert. &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John R

Fleet: Take all his company along with! My lord, my lord,— Ch. Just. I can scarce: Take them away. [Exit. Pict. St fortune me severisque, qui [Exeunt Fal. Shal. Pict. and Balfour. P. John. I like the field king's: He hath invest, his wondrous follow Shall all be very provided for. But all are banish'd, till their gone Appear more wise a wise man. Ch. Just. And so they are. P. John. The king hath call'd his my lord. Ch. Just. He hath. P. John. I will odds—that: I expect, We bear our civil swords, and stand As far as France: I heard a bird o' Whose music, to my thinking, set Come, will you hence?
EPilogue.

Spoken by a Doctor.

My Lord:—Then, my courtiers; last, my
self. My foe is your displeasure; my
joy, my duty; and my speech is to beg your
excuse. If you look for a good speech now,
ask me! for what I have to say, is of
my own making; and what, indeed, I should
not, I doubt, prove mine own making.
the purpose, and so to the venture. He
go to you (as it is very well). I was lately
in the end of a disappointing play, to pray
silence for it, and to promise you a better,
man, indeed, to pay you with this; which, in
an ill venture, it come unhappily home,
at, and, you, my gentle creditors, know
I intended you, I would be, and here I
my body to your mercies: bate me some,
will pay you some, and, as most debtors
come you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit,
will you command me to see my legs? and yet
that were but light payment,—to dance out
of your debt. But a good conscience will make
any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All
the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the
gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not
agree with the gentlewomen, which was never
seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be
not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble
author will continue the story, with Sir John
in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine
of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff
shall die of a sweat, unless already be he killed
with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a
martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is
weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you
good night: and so kneel down before you;—
but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

to Gloucester, a Brother to the King.

by Bedford, an Earl.

to the Earl, Uncle to the King.

to Salisbury, Westmoreland, and War-

tous of Canterbury.

of Ely, of Cambridge.

the Duke of Gloucester.

the Earl of Northumberland.

the Duke of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbons.

the Constable of France.

the Dauphin.

the Constable of France.

the Queen of France.

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the Duke of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbons.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. London. An Antechamber in the King’s Palace.
Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you—that self bill is urg'd.

Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scolding and enui to time
Did put it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us: being valued thus,—As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen ears and fifteen hundred knights:
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And to relief of Lazarus, and weak age;
Of indigent saint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred gink-ginny, right well supplied:
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year; Thus rout the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cap and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The commons of the youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wilderness, mortified in him,
Scorn'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whispers the offending Adam out of him:
Leaving his body as a paradise.

To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a hearty current, scouring faults;
Grew like the summer grass, for
Unseen, yet creative in his nest.

Cant. It must be so; for mine
And therefore we must needs all
How things are perfected.

Ely. But,
How now for mitigation of this
Weak'ly by the commons? Both
Incline to it, or not?

Cant. He seem'd
Or, rather, swaying more upon
Than cherishing the exhibition.

For I have made him offers to him
Upon our spiritual connexions
And in regard of causes now in
Which I have open'd to his grace
As touching France,—to give a
Than ever at one time the clear
But to his predecessors part will

Ely. How did this offer seem
lord?

Cant. With good acceptance.

Save that there was not time en
(As I perceive'd, his grace would
The several, and unhidden par
Of his true titles to some certain
And generally, to the crown and
Deriv'd from Edward, his great

Ely. What was the impediment this off?

Cant. The French ambassador
Crav'd audience; and the hour
To give him hearing; Is it four

Ely. Cant. Then we'll in, to know
Which I could, with a ready eye.
Before the Frenchman speak's

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, the Warrick, Westmoreland, and
K. Hen. Where is my grace to spy?

Era. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good
KING HENRY V.

Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine;
By which marriage, the line of Charles the Great
Was reunited to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salic law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than simply to imbibe their crooked titles
Unspred from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?
Ctcr. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracions lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody dag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great granadrie's tomb,
From whose own claim: invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling; to behold his son's whelp
Forge in the blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their force the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!
Ege. Away, all remembrance of these valiant dead;
And with your puissant arm renew their fate:
You are their heir, ye sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renown'd them,
Runs in your veins; and my thence puissant liege
Is in the very My-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Ege. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rescue yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath came, and
Sworn, and might.
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobler subjects, and more true liege;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England.
And lie pavil'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dearlie,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise in your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantage.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a still sufficient to defend
Our island from the pilling borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the courting
Snatchers only.
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unarm'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and breach owst of his forces;
Gutting the gleaned land with hot essays.
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns.
KING HENRY V.

That England, being empty of defense,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill-neighbour.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege:
For her heart but exemplified by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But also set and prepared as a stay.

The kings of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To kill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praise;
As is the一所 and bottom of the sea
With silver wreck and sable treasures.

Yet, But there's a saying, very old and true,—
"If thou wilt France win,
The first task Scotland first begin;"
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To write the blot with the wreck Scots,
Comes sneaking, and so nicks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

Freely to reader what we have in it
Shall we sparingly show you for
The Dauphin's meaning, and our K. Hen. are no tyrants, but
king;
Unto whose grace our passion is:
As are our wrecks, let's bid it is our;
Therefore, with frank and with open
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Thou hast thy highways, lately lending
Did claim some certain dukedoms,
your great predecessor, King I.

Third, in answer of which claim, the prince
says,—that you savour too much of
And bids you be advised, there's
France,
That can be with a nimble galliard
You cannot revel into dukedoms;
He therefore sends you, meets for
This tune of treasure; and, in lieu of,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that
Hear no more of you. This the day
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin
sent with us
His present, and your pains, we
When we have match'd our rackets
We will, in France, by God's grace
Shall strike his father's crown into
tell him, he hath made a match
wreath.
That all the courts of France will
With cheat, and We understand
How he comes o'er us with our will
Not measuring what use we make;
We never val'd this poor seat of
And therefore, living hence, did
To barbarous treasure; As this even
That men are meritless when they are
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep
be like a king, and show my seat
When I do reuse me in thy throne.
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for work;
But I will rise there with so fast:
That I will dazzle all the eyes of
Yes, strike the Dauphin blind to
And tell the pleasant prince,—this
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;
Shall stand sure charged for the
grace;
That shall fly with them; for many
widows
Shall this his mock-mock out of the
bonds;
Mock mothers from their sons, t

[Exit an Attendant. The King ascends

Our France, and all her utmost
homes:
Or lay these houses in an unworthy
Tumblous, with no remembrance to
Either our history shall, with full
Speak freely of our acts; or else on
Like Turkish mate, shall have a me;
Not worship'd with a waxen eclip;

Easter Ambassadors from

Now are we well prepar'd to know if
of our fair cousin Dauphin; for
Your greeting is from him, not from
And, May it please your majesty
leaves;
Freely to reader what we have in it
shall we sparingly show you for
The Dauphin's meaning, and our K. Hen. are no tyrants, but
king;
Unto whose grace our passion is:
As are our wrecks, let's bid it is our;
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When I do reuse me in thy throne.
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But I will rise there with so fast:
That I will dazzle all the eyes of
Yes, strike the Dauphin blind to
And tell the pleasant prince,—this
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;
Shall stand sure charged for the
grace;
That shall fly with them; for many
widows
Shall this his mock-mock out of the
bonds;
Mock mothers from their sons, t
may, and to put forth
a speech, and tell the Daughters,
it out of shallow wit;
keep; more than that laugh at
safe conduct. Fare you well,
[Earl's Ambassadors.
merry message.

[Descents from his Throne.
In, omit no happy hour.
avour, and honour thought
in us but France;
them before our business;
proportions for these wars;
and all things thought upon,
and, without any, in the simile of his
or wings; for, God before,
up at his father's door.
my man now task his thought,
ay on foot be brought.
[Earl's.

ACT II.

[Enter Censure.

The youth of England are on fire,
ence in the wardrobe lies;
sure, and honour thought
be breast of every man;
are not known by the horse,
over all Christian kings;
, as English Mercurius,
eastern, from his hats, from his
into points, into points, into points,
, and his followers;
, and by good intelligence
or, and with gate policy
, and English policy,
ought to the forward greatness,
with a mighty heart,
so do, that his honour would thee
kind and natural!
, in that they found out
ins, which he fills;
crowns; and thee corrupted
of Cambridge; and the second,
age of Machado; and the third,
Knight of Northumberland,
be, and well digest;
ence, and well digest;
while we force a play,
the traitors are agreed;
and London; and the scene
red, gentles, to Southampton:
that is the last must you all;
all shall we convey you safe;
neck; charming the narrow sea
be, or if we may;
com for those that do not till thine,
us we shall do our scene.
[Exit.

The same. Eastcheap.

[Nuns and Bishops,

et, Corporal Nym,
snow, Lieutenant Bardolph,
ance Pistol and you friends.
part, I care not; I say little;
half serve, there shall be smiles;

—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight;
but I will wink, and hold out mine eyes; It is a
simple one; but what thought it; it will roast
cheese; and it will endure cold at another man's
sword; and there's the humour of it.

\nde I will bestow a breakfast, to make you
friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers
to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

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

[Exit.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is mar-
ried to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, you did
you wrong; for you were too bold; to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may;
men may sleep, and they may have their
throsts about them at that time; and, some say,
knives have edges. It must be as it may: though
patience be a tried grace; yet she will pile.
There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

\n
Enter Pistol and Mrs. Quickly.

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

Pist. Base rile, call'st thou me—boat?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the

Nym. Shall your Nell keep balder?

Pist. No; by my truth, not long: for we
cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen
gentlemen that live honestly by the pick of their
needles, but it will be thought we keep a
bawdy-house straight. [Y'm[8] dress his horse.]
O well and well! Lastly, if he be not dead,

Nym. I shall see willful knavery and murder committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal,
offer nothing here.

Nym. Pistol.

Pist. Pistol, for thee, Iceland dog! then prick
ear'd ear of Iceland.

Nym. Good, good Corporal Nym, show the value
of a man, and put up thy sword

Nym. Will you shoo off? I would have you

Pist. Shoo, egregious dog! O vipervile

The who?—the most marmoreal face;
The who? in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful hang, yes, thy jaw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do deform the who? in thy bowels:
For I cannot, and Pistol's blade is up,
And flaming fire will follow.

[Exit. I am not Barbazon; you cannot confine
me, I have a humour to knock you dismally
well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will
scour you in my rapier, as I may, in this
terms: if you would walk off, I would prick
your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and
that's the humour of it.

Pist. O bragging vellum, and damned serious
ight.
The grave both gape, and doing death is near;

Therefore exhale.
Pistol, and Nym draw.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say; he that
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the
hills, as I am a soldier.

An oath of meek and milder; and thus shall
abate.

Give me thy hat, thy fore foot to me give;
Thy spites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other,
in fair terms; that is the humour of it.
Pist. Come, come, that's the word!—I done
abate.

O bound of Crete, thinkst thou my spouse to

Not, to the spatial go.

And from the pow'ring hub of infant
Fetch forth the laser bite of Cressent's kind,
Doll Tear-ashert she by name, and her expression—
I have, and I will hold, the queen Quickly.

For the only she; and—Peace, there's enough.
Nym. You pay me the eight shillings I owed of you at betting.

Pit. Base is the slave that pays.

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

Pit. As mankind shall compound; pass home.

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

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

Nyn. Corporate Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Prythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pit. A noble shall thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee; And friendship shall consist, and brotherhood; I'll free by Nym, and Nym shall live by me; Is not this just?—for I shall settle be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pit. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the honour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

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

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

Pit. Nym, thou hast spoke the right. His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but he must be as it may; he passes some humour, and exasperate.

Pit. Let us censure the knight; for, badkins, we will live.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Southampton. A Council Chamber.

Enter ESSEX, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Esse. What, God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Bed. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

Esse. The king is a good king; but he must be as it may; he passes some humour, and exasperate.

Pit. Let us censure the knight; for, badkins, we will live.

[Exeunt.]

subject,

That she is in heart-grief and woe
Under the sweet shade of your name,
Greg. Even those that were friends.

Have sheep'd their galls in honor you
With hearts create of duty and
K. Hen. We therefore have
Thankfulness:
And shall forget the office of our
Sooner than quittance of duties.
According to the weight and we.
Scroop. So service shall with

tell;
And labours shall refresh itself.
To do your grace incessant say
K. Hen. We judge no less.
Enlarge the man committed yet
That said against our person.
It was excess of wine that set it.
And, on his more advice, we pass.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too
Let him be punished, sovereign;
Breed, by his sufferance, more
K. Hen. O, let us yet be men.
Crom. So may your highness,

Greg. Sir, you show great me
him life,
After the taste of much correcting
K. Hen. Alas, your too much
of me
Are heavy grivings against this
If little faults, proceeding on ah,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall

When capital crimes, chew'd,
digested,
Appear before you—We'll yet en
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and
dear care,
And tender preservation of our
Who are the late commissioners
Crom. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for
Scroop. So did you me, not he
KING HENRY V.

S mpg or our purposes God justly hath discovered;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech thy highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
For, me,—the gold of France did not deceive.

Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God thanked for preventing
Which I in subterfuge heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Greg. Never did faithful subjects more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour in this memorable
Prevented from a damnable enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

Jean. Heavens God, quit you in this instance,
And the venal courage of your judges.
You have unjustly dealt against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to unrest.
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But that your kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver. You get you therefore,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences—Bear them hence.

[Exeunt Cassellis, guarded.
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereby
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way,
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in execution,
Cheerly to set; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not of France.

SCENE III.
London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Falstaff, Mrs. Quickly, Nym, Bardolph
and Boy.

Quick. Prithee, honest, sweet husband, let me
bring thee to Staines.

Plat. No; for my manly heart doth yearn—
Bardolph, be blithe—Nym, rouse thy vomiting
veins.

Boy, bring me courage up; for Falstaff he is
dead.

And we must years therefore.

Ford. Would, I were with him, where'erver's
he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away,
as it had been any christians child: 'A part
even just between twelves and one, enflaming
with the tide; for after I saw him full of the
sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon
his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way;
for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a
babied of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth
'I; what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried
out—God, God, God! three or four times; now
I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think
of God: I hoped, there was no need to trouble
himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bode
me lay more clothes on his feet, and put my hand

M M
into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Hard. And of women.

Nym. That 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were duck-leaves.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation: 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was melancholy; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Nym. You do not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardsolph's nose: and 'a said, it was a blood-sucker, going in hell-fire.

Hard. Well, the flea is gone, that maintained that fire: that's all the richer I got in his service.

Nym. I saw more than once the king will be gone from Southampont.

Put. Let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables: I mean, the word is, French and Fay; Trust none.

For oaths are straw, men's faiths are water-cakes, and hold-fast is the only dog, my duck; Therefore, careless be thy counsel.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us be as jasmine, fine, and sweet-rose, like horse-leeches, my boys; To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Put. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Quick. Farewell,做不到. [Kissing her.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but do not.

Put. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; allein. ['Exit.

SCENE IV.

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

Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us; and not without difficulty it concerns, To answer royally in our defences. Therefore, the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne, of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make war.—And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war, With men of courage, and with means of strength: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As waters to the seeking of a gulf. It fits us them to be as provident As fear may teach us, out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields.

Dau. My most recondite father, I beseech you, meet me in us 'gainst the foe: For peace itself should not so dui a kingdom (Though all the known and unknown quarrel, were in question), But that defences, munsters, preparations, Should be maintained, assembled, and collected, As were a war in expectation.

Ther. I say so, we meet we all go forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France; And let us do it with no show of fear.

Nym. Would we were as they heard that England Were busied with a Whittam morris-dance: For, my good lege, she is so silly king'd,
KING HENRY V.

To sounds confus'd: behold the threatened sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind.
Draw the huge bottoms through the bow'er'd sea.
Breathing the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the riveau, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic.
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow! Grapple your minds to strange of this wary
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grannies, babies, and old women.
Either, past, or not arrive'd to, path and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but anched?
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These call'd and choice drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Beloved the ordnance on their carriages.
With fatal lights gaping on piled Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katherine his daughter: and with her, dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer like not: and the nimble gunner
With fine masts now the devilish cannon touched,
Alarum; and Chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out your performance with your mind.
[Exit.]

SCENE I. The same. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, ESSEX, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead! In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.
Suffer the sword, swear, smite, cut, and kill:
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it.
As fearfully, as doughty a gallant
O'er-hang'd with his confederate's sinews, base,
Swift with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit.
To his full height!—O, now, you noble English,
Whose blood is fe't from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexander's
Have, in these parts from mortals, even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That thought, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
He copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good
Whose limbs were made in England, show as here
The mettle of your pastures; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Staining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge;
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.]
and safety.

Pist. And I.

It will not only prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But that's no matter I lose.

Foe. As duty, but not as truly,
As bed-damn ing on honour.

Foe. FISHELlen.

Ps. God's blood! up to the preachers, you rashers! will you not up to the preachers!

[flying them forward.

Ps. Be merciful, great duke, to men of

Foe. Abate thy rage, abate thy madly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Foe. Good bacon cack, hate thy rage! use lenity, sweet check!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour

[Excuse Nym. Pistol, and Bardolph,

Bardolph.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed three

Pist. I am boy to them all three; but

Bardolph. He is white-liver'd, and red-faced;
by the means whereof, 'tis easy to see the

Nym. He hath heard, that men of few words are

Pat. It shall be very good, god I

Foe. I shall quit you as

Boy. It is no time to discourse

Ps. It is no time to discourse

Foe. It is no time to discourse

Boy. By the mass, ere they

[Excuse Captain Macmorris, I this
en both, you will mistake each
at's a fault fault.

(A Parley sounded.

a sound a piano.

Macmorris, when there is more
he be required, look you, I
will tell you, I know the diseal
and there is an end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Before the Castle of Harlebur
and some Citizens on the Wall.

KING HENRY V.
yet resolves the governor of
pale we will admit:

he best mercy give yourselves;

of destruction,

but; for as I am a soldier
in my thoughts, becomes me
very once again; (best)
he half-achieved Harlebur
she be buried
ly shop a soldiers, rough and hard of

dy hand, shall draw

wolves hell; moving like grass

all, if impious war;

like to the prince of floods;

it, till his ambitions are
the way you yourselves are

violations, wickedness, till
he holds his fierce career;

the vain command
soldiers in their spoil,

in the Leisthan.

Therefore, you men of Har

town, and of your people;

are in my command;

and temperate wind of grace

by and contagious clouds

mutiny, moment, to see

not soldiers with frost hand

your shirr-killings dragoon.

by the silver beards,

ever the heads dash to the

is spotten upon pikes;

other with their bow confound us,
as did the wives of Jewry

hating slaughtrermen,

if you yield, and this avoid?

now, he thus destroy'd?

ation hath this stay an end;

un of Kasım we entreated,

is power not yet ready

therefore, dead king,

and lives, to be thy soft mercy;

pose of us, and ours;

are definable;

cour gætes. —Come, uncle Ex

Harlebur; there remain,

right against the French;

all. For me, dear uncle,

on, and lackness growing

destined to Calais,

or will we be your guest;

much are we desired.

The King, &c. enter the Town.

SCENE IV. ROBERT. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHERINE and ALICE.

KATH. Alice, ye are not in Anglietere, et tu parles

bien le françois.

ALICE. Un peu, madame,

KATH. Je te prête, mes amies; il faut que tu

parles et parler.

ALICE. La main? elle est appelée, de main.

KATH. De la main. Et de les doigts?

ALICE. Les doigts? non, pas, non; elles les doigts;

mais je ne comprends pas. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils

soient appelés de figures; non, de figres.

KATH. La main, de hand; les doigts, de figres,

Je pense, que je dois le bon excelir. J'ay gagne

dieux mots et Angles; vistement. Comment appelle

vous les doigts?

ALICE. Les doigts? les appelle, de main;

KATH. De main, de la main.

ALICE. De la main.

KATH. Et de le doigt.

ALICE. De ebeow.

KATH. De ebeow. Je m'en fais la repition de
tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris depuis.

ALICE. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je

parle.

KATH. Exeunt mag. Alice; exequos; De hand;

de figres, de main, de arm, de bilow.

ALICE. De ebeow, madame.

KATH. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en mêle; De

ebeow. Comment appellez vous le col?

ALICE. De main, madame.

KATH. De neck: Et le menton?

ALICE. De chin.

KATH. De sin. Le col, de neck: le menton, de

Alice.

ALICE. Oui. Saute votre honnête; en verité, vous

promenez ces mots aussi douce que les pâtes d'Am

glaise.

KATH. Je ne dois point l'apprendre par la grace

de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

ALICE. N'est-ce pas que je dois améliorer ce que vous

avez appris?

KATH. Oh, je rectifie a vous promptement.

De hand, de figre, de main.

ALICE. De main, madame.

ALICE. De main, de arm, de bilow.

ALICE. Saute vos honnête, de ebeow.

KATH. Saute die je; de ebeow, de neck, et de

sin. Comment appelles vous le pieux et le robe?

ALICE. De foot, madame; et de con.

KATH. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces
sans mots de son manuel, corruptible, grave, et

ignoble, et sans pour les dames d'honneur d'eve:

Je ne voulois prononcer ces mots devant les segni

leurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de

foot, et de con, vous savez. Je rectifie une autre

fois ma lecon enseignante: De hand, de figre, de

main, de arm, de ebeow, de neck, de sin, de

foot, de con.

ALICE. Excellent, madame.

KATH. C'est assez pour vos foi; il nous nous a

diner.
KING HENRY V.

Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their graters! Bure, good man, let bastard Normans, Nor- man bastards! Mort de ma vie! if they march along, I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slabberry and a dirty farm In the ditches of Orleans, isle of Albon. Com. Dis de bastards! where have they this mettle? Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull? On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing Minions: fruit with frowns! Can sodden water, A drench for ear-related japes, their bawdy broth, Deceit their blood to such valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Been Faire, to honour of our land. Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our horses' flanks, whate a more frosty people Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields. Poor—we may call them, in their native lords. Dau. By faith and honour, Our madam's mock at us; and plainly say, Our mettle is bred out; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth, To new, new grace with bastard warriors. Bure. They bid us to the English dancing-schools, And teach Involtas high, and swift coranto; Sparring our grace is only in our heels, And that we are most lofty runaways. Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald of France? Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.— Up, princes; and with spirit of honour edge'd, March be our swords, and let our scimitar, and the field; Charles De-is-bret, high constable of France; You are a henchman, Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy: Jacques Chatillon, Ramures, Vandemont, Brannon, Grandpré, Rossai, and Barbeville, Foy, Lezatrice, Bouquet, and Charolais; High duke's, great princes, barons, lords, and knights. For your great seats, now quit you of your great banners. Bar. Harry England; that sweeps through our with Prunus painted in the blood of Harfleur! Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow Upon the valley; whose low vassal seat The Alps doth split and void his renum upon; too late!—and came, with young Henry— and in a captive chariot, into Rouen Bring him your prisoners. Com. The bridge! This becomes the great. Sorry am I, his numbers are so few. His soldiers sack, and famish'd in their march! For, I am sure, when he shall see our army, He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, And, for achievement, offer us his ransom. Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on and let him say to England, that we send To know what willing ransom he will give.— Prince Thomas, you shall stay with us in Rouen. Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty. Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.— Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all! And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. The English Camp in Picardy. ESCEN GOWER and FLuellen.

Gower. How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge? Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the bridge.

Gen. Is the duke of Buckingham? Flu. The duke of Buckingham is as Agamon, Norman bastard, Norman bastard! Mort de ma vie! if they march along, I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slabberry and a dirty farm In the ditches of Orleans, isle of Albon. Com. Dis de bastards! where have they this mettle? Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull? On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing Minions: fruit with frowns! Can sodden water, A drench for ear-related japes, their bawdy broth, Deceit their blood to such valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Been Faire, to honour of our land. Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our horses' flanks, whate a more frosty people Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields. Poor—we may call them, in their native lords. Dau. By faith and honour, Our madam's mock at us; and plainly say, Our mettle is bred out; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth, To new, new grace with bastard warriors. Bure. They bid us to the English dancing-schools, And teach Involtas high, and swift coranto; Sparring our grace is only in our heels, And that we are most lofty runaways. Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald of France? Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.— Up, princes; and with spirit of honour edge'd, March be our swords, and let our scimitar, and the field; Charles De-is-bret, high constable of France; You are a henchman, Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy: Jacques Chatillon, Ramures, Vandemont, Brannon, Grandpré, Rossai, and Barbeville, Foy, Lezatrice, Bouquet, and Charolais; High duke's, great princes, barons, lords, and knights. For your great seats, now quit you of your great banners. Bar. Harry England; that sweeps through our with Prunus painted in the blood of Harfleur! Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow Upon the valley; whose low vassal seat The Alps doth split and void his renum upon; too late!—and came, with young Henry— and in a captive chariot, into Rouen Bring him your prisoners. Com. The bridge! This becomes the great. Sorry am I, his numbers are so few. His soldiers sack, and famish'd in their march! For, I am sure, when he shall see our army, He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, And, for achievement, offer us his ransom. Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on and let him say to England, that we send To know what willing ransom he will give.— Prince Thomas, you shall stay with us in Rouen. Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty. Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.— Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all! And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.]

Fluellen. You do not know, sir? Man. Pic. Captain, I then honour'd. The duke of Exeter doth love thee. Flu. Ay, I proue God; and I now love thee, Man. Pic. Bardolph, a soldier, man Of buxom valour, bath, by soul And giddy fortune's fortunes bath, that goshower's grace. That stands upon the rolling mast Flu. By the chance of fortune, it is painted pailid, with a snubber to signify to you that fortune's boy is painted also with a wheel: 'tis which is the moral of it, that he is incomatent, and variable, and a woman, by extenuation, is such a lady, look you, is found a ruchal stone, which rolls, and rolls in good truth, the poet is making a description of fortune: fortune's excellency, moral. Pic. Fortune is Bardolph's and on him. For he have stolen a pike, and hath A damned death! Gower. I gallow'se my dog for dog, let us. And let not he rep his windgeese; but Exeter hath given the doon For pike of little price. Therefore, good, speak, the duke and let not Bardolph's with the With edge of penny cord, and v Speake, captain, for his life, and quiet. Flu. Ancient Platoli, I do put our mean right. Flu. Why then rejoice there? Flu. Certain, ancient, it is rejoice for us; for if I would desire the duke to use him, and put him to executions: lord to be used. Flu. Dire be dammad; a friend to Gower. Flu. It is well. Pic. The sign of Spain? Flu. Very good. Gower. Why, this is an arrant ou remember him now: a base Flu. I'll assure you, a sister at the bridge, as you shall see day: But it is very well; what me, that is well, I warrant you serve. Gower. Why, thou gull, a fool now and then goes to the wars, as in his return into London, and soldiers. And such fellows are commandeurs' names: and they by rote, where services were: and such a scone, as such a in convoy, who came off bravely, who disgrace, what terms th
KING HENRY V.

on perfectly in the phrase of
up with new-milled oastle
of the general's eat, and a
strip, will do among foaming
lent upon that must learn to know
else you may be marvel
that, Captain Gower— I do
me if I find a more
tell me my mind...[down
the king is coming; and
from the bridge.

my, Generals, and Soldiers,
our majesty!
now, Fluellen! cannot then
see your majesty. The duke
frequently maintained the
in your off, look you: and
must prove pressing; Mawr,
have possession of the pulgish
rid to retire, and the duke of
if the bridge; I can tell you
is a peace man.
turn you your left, Fluellen!
and now that the old world has
be reasonable great; marry, for
'duke hath not seen a man
be executed for robbery
off, if your majesty know
is all buckleck, and wickets,
off; and his lips pow's
'tis like a coal of fire,
some...mysterious it; but his nose
fire's out.
not have all such offenders so
give express charge, in that
in the country, there he no
eg...nothing taken of the French unprincipled,
or at language. For when jocosity
for a kingdom, the gentleman's

vill. [Exit MONTAGU.

me by my habit.
them, I know thee; What shall
hen's mind.

On my king—Say thou to Harry
gh we seemed dead, we
that is, so utterly than a,
we could have rebuked him
that we thought not good to
it were full ripe.—now we
and our voice is imperial!
art inoffently; see his weakness,
mer. Bid him, therefore,
and which must proportion
a horse, the subjects we
have we digested; which, in
he, his petition would be
loses, his exchanger is not
of our blood, the greatest
of a faint a number; and for
person, knowing at our feet,
o Can you do that tell him, for
and his followers, whose emolument.

So far my king and majesty;
 thy name! Knowably qualify,
lost thy office fairly. Turn
— I do not seek him now;
ng to march on to Calais
ments for, to say the sooth,
assertion to confuse so much,

Ente an enemy of craft and violence,
My people are with sickness much embittered;
My numbers lessend; and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee,

I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.— Yet, forgive me,
For, that I do long thus—this thy air of France
Hath blazon that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransom, is this trail and worthless trunk;
My army lost a weak, and sickly guard;
Yet, God forebode; tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour.

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,
Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall carry our way ground with our red blood
Discolor; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sense of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle in the field.
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;
So tell your master.

Mon. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit MONTJOY.

GI. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not
in their March to the bridge; it now draws toward night—

Beyond the river we'll encompass ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rameau, the Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, and Others.

Cor. Tre! Have I the best armour of the world.—Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let
my horse have his due.

Cor. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Duc. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high
constable, you talk of horse and armour.—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any
prince in the world.

Duc. What a long night is this!—I will not
change my horse with any that breaks bet on
four paviours. Ca! Be bounds from the earth,
and his entrails wash the fresh clean
water, the Pegamos, qui a los maricas de feu! When
I beset him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots
the air, the earth sings when he touches it; the
most born of his hoof is more musical than the
pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Duc. And of the beat of the ginger. It is
a beast for Ferrara; he is pure air and fire; and
the dull elements of earth and water never
appear in him, but only in patient suffocates, while
his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horse;
and all other jades you may call—beasts.

Cor. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute
and excellent horse.

Duc. He is the prince of palaces; his neigh
is like the bellow of a monarch, and his
complaintenorous homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Duc. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot,
from the bottom of the lake to the lodging of the
lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it
is a theme as bright as the sea; torn the sands
into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument
for them all. He is a subject for a sovereign
to reckon on, and for a sovereign's sovereign,
and you keep a train of horsemen, as French horse off, and in your train. French horse off, and in your train.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dou. Be armed by me then; they that ride so, and ride not wisely, fall into foul bags; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as I had my mistress a joc.

Dou. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a saw to my mistress.

Dou. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et le chasseur au boucher: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistresses; or any such proverb, so little kum to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dou. Some of them will fall-tomorrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dou. That may be, for you bear many stars supernously; and were more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dou. 'Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot tomorrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dou. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself.

[Exeunt.]

Ori. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Ori. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

ACT IV.

Enter Charles.

Char. Now entertain a coadjutor. When creeping murmurs, and the Fills the wide vessel of the state. From camp to camp, through the world.

The bun of either army still so
The poor condemned Eng-
their watchful fires are
of...</div>
KING HENRY V.

conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affectations are higher measured than own, yet, when, yea, when they stoop with the like wings, before when he sees reason of fevers, as we do, his face, as that of the same reliish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing his worne, make me to know your army.

Bass. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as this, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, and so I believe we were quite here.

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

Bass. Sir, I think the king would be here alone; so should be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; however you speak this, to feel others' minds: Methinks you might not say any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his cause honourable.

Wall. That's more than we know.

Bass. Ay, or more than we should speak after; for we know not, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience is not his; and we may not dare.

Wall. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all his legs, and his arms, and his head, chopped off; when it shall be said, 'he died at such a place; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon.'

Bass. Another, another poor behind them; some, upon their debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die, that die in battle; for how can they circumspectly dispose of anything, when blood is scarce argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disbelieve was against all sense and discretion.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent to perish merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the execution of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that he should pay the price of a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assayed by robbers, and die in many irrecon- cileable, in that case the master may call the business of the master the author of the servant's death.

Wall. But, the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his serv- ant: for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so apostate, if it come to the avowment of swords, can try it out with all unsalted soldiers. Some, perad- venture, have on them the guilt of premeditated and concerted murder; some, of beguiling vir- tuous with the broken seals of perfidy; some, making the wars their buisness, that have before gorged the gentle bosom of peace with pilage and robbery. Now, if these men have deserted the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for be- fore-break of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel; where they feared the death, they have brought the death, and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impurities for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is to the king, but every subject's son to his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in battle note out of his conscience; and to him it is noventure; or he not use mildness, when the worst was gained; and in that he m, not aim to think, their making an offer, he let him outlive and greatness, and to teach other he

Wall. 'Tis certain, every man of his own head, the king ever for it. So he do not desire he may go; and yet I determine to this point.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king not be ransomed.

Wall. Ay, he said so, to make folly: but, when our threats were ransomed, and were not, he said, 'If I live to see it, I'll make my word.'

Wall. 'Manne, you'll pay him ten perils shot out of an elderly age and private domestic narse: you may as well go to sea in ice, with Germans and cock's feather. You'll never come back.'

Bass. 'Tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your hand, if I should be angry, I should be angry with you, if convenient.

Wall. Let it be a quarrel between K. Hen. I embrace it.

Wall. How shall I know thee?

K. Hen. Give me any gage, you, Fag friends; we have French quarter you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. I have none, but I have the French crown one, if it bear the English, if you have no English treason to eat French朝, the king himself will eat.

Upon the king let us appear, our debts, our careful wives, on Our sins, say on the king:— we have hard condition, twin-born. I was subjected to the breath of every Which sense no more can see for wringing.

What infinite heart's ease most That private men enjoy:

And what have kings, that private Save ceremony, save general on And what art thou, thou, thou idle en What kind of god art thou, that W of mortal griefs, then do thy w What are thy rents? What are thy O ceremony, show me but thy v What is thy soul of admiration? Are thou might else but place, or Creating awe and fear in other Wherein thou art less happy, Then in fearing.

What drink's thou whet, instead of Bat potato'd tanner 10, at sack,
KING HENRY V.

now, my lord Constable.

Com. How, how our steeds for present service

Dum. Mount them, and make incision in their

Dum. That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

Dum. How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The English are embattled, you French

Com. To horse, you gallant princes! straight
to horse

Dum. Do but behold you poor and starved band,

Dum. Though we, upon this mountain's basis by

Dum. But that our honours must not. What's to say? A very little let us do, And all is done. Thus let the trumpets sound The tucket-tonnage, and the note to mount: For our approach shall much move the field, That England shall come down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDSPE.

Grands. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon Island captives, desperate of their bones, ill-favouredly become the morning field: Their regal caskets poorly are let loose, And our air shakes them on purpose scornfully. Big Mars set sears bankrupt in their beggarly coat, And furnisheth by a rusty beaver peeps. Their horses sit like fixed candle-sticks, With torch-staves in their hands: and their poor ludes

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and The great down-coping from their pale dead eyes: And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit Lies four-and-twenty grass-still and motionless: And their executors, the knavish crowd, Fly over them all, impatient for their hour. Description cannot set itself in words, To demonstrate the life of such a battle In life so lifelike as it shows itself.

Com. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dum. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh wine, And give their starving horses provender, And after fight with them?

Com. I stay but for my guard; On to the field! I will hang bumper from a trumpet take, And use it for my haste. Come, come, away! The sun is high, and we outlaw the day.

SCENE III. The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and WINDSOR.

Glo. Where is the king? Bed. The king himself is out to view their battle.

Wint. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.
KING HENRY V.

conditions: his ceremonials laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his effects are higher mounted than ours, yet, when the storm breaks over with the like wind; therefore when he sees reason of fear, as we do, his fear, out of doubt, he of the same reliish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, but let, by, showing him his prowess, when his army.

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

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

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

K. Hen. Why, good sir, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howeverse you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not trust any where so contrariest, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

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

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and the world's at such a place; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives' left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charity disperse any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disoblige were against any portion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, my son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the speculations of his wickedness. Your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irrecon- ciliations, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation; and this is not so: the king is not bound answer to the particular exigings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Beside, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arrearnation of swords, can try it out with all unpicked soldiers. Some, paraventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the war their bulwark, that have before foretold the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they be not of our men, they have no wings to fly from God; war is his beadle, war is his venge- ance; so that here men are punished, for be- fore-break of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have brought it away, and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unproviding, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was of the damnation of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is their king; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the

wards do every sick man in his estate out of his conscience come to him advantageous; or we were honestly lost, for he was gain'd; and in him did not die the offer, he let him continue in greatness, and to teach others his.
KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY V.

King. Now, my lord Constable.
Const. Hark, how our steeds for present service

Dost. Mount them, and make inebriation in their

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messanger.

Mess. The English are embattled, ye French peers.

Con. To horse, ye gallant princes! straight to

Do but behold you poor and starved band,

There is not work enough for all our hands;

To give each naked urchin as a stain,

That our French gallants shall to day draw out,

The vapours of our colour will vertue them.

'Tis positive, gainst all exceptions, lords,

Who, in unnecessary action, swarm

But that our honours must not. What's to say?

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

That England shall conch down in fear, and

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of

You island caravans, desperate of their bones,

Their ragged pavilions strongly set at the

And their air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mouth! Big Mouth! Big Mouth! Big Mouth! Big Mouth!

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

Lob down their heads, dropping the hedges

And in their pale shall months the golden feet

Fly over them all, impatient for their hour.

Their knavey crows, Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

Description cannot suit itself in words.

To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so likes as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they

Dost. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh

And give their fasting horses provender,

And after fight with them?

Con. I say not for my part; On, to the field;

I will the banner from a trumpet take,

Scene III. The English Camp.

Enter the English Host: Gloucester, Berford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmorland.

Glouce. Where is the King?

Ber. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have but three score thousand.
KING HENRY V.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strive with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge; If we do not meet, till we meet in heaven, Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,— My dear lord Grey of Ruthin,—and my good lord Exeter, And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu! Bid Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck With thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day,
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valor. [Exeunt Salisbury, &c.]

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Pityeth in both.

Hw. O that we now had here
Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My comrade Westmoreland! No, my true counsel: If we are marked to die, we are enough To do our country honor; and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honours.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more. By love, I am no covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost; It yearns me not, if men in my garments wear So much as outward things doth not in my desires: But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my cozen, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As any man more; methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my blood.

That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse: We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispin:
He, it being十一月 in this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd, And have him the name of Crispin,
Who live the live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And when the name of Crispin is pronounced,
Then shall my name be noted.

Not yet shall those names be forgot,
But still remember, with advantage:
What feats they did that day; Then shall our names,
Familius in their months as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester.

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall never go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered.
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; he me'ere so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not there,
And hold their handmades cheap, while any speck
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, beslow yourself with me:
The French are bravenly in their battles set,
And will with all expediency charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if so.

Hw. Perish the man, whom, ward now!

K. Hen. Those must not wish in England, comin'?

War, God's will, my liege, we are but three.

Without more help, might fight K. Hen. Why, now thou hast France, men;
Which likes me better, than to you know?

Tuchet. Enter Mont.

Mont. Once more I come to King Harry.
If for the reason thou hast not seen Before thy most assured coming,
For, certainly, thou art so wise That thou needs must be engag'd in mercy.

The Consistory desires thee—thy Thy followers at repentence; if they May make a peaceful and a safe Peace from of these fields, where (is poor bodis)
Must lie and fasten.

K. Hen. Who hath the

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, hear my back.
Bid them achieve me, and them: Good God! why should they not thus?
The man, that once did sell us While the beast liv'd, was kill'd him.
A many of our body's shall, so Find native graves; upon the time Shall witness life in brass of this And those that leave their valour.

K. Hen. What's the matter? They shall be fam'd; for here greet them,
And draw their honours recking.
Leasing their earthly parts to the The smelt hereof shall breed up Mark the rebounding valor in That, being dead, like to the sword; Break out into a second career, Killing in erasure of mortality.

Let me speak proudly—Tell us We are but warriors for the world; Our gaiety, and our gift, are With rainy marching in the sun There's not a piece of feather (Good argument, I hope, we sh And time hath worn us into life But, by the main, our hearts and Our poor soldiers tell me They'll be in lesser robes: or; The gay new coats over the I. And turn them out of service.

As, if good pleasure, they shall not Will now be seem'd. Heralds, labour; Come thou no more for ransom They shall have none, I swear Join't. Which if they have as I will let Shall yield them little, tell the Mont. I shall, King Harry, well:
Thou never shalt hear herald a

Mont. King, I fear, thou dost once for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York. The Lord, most humbly, The King, to that effect.
KING HENRY V.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring-devil! The old play, that every one may press his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lads, with the luggage of our camp; the French might have a good prey of me, if he knew of it; for there are none to guard it, but boys.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field of Battle. Armours, Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, RAtteret, and Others.

SCENE VI. Another Part of the Field of Battle. Armours, Enter King Henry, and Forces; Ex- Citic, and Others.

K. How. Well have we done, three-valiant commanders! But all's not done, yet keep the French the field. Exeunt Duke of York and commanders. Exe. In which array (bravesoldiers) doth he lie, Lordship the plain: and by his bloody side (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owning wounds) The noble earl of Suffolk also lie. Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over. Comes to him, where in gore he lay instepp'd, and takes him by the hand; kisses the garter, that bloody did spring upon his face; and cries aloud.—Trew, clear courage Suffolk! My soul and that thine keep company to heaven! Trew, swear and, for mine, then fly abroad! As, in this glorious and well-fought field, We keep together in our chieftain! Upon those words I came, and cheer'd him up: He smiled me in the face, and laid on his hand, And, with a feeble grip, says,—Dear my Lord, Command my service to thy sovereign. So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips: And so, express'd to death, with blood, he said: A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it fore'd
That waters from me, which I would have
"But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
"I have not," I say; you know not.
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistal eyes, or they will issue too.

But, back! Ah, who's a lump now with the science?
The French have reinforced their's scattered here:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

SCENE VII. Another Part of the Field.

[Enter FLEUREN and GOWER.]

"Fleuret, kill the paws and the luggage! 'tis ex-
pressly against the law of arms: 'tis no arrant,
A piece of knavery, mark you now, you can be
offered in the 'orld: in your conscience now,
is your last argument.

"'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive;
And the cowardly rascals, that ran from the
battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they
have burned and carried away all that was in
the king's tent; therefore the king, most woe-
fully, hath caused every soldier to cut his pri-
ut's throat. O, 'tis a galant king!"

"Fleuret, Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain
Gower: What call you the town's name, where
Alexander the pig was born?"

"Gower, Alexander the great.

"Fleuret, Why, say you, is not pig, great! The
pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the large,
or the magnanimous, are all one reckoning, save
the phrase is a little variations.

Gower, I think, the Alexander the great was born
in Macedonia; his father was called—Philip
of Macedon, as I take it.

Fleuret, I think, it is in Macedon, where Alex-
ander is born, I tell you, captain—If you lack
in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall
find, in the comparisons between Macedonia and
Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both
alike. There is a river in Macedonia; and there
is a river; there's a river at Monmouth; it is
called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is not of your
manner, I think, the name of the other river; but
its all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my
fingers, and there is salmon in both. If you
mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Mon-
mouth's life is come after it indifferent well,
for you find, in all things, Alexander (God knows,
and you know), in his rages, and his furor,
and his wrathes, and his cholers, and
his unnaturalness, and his ill-temper, and his in-
civilities, and also being a little intemperate
in his praise, did, in his ales and his ayes, look,
you kill his pest-friend, Clysus.

Gower, Our king is not like him in that; he
never killed any of his friends.

Fleuret, It is not well done, mark you now, to
take aes out of my mouth, eve it is made an
eend and finished. I speak but in the figures
and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his
friend Clysus, being in his ales and his cups;
so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right
wits and his gout judgments, is turn away the
fat knight with the great pelly doubtles; he was
full of jesus, and gipes, and knavery, and
mocks: I am forget his name.

Gower, Sir John Falstaff.

Fleuret, And it is he: I can tell you, there is goats
men born at Monmouth.

Gower, Here comes his majesty.

[Enter King HENRY, as a part of the
English Forces; WARRIORS, GLOMERS, EXETER,
and SCENE VII. Another Part of the Field.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to Prance
Until this instant—Take a trumpet, herald;

Ride thus unto the heroness as if
If they will fight with us, let them
Or void the field; they do offend us
For they'll do neither, we will count
And make them feel the sword. En-
forced from the old Asylum die
K. Hen. We'll eat the crown of the
And not a man of them, that we
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and at

Exeunt.

Enter. Here comes fleuret of my
Hie. His eyes are blemished with
K. Hen. How now, what mean'st
You that have had't three decades of
Some'nt thou again for reasons
Morn.

Fleuret, I come to thee for charitable home
That we may wait,
To book our dead, and then to buy
To sort our nobles from one man
For many of our princes (see the lie
drown'd and sunk in mem'ry
So do our vixen drench them
In blood of princes); and their
You and fee feeling cold in gore, and
Yerk out their armed heads at stiffe
Killing them twice, O, give some
To view the field in safety, and dig
Of their dead bodies

K. Hen. Tell thee I
Know not, if the day be ours, or
For yet a many of your horses

Gower. The day
K. Hen. Prais'd be God, and let
for it?

What is this caitiff call'd, that
Morn. They call it—Algonquin.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the
Fought on the day of

Fleuret, Your grandfather of thes
aren't you please your majesty,
and you Edward the prince of Wales
read in the chronicles, fought a battle here
K. Hen. They did, Fleuret.

Gower, Your majesty says very
majesties is remember'd of it, he
did good service in a garden who
grow, wearing away which,
your majesty knows, to the
honourable page of the services;
I, your majesty takes away
lock upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memoral
For I am Welsh, you know, good
I he. All the water in Wye came
majesty's Welsh blood out of your
Tell you that: God plies it and
prating as it pleases his
K. Hen. Thanks, good my count
Sir Brachsen, I am your maj-
try man: I care not who know it;
it to all the 'orld: I need not to be
your majesty, praised be God, so
majesty is an honest man
K. Hen. God keep me so!—Be
with him:

Bring me just notice of the number
On both our parts—Call a sonder to

"Warrant to WILLIAM, Exeunt

Exeunt. Soldier, you must come to
K. Hen. Soldier, why wearst
in this cap?

No, at please your majesty,

K. Hen. An Englishman!
Your Majesty’s, a recreant, that fill me last night: who, if he live, do to challenge this glove, I have in him a box of the eart: or, if I can in his cap (which he wore, as he, he would wear, if alive), I will challenge.  
What think you, Captain Fleancellor? soldier keep his oath? it a recreant and a villain eart, and my majesty, in my conscience. It may be his enemy is a gentleman since the answer of his degree, which be as good a gentleman as at Leander and Belshabub himself; it, look your grace, that he keep his oath: if he be pursued, see you petition is as arrant a villain; and a master this black shoe trod upon it, and be called, in my conscience, to keep thy vow, sirrah, when the game is high, will, my liege, as I live. Who serve this man? for Captain Gower, my liege, see is a good captain and is got in and literature in the wars. Call him hither to me, soldier.  
[Exit. Here, Fleleanor; wear this flat, and seek it in thy cap: When of myself were down together, I gave him of his helm; if any man, or his friend to Alencon, and an enemy; if thou encounter any man, and I do not love me: grace does me as great honours, as in the hearts of his subjects; I see it, that this last two legs, not altogether aggriffed at this glove, but it would rise see it once; so his grace, that I might see it. 
Knowest thou Gower? my dear friend, so please you. Play there, go seek him, and bring him hither.  
[Exit. Lord of Warwick, and my brother. You closely at the hosts: that, if he come for a favour, purchase him a box of the ear: they? By, by, bargain, should not? Fooling this fool in, Warwick; strike him (as, I judge he will, I will keep his word), a mischief may arise of it; see Fleleanor valiant, with choler, hot as gunpowder, will return an injury: 
See there he know no harm between ear, uncle of Exeter.  
[Exit. 
H. Before King Henry’s Passion; at Gower and Williams, arrant it is to knight you, captain.  
[Exit Fleleanor. 
A great pleasure, captain, I a new, come space to the king; is good toward you, peradventure, our knowledge to dream of. know you this glove? in the game is this: and then I challenge it.  
[Strikes him, if, an arrant traitor, at any’s; in the hat, in France, or in England, now, sir you villain!  

Will. Do you think I’ll be forewarned?  
Fly. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treasun his payment into plows, I warrant you.  
Will. I am no traitor.  
Fly. That’s a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty’s name, apprehend him, he’s a friend of the duke Alencon’s.  

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.  
War. How now, how now! what’s the matter?  
Fly. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it) a most contageous treason to come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer’s day. Here is his majesty.  

Enter King Henry and Exeter.  
K. Hen. How now! what’s the matter?  
Fly. My liege, here is a evil spirit to enter, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alencon.  
Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good a word.  
Fly. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty’s majonish), what an arrant, rascally, beggar, lowly I know it is: I hope your majesty is near me testimony, and witness, and acquaintance, that this is the glove of Alencon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.  
K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: Look, here is the fellow of it. "Twas I, indeed, thou promiseth to strike: and thou hast given me most bitter terms.  
Fly. An please your majesty, let his neck an-swer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.  
K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?  
Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might off any majesty.  
K. Hen. It was onsen thou didst abuse.  
Will. Your majesty came not like yousef: you appeared to me as but a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness, witness what your hat makes, and the shape that, I beseech you, take for your own fault, you are not more: for God’s sake, give you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.  
K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, and give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow: And wear it for an honour in thy cap, till I the challenge give: Give him the crown:—And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.  
Fly. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pely:—Hold, there is ninety pieces for you, and I pray you to serve that, and keep you out of debt and prables, and quarrels, and discusions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.  
Will. I will none of your money.  
Fly. It is with a good will: I can tell you, it will serve you to meet your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: "tis a good soiling, I warrant you, or I will change it.  

Enter an English Herald.  
K. Hen. Now, herald, art thou the truth?  
Herald. Here is the manner of the slaughtred French.  
[Delivers a Paper.  
K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?  
Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Boucicaut.
KING HENRY V.

Of other lords, and barons, knights, and gentle, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thou-

French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred, twenty-six: added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Of eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights.

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenarys;

The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;

Jean de Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guichard

Dusphan;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,

The brother to the duke of Burgundy;

And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earl,

Grandpre, and Roueli, Fauconberg, and Foix,

Beaumont, and Marie, Vaudemont, and Lebrail,

Here was a royal fellowship of death:

And the number of our English dead:

Herald presents another Paper.

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire;

None else of name; and of all other men,

But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,

And not to us, but to thy arm alone

Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock, and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss,

On one part and on the other. Take it, God,

For it is only thine! 

Ere.

'Tis wonderful. K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the

village,

And be it death proclaimed through our host,

To boast of this, or that praise from God,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented. Now we bear the king

Towards his grace; grant him there; there seen,

Hearve him away upon your winged thoughtnts,

Afarward the sea. Behold, the English beach

Fales in the flood with men, with wives, and

boys,

Whereinto our galleys and claps outvoice the deep-

mouth'd sea,

Which, like a mighty whirlfere the king,

Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;

And, solemnly, see him set on to London.

So art! I pace hath thought, that even so you

May imagine him upon Blackheath;

Where that his lands do

His標準 bolster, and

Before him, through the

Being free from valiant

Giving full trysty, sign

Quite from his heart,

In the quick forge and we

How London doth pour

Like to the senators of

The streets are

As, by a lower, but by

I

(As, in good time, he me

Bringing resolution)

How many would the p

To welcome him! I must

Died they this Henry. We

As yet the lamentation

The emperor's coming

The emperor's coming

Till Harry's back retum

There must we bring

The emperor's coming

Then brook abridgment

After your thoughts, I

FRANCE.

SCENE I. FRANCE. AN

Enter Fluellen.

Gov. Nay, that's rig your leak to-day! Salute.

Gov. There is occasion wherever in all things friend, Captain Fluellen be

bragg'st, low, priggie you and your self; and no pettier but a fellow merrie,—he's come to us yesterd; and sat in my yleak; it was in a

breed no contemnion, so sould as to wear it once again, and then piece of my desires.

Emmer.

Gov. Why, here he turky-cock.

Gov. 'Tis no matter for turkey-cock. A nappy pie you scorry, lowy know

Put! Art thou B

base Trojan,

To have me fold up Pa

Hence! I am quainish.

I. I yeerish you

At your desires, a

est, to look; look

you, you do not;

And your speech

does not agree with it,

cat it.

Put. Not for Calvral.

Gov. There is one go.

Put. Base Trojan, th

Gov. You say very ti

God's will is: I will doctrine mean time, and cut you

if you can mow

Gov. Enough captain

him.
KING HENRY V.

As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their tents,
The fatal bala of murdering bastards;
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day,
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.
K. Hen. To cry nunc to that, thus we appear.
Bar. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England; that I
Have labour'd to bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your misgivings on both parts can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal majesty,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What reeds, or what impudent device,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace
Dear name of arts, politics, and joyous births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! I sit hath from France too long been chand'd!
And all her fishes' mouths doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cherisher of the heart,
Unprofit exempt; her hedges {extorted}:
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fields lean:
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Both root upon; while that the tender roofs,
That should adorn and give such pleasant views.
The even mead, that e'er brought sweetly forth
The fresh andChoice, burned, burnt with your grace,
Wasting the scythe, all incorrect, rank,
Conceives by blindness; and nothing seems
But bated fields, confused idleness, wildness.
Losing both beauty and utility.
Waste, and all the dearest sights of man,
Miserable in their nature, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages, as we do at will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood.
To swearing and stern looks, differ'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are my sovereign; and my sacred threats,
That I may know the end, why gentle peace
Should not expect these incoherencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.
K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace.
Whose waste gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cried, you must buy that peace
With full submission to all our just demands;
Whose reasons and particular effects
You having of France and England Thay.
Bar. The king hath heard them: to the which,
There is no answer made.
K. Hen.

Fr. King, I have but with a courteous eye
Concerned, and the articles; please to
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us as once more, with better heed
To return to us, we will, without that, Pass our acceptable, and incontinent answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—too, uncle Exe.

Bar. And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester. Warwick and Huntington go with the king.

The instant you have power, to satisfy, Augment, or alter, as your wisdom best Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I can not speak your England.

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

Kath. Dernieres moy, I cannot tell valet as like me.

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

Kath. Que dit il? que je vois semblable les anges.

Alice. Oy, voynent (Conf orient grace) sais dit il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits.

Alice. Croy, de tous les hommes, le mien est de tous les mens.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English woman. I faith, Kate, your washing is fit for my understanding; I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you; then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; I faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain:

How say you, lady?

Kath. Senf ant ouverissance, me understand well,

K. Hen. My lady, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you would put me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of braggery he sported, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-anapes, never off; but, before God, I cannot look greedily, nor gape out my eyes on thy delightful apperance, and thy fine wisdom.
on shall wear me, if better; And therefore know, will you have 
blasphemes; avouch the 
it the looks of an em- 
mit, and say,—Harry
third word thou shalt 
but I will tell 
Ireland is thing; 
for his face, if he 
how shall he 
Comer, your 
for thy voice is 
broken: therefore, 
thy mind to me 
not have me? 
do my man 
me well, Kate;
content me.
K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your 
for to winking.
K. Hen. I will on her to consent, my lord, 
her to know my meanings 
well summered and warm kept, are like 
are their eyes; and then 
endure 
H. Hen. This moral lies me over to time, 
and a hot summer; and so I will catch the 
your cousin, in the latter end, and she 
be blind too.
Bis. As love is, my lord, before it loves,
K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, 
blindness; who cannot see 
that stands in my way.
Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them per-
spectively, the cities turned into a mist; for 
they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war 
hath never entered.
K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?
Fr. King. So please you.
K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities 
you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, 
that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me 
the way to my wife.
Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of 
K. Hen. Let it so, my lords of England!
H. Hen. The king hath granted every article; 
his daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, 
according to their firm proposed natures.
Esm. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this— 
Where your majesty demands.—That the king of 
France, having any occasion to write for matter 
of great, shall name your bigness in this form, 
and with this addition, in French—
Or (as the king of England), because of 
and thus in Latin—
Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so 
denied, 
But your request shall make me let it pass.
K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and 
friendship, let that one article rank with the rest: 
and you give me your daughter.
Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her 
raise up 
me to me: that the contending kingdoms 
France and England, whose very abode look 
but with envy of each other's happiness, 
May cease their hatred: and this dear 
union of the two Houses of England and the two 
Plantagenet families: 

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and hear me 
that last I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
KING HENRY V.

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath:
And all the peers, the surveyors of our leagues—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me:
And may our oaths well kept and proven be!
[Exeunt.]

Enact Choruses.

Thus far, with rough, and all unstable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men.
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinals.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset, afterwards Duke.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WASTWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARDINER.
MAYOR OF LONDON.

SCENE—at parts in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Cortege of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Gloucester, and Exeter; the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Herold, &c.

But. Huns be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Countess. Importing change of times and states, Brandish your crystal trances in the sky.

And with them scorge the bad revolts
That have convicted unto Henry's death;
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long;
England ne'er lost a king of so much age;
Glo. England ne'er had a king, as I think.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did bilde men's brains;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than wildbeast can never beat against his teeth.

WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Vernon, of the White Rose, or York family.
Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster family.
Charles, Doughty, and afterwards Duke of
Reignier, Duke of Artois, and son to
Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY: DUKE OF ALBANY.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan de Pearl.
MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards
ried to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AVERTINE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords of the Tower, Herold, Officers, Soldiers, and several Attendants.

In Fish and Treachr.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. 417

I. Were our hearts wanting to this funeral,
These tokens would call forth her flowing tide.
But, Me they encounter, respect is of France——
Give me my steel coat, I'll fight for France——
Away with these disgraceful waiting robes!
Would I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To keep their interminable stories.
Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad
measur'd no man shall revive;
afflicts we attend;
unbearable victory
by presumption glory,
and as a triumphant car
raise the planets of mischief,
our glory's overthrow
A fair day, and the King of
he dreadful judgment day
be, as was his sight.
Lords of England fought:
was made him to prosperous,
Where is it? Had not church
had not so soon decay'd:
that principal prince,
but, you may overawe,
shut ye like, thou art pre
command the prince, and realm.
From birth both in awe,
religious churchmen, may.
Again, for thou knowst the first;
that ye to church thou
mayest against thy foes,
see these jars, and rest your

Heralds, wait on us——
will offer up our arms;
and the King of Henry's dead——
or wretched years,
that's most eye's behiss shall
a nourish of salt tears,
and what he will the dead——
thy ghost I favorate:
not, keep it from civil breach!
this, let us into the heaven's
we stand the soul will make,

or height—— or as a Messenger.

able lords, health to you all!
I to you out of France,
and discommode;
and, Discomfit, Lillies, Lilies, Orleans,
Of course, we are quite lost.
not then, man, before death on
of those great towns
and rise from
at, it Rosen yielded up
and to life again.
and it came him more yield

they lost what treacherous

but want of men and

this is matter'd——

in, and false pamphlets
ought should be despatch'd and
of your generals,

posing wars, with little cost;

and, without expense at all,

of your honours, new begot;

tone half is cut away.
FIRST PART OF

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their host shall change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith; I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose blood-deeds shall make all Europe

Men: So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny:
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Let Remember, lords, your oath to Henry

Either you or Dauphin utterly
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do mean it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation.
[Exit.]
Bed. If to the Tower, without haste; I can,
To view the curious and munition.
And then will I proclaim young Henry king.
[Exit.

Exeunt. To Englishmen, where they're young kings,
Being order'd in his recent government.
And whilst there you'll be safe devide.
[Exit.
Men: Each hath his place and function to attend;
I am left out: for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-office;
The king from Etham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[Exit. Scene closes.

SCENE II. FRANCE. Before Orleans.

Enter Charles, lad for Forces; Alencon, Regnier, and Others.

Char. Mark his true moving, even as in the
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
The earl of Salisbury crouched Supplies.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
And whilst here we lie, near Orleans;
Others, the famish'd English, like ghosts,
Fainting bearing as one hour in a month.
Men: Also you want their revenge and their fat

Bed. he may be, they may be, they may be, as
And have their provender fed to the men months,
That when they will look, like drowned mice.
Reg. Let's ride the ieg. We'll enter lightly

Talbot is taken, whom we wont in fear.
Remained none but mad-brained Salisbury;
He may well in fretting spend his gait.
Nor, nor, nor Dunoys, hath he to make war.
Char. Search, sound alarm, we will rush on them
Now to the honour, be of the French:
How I forgive my oath, that killed me:
When he sees it go back, fool, or fly.
[Exit.

Alarum: Excursions: afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter Charles, Alencon, Regnier, and Others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what man have I
Dogs! cowards! daunters!—I would netter have
But they left, in my enemies,
Reg. Salisbury is esquire hicojed;
In highest of our life.
The other lords like Lions—eating food,
Do not appall us as they hangry prey.
Men. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England ill Oliver's and Florence hool.
During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be said
For some but Sanous, and I
Sedle forth to skirmish.
Lean raw-hair'd drakins, who
They had such courage out and
Char. Let's leave this to
Hair-brain'd leaves.
And hunger will enforce them
Of old I know them: rather
The walls they'll tear down

Rest, think by some old
Their arms are set, like clock
How is the king in the
Nones. They are certain and in
Char. Go, call her in;
Rest: I shall have her
Pac. Reignier, is thou thou
Where in the Danphin—

Know you me? though
Be not mad, their is no private will
Ask stand back, you and we, and
Reg. She takes upon her,
Pac. Dauphin, I am by daughter
My wit untrained in my kid
Heaven an
To shine on my contempt.
Lo, whilst I sit, I stand and
A raising heat too, no angel designed to a
And, in elephant.
Will I leave me my ban
And free my country from her:
In she promis'd, and in
In complete glory she revé and
Whereas I was black
With those clear rays whilst
That beauty am I bless'd with
What question tho:
And we, we, we
M. rages of by combats
Hon shall find that
I really on his thoughts.
If on receive me for thy
Char. Thou hast astonish

Only this proof I'll show of thy
In single combat thou shalt find, if thou
Otherwise, I renounce all

Pac. I am prepared: he

sword,
KING HENRY VI.

2. Ward. [Within.] What's he be, you may not be let in.
1. Ser. Answer you so the lord protector, villains?
2. Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer him.

We do nothing otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who will you be? or who will stand, but I.

There's none protector of the realm, but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrant:

Shall I be fomented thus by doughty guards?

Servants such as the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Queen, Gloucester, the Lieutenant, Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Gloucester, is it you, whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke: I may not open.

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commission,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, precipit thee

'to me! Arrogant Winchester! that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, never staid brook.

That not an friend to God, or to the king;

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1. Ser. Open the gates unto the lord protector;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter Winchester, attended by a Train of Servants on young Coats.

Win. Who, now ambitions Humphrey? what means that.

Glo. Prid'pird priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

I, I, do thou most sumptuous prelate,

And protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;

Thou, that contrivedst to murder our dear lord,

Thou, that giv'st wrongs and insults to:

Pit covets, for in thy proud cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not hedge a fool.

This be Damascene, be thou cursed Cain,

To slay the noble Abel! if thou wouldst.

Glo. I will not stay thee, but I'll drive thee back.

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do thou that dast! I hear thee to thy face.

Glo. What, am I dast'd, and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place.

Blue coats to tawny coats. Priests, beware your beard.

[GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.

I mean to tag it, and to cut thou somely.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of all thee, the ditties of church.

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'll answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester gone, I cry—a rope! a rope!

Now hast thou, Why dost thou let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrites.

Here a good Frenchman. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fye, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor: thou knowest little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards not God nor king.

Hath here dissuaded the Tower to his use.
FIRST PART OF

It's! Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never grace, Overcharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is protector of the realm; And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince. GLO. I will not answer thee with words, but [Here they skirmish again. May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous But to make open proclamation— Come, officer; as loud as ever thou canst. OTH. 'Twill be the (2. as assembled here, in arms this day against God's peace and the king, we charge ascending, and in his highest name, come to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death. GLO. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law: But we shall meet, and break our minds at large. Till we meet, I'll be at rest; to thy dear cost, be sure. Thy heart's blood I shall have, for this day's work. MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not accept This cardinal is more haughtly than the devil. GLO. Farewell, farewell; thou dost but what thou may'st. WIN. Abominable Gloster! I guard thy head; For I intend to have it, ere long. [Exit. MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. Good God! that nobles should such surnames bear! I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exit.

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans. ENTR. on the Wall, the Master Gunner and his Son, M. GUN. Sirach, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged; And how the English have the suburbs won. SON. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them, However, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim. M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. be thou without a string. Chief master-gunner am I of this town; Something must be done, to procure me grace; The prince's emissaries have inform'd me, How the English, in the suburbs last entrenched, Were taken with a secret grave of iron bars In outer tower, to overpeer the city; And those assaultors how, with most advantage, They may vex us with, or shot, or with assault. To intercept this convenience, A poor plea of grace 'gainst it I have plac'd; And fully even these three days have I watch'd, If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch, For I can no longer. If thou spy'st any, run, and bring me word; And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[Exit. SON. Father, I warrant you; take you no care: I'll never trouble you, if I may speak them. ENTR. in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords VALENT and TALBOT, Sir William Gloucester, Sir Thomas Garseby, and others. SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd! How went thou hanged, being prisoner! Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd? Discover, I pr'ythee, on this tatter's top. TAL. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner, Called—the brave Lord Pounton de Santraliers; For his valour changed, and ransomed; But with a bason man of arms by far, Once, in contempt, they would have barded me: Which I, declaring, scorn'd; and craving death Rather than I should be so vile esteem'd. In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd. But, O! the treachrous Fastoile wounds my heart! Whom with my bare fists I saw If now had I brought him handfast. Yet tell'st thou not, how that's done. Tal. With scoffs, and scornes, a lord. In open market-place produc'd To be a peabrick spectacle to all Here, said they, is the terror A scare-crow that affrightes the men Then broke I from the crowd And with my nails digg'd at To hurl at the beholders of my own country, the devil! Done durst I, in my day. In iron walls they deemed me: So great fear of my name to spread, That they sappor'd, I could not And apos into pieces Wherefore a guard of chosen That well-shall bear me every And if I did but stir out of my feet They were to shoot at me. SAL. I grieve to hear what I do: But we will be reveng'd and now it is supper-time in Orleans Through this gate, I eat and view the French men Let us look in, the sight will Sir Thomas Gargeve, and Sir dale, Let me have your express oaths Where is best place to make o Gar. I think, at the north gate. GLAN. And, I here, at the belt Tal. For I may see, thank'st Or with light skirmishes enter [from the Town. SAL. O Lord, have mercy upon us! Gar. O Lord, have mercy. TAL. What chance is this, that speaks? Speak, Salisbury, at least, if how far's thou, mirror of all One of thy eyes, and thy cry? Accurs'd tower! accurst o'that hast contriv'd this woe! In thirteen battles Salisbury o Henry the Fifth he had;和他的武器 did ne'er leave struth Yet livest thou, Salisbury tht dost fail. One eye thou hast to look to! The sun with one eye vieweth Heaven, he be gracious to Salisbury wants mercy at his Bear hence his body, I will be Sir Thomas Gargeve, hast to Speak unto Talbot; nay, look, take him with his spirit Will not, shall not die, white— He beakres with his hand, an As who should say. If he is a Remember to aveng me on the 1 Magna charta! Play on the loo, beholding the Wretched shall France be only Thunder heard, o'ert What spirit is this! What tumult Whence cou'dst thou this alarm? Enter a Mseneng. M. OR. My lord, my lord! gather'd head! The Dauphin, with one Joan is
KING HENRY VI.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two
Scouts.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
I Sent. Sergeant, you shall.

[Exit Sergeant.

Thus are poor servitor,
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrained to watch in darkness, rain, and cold,
Enter, to the Gates, Bonifacius, Bermond, and Forces, with
Sealing Ladders: their Drum beating a
dead March.

Tal. Lord regent— and redoubted Burgundian—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to us—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banquetted:
Embrace we then this opportunity—
As fitting best to quench their deceit,
Contrary to art, and hateful secrecy.

But, Coward of France— how much he
wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
But— Traitors have never other company.
What's that's Pucelle, whom their term so

Tal. A maid, they say.

But, Pray God, she prove not maculose eye long:
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour as she bath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practice and converse with
their trifles;
God is our fortress; in whose conquering same,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

[Exeunt, except Talbot; we will follow
thee.

Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess.

[Exit.
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, I hope, the one of us do fall.
The other yet may rise against their force.

**Bad.** Agreed; I'll to ye corney.

**Bur.**

**Tal.** And here will Talbot mount, or make his stand.

Now, Ballaberry! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How now use thou him and canst beat both.

**[The English seule the Walls, crying, St. George a Talbot, and all over the Town.]

**Sent.** [Within.] Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French keep still over the Walls in their shirts.

**Bost.** [to several.] Bairdward, Alconan, Rednings, hark, ready, and hark unreadly.

**Alen.** How now, my lords! what, all unreadly?

**Bost.** Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

**Reig.** 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

**Alen.** Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

**Bost.** [of all, since first I follow'd arms.

Never heard of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate than this.

**Reig.** I think, this Talbot be a brand of hell.

**Reig.** If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

And here cometh Charles; I marveled how he sped.

**Enter Charles and La Pucelle.**

**Bost.** Tal! holy Joan was his defensive guard,

'twar, is this thinny cunning, chowder-cut dame?

Dolst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain.

That, and this night might be ten times so much?

**Puc.** Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friends?

**Bost.** These will you have my power alike,

Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me—

Improvopion soldiers! had your watch been good,

This should have mischief never could have fall'n.

**Char.** Duke of Alconan, this is your default.

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

**Alen.** Had all your quartermasters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

**Puc.** Mine was secure.

**Reig.** And so was mine, my lord.

**Char.** And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own proxenet,

I was much in passing to and fro.

About relieving of the sentinels;

Then bow, or which way, should they first break in?

**Puc.** Question, my lords, no farther of the case.

**Bost.** How, or which way? 'tis sure, they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made,

And now there rests no other shift but this—

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,

And lay new plantations to end them.

**Aber.** Enter an English Soldier, crying a Talbot. They fly, leaving their Cloaks behind.

**Said.** I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

**Bost.** The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have done the like with many spoils.

**Puc.** Using no other weapon but his name.

**Scene II.** Orleans. With in Town.

**Enter Talbot, Biron, Beaumont, and Others.**

**Bad.** The day begins to break, magth he

Whose pitchy mantle over-will be unit.

Here sound retreat, and cease our host.

**Tal.** Bring forth the body of old Talbot,

And here advance it in the marketplace.

The middle entrance of this great town—

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul.

For every drop of blood was devotion.

There hath been no blood of our side night.

And, that hereafter age may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect,

A tomb, wherein his ashes shall

Upon the which, that every one may see

Shall be engravi'd the sack of Orleans.

The treacherous manner of his murder'd lid

And what a terror he had been to base.

But, lords, in all our bloody manner,

I muse, we met not with the Denpas's

His new-come champion, virtuous lord.

Nor any of his false confederates.

**Bad.** 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, was a fight begun.

Round'd on the sudden from their doors they

Did amongst the troops of arms,

Leng o'er the walls for refuge in the field,

Bar. Myself (as far as I could set down)

For smoke, and amongst the townspeople of the town.

I am sure I 'scaped the Denpas, thank God.

When arm in arm they both came resigning,

Like a pair of loving turtle doves,

That could not five summer day's live.

After that things are set in order. We'll follow them with all the power our side.

**Mest.** All hail, my lords! which of thy train,

Came ye the warlike Talbot, for his part.

So much applaud'd through the realm of France.

**Tal.** Here is the Talbot; who was I? talk with him?

**Mest.** The virtuous lady, countermarch'd with modesty admiring,

By me entreat, good lord, thou wast safe

To visit her poor castle where she lieth,

That she may boast she had beheld the

Whose glory fills the world with loud reports.

Bar. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see no more

Will turn unto a peaceful comick state.

When ladies care to be encompass'd with

You may not, my lord, despite her grace.

**Tal.** Never trust me then; for, were a band

Of men could not prevail with all their allies,

Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rides.

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks

And in submission will attend on her—

Will not your honours bear me company?

**Bad.** No, truly; it is more than manners.

And I have heard it said,—Unfair'd guest,

Are often welcome when they are come.

Tal. Well then, since there's more than I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [To Pucelle.] You prove

My mind.

**Capt.** I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

**Scene III.** Averoyge, Court of the King.

**Enter the Countess and her Porter.**

**Count.** Porter, remember what I gave

And, when you have done so, bring me the keys.
In. I will.

[Exit.

Eyes be by this exploit,
unseemly by Cymon's death,
rumour of this dastard knight,
severence of no less account;
mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
if scarce of these rare reports.
our Messenger and Talbot,
when
as your ladyship desireth,
ready, so is Lord Talbot come,
at he is welcome. What is this the
the

Is this the sale of France
Talbot, so much heard attend,
his name the mothers still their
Is his shadow and face:
should have seen some
former, for his grim aspect,
proportion of his strong-knit limbs,
as a child, a nily dwarf;
as his weak and wrinkled shrewd
such terror to his enemies.
I, I have been bold to trouble you;
your ladyship is not at leisure,
on other time to visit you.
this nation be now—Go ask him,
or he goes,
y, my lord Talbot; for my lady
cause of your abrupt departure.

Her. Drum heard; then a Peal of Ordinance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

Sir, madam, are you now persuaded,
to cast shadow of himself?
his substance, senses, arms, and the
he yoketh your rebellious necks;
shames, and subverts your towns.
sonet makes them desolate.

Miserable Talbot! pardon my abuse;
at no less time hath bruited,
may be gathered by thy shape,
shame not provoke thy wrath;
yet, that with reverence
remain thee as thou art. [Aside.

Talbot, as you did mistake
composition of his body,
are done, hath not offended me;
affection do I crave,

But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
With all my heart: and think me hono-
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

SCENE IV. London. The Temple Garden.
Enter the Earl of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Flam. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare we now answer in a case of truth?

But Within the Temple hall we were together;
The garden here is more convenient.
FIRST PART OF

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain't the truth:

Or, e'en if wrangling Somereton in the event?

Sjt. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two wolves, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have beneath my shallow spirit of judg-

But in these nice sharp quiets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forsbear-

The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any blind-eye might find it out.

Som. And on my side, it is so well apparel'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it is quitted through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so lost

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stand up for the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this bitter pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flat-

terer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love not and hall, and, without all colour

Of base inciting flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Sjt. I pluck this red rose, with young Somer-

set;

And say within, I think he held the right.

For, stay, lords and gentlemen: and pluck
no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

For, then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Pluck not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lost, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Plan. If I, my lord, for my opinion bled,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be fairer,
The argument you hold, was wrong in you;

(To Somerset.)

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Som. Here, Somerset, where is your argu-

ment?

Som. In my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit

an rose;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger—thst they cheeks
Blush for our shame, to counterfeit our rose;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a conquer, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth.

While thy consuming canker eats his falsehood,

Som. Well, I'll find friends to user

rose.

That shall maintain what I know;

Where false Plantagenet doth not.

Plan. Now, by this maiden hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, good Sjt.

This is not thy scorn this gentle.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; as

him and thee.

Sjt. I'll turn my part thereof.

Som. Away, away, good William.
We grace the yeoman, by counsel

War. Now, by God's will, I will,

His grandfather was Lionel, duke of

Third son to his father Edward, king
Spring crestless yeomen from 0.

Plan. He bears him on the plain

Or durst not, for fear.

Som. By him that made me, I'll

On any plot of ground in Chawton

Was not thy father, Richard, and

For treason exceeded in our land. And

By, his treachery, stand'st until

Corrupt, and

His treasurers yet lives guilty in the

And to be restored, thus

Plan. My father's star was

Condemned to die for treason, but

And that I'll prove on better marke.

Were growing time once ripen'd it

For your partaker Poole, and ye:

I'll note you in my book of termes
To scourge you for this apprehend.

Look to it well, and say you are

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready and

And know us, by these colours, for

These my friends, in spite of the

Plan. And, by my soul, this red

As cognizance of my blood-drink

Will I for ever, and my faction, w

Until it wither me with thy grace

Or flourish to the height of my day

Sjt. Go forward, and be choyd

And so farewell, until I meet thee

Som. Have with thee, Poole,—but

It will endure it.

War. This blot, that they object

Shall be whip'd out in the next pra

Call'd for the truce of Winchester

And, if thou be not then created

I will not live to be acknowledged

Mean time, in signal of my love t

Against proud Somerset, and will

Will I upon thy party wear this r

And here I prophesy,—This braw

Grown to this faction, in theTem

Shall send, between the red rose a

A thousand souls to death and de

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am

That you on my behalf would pla

It in your behalf will I w

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us go. I desire this quarrel will drink blood ano

SCENE V. The same. A Room

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair by

Mer. Kind knaves of my house!

Let dying Mortimer here rest him

Even like a man new hale from

So fare we Wombles with long lemphe

And these gray locks, the peculiar
KING HENRY VI.

For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas be,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being butt third of that so blooded line.
But mark; as, in this half-haughty greatest,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my mother, and they their base;
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth—
Succeeding his father Bohingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an arm; weeping to redeem,
And have instal'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Peace. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mrs. True; and then seest, that I no issue have;
And that my reign's works were wanton death;
Thus art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather;
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Peace. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;

Mrs. But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Peace. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strongest is the house of Lancaster;
And, like a mountain, not to be removed,
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cold
With long continuance in a settled place.

Peace. O uncle, where would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age?
Mrs. These dost thou do with thyself; as the
slaughter's deth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so forever; and fair be thy hopes;
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war.

Peace. And peace, no war, belial thy putting
soul!

In prison last thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-ward thy days.
Well, I did lock his conscience out at last;
And what I do imagine, let that rest—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see that he be far better treated.

[Enter Keepers, bearing out Mortimer.
Here dies the ducal torch of Mortimer,
Chock'd with ambition of the meaner sort—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill, the advantage of my good.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. The Parliament House.

ELISAB. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester,
Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop
of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and
Others.

GLOUCESTER. Gloucester offers you a bill: Win-
chester makes his, and so forth.
WIN. Come, let's thou with deep premeditated
lines;
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloucester if thou canst accuse,
Or might interm'y to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extraneous speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

O 0 2

End.
Glh. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience, or thou shalt find there hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Forbear to rehearse the method of my pen;
No, nor thou; such is thy amiable wickederness,
Thy lewd, pestilent, and dissension pranks,
As are the proceedings of thy pride.

Thus art a most pernicious sinner:
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than usual baseless
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.

Beastly, I fear, thou, if thy thoughts were sifted.
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From various malice of thy swelling heart.

Wen. Giestor, I do defy thee.—Lords, you safe,
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, How am I so poor!
Or how bays it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling
And for diocesan, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd!
No, my good lord, it is not thy offenders;
It is not, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, be should be about the king:
And that engender's thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.

But, even so, I am as good.—

Glh. Then bastard of my grandfather?—

Wen. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one impious in another's throne?

Glh. Am I not the protector, sway't priest?

Wen. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glh. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And such to patronize his heritage.

Wen. Uncertainest Giestor!

Glh. Then art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Wen. This Rome shall remedy.

Glh. Roast thiner them, Sum. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
It is not, that one bishop be not overthrown,
Sum. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

Wen. I will see his lordship should be humbled.

Glh. It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Wen. Sum. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?

Glh. Am I not the protector to the king?

Wen. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

Glh. Let it be said, Speed, errack, when you should!

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Wen. Else would I have a dregg at Winchester.

Glh. Abbe, K. Hen. Uncle of Giestor, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if preysers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
What must that mean, my lords, ye should jar!

Glh. Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a vigorous worm,
That graves the hovels of the commonwealth.

[Aside, singer.]

Wen. Down with the tawny coats!

Glh. What is within this?

Wen. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

Enter the Mover of London, attires.

Mag. O, my good lords—and victorious Hen.

Pity the city of London, pity it!

The bishop and the duke of Gloucester
Forbidden late to carry any way
Have filled these pockets full of dust
And, bedding themselves in counsel
Do peit so fast at one another's head
That many have their giddy brains
Our windows are broke down by
And, for fear, comprehend to shun

Enter, shrieking, the Retainers of

K. Hen. We charge you, on the self,

To hold your slaught'ring hands.

Pray, uncle Giestor, mitigate this

1 Ser. Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall in it

2 Ser. Do ye dare, as we.

Glh. You of my household, let broil

And set this unsacred' fight afire

1 Ser. My lord, we know you mean

Just and upright; and, for your inferior to some, but his majesty
And eyes no injury, and no treason
So kind a father of the common
To be disgrac'd by an irruption
In our streets, and children
And have our bodies slaughter'd?

2 Ser. Ay, and the very pest

Shall pitch a field, when we are

Glh. And, if you love me, as you say

Let me persuade you to forbear.

K. Hen. O, how this discord

Can you, my lord of Winchester;

My sighs and tears, and will not

Who should be pitiful, if ye be

Or who should study to prefer a


holy churchman take delight

War. My lord protector, ye

Exempt you from, with oblivion

To slate your sovereign, and do Ye see what mischief, and who

Hath been encombr'd against you

Then be at peace, except ye be

Wen. He shall submit, or the

Gompanion on the king's

Or, I would see his heart eat, a

Should ever get that privilege o

War. Behold, my lord of Winch

Hath buildeth' so disorderly discourse

As by his solemn brows it do not

Way look you still so stern, and

Glo. Here, Winchester, I once

K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaumont

You pleasure,

That malice was a great and

And will not you maintain then

But prove a chief offender in the

War. Sweet king! the bisho

For shame, my lord of Winch

What, shall a child instruct you

War. Well, duke of Gloucester,

Love for thy love, and hand to

Glo. Ay; but I fear, with

See here, my friends, and love

This token serveth for a flag of

Retrive ourselves, and all our

So help me God, I'll dismiss

Wen. So help me God, as I

K. Hen. O, hearing uncle, kind
KING HENRY VI.

If we have entrance (as I hope, we shall),
And that we find the sleuthful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends.
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
I hold their sacks shall be a mean to sack the city.
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen:
Therefore we'll knock. {Knocks.
Guard. [Within.] On est là?
Puc. Pas encore, jamais gens de France:
Poor market folks, that come to sell their corn.
Guard. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.
{Open the gate.
Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
{Pucelle, &c., enter the city.
Enter Charles, Duke of Orleans, Alençon, and Forces.
Chas. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.
Best. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her companions.
Now she is there, how will she specify.
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from under tower;
Which once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.
Enter La Pucelle en a Bastille; holding out a torch burning.
Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen:
But burning fatal to the Tolbottes.
Barb. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our fires.
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Chas. Now shite it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.
Alen. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends.
Enter, and cry—"The Dauphin! presently."
And then do execution on the watch.
They enter.

Alarum. Enter Talbot, and certain English.
Tal. France, thou shalt me this treason with thy tears.
If Talbot but survive thy treachery—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this heathen matchet of conspiracies,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. {Exit to the Town.
Alarum: Entering. Enter from the Title Bordo,
Talbot, brought in to a Chair, with Talbot,
Burgundy, and the English Forces. Then, enter in the Hall, La Pucelle, Charles, Richard, Alençon, and Others.
Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the daunt of Burgundy will fail,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
"Twas full of danger; Do you like the taste?
Bar. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless creature;
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Chas. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O, let us words, but deeds, revenge this treason?
Puc. What will ye do, good gray-beard? break a taste,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiends of France, and bag of all deceits.
Encompas'sd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes thee to know his valiant arm,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead!
Damned, I'll have a bout with you again.
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

One by this contract—
I am as good as no more;
as for your lords have done.
To the surgeon.
And so will I.
What physicke the tavern
Servants, mayor, &c.,
coll, most gracious service.
Richard Plantagenet, majesty.
How of Warwick;—for,

In every circumstance,
to be heard right:

On your majesty.

Rivers, were of

lords, our pleasure is,

restored to his blood;

ill,

not that alone,

the house of York,

by his usual decorum;

vow obsequies,

the point of death,

and set your knee against

duty done,

sword of York:

Plantagenet:

duke of York.

Richard, as thy foes may

so perish they

your majesty!

prince, the mighty duke

awe your majesty,

be expostulated; in France;

renders love

his loyal friends;

matter says the word, King

of many foes.

are in readiness.

[Exeunt all but Exeunt,

march in England, or in

deny to ensue:

be the peers,

out into a flame;

it but by degrees,

and duration.

prophesy.

name'd the fifth,

very thickening baby—

should win all;

lordish, should lose all;

Exeunt with

that hapless time.

ace. Before Rouen.

said, and Soldier's dresson

Sack upon their backs,

city gates, the gates of

icy must make a breach;

your place your words;

art of market-men,

money for their corn.
FIRST PART OF

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Fuscule, hold thy pace.

If Talbot be not slandered, rain will fail in France.

[Enter Lord Talbot, and the rest, armed together.

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Here ye come forth and meet us in the field.

Puc. Believe, your lordship takes us for fools.

To try if our own ears be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that calling Hecate,

But unto thee, Alexan, and the rest; Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alex. Signior, no.

Puc. Signior, no—base malcontents of France! Like peasant footsells do they keep the walls;

And dare not take up arms like gentleman.

Puc. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.

God be wi'you, my lord! we came, sir, but to talk.

That we are here.

[Enter La Fuscule, kid, from the Walls.

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long.

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

(Prick'd on by public wrangle, wast'd in France)

Either to get the town again, or die;

And I,—as sure as English Ha'ry lived,

And as his father here was conqueror;

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Count-de-Jon's heart was buried;

So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,

The valiant duke of Bedford:—come, my lord;

We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness, and for easy age.

Bur. Lord Talbot, do not so disdain me: Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,

And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now per- suade you.

Bur. Not to be gone from hence; for once I saw

That stern Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:— Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts, Because I ever found them as myself. Tal. Uncausest spirit in a dying beast!—

Then be it so,—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand,

And set upon our haughty enemy.

[Exit Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford, and others.

Alarums: Enter Extermina, Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away I to save myself by flight; We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Tal- bot?

Fast. Ay.

All the Talbots in the world to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee.

[Exit.

Enter: Extermina, Enter from the Town, La Fuscule, Alamain, Charles, &c. and armed flying.

Bur. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of flesh? men? They, that of late were dreading, Are glad and vain by flight to save themselves.

Alarums: Enter Talbot, Extermina.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day

This is a double honour, Burgundy.

Yet, for heaven's love, let not the Talbot, Warlike and martial Talbot, Enrages thee in his heart; and in Thy noble deeds, as valour's muse.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But I declare I think, her old familiar is a sleeve; Now here's where the harrier's brave, his gleeks.

What, all a storm!—Rouen hang up her head! That such a valiant company as we Now will we take some order in Placing therein some expert officer And then depart to Paris, to the king. For there young Harry, with his brother, Will walk Lord Talbot, p'r'ly.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's—The noble duke of Bedford, we must see, But see his exquisites in a place. A brave soldier ever cannot choose A greater heart did never way as a But kings and mighty potentates For that's the end of human misery.

SCENE III. The same. The Palais Enter Charles, the Bastard, Alex, Celle, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this news. Nor grieve that Rouen is so receiv'd Care is no cure, but rather corrode For things that are not present. Let frantick Talbot triumph for a While, and like a peaceable and strong man We'll pull his plumes, and take up Dauphin, and the rest, will be clear. We have been guided by This and of thy cunning had no dislike. One sudden fall shall never breed But search out thy wit for men And we will make fame our world.

Alm. We'll set thy statue in some place And have thee revered like a deity, and look to thy tomb, Puc. Then thus it must be; the owning By fair permissions, mine'd with us We will enjoin the device To leave the Talbot, and to follow. Chur. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we France were so no great men Nor should that nation boast it so But be extirp'd from our present. Alm. For ever should they be at France, And not have title to an earldom Puc. Your honours shall perceive work. To bring this matter to the wished [I Hark! by the sound of drum, you Their powers are marching unwise An English March. Enter, and as Forces, Talbot, and the rest. For there goes the Talbot with his men All the troops of England after A French March. Enter the Duke @ forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the du fortune, in favour, makes him say I'll summon a parley, we will talk with [As Puc. A parley with the duke of 438
KING HENRY VI.

To do my duty to my sovereign; To sign wheresoever, of this arm—that hath reclamed To your obedience fifty fortresses. Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength. Besides five hundred prisoners of estate,— Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet; And, with submissive loyalty of heart, Ascribes the glory of his conquest got, First to my god, and next unto your grace. K. Hen. Isthis the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster, That hath so long been resident in France? Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege. K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious.

When I was young (as yet I am not old), I do remember how my father said, A stouter champion never handled sword. Long since we were resolved of your truth, Your faithful service, and your valiant word; Yet never have you tasted our reward, Or been regarded with so much as thanks, Because till now we never saw your face; Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts, We hope henceforward you shall be successful: And in our coronation take your place.

[Exeunt K. HEN. GLD. TAL. and Nobles.

For, now, sir, to you, that were in sea, Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble lord of York,

Don't at the former words thon spak'st it.

But, sir, as well as you dare patronage The envious barking of your saucy tongue Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

For, Hark ye; and, so in witness take ye that.

I set you him, thou know'st, the law of arms is such.

That, whose draws a sword, 'Is present death; Or else this blow should breach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave I may have留ty to venge this wrong;

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

For, Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you.

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same. A Room in State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Wiltshire, Warwick, Talbot, the Governor of Paris, and Others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Wau. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, Governor swears, That you cleft no other king but him; Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends; And none your foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious practices against his state and person.

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[Exeunt Gov. and his Train.

Enter Sir John Fastolpe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To haste unto your coronation, A letter was deliver'd to my hands, With to your grace from the duke of Burgundy. Tal. Shou'd I then to the duke of Burgundy, and thee I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garter from thy convey's leg.

[Pick up eff. (Which I have done), because unworthy.
FIRST PART OF

Thou wast installed in that high degree—
Furnished me, worthy lady, with the rest—
This damask, at the battle of Fanny,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost too vast to meet—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty square, did run away?
In which manner we lost twenty hundred men—
Myself, and divers gentlemen besides,
Whereof you have heard, and taken note there.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cordwains ought to wear
This ornament of highness, yes, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this was insufficient,
And ill becoming any common man:
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tai. When first this order was ordained, my
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, good men, full of handy courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always fighting, and most extempore;
He then, that is not furnished in this sort,
Doth but expose the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge),
Be quite degraded, like a horse-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! then be not
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforward we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit TAINTOLE.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent by the duke of Burgundy to the

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath
changed his style?

[Vewing the superscription.

No more bat, plain and blanctly—To the king—
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this curious superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here!—I have upon especial cause—[Reads.

Men'd with composition of my country's need,
Together with the painful complaints
Of such as your oppression finds upon,—
Forbear your pernicious factions,
And you're with Charles, the rightful king of France.

Glo. I charge you, by the cherub heaven!
Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oath,
There should be found such false dissembling
Quelle!

K. Hen. What! dost thine uncle Burgundy re-
volt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become thy foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst, this letter doth

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writeth.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot shall there
shall talk with him.

Tai. Content, my liege! Yes; but that I am

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto
him straight;
Let us, with heaven, how ill we break his treason:
And what offence it is, to lost his friends.
Tai. I, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold conflagration of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VASSEY and BARKET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bau. And me, my lord, grant me the combat.

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble
prince!—

Sam. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, tarry
him!—
therefore be ambitious hereafter, than York; 0
and I love him well: 1
said me with my crown, 0
king of Scots is crown'd, 0
better can persuade, 1
prove or teach: 0
hither came in peace, 0
and peace— 1
solemne your grace 1
parts of France; 0
Somerseet, unite 0
with his bands of 0
ions of your progenitors, 0
and your 0
against your enemies, 0
rest, all return to Calais: 0
shed where I hope you long to retire. 0
and that traitors roost. 0
ar. 0
Scr. and Bassar. 0
I promise you, the king 0
does it; but yet I like it not, 0
head of Somerseet 0
but his fancy, blame 0
et prince, he thought no 0
he Girl,—but let it rest; 0
be: 0
warned, and Vernon, 0
and Richard, to suppress 0
of thy heart burst out, 0
weep in them, there 0
more furious raging broils, 0
and or support'd, 0
man that sees 0
arch or other in the court, 0
of their favorites, 0
some ill event, 0
ors in children's hands; 0
of breeds undivided 0
there begins confusion. 0

Before Bordeaux. 0
and his Forces. 0
of Bordeaux, trumpet, 0
unto the wall, 0
bg. Enter, on the Walls, the 0
Forces, and Others. 0
captains calls you forth, 0
larry king of England; 0
y our city gates, 0
of my sovereign yours, 0
obedient subjects, 0
and my bloody power; 0
on this proffer'd peace, 0
my three attendants, 0
and standing fire; 0
even with the earth 0
and the rising towers, 0
for of our love, 0
and a fearful owl of death, 0
and their bloody scourge; 0
rauny approacheth, 0
ener, but by death: 0
well fortified, 0
issue out and fight; 0
army, and appointed, 0
we of war to tangle thee; 0
there are squadrond pick'd, 0
of liberty of flight, 0
on turn thee for redress, 0
then with apparent spoil, 0
and pale destruction meet thee in the face. 0
Ten thousand French have taken the sacrament, 0
To rise their dangerous artillery 0
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 0
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man, 0
Of an incivible unconquer'd spirit: 0
This is the latest glory of thy praise, 0
That I, thy enemy, die thee withal; 0
For ere the glass, that now begins to run, 0
Finish the proces of his sandy hour, 0
These eyes, that see thee now well colored, 0
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead. 0

[Drum after eff. 0
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, the warming bell, 0
Sings heavy moanick to thy threnody soul: 0
And mine shall ring thy dirge din desolate! 0
[Exeunt General, &c., from the Wall. 0
Tal. He falleth not, I hear the enemy— 0
Out, some light horsemen, and pursue their wings.— 0
O, negligence and heedless discipline! 0
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale; 0
A little host of England's timorous deer, 0
Man'd with a yepping kennel of French turp! 0
If we be English deer, then be in blood; 0
Not real-like, to fall down with a pinch; 0
But rather moody and mar, and desperate stage, 0
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel, 0
And make this cowards stand about at bay; 0
Sell every man his life as dear as mine, 0
And we shall feel dear deer of all my friends.— 0
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's right! 0
Proper our colours in this dangerous fight! 0
[Exeunt. 0

SCENE III. Plain in Gascony. 0
Enter York, with Forces; to him a Messenger. 0
Furk. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again, 0
That durst he mighty army of the Dauphin? 0
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out, 0
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power, 0
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along, 0
By your espions were discovered; 0
Two mighty troops than that the Dauphin led; 0
Which joined with him, and made their march 0
for Bordeaux. 0
Furk. A plague upon that villain Somerset; 0
That thus delays my promised succor to York! 0
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege! 0
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid; 0
And I am caused by a traitor's sin, 0
And cannot help the noble chevalier: 0
God comfort him in this necessity! 0
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France. 0
[Exeunt. 0
Enter Sir William Lucy. 0
Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength, 0
Never so needful on the earth of France, 0
Sip to the rescue of the noble Talbot; 0
Who now is girded with a waist of iron, 0
And hemm'd about with grim destruction: 0
To Bordeaux, a winkle dake! to Bordeaux, York! 0
Else, farewell thy France, and England's honour. 0
Furk. O! God! that Somerset—who in proud heart 0
Both stop my contents—were in Talbot's place! 0
No should we save a valiant gentleman, 0
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward, 0
Med ir, and wrathful fury, makes me weep, 0
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep. 0
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! 0
Furk. Ye die, we lose; I break my warlike word! 0
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get; 0
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset,
FIRST PART OF

Lucy, Then, God take money on horse Talbot's
seed! [gives]
And send new, young John; whom, two hours
I met in travel toward his worthy father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son.
And now they met where both their lives are
done.
[Exit]

Tell me, what joy's shall noble Talbot have?
To bid his young son welcome so his grace!
Away! vegetation almost stops my breath.
That winder's friends greet in the hour of
death.
Lucy, forever: so more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Biois, Poetiers, and Tours, are won.

'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV. Other Places of Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his Forces; an Officer
of Talbot said him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too weakly posted; all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town
Be beaten with; the over daring Talbot
Hath saddled all his glos of former honour,
By this unbecoming, desperate adventure;
To that, I answer, I was right, and die in shame.
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the

Of. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me.
Set from our o'rematch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were
you sent?
Lucy, Whither, my lord! from bought and
sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for perturbed York and Somerset.
To best assailing death from his weak regions.
And whiles the honorable captain there
Done, the mangled, from his war-wearied limbs.
And, in advantage ring'ring, looks for rescue.
You, my lord, hope, the trust of England's
honour.

Keep off all boast with worthless emulation.
Let them that despise be saved, but we
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
Whiles he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life about a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alencon, Eliziger, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York sets on him, York should have sent
him aid.
[clamors]
Lucy, And York as fast upon your grace exs
 Flaying that you withhold his fevled host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and bud
the horse;
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul score, to twain on him by sending.
Lucy, The fraud of England, not the force of
France.

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot;
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betrayed to fortune by his sire.

Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen
straight:
Within six hours they shall be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is 'torn, or
slain.

SCENE V. The English Camp, near

Tal. O young John Talbot! didst

Tal. To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in England
When artificers, age, and weak minds
Should bring thy father to his doom.
But, O malignant and ill-boding
Now thou art come among a crew of
A terrible and unavailing danger.
Therefore, hear, here I take my leave;

And I'll direct thee how thou shall
By sudden flight; come, daily set.
John, is my name Talbot at the
And shall I By O, if you love my
Dishonour not her honourable sire.
To make a bastard, and a slave of
The world will say; He is not Talbot
That barely fed, when noble Talbot
Tar. Fly, to revenge my death.
John, He, that flies will, no'wren'
Tar. If we both stay, we both
John. Then let me stay; and, father,
Your loss is great, by so your regard
My worth unknown, no least shall
Upon my death, the French can cast
In yours, they'll say, it is your fault.
Flight cannot stain the honour you
But mine it will, that no exploit is
You fed for vantage every one will.
But, if I blow, they'll say, it was
There is no hope that ever I will
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run
Here, on my knee, I beg mortally
Rather than life preserve'd with an
Tar. Shall all thy mother's hope tomb

John. Ay, rather than I than'st

Tar. Upon my blessing I commit
John. To fight I will, but not to
Tar. Part of thy father may he
John. No part of him, but will be
Tar. Then never had renown, lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name
abuse it.
Tar. Thy father's charge shall
That stain.

John. You cannot witness me
If death be so apparent, then both
And leave my followers for thee and die?
My age was never tainted with such
John. All call my youth be
Tar. Blame no more can I be sev'd from you
Than can yourself in your last stay,
Go, do what you will, the ill
For live I will not, if my father
Tar. Then here and take my son.

Born to eclipse thy life this after
Come, side by side together live;
And soul with soul from France

SCENE VI. A Field of

Abroad: Excursions, wherein Talb
honest about, and Talbot re
Saint George and victory:
fight.

The regal feast with Talbot brok
And left us to the usage of France
HIS unconquering spirit, and there died
My tears, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of John Talbot.

Scene II. A York, near London. A review of
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

Enter. Alarums. Enter Soldiers and Servant, bearing
Two Bales. Enter Cervantes, the Spanish
Baron, Castello, La Pezuela, and Forest.

Chas. Had York and Somerset brought rescue
in. We should have found a bloody day of this,
Bess. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-
wood.
Did dash his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !
Poc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said,
Then madmen be, he canstndn't by a model.
But—with a proud, majestic high scorn,
He answered thus: Young Talbot was not born
To be the village of a piglet wench:
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy light.
Bess. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies interred in the arms
Of the most bloody murmurer of his bargains.
Bess. Here the tallest pieces, back their boxes
under.

Whose is this? England's glory, Gallie's wonder.
Chas. O, no, no forbear! for that which we have faded
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended, a French
Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent: to know
Who hath obtained the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin I am a mere
French word.
We English warriors wet not what it means,
I come to know what princes thou hast set on,
And to survey the bodies of the dead. 
Char. For prisoners' sake! then I'll tell the prison.
But tell me whom thou seest'st?
Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Vallant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Warrington, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodricke and Upham,
Lord St George of Blackness, Lord Verdon of Alton.
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield.
The three victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of St George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleurs;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth.
Of all his wars within the realm of France.

END
FIRST PART OF

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed! The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath, Writeth so stilo a style as this.— Him, that thou magnisiest with all these titles, drinking and flyblown, lies here at our feet. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman’s only scourge. Your kingdom’s terror and black Nemesis? O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn’d! That I, in rage, might shoot them at your face! O, that I could but call these deeds to life! It were enough to fright the realm of France: Were but his picture left among you here, It would amaze the proudest of you all. Give me their bodies; that I may bear them. And give them burial as becomes their worth. But mark, the court is old Talbot’s: he Speaks with such a proud commanding spirit. For God’s sake, let him have ‘em; to keep them there. They would but stink, and putrefy the air. Char. Go; take their bodies hence. Luc. I’ll bear them hence. But from their ashes shall be read A poem that shall make all France affraid. Char. So we be rid of them, do with ’em as thou list. And now to Paris, in this conferring vein: All will be ours, now bloody Talbot’s slain. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.
K. Hen. Have you pern’d the letters from the pope, The emperor, and the earl of Arundel?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent in this,— They humbly sue unto your excellence, To have a godly peace concluded of, Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means To stop the furore of our Christian blood, And establish quietness on every side. K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought, It was like this present and unnatural, That such impiety and bloody strife Should reign among professors of one faith. Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect, And surr bust, this knot of sinitry,— The earl of Arundel—near kinsman to Charles, A man of great authority in France— Presenteth his only daughter to your grace in marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! if my years are young; And fitter is my study and my books, Than wanton dalliance with a paramour. Yet, call’d the ambassadors; and, as you please, So let them have their answers every one: I shall not scruple with any choice, That tends to God’s glory, and my country’s weal. Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Win-chester, in a Cardinal’s Habit.

Ear. What! is my lord of Winchester instal’d, And call’d unto a cardinal’s degree! Then, I perceive, that will be verified. Here’s the Fifth did sometime prophesy.— If once he come to be a cardinal, He’ll make his cope equal with the crown. K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits Have been consider’d and debated on. Your purpose is both good and wise, And, therefore, are we务必 a To draw conclusions of a speedy effect. Which, by my lord of Winchester, Shall be transported presently to Glo. And for the benefit of my master, I have informed his highness so at A—liking of the lady’s virtuous Her beauty, and the value of her life she doth esteem she shall be happy. K. Hen. In argument and in matter, Bear her this jewel, [To the Ambassadors] affectation.

And so, my lord protector, see the And safely brought to Dover; who Commit them to the care of the Queen [Exeunt King Henry, and TheExeter, and Ambassadors. Exeunt.]

SCENE II. France. Palace.

Enter CHARLES, BOSWORTH, KAREL, and JESSE.
Char. These news, my lords, are drooping spirits; 'Tis said, the stout Parisian dey And turn again unto the warlike Hain. Then march to Paris, upon France, And keep not back your powers to Peace. Peace be amongst them, if us; Else, ruin combat with their pale ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant And happiness to his accomplished Char. What tidings send us so they speak. Mess. The English army, that into two parts, is now conjoint’d And means to give you battle yet Char. Somewhat too sudden, being it; But we will presently provide for Hain. Trust, the ghost of Talbot, now he is gone, my lords; you now Puc. Of all base passions, fear cur’d. Command the conquest, Charles; thine; Let Henry fret, and all the world Char. Then on, my lords; As fortunate!}

SCENE III. The same. Before Aix-la-Chapelle. Enter La Puc. The recent conquerors, and men By.— Now help, ye charming spelea and ye choice spirits that adorns And give me signs of future acci Speedy helpers, that are about Under the lordly monarch of the t Audrey; and me in this enterp
Enter Friends.

& appearance argues proof
at diligence to me,
ifignty, that are can't
ful regions under earth,
or, that France may get the field,
They talk about, and speak not
with silence ever long:
not to feed you with my blood,
or, and give it you,
which benefit
excuse to help me now.—
They hung their heads
refracts?—My body shall
if you will grant my suit.
They shew their heads
nor blood service,
no word to have assurance?
my body, soul, and all,
and give the French the full.
They depart
me. Now the time is come,
late, and the plainest crest,
I fall into England's lap,
stations are too weak,
for me to be reckibed with:
y glory droppeth to the dust.

French and English fishing
of York, right hand to hand.
Let us. The French say,
at France, I think I have you
rite now with spelling charms,
so gain you liberty so my fancy may be satisfied,
and peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in bunt too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside. Mar. Hear ye, captain! Are you not at leisure?
Suff. It shall be so; disdain they me not so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield,—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthral'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
[Aside. Suff. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say,
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rec'd by the French;
And then I will not crave her favour. [Aside. Suff. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush: women have been captive ere now.
[Aside. Suff. Lady, therefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but good for you.
Suff. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility:
For princes should be free.
And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suff. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen.
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condense to be my—
What?
Suff. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suff. No, gentle madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suff. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth!
FIRST PART

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll feave a pairey to confer with him. —
[Troops come forward.

A Pauley wounded. Enter Rowner, on the Walls.
S:pf. Sce, Regnar, see, thy daughter prisoner,
Reig. To whom!
S:pf. To me.
[Enter Suffolk, what remedy I
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to enquire fortune's sickness.
S:pf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent (and, for thy honour, give consent),
This matter may be thus resolved:
Whom I with pain have wou'd and won thereto;
And thus have I, my noble prisoner
Hath given the daughter prisoner liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Fair Margaret, thou
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or reign.
S:pf. Upon thy prynce's warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just desit, if so be,
Ent, from the Walls.

S:pf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter Rowner, below.
Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour please.
S:pf. This is, Regnar, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost direct to wou her little worth,
To be the pryncely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quiet,
Enjoy mission, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war.
My daughter shall be Hugh's, if he please.
S:pf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give her hand for sign of pledged faith,
S:pf. Regnar of. France, I give thee kinily
Because this is in traffick of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be my own attorney in this case. [Aside.
I'll over then to England with this news;
And make this marriage to be solemnized;
So, farewell, Regnar! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.
S:pf. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

[Exit Rowner and Margaret.
S:pf. O, were thou for myself! — But Suffolk,
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaur's, and wry treasons, lurk.
Sojourn, Henry with her wondrous praise;
Both thee on her virtues that surround,
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the ear?
That, when thou com'st to lament him,
Thou mayst't bereave him of his own self.

[Enter Yorke, Warwicke, and Others.
Yorke. Bring forth that somewhat, and to burn.

[Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Skyp. Ah, Joan! this kills my batty outright!
I have sought every country to me;
And, now is it my chance to be here? Must I behold thy death here? Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan! Fie, thee
Peck. Death! speech mis! base brute,
I am descended of a gentler breed;
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.
S:pf. O, ye who burn the body, look:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

[Exeunt.

Pac. Peasant, enquire! — You hear this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble blood.
S:pf. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the
The moment that I was waded to her
I sank down and take my blessing, and
Will thou not stoop? Now cursed be the
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou wast
Had been a little ratbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my books,
I wish some ravenous wolf had
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed one?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is not

York. Take her away, for the hafth

To fill the world with vicious gifts.

Pac. First, let me tell you whom you condemn'd:
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issid from the progeny of kings:
Your judgment straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of God;
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc said
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously
Will cry for vengeance at the ears of
Yorke. Ah, and hast ye, airs; because she
Dare she have no guata, let there be enough.
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal
That so her torture may be shortened.

[Exeunt.}
Then Joan, discover thin infamy;
That warrant'st by law to be thy grant
I am with child, ye bloody homicides!
KING HENRY VI.

Thus shall be placed as victor over him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Yea, shall be thou as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a corone;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Rest not priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and unreasonable.
Char. I' th' name, though, already, that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallican territories,
And therein reverend for their lawful king;
Shall I, for love of the rest unwanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be but victor of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more.
Be cast of impossibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means,
Used intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Standst thou afoot upon controversy?
Either accept the title thou demand'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert.
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Rex. My lord, you do not mean my destiny
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

York. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from so much massacre,
And endless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore make this comparnce of arms,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

Rex. War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our
condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garisons.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to dissolve,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England.
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England;
[Camelot, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.]
So, now disarm your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK,
GLOSTER, and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description noble Earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, grace with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as vigour in tempestuous gales
Provokes the mightiest wind against the tide;
So am I driven, by break of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suff. Trust: my good lord! this superfluous tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief and substance of that lovely dame
(Hast I sufficient skill to utter them),
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dullest heart.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full reproach with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honor Henry as her lord.
K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ever press
Therefore, any lord protector, give command
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So shall I give you your desire to know,
You know, my lord, your highness hath assent'd

P 2
Such fierce alarms both of her
take, therefore, shipping: pr

France:

Agree to any covenants: and
That Lady Margaret do venture
To cross the seas to England, a
King Henry's faithful and but
For your expenses and suffer
Among the people gather up a
Be gone, I say: for, till you do
I cast perplexed with a thought;
And you, good uncle, blessed be.
If you do secure me by what
Not what you are, I know it is
This sudden execution of my
And so conduct me, where fore
I may revolve and ruminate in
Gib. Ay, grief, I bear me, but
[Exeunt Gloucester, France,

Suff. Thus Suffolk hath prevened
As did the youthful Paris once
With hope to find the like event:
But prosper better than the Typh
Margaret shall now be queen, a
But I will rule both her, the k

O gib. And so the earl of Armagnac may do.
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower;
While Regnier sooner will receive than give.
Suff. A dower my lords! disgrace not so your
king,
That he should be so object, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.
For what is welllook forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringseth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a
king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
K. BLOINDY, Bishop of Winchester, great
of the King.
PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
PRINCE RICHARD, his Son.
SIR SKEVY, of Soper, of Beaufort, of Buckingham,
CLIFORD, Clifford, his Son.
SIR NALL, of Normanby, Sir W. Suckmire.
SIR JOHN, Governor of the Tower, Lord Say.
SIR ROBERT STAFFORD, and his Brother.
THE STANLEYS.
CAJETAN, Master, and Master's Mate, and
W. WHITEHURST,
ailleham, Primper and Suffolk.

ACT I.

LONDON. A Room in the State.

A Herald, Vaux.
HUME AND SOUTHWELL, two Priests.
ROLLINGBOURNE, a Conqueror.
SAMUEL, a Man.
Clerk of Charlemai, Mayor of St. Albans.
SIR THOMAS, a Yeoman, Two Murderers.
ALEXANDER IDE, a Kentish Gentleman.
MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELIZABETH, Duchess of Gloster.
MARGAREY JOURDAIN, a French Wife of Simpson.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners,
Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers.
Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE.—Dispersed in various parts of England.

The happiest gift that ever marquesse gave, The fairest queen that ever king received. K. Hen. Suffolk, Wife.—Welcome, Queen Margaret! I can express no kinder sign of love, Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life, Lead me a heart repite with thankfulness! For this had given me, in this beauteous face, A world of carthy blessings to my soul, If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. G. Mor. Great king of England, and my gracious lord; The mutual confidence that my mind hath had— By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams; To costly company, or at my head, — With you mine utter-lisest sovereign, Makes me the bolder to salute my king With tender terms; such as my wit affords, And overjoy of heart doth minister. K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech. Her words sald with wisdom's majesty, Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys; Such is the fulness of my heart's content.— Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love. All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!
SECOND PART OF

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.

Buck. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace.

Between our sovereign and the French king Charles
For eighteen months concluded by consent.
No more than thirty, it is agreed between
The French king, Charles, and William de la Pole,
marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of
How shall the king shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto King Henry of

Suffolk, Margaret, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirteenth of May next ensuing,

item. That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father.

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Pardon me, gracious lord,
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And all these mien eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

We have further agreed between them, that the dukeships of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having charge.

We now seek it well. Lord marquesse, kneel down;
We are the first duke of Suffolk, and greet thee with the sword.

Consp of York, we here discharge thy grace from the dukeships in the parts of France.
That term of eighteen months be full expir'd.

This is the pleasure of my lord the queen. Come, let us in; and with all speed provide to see her condition be performed.

[State of King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Gib. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
To you, grief, the common grief of all the land.
What is the loss of my brother Henry spent his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Doth he so soon lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To dispute France with his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford to his vital
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Dacre, York, Suffolk, and wealthy Warwick,
Fix'd your deep desires in France and Normandy?
Or hath my uncle Beaumont, and myself,
With all the learned counsel of the realm,
Studied so long, set in the council-house, Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours,
Be such the conquests, Bedfo'd's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
Of peers of England, shameful is this league!
Estal this marriage, cancelling your fame:
Bistominour names from books of memory:
Raising the characters of your renown:
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
Lamentations, as if all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate
This peroration with such circumstances?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
K. Hen. As they are, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that ruleth the roost,
Gave the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reginald, whose
Greeves meet with the hammer of Old Sam.
Now, by the death of him that
These countries were the keys of but
What therefore weepst Warkwith, my
War, for grief, that they are put.
I am too wise! My sword should never bend to

Anjou and Maine? mine self did win:
Those provinces these arms of mine,
And are the cities, that I got with
Delivered up again with peace in

'Mort Dux!'

The duchy of Anjou's—may be! That
Dim the honour of this world France should have torn and rent:
But it doth presage that both our

Gib. A proper jest, and never but
Suffolk's duchies, that I do offer you.
For costs and charges in transport
She should have staid in France, and

Before,

Car. My lord of Gloucester, now young
It was the pleasure of my lord the
My lord of Winchester, I pray,
'Tis not my speeches that you do;
But 'tis my presence that doth our

Rance will out: Proud prince, I see thy fury; if I longer stay,
I shall begin our ancient bitter

Loudings, far and wide; and, what I predicted—France will be lost.

Car. So, there goes our protest
'Tis known to you he is mine own
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me.
Consider, lords, he is the next of
And he is as equal to the English:
Had Henry got an empire by his
And all the wealthy kingdoms of
There's reason he should be drest
Look, lords; let not his name
Bewitch your hearts; be wise,
What though the common people
Calling him—Humphrey the good

Upping their hands, and crying voices:
In on maintain your royal excellence!

With—dread present the good duke;
If I fear me, lords, for all this bicker
He will be found a dangerous pre

Duck. Why should he be then yet rejoin;
He being of age to govern him
Cousin of Somerset, join you will
And all together—with the duke;
We'll quickly house Duke Humphrey

Car. This weighty business doth

I'll to the duke of Suffolk present
Som. Cousin of Buckingham, phrye's pride,
And greatness of his place be
Grieve our master not, and let us watch his
His insolence is more intolerable
Than Shakespeare's in the land,
If Gib. Is Humphrey displac'd, he'll be

Duck. Or thou, or, Somerset
D, D'right Duke Humphry, or the

Somerset tucket,

You bed, with! Bed, with! And...

Sal. Writ'st we face before, ambassio
KING HENRY VI

To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear bought queen.
And Humphrey with the peers he fully at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
Whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster.
And, force perfurc, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath poll'd fair England down.

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of Gloucester's House.

Enter Gloucester and the Duchess.

Duke. Why drop'st thou my lord, like over-ripe'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plebeious load?
Why dost thou grace the great Duke with thy brows?
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are those eyes fixed on the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seems thou there? King Henry's counsellor,
Enchanted with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grove on thy face,
Untill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What? Is't not short? I'll weigh it with mine;
And having both together, hearken it up.
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abuse our sight so low.
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Neil, sweet Neil, If thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the坎ker of ambitious thoughts:
And move thy thoughts, when I imagine
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublesome dream this night doth make me sad.

Duck. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this stuff, thou'rt office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal.
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somer-set,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk. This way my dream, what it doth betide, God knows.

Duck. Tur, this was nothing but in argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Glouster's grove,
Shall lose his head for the presumption.
But let us, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of Majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to
me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-right:
Presumptuous duke, illorest Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm?
And the protector's wife, below'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure?
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering perfurc?
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace for ever?
Away from me, and let me live in peace.

Duck. What, what, my lord? are you so choleric?

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream!
SECOND PART OF

Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be angry; I am pleased again.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'is his highness?

You do wrong to ride into Saint Albans,
For what, the king and queen do not go to hawk.

Glo. Come, Nell; then will ride with me.

Duck. Yet, under lord, I'll follow presently.

Enter Gloster and Messenger.

Follow me; I cannot go before.
While Gloster bear this base and humble mind,
Therefore, man, a joke, and next of blood,
Would be great solace to tedious stumbling blocks.
And since you are not bound, you shall go where you.
And, being woman, I will not be slack
To plie my part in fortune's pageant.

Where are your warders? Sir John! say, fear not.
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Does your grace preserve our royal majesty!

Duck. What stay's thy bow, majesty? I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duck. What stay's thy bow, man; hast thou as yet conferred
With Margaret Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Balingbrooke, the conjurer?

Hume. If this they have promised,—to show thy
highness
A spirit raised from depth of under ground,
That shall make —
Ask by your grace shall be professed him

Duck. It is enough; I'll think upon the question.

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effectual to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,
man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exeunt Duck and Hume.

Enter John.

John. Hume must make merry with the

Hume. Sir John, by the grace of God, I'll
Say up thy lips, and give no words but—man!
The business asketh allent secret for
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have gold, flies from another coast.
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
And from the great and mine, the duchess of Suff

Yet I do find it so; for—be plain.
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring heart,
Have hired him to undermine the duchess,
And to be conjuration in her brain.
They say, a racy knave she needs need:—
Yet I at Suffolk in his head, and
Hume. He will not go near, you shall go near.
To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear at last,
How gloomy shall be the duchess' week;
And her attire will be. Humphrey's full
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

SCENE III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, and Others, with Petitions.

Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord
protecor will come this way by and by, and then
we may deliver our applications in the quill.

Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's
a good man! Jesus bless him!

Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, with him: I'll be the first, now.

Pet. Come, back, and this Suffolk, and not my lord protect

Suff. How now, fellow! who with me?

Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the supper

Pet. My wife too! What's your name?

Q. Mar. Why's your name?

Pet. My name is,

Q. Mar. What is your name?

Pet. Your name is Peter. That was my master's name, my master said.

Pet. I was up amongst Suff. Who is she there? Is there
this fellow in, and send for his present: we'll meet
matter before the king.

[Exeunt Suff. and Pet.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that

Under the wings of our protector
Begin your suits anew and see
Away have equity! Suffolk,

Q. Mar. Come, let's be gone.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk,

Is this the fashion in the court?
Is this the government of Britain?
And this the power of Albion?
That, shall King Henry be a
Under the power of Gloster's
crown
And may not be his subject, I'll tell thee, Poole, when the
Then cannot sit in honour;
And stop away this nobleman.
I thought King Henry had run
In courage, constancy, and pride.
But all his mind is bent to do
To number Ave-Marias on his
His champions are—The people
His weapons, holy saw of unarmed
The study is his art, and,
Braver images of canons
would, the college of cardinals
Don't choose the pope, and
cus, and a
Apostle the crown upon
But were still set for his fit for his
Suff., Mar, be patient; as
Your highness came to England,
England works, our grace's
Q. Mar. Beside the hang't
Beanfort
The infant churchman; Sc
ham
And grabbing York, and not
But can do more in England.
Suff., And he of these, that
Cannot do more was right well.
Suff. and Salisbury and Warwick are no
Q. Mar. Not all these lords—now,

[Exeunt.
KING HENRY VI.

Give me my fun: What mignon! can you not!
[Gives the Duchess a belt on the ear.
I cry you mercy, madam! I was proud Frenchwoman.
[She covers her mouth with her hand.
Could I come near your beauty with my bristles,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
A. Had I meet aunt, be quiet; I was against her will.
Duck. Against her will? Good king, look not in time.
[She'll humper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though the place most meet master wear no breeches.
She shall not strike none Eleanor unreveed.
Yet the Duke Humphrey.
Duck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor.
And in time after Humphrey, king of France.
She's tickled now; her farm can need no spurs.
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[Exit Humphrey in dissension.

Duck. These last complaints
For his benefit:
I'll demand him in as much,
I'll steer the happy helms.
York, and Somerset, com.
Duke and Dukes of Gloster, Buckingham, Salisbury.
part, noble lords, I dare not
ok, all's one to me.
I'll demand himself in as much
they're the regency,
the worth of the place,
I will yield to him.
Our grace be worthy, yes, or
York is the worthier.
We'll pick, let thy better
'tis not my better in the field;
'tis grace are thy better.
My live to be the best of all,
—and show some reason,
'd be preferred in this.
the king, forsooth, will have
is old enough himself
're these are no women
old enough, what needs your
his excellence?
in protector of the realm;
'tis to the westward, where
and leave thine insolence.
(who is king but thou?)
'tis daily run to wreck,
's calm beyond the seas;
's any realm men to thy sovereignty,
this lion rack'd; the
with thy extravagances,
're these buildings, and thy wife's
if publick treasury.
'ty in execution,
d exceed law,
's the law.
'ty of officers, and towns in
's the suspect is great,
'mickle hop without thy head.

2. The Queen dries her Tear.
SECOND

PART OF

K. Ham. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Gol. A doom, my lord, if I may judge.

Let Somerset be regent over the French, Because in York this breeches suspicion; And let these have a day appointed them For single combat in convenient place; For he is both witness of his servant’s inline: This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey’s doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset, We make your grace lord regent over the French. Somerset, be you and your royal majesty, Her. And I accept the combat willingly.

Per. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God’s sake, if you will, let me choose my case! The spite of man prevails against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow; O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Brrah, or you must fight, or else be hang’d.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and the king, And done! Of combat shall be the last of the next month.— Come, Somerset, we’ll see thee sent away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloucester’s Garden.

Enter MARGARET JORJIDIAN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our excursions.

Hume. Ay; What else? fear not her censure.

Boling. I have heard her report to be of a woman an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God’s name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jorjidian, be you grave, and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Boling. [Aside.]

[Exeunt Gower, above.

Duck. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this glee; the sober the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, The time, when for we trust we shall see. And when the moon, you tell yourself: And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves.

That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise, We will make fast within a hollow’d verge. [Here they perform the Ceremonies appurtenant, and make the Circle; BOLINGBROKE, or BOLINGBROOK, reads, Conjuro te, &c.; It thunders and lightens terribly, then the Spirit rises.

Spir. Adsum.

Af. Jorj. Asmuth, By the eternal God, whose name and power Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask; For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said.

Boling. First, of the king. What shall he of him become?

Spir. The deed yet lives, that Henry shall depose; But him outlive, and die a violent death. [As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
KING HENRY VI.

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 flew above the rest—
 his creatures works;
 so fair of climbing high,
 it like your majesty,
 sways do tower so well;
 we lovers be so mist;
 above his falcon's pitch.
 at a base ignoble mind;
 than a bird can soar;
 much; he'd be above
 cardinal; how think you
 grace could fly to heaven
 of everlastings joy;
 on earth; thine eyes and
 treasure of thy heart;
 dangerous peer;
 skating and commonwealth!
 is your patishood grown to
 say you do it?
 no more than well be
 do so had a peer.
 Why, as you, my lord;
 lord protectorate.
 England knows thine in
 ambition, Gloster.
 I pray thee, peace,
 that not on these furious
 excursions on earth,
 collector with my sword
 noble, would, 'twere come.
 [Aside to the Cardinal.]
 then dar' st.
 [Aside.]
 factions numbers for the
 answer thy abuse. [Aside.
 on dar' st not peep: an if
 east side of the grove.
 [Aside.]
 my lords! I
 allow, me, cousin Gloster;
 up the fowl so suddenly
 Come with thy work.
 [Aside to Glo.]
 held—
 the east side of the
 with you. [Aside.
 how now, uncle Gloster;
 seeking; nothing else, my
 rest, gentle, I'll share your
 well. [Aside.
 do grow high; so do your
 mustick to my heart!
, what hope of harmony?
 me compound this strife.
 of Saint Albans, crying,
 Miracle!
 his soul?
 a don't thou proclaim?
 a miracle?
 a king, and tell him what
 Inshall, Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Albans’s
 shrine.
 Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
 A man, that ne'er saw in his life before,
 K. Hen. Now, God be praised! that to
 believing souls
 Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
 Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Bre
 them, both bowing low Pray, in a Chair; his Wife, and a great multitude follow
 ing.
 Car. Here come the townsmen on procession.
 To present your highness with the mire.
 K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly
 vale.
 Although by his sight his sin be multiplied,
 Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near
 the king.
 His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
 K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circum
 stance,
 That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
 What, hast thou been long blind, and now re
 store'd?
 Simp. Born blind, 'tis pleasure your grace.
 Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
 Sopi. What woman is this?
 Hie. His wife, is not like your worship.
 Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldn't
 have better told.
 K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
 Simp. At Berwick in the North, 'tis your grace.
 K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath
 been great to thee:
 Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.
 Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, canst thou
 here by chance,
 Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
 Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being
call'd
 A hundred times; and, oftner, in my sleep
 By good Saint Alban; who said—
 Simp. Simp. Simp. Come; Come, after at my shrine, and I will help thee.
 Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time
 and oft.
 Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
 Wife. What, art thou lame?
 Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
 Wife. How can'st thou so?
 Simp. A fall off of a tree.
 Wife. A plum-tree, master.
 Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
 Simp. O, been so, master.
 Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
 Wife. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
 Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very
 dear.
 Glo. 'Mass, thou lovdst plains well; that wouldst venture so.
 Wife. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd
 some damns.
 And made me climb, with danger of my life.
 Glo. A witty knife! but yet it shall not serve.
 Let me see thine eyes—wink now—now open
 them—
 In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
 Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank
 God, and Saint Alban.
 Glo. Seest thou me so? what colour is this
 cloak off.
 Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
 Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my
 gown off.
 Glo. Black, forsooth; cost-black, as jet.
 K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour
 Jet is off.
 Wife. And yet; I think, jet did he never see.
 Q. Q.
FIRST PART OF

And, madam, at your father's costly walls
We'll ear a parley to confer with him.  [Trumpets come forward.

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reignier. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reignier. What remedy? I am a soldier, and sneed to wear.

Suf. Or to extail on fortune's sickness.

Reignier. Yes. There is remedy enough, my lord; Consent (and, for thy honour, give consent).

Suf. Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Reignier. When pain have woe'd and won there's,

And this her easy-held imprisonment Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Suf. Mar. Yes, Reignier, as well as all the suffolk as he thinks.

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,

Reignier. Suffolk doth not faster, news, or felts.

Suf. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend, To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exeunt, from the Walls.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reignier. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories; Come, show me what your honour pleased.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child.

Suf. To be made companion with a king:

Reignier. What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Suf. Since thou dost Drug to woe her little

Reignier. To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Suf. I'll return to England with this news.

Reignier. And make this marriage to solemnize;

Suf. Farewell, Reignier! I see this diamond safe

Reignier. Is that a ransom, I deliver her;

Suf. We shall undertake,

Reignier. Thy grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reignier. And I again, in Henry's royal name,

Suf. As deputy unto that gracious king.

Reignier. Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reighnir, we are your grace's happy friends;

Reignier. Because this is the traffic of a king:

Suf. And yet, methinks, I could be well content

Reignier. To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.

Suf. I'll learn to two English with this new.

Reignier. And make this marriage to solemnize;

Suf. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise,

Reignier. The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Suf. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise.

Reignier. Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you;

Reignier. She, the maid's reward.

Suf. No princely commendations to my king?

Reignier. Such commendations as become a maid,

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly dis

Reignier. But madam, I must trouble you again—

Suf. No loving token to his majesty?

Reignier. Never yet tint with love, I send the king.

Suf. Such as they.

Reignier. That for thyself—[Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself—[I will not so prehense,

Reignier. To send such preeish tokens to a king.

Reignier. Sof. O, went thou for myself?—But, Suffolk,

Suf. Then may'st not wander in that labyrinth;

Suf. Thee with her virtues that exalt thy heart;

Reignier. What natural grace that exaltst his art;

Reignier. That when then conveniently.

Suf. Those may'st be hormones his discover.

SCENE IV. Camp of the French.

Enter Yorick, Wartain, and

Yorick. Being forth then saw a

Reignier. But I the first to

Suf. I have a caught every corner for

Reignier. Wartain, I beseech thee, see that

Suf. Ah, Joan! this little

Reignier. Thou art no father, nor can art.

Yorick. Thou saidst it as ever.

Reignier. My lord, then

Suf. I did begot her, all the particulars:

Suf. Thy mother gave thee, when the

Suf. God knows, thou art a christen

Yorick. That, foolishly, thou hast been

Suf. Wicked and vile; and as her did

Suf. Pec. Poor, poor, poor, poor, poor, poor,

Suf. Feasant, avassar—Yea, this

Suf. Of purpose to obscure my noble

Suf. Theor. 'Tis true, I gave a noble:

Suf. The orner that I was wedded to:

Suf. I kneel down and take my blessing;

Suf. Now curse of thy natal! I would the

Suf. Thy mother gave thee, when the

Suf. Had been a little database for

Suf. Or else, when thou didst keep me

Suf. I wish some ravenous wolf

Suf. Dost thou deny thy father, coward,

Suf. O, burn her, burn her; hanging!

Yorick. Take her away, for the

Suf. To fill the world with vicious

Suf. Pec. First, let me tell you of

Suf. Not one bit of a shepherd:

Suf. But issue'd from the progeny of

Suf. Virtuous, and holy; chosen from;

Suf. By inspiration of celestial grace;

Suf. To work exceeding miracles on

Suf. I never had to do with wicked;

Suf. That are polluted with;

Suf. With the guileless blood:

Suf. Corrupt and tainted with a

Suf. Because you want the grace that;

Suf. If you judge it straight a thing

Suf. To compass wonders, but by no,

Suf. Joan of Arc; a

Suf. A virgin from her tender infancy;

Suf. And in every

Suf. Whose maiden blood, thus vigil;

Suf. Will cry for vengeance at the

Suf. Ay, ay—away with her;

Suf. There be;

Suf. Place barrels of pitch upon the

Suf. That so her torture may be short.

Pec. Will nothing turn you;

Suf. Then Joan, discover thine

Suf. That warranteth by law to be the

Suf. I am with child, ye bloody heart.
H爱你, Aeneas! I shall see you again, and perhaps come to you, but you must not suppose that I shall do so under the same conditions as now. I have altered.
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance. 
Glo. And so the rev of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kin upon my side. 
     Else, beside his wealth doth warrant liberal 
     dowry:  
While Religion sooner will receive than give. 
     Supp. A dowry my lord's disgrace not so your 
     king.
That he should be so object, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love,  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:  
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects.  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:  
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
It most of all these reasons blindeth us,  
In our opinions she should be preferred,  
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary brings forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a 
king.
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
I cannot tell; but this I am sure,  
I feel such sharp dimension in  
Such force alarming both of you,  
As I am sick with working of a 
 TAKE, therefore, shipping: po 
France;  
Agree to any covenants: and pr  
That Lady Margaret do vouch  
To cross the seas to England, as  
King Henry's faithful and most  
For your expenses and suffices.  
Among the people gather up a Be gone, I say; for, till you do  
I rest perplexed with a thousand  
And you, good uncle, banish all  
If you do return me what I want  
Not what you are, I know it so.  
This sudden execution of my will  
And so conduct me, where fear  
I may revolve and raminate m  
Glo. ay, grief, I fear'ss, both;  
[Exeunt Glo. 
     Supp. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed.  
As did the youthful Paris once:  
With hope to find the like even  
But proper better than the Titu  
Margaret shall now be queen, as  
But I will rule both her, the k
SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Herald. VAUX.
HUME and SOUTHWELL, two Priests.
BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror. A Spirit raised by him.
THOMAS HORNSE, an Armourer. PEREY, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPSON, an Imposter. Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, a Rebel.
GEORGE, JOHN, DEAN, SMITH the Weaver, MICHAEL, 
and his Fellows.
ALEXANDER DEN, a Kentish Gentleman.
MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.
MARGARET JOURDAN, a Witch. Wife to Simpson.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners,
Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriffs, and Officers;
Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers,
Messengers, &c.

Scene.—Dispersedly in various parts of England.

ACT I.

Scene 1. A Room in State in the Palace.

K. Hen. Awaive, Queen Margaret; I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beautiful face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
In sympathy of love unite one thought.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord:
The maternal conference that my mind hath had—
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
In courtly company, or at my head—
With you mine eldest brother sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With tender terms; such as my wit affords,
And ever joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace
In speech,
Her words exalted wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love,
Alas, Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!
SECOND PART OF

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace,

Between our sovereign and the French king.

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [Reads.] Supprinz. It is agreed between

The French king, Charles, and William de la Poole,

marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king

of England; the said Henry shall employ the

Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reginald king of

Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen

of England, by the thirteenth of May next ensuing.

Item. That the duchy of Anjou and the county of

Bretagne shall be released and delivered to the king

her father.

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,

And daimned me issue, that I can read no

further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

I and the king, further agreed between them,—

That the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released

and delivered over to the king her father; and she

sent over of the king of England’s own proper rents

and charges, without having dower.

Glo. Then, as please us well.—Lord marques,

knew down;

We here create thce the first duke of Suffolk,

And girt thee with the sword.

Counsell of York, we here discharge thy grace

From being regent in the parts of France,

Till term of eighteen months be full expir’d.

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and

Buckingham.

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,

In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide

To have her constellations performed.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the

state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

And, to his heart, the common grief of all the land.

What? did my brother Henry spend his youth,

His valour, root, and policy, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter’s cold, and summer’s parching heat,

To serve his country, and his true inheritance?

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

To keep by policy what Henry got?

Our young princes, Somerset, Buckingham,

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Here, we have seen years in France and Normandy;

O, hath my uncle Beaumont, and myself,

With all the learned counsell of the realm,

Studied so long, set in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro

How these and Franchmen might be kept in awe

And hath his higher in his infancy

Been crown’d in Paris, in despite of foes?

And shall these labours, and these honours,

Shall Henry’s conquest, Bedford’s vigilance,

Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?

Of pieces of England, shameful is this league!

Find this marriage, cancelling your fame

Blotting your names from books of memory:

Raising the characters of your renown;

Defacing monuments of conquer’d France;

Gone, as all their labours had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate

discourse?

This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, ’tis ours; and we will keep it still.

We will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should;

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roost,

Has given the dukish of Anjou and Maine

Unto the poor king Reginald, who

Agree not with the lessons of the sea.

Now, by the death of the

These counties were the keys of

But whose—

War, for grief, that they are

For, were there hope to compass

My sword should shed hot blood, I

tear.

Anjou and Maine I myself did w

Those provinces these arms of mine

And are the cities, that I got will

Deliver’d up again with peace;

Mort D’E.

York, for Sulfoit’s sake—may

That dins the honour of this and

France should have torn and rent.

Before I would have yielded it

I never read but England’s kings

Large sums of gold, and down

France had not the

Glo. A proper jest, and never will

That Suffolk should demand a

For coster but large in trial be

She should have said in France,

France, before.

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you

It was the pleasure o’ my lord,

Glo. My lord of Winchester,

’Tis not my speech that you do,

But ’tis my presence that doth

Rancour will out.

Poor plegue I

I weep thus; if I linger stay,

We shall begin our ancient bond

Lording, farcewell; and say, wha

I prophesied—France will be lost.

Car. So, there goes our protect

’Tis known to you he is mine or

Nay, more, an enemy unto you,

And no great friend, I fear me;

Consider, lords, he is the next a

And heir apparent to the English

Had Henry got an empire by his

And all the wealthy kingdoms o

There’s reason he should be din

Look to it, lest he lose his

Bewitch your hearts; be wise, as

What though the common people

Calling—he sees the good

Clapping their hands, and cry

What mean your royal excellencies

With-God preserve the good

I fear me, lords, for all this flx

He will be found a dangerous

Duck. Why should he then pr

reign.

He being of age to govern of hi

Consort of Somerset, help you in

And all together—with the duk

We’ll quickly hove Duke Hum

Car. This weighty business

I’ll to the duke of Suffolk pree

Some, Consort of Buckingham

phrey’s pride,

And greatness of his place be

Nor let us catch the light by ca

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land.

If Gloster be displac’d,

But, or thou, or, I, Somer

Dwright Duke Humphrey, or t

[Exeunt Buckingham,

Sol, Why was before, ambiti
KING HENRY VI.

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eir own preoplent, for the realm,
ey duke of oloster
de gentleman,
ey cardinal—
a man of the church,he were lord of all—
d be, or be
monnoonal;
comfort of his age,shutting house-keeping,
rows of the commons,
nd Duke Humphrey—
acts in Ireland,
and discipline:
in the heart of France,
for our sovereignty,
and honour'd, of the
publick good;
and supposes
the cardinal,
shingham's ambition;
dish Duke Humphrey's
of the land.
arrick, as he loves the
his country
or, for he hath greatest
haste away, and look
O father, I have lost;
mind force Warwick did
long as breath did last:
meant; but I meant
France, or else be slain.
arrick and Sallustion
have been to the
of Normandy,
now they are gone;
Henry was well pleased,
tours for a duke's fair
it; What is't to them?
and not their own,
gainwythesworth of their
and give to courteous,
all be gone:
ese of the goods,
trumblin' and stanssd,abroad,
out touch his own
rest, and take his tongue,
chand'd for, and sold,
England, France, and
my flesh and blood,
iches burn'd,
of Calydon,
given unto the French:
ial hope of France;
e England's soil.
shall claim his own:
the Nevill's parts,
de to proud Duke Hum-
charge, claim the crown,
ank I seek to hit:
her usurp my right,
his childish flat,
past his head,
out for not a crown,
chile, till time do serve:
when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, mourning in joys of love,
With his new bride, and Englad's dear bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jure:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grasp the crown of the house of Lancaster,
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown, Whose boohish rule hath pull'd our England down.


text.

SCENE II. The same.

A Room in the Duke of Gloucester's House.

Enter Gloucester and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droost thou my lord, like over-cipen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Core's pleasan't load?
Why dost thou the great Duke Humphrey kneel
his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What secret thou there? King Henry's malady,
Encha'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circle'd with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold—
What, 'tis too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more aspire our sight so low,
As to convey as one glance unto the ground.

O Neil, sweet Neil, if then dost love thy
lord,
Shanish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine it
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my fast breathing in this mortal world!
My troubnow's dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge
in court,
Was broc in twain, by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of So-

torin,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream, what it doth bet, God
knows.

Duch. Tis, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But last to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to
me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-

Presumptuous dams, ill nursing Eleanor! Art thou not second woman in the realm?
And the protector's wife, below'd of him
But thou art not worldlyly at all:
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself.
From top of honour to disgrace's seat?
A way from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord? are you so chol-
erick
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream!
SECOND PART OF

Next time, I'll keep my dreams upon myself, And not be check'd.

Ges. Why, say no more, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highest pleasure, You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans, Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Ges. I pr'ythee, Nell, then, will ride with us! I dast. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently. [Exit Gesund and Messenger.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. How now! where is your majesty?

Ges. Where are you? thence is mine, I fear not, man.

We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.


Ges. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

You shall see your title shall be multiplied.

Dast. What say'st thou, man? hast thou seen yet confer'd?

With Margery Jourdon, the canning witch; And Roger Hollingsbroke, the confessor; And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness A spirit raised from depth of under ground, That shall make answer to such questions, As for your grace shall be propounded him. Dast. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Saint Albans we do make return, We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, With thy confidantes in this weighty cause.

Enter Duchess.

Duchess. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold. Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but—man!— The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch; Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. Yet have I gold, flies from another coast; I dare not say, from the rich cardinal, And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk.

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain, They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour, Have hired me to undermine the duchess, And bus these conjunctions in her brain. They say, a crafty knave does need no broker; Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near To call them both—pair of crafty knaves. Well, so it stands: And thus I, fear at last, Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck; And her attainde will be Humphrey's fall; Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

Scene III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, and Others, with Petitions.

1 Pet. My master, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! I Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen Mary.

1 Pet. Here's a comes, methinks, with him: I'll be the first, sure. 2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is Suffolk, and not my lord protector. Suff. How now, fellow, talk not with me.

1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mary. [Reading the superscription of the petitions] are your supplications sufficient? Let me see them: What's that? 1 Pet. Mine, sir, I at your grace's service. What's that here? For the duke of Suffolk and the Suffolk, How now, sir, know he.

2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor fellow and a college servant. Peter. [Presenting his petition] master, Thomas Horner, for the ducal Grace of York was rightful heir to the throne. Q. Mary. What say'st thou, sir? Did York say, he? I do beg leave to say, I am a servant. Suff. Who is there? [Enters this fellow in, and send for him for a servant promptly presented]—we'll hear no more.

Eleanor. [To Suffolk] Suff. Master, this master waste. Q. Mary. I say master, what? That he was, and that was an answer. Suff. Who is there? [Enters this fellow in, and send for him for a servant promptly presented]—we'll hear no more.

At the door, under the wings of our protector: Begin your suits anew, and see to it.

[Exit Away, base villains!—Suffolk, and Q. Mary. Let's be gone. [Exit Suff.] Q. Mary. My lord of Suffolk, 0 prince, Is this the fashion in the court? In this the government of Britain, and this the royalty of Albion's What, shall King Henry be a page? The early Suffolk's governor, Am I a queen in title and in style And must I be made a subject to I tell thee, a poore, when in the court, Thou canst not a hint in honour of And stopp'd away: I cannot think I thought King Henry had risen to courage, courtship, and peace All his mind is bent to boot. To number Actaeons on his back, His champions are—the prophet He his weapons, holy saws of peace This is his life-long, and his tribe of images of canonicall I would, the college of cardinals Would choose him to be king, so And set on the triple crown upon That were a state fit for his boll. Suff. And so be patient: as Your highness came to England In England work your grace's Q. Mary. Beside the haught preaches, The impious churchman, Son harn, And grumbling York; and not the But can do more in England suff. And be of these, that can Suff. Therefore, as you come, this is Suff. You shall not see a Satisfay and Warwick are no Q. Mary. Not at least these lords to such.
KING HENRY VI.

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GIVE me my fan: What, minion! can you not
Give the Duchess a box on the ear,
Yet I will you more, madam. Was it you?
Duck. Was it? yea, I it was, proud French
woman.
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
A. Hark, sweet aunt; be quiet; 'Twas against
her will.
Duck. Against her will? Good king, look in
Sometimes in this place most master wear incel-
incel.
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unawares.

Duck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And later from Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her base can need no spur,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

BEAUMONT GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being blown aloft,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commoners and others.
As for your sly, false objections,
Prove them, and I'll open to the law
But God in mercy so deal with my soul.
As I am duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand—
Sirs, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
Suff. Before we make election of the same,
To show some reason, no little force,
That York is most meet of all men.
York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am meetest,
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place.
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Duke of York's bands.
Last time, I dian'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was being'd, faithe'd, and lost.
War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suff. Peace, headstrong war. If not,
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my
peace?

Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in HORNER
and PETER.

Suff. Because here is a man seeming of treason,
Pray thee, the duke of York and Suffolk, Ford, Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me:
What are these?
Suff. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That deyke across his master of high treason:
His words were these—that Richard, duke of York,
Was right well belov'd unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.
K. Hen. Slay, man, were these his words?
Hor. Aye. Is he not? and my words were true?
K. Hen. Hor. And shall please your majesty, I never
said nor thought any such matter; God is my
witness; I am falsely accused by the truth.
Petr. By these ten bones, my lord,[holding up
his hand], he did speak them to me in the garret
one night; as we were courser my lord of York's
armour.
York. Base daffillul villain, and mechanical,
I'll have the head for this thy traitor's speech;
I do beseech your royal majesty, let
him have all the rigour of the law.
Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake
the word. My accuser is my privilege; and
when I did correct him for his fault the other
day, he did vow upon his knees he would be
evenged on me; I have great goodness of this;
therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast
away an honest man for a villain's accusation.
SECOND PART

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this law?  
Gis. This doon, my lord, if I may judge.  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French.  
Becauseth a York breeds suspicion:  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place:  
For he is a witness of his servant's malice.  
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's law.  

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,  
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.  
She shall take an oath to keep your royal majesty's  
Hon. And I accept the combat willingly.  
Fot. Also, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! I the spite of man prevalles against me.  
O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!  
Gis. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be done.  
K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and the  
Of combat shall be the last of the month.—  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.  

The same. The Duke of Gloucester's Garden.  
Enter MARGERY JOGREYN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,  
and BOLINGBROKE.  

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell  
you, expects performance of your promises.  
Bol. Master Hume, we are therefore provided:  
Will her ladyship behold and hear our  
executions?  
Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her cou-  
rage?  
Bol. I have heard her reported to be a woman  
of an invincible spirit: But it shall be  
convenient, master Hume, that you be by her  
aloof, while we be busy below; and so, I pray  
you, go in God's name, and leave us.  
[Exit Hume.  

Mother Jourdain, be you prompt;  
and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read  
you; and let us to our work.  

[Exeunt.  

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome  
all! To this gear; the sooner the better.  

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know  
their times:  
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of all, when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when serenchowi cry, and ban-dogs  
howl;  
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their  
graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hollow'd verge.  
[Here they perform the Ceremonies appurtenant,  
and make the Circle; BOLINGBROKE,  
and HUME, will read; Conjoyn to, &c.  
It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit  
revels.  

Spir. Atlast.  
M. Jourd. Asmuth,  
By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask:  
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from  
here.  

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said  
Boling. First, of the king. What shall he know?  
[Reading out of a paper.  
Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall  
depose;  
But him oflate, and die a violent death.  
As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the  
answer.  

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?  

Spir. By water shall he be drowned.  
What shall he know, he shall not know:  
Suffer shall be to upon the water  
Where anguish and confusion shall.  
Now, pray, my lord, I have done.  
Boling. Descend to the dunghill.  

False head, away!  
[Thunder and Lightning.  

Enter Yong, Sax, and Guards, and Oxford.  
York. Lay hands upon them both.  

Bol. Balmes, in, we wold not pass.  
What, madam, are you there? I'll  
commodified.  
Are deepely surrounded for this place.  
My lord, you are too late.  
See you well provided for the rising  
Duch. Not half so bad as this king.  

Injurious duke; that there's what  
Buck. Through darkness, we'll go, where  
you this!  
[Enter with them.  
Slackly enter.  
Some, madam.  

Sta. Stafford, take her there.  
[Exit Duchess.  
We'll see your trinkets here and all.  

[Exit Guards, with Sency.  
York. Lord Buckingham, we watch'd her well;  
A pretty plot, well chosen to hold  
what have we here!  
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall  
be deposed, and die a violent death.  

Why, this is just.  
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall  
be deposed; and die a violent death.  
Well, to the rest:  
Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of  
Rut, the king shall die, and take his end.  
If he shall despise the dukedom  
Let him shun castles;  
Safely he shall be upon the sandy plain  
Then where castles mount.  

Come, come, my lords;  
These oracles are hardly attain'd;  
And hardly understood.  
The king is now in progress toward  
With him the husband of this love  
Thither go these news, as fast  
carry them;  
A sorry breakfast for my lord yet.  
York. Your grace shall give a  

To be the post, in hope of his new  
York. Of your pleasure, my good  
within there, ho!  

Enter a Servant.  

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and  
To sup with me to-morrow night.  

SCENE I. Saint Alban.  

Enter King Henry, Queen MARGARET  
Cardinal, and Suffolk, withFalse  
Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for  
I saw not better sport these seven  
Yet, by your leaves, the wind was  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not  
K. Hen. But what a point, in  

Falcon made.
KING HENRY VI.

the flew above the rest:—
all his creatures works are
are tales of climbing high,
a hawk do stover so well;
master lover to be ahoof,
this above his hawk's pitch,
he has a base ignoble mind
other than a bird can soar.
so much; he'd be above the
of cardinal; how think you
our grace could fly to heaven?
story of everlasting joy?
he is on earth; thine eyes and
the treasure of thy heart;
or, dangerous peer;
with king and commonwealth,
form is your priesthood grown
without a
most noble, hide such ma-
van you do it?
air; nor more than well be-
and so had a peer.
y lord!
Why, as you, my lord;
my lord protectorship;
dk, England knows these in-
y ambition, Goster.
I cry thee, peace,
what not on these famous
peace-makers on earth,
blissful for the peace I make,
protector with my sword!
y uncle, 'would, 'were come
[Aside to the Cardinal,
on that day.
[Aside.
[Aside,
no factions numbers for the
on answer thy abuse. [Aside.
thou darst not peep: an if
be east side of the grove.
[Aside.
now, my lords?
Believe me, cousin Goster,
put up the sword so suddenly?
—Come with thy two.
[Aide to Goster.
whid'—the east side of the
I am with you.
[Aside.
ay, how now, uncle Goster?
I know: nothing else, my
mother, priest, I'll shave your
his heart.
[Aside.
't well, protect you?
[Aside.
wind doth grow high; so do your
this music to my heart!
is, what hope of harmony?
me compound this strife.
[Aside.
[Aside.
friend of Saint Albans, say'st:
A Miracle!
this is a noise?
face dost thou proclaim?
let me tell him what

Indeb. Forsouch, a blind man at Saint Alban's: shriner.

Within this half hour, hast receiv'd his sight;
A man, that never saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren, and Serjeants, carrying between them Personas in
a Chair; his Wife, and the great Multitude following.

Cur. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale.
Although by this sight his sin be multiplied,
Glo. Stand by; my masters, bring him near the
king.
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circum-
stances.
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now re-
store'd?

Horn. Blind, and I'll please your grace.

[Aside. Ay, indeed, was he.

[Aside. What woman is this?

[Aside. His wife, and I'll like your worship.

[Aside. Hadst thou been his mother, thou cou'dst
have better told.

K. Hen. Where went thou born?

Swep. At Berwick in the North, and I like your

[Aside. Was poor soul! God's goodness
hath been great to thee.
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, canst thou
here by chance,
Or of devotion to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being
called.
A hundred times, and often in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—Simpaxox, come;
Come, after at my shrine, and I will help thee.

[Aside. Most true, forsooth; and many time and
off.

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Cur. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

[Aside. How canst thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.


Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

[Aside. Too true; and bought his climbing very
dear.

Glo. Miss, thou lov'dst plum trees well, that
wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desire
some damson,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.

[Aside. Let me see the eyes:—wink now:—now open
them:—

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank
God, and Saint Alban.

[Aside. Sayest thou me not? what colour is this
cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is
my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour
jet is of?

[Aside. And yet, I think, yet did he never see.

Q Q
SECOND PART OF

Gle. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

War. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Gle. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Also, master, I know not.

Gle. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Gle. Nor his!

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Gle. What's thine own name?

Simp. He called me Alexander Simpson, as if it pleased you, master.

Gle. Then, Sandy, sit thee there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hast been born blind, these might be as well have known our names, as thou.

To name the several colours we do wear may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, 'tis impossible.

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think that coming to be great, Thence proceeding, be it ascrip't to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that thou couldst!

Gle. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadle in your town, and things called whips?

War. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Gle. Then send for one presently.

Simp. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.

Gle. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A Stool brought on.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

You see I am too tortured me in vain:

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Gle. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that sandbag, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People, shout, and cry, A miracle! K. Hen. O God, seo thee this, and bear'st it long! Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Gle. Follow the kneave; and take this drab away.

War. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Gle. Let every man of us whip him through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came. Former Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Simp. Made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Gle. But you have done more miracles than I; You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, loathly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rest,—
For he practis'd vigorously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:—
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life on the realm; despoil'd the
Sent his poor hounds to the chase,
She came,
And him to Pentworth; where, as:

Gle. Ambitious churchman, be my heart.

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd thee.
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what madness

Heaping confusion on their own head.
Q. Mar. Gloriet, see here the next seat.
And, look, thyself be fashion'd, too.
Gle. Madam, let me, to heaven,

How I have spoil'd my lord and wife.
And, for my sake, I know it not.
Sorry I am to hear what I have been.
Noble she is; but if she have forg'd
Honour, and virtue, and courage As, like to pitch, duteous nobility,
I blush'd her my bed, and company.
And give her, as a prey, to
That hath dishonour'd Gloriet's lord.
K. Hen. Well, for this, I know.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

The Duke of York's Bedchamber.

Enter YORK, BALSHAM, and W.

York. Now, my good lords of

Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me
In this close walk, at twenty-miss,

York. War. Sweet York, begin;

Which is intellible to

War. Sweet York, begin;

The Nevells are they subjects to our
York. Then thus—

Edward the Third, my lords, best

The First, Edward the Black Prince

Walter.

The second, William of Hatfield; Lionel, duke of Clarence;

Who was John of Gaunt, the duke of
The fifth, was Edmond Langley, d
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock.

William of Windsor was the seventh.

Edward, the Black Prince, died

And left behind him Richard, his

Who, after Edward the Third's death

As king:

Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of

The eldest son and heir of John a
Croward by the name of Henry V

Swirld on the realm; despoil'd the
Sent his poor hounds to the chase,

She came,

And him to Pentworth; where, as:

Harmless Richard was murdered.
War. Father, the duke hath

Thus got the crown, and

York. Which now they hold by

by right:

For Richard, the first son's heir:

The issue of the next son should i

But William of Harford di

York. The third son, duke of

Whose line
KING HENRY VI.

—Philippe, a
Earl of March;—March;—
and Eleanor, Bolingbroke,
the crown;
and been king;
ichol. 

i, Amber, 
crown;
ger who was
se third's fifth

was her
the son
ried Philippe;
of Clarence;

a king,
are more plain

John of Gaunt,
from the third;
d of not rage;
there,

is a stock;
both together;
the first;
reign
the crown;

But I am not
word be stain'd
Lancaster,
form'd:

one days,
orders,
's ambition,
of them;
the stock;
re Bolingbroke;

is a seeking that
as a geography,
we know your
the last of the

York a king;
are myself;
art of Warwick
at the king. 

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were
my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged
true;

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Learst the Duchess, and the other Prisoners

pounds.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

All, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thee head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;

Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

E. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster;

ere thou go,

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself

Protector be; and God shall be my hope,

My stay, my guide, and last to my feet;

And go in peace, Humphrey, as I last beheld

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years

Should be to be protected like a child,

God and King Henry govern England's helm;

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his reins.

Glo. My stuff—here, noble Henry, is my stuff;

As willingly do I the same resign,

As ever thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambition receive it.

Forewell, good king; When I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne!

E. Hen.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margareth queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, seemes himself,

That bears so shrewd a main; two pules at once;

His lady banish'd, and a limpt lopp'd off.

This staff of honour caught; here let it stand,

Where best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Seg. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs

his sprays.

Then Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;

And ready are the appellant and defendant.

The armureer and his man, to enter the lists,

So please your highness to behold the field.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

E. Hen. O God's name, see the lists and all

things fit.

Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse beast,

Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,

The servant of this armureer, my lord.

Enter, on one side, Horner, and his Neighbours,

drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters hearing a staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side, Peter, with a drum and a smaller staff; accompanied by Pecuniae drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to

you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour,

you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of

chamber.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer,

neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Har. Let it come, Pecuniae, and I'll pledge you

all; And a flag for Peter!

Pec. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not

afraid.

Peter. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the pecuniae.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if

I die, I give thee my appon; and, Will, thou

shall have my hammer;—and here, Tom, take
all the money that I have—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my money, he hath learnt me too much, since, surely. Sold. Come, leave your drinking, and still to blow.—Brahm, what's thy name?
Per. Peter, forthwith.
Sold. Peter! what more?
Per. Thump! then see the thump thy master well.

Her. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the dake of York—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; And, therefore, Peter, have at once with a downright blow, as Bevis of Blanchampton fell with a York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sold. A signal to the armament to the combatants. [Alarm. They fight, and Peter strikes down the master.

Her. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

Per. To take away his weapons;— Fellow, Thank God, and the good wine in thy master's chest.

Per. O God! I have overcome mine enemies in this presence! O Peter, thou hast prevailed in this action.

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight.

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt; And God, in justice, hath revealed to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

SCENE IV. The same. A Street.

Enter Gloucester and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.

Glou. Thus the sun's rays have the brightest day a cloud; And, after summer, evermore succeeds winter's winter, with his wrathful nipping cold; So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Sir. What's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my goddess' duchess: Unrest may she endure the flinty streets, To touch them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Neil, ill can thy noble mind alight The object less, gazing on thy face; With anxious looks, still laughing at thy shame; That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think, she comes; and I prepare My tear-drawn'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS of GLoucester, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Dark. Come you, my lord, to see my open prison.

Now then dost penance too. Look, how they see, how the giddy multitude do prate, And not their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks; And, in thy closest depth, rue my shame, And ban those enemies, both mine and thine.

Glou. Be patient, gentle Neil; forget this grief.

Dark. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy friend, And that mine enemy's, Methinks, I should not that I Mal'd up in shame, with clips And followed with a ruddle, to See my tears, and hear my story. The ruthless fist does cut my And, when I start, the cuirass And bid me be advised how I Ah, Humphrey, can I bear the Trow's atonement, that e'er I'll lose Or count them happy, that see Not: dark shall be my light, as To think upon my prison shall Sometimes I'll say, And I'll be! And he a prince, and ruler of Yet so be rul'd, and such a prince As he stood by, whilst I Was made a wonder, and a sign To every idle rascal follower. But he thou mild, and bluntly Nor stir at nothing, fill the air Hung over thee, so, sure, it is For Suffolk—be that can do All with her, that hateth thee, so And York, and impious Bo, Priest.

Have all lim'sd buds to bear And, fysion how thou canst, a But fear not thou, until thy Nor never seek protection.

Oh, Neill, forbear; that I must defend before I am and Had I been twenty years as And each of them had twenty; All these could not procure a So long as I am loyal, tree, Wouldst have me rescusethese Why, yet the scoundrel will Not in danger for the breach Thy greatest help is quiet, go I pray thee, sort thy heart in Those few days' wonder will

Enter a Herald

Her. I summon you great parliament, holds at Basing month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er
This is close dealing.—Well,

My Neil, I take my leave— Let not her penance exceed sir,

Shir. An't please your grace mission stays? And Sir John Stanley is app To take her with him to the Glou. Must you, Sir, take her? Sirs. So am I given in ch your grace.

Glou. Erect her not the way You use her well: the world And I may live by my joke, A Yo do it her. And so, Sir J. Dark. What gone, my lord farewell.

Glou. Witness my tears, I am

Dark. Art thou gone too I fear.

For now stands with me: a Death, at whose name I oft I Because I wish'd this world; Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and I care not whither, for I beg Only convey my where thee Soon, Why, madam, that is There to be used, according to Dark. That's bad enough proceab; And shall I then be us'd rape
KING HENRY VI.

Did instigate the damned brazen sick darkness.
By wicked means, to frame our sovereign's fall.
Soothed were the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounder yet, and full of deep deceit.
Cav. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the townes each day revolted.
Black. 'Tis these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once! The case you have of us,
To mower down thronsthat would annoy our foot,
Is worth praise; But shall I speak my con-
science?
Our kinemen Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove;
The dikes is virtuous, cold; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this for
future?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful lamb
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely bent him,
For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolver,
Who can tear a shaw, that means deceit
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraughtful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. All your interest in those territories
Is happily serv'd you; all is well.
K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset! But
God's will be done!
York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of
France.
As soon as I hope for fertile England,
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And overturned eat my leaves away;
But I will reconcile this guilty conscience
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Glorien.

Glo. All happiness unto our lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Supp. Nay, Glorien, know, that thou art come
soon.

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet shalt thou not see me.
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign;
Who can accuse me whom I am guilty.
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
trites of France.
And, being protector, stayed the soldier's pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is but thought so? What are they that
think it?
I never rob'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny thieve from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Aye, night by night,—in studying good for
England!
That dies that e'er I rentest from the king,
Or any great I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the multitude,
Q Q 2
SECOND PART OF

Have I dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for ransom,
Cor. It serves you well, my lord, to so un

O, if I say no more than truth, no help me God! Yea, but insubordination, you did devise Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of, That England was deserv'd of tyranny.

O, why, 'tis well known, that when I was protector,

Pity, if I had been that man in me;
For I should seek at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were rancorous for their faults.

Unless it were a bloody aspenser,

Or foul felonic thief that see'd poor patience;

And, as my conscience was too hard for conscience, punish'd with:

Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I execut'd

Above the sneeze, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:

But women's tears are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do abuse you in your highness's name;

And have consented you to my lord cardinal. To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope,

That you will clear yourself from all suspects;

Rencollence tells me, you are innocent.

O, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.

Virtue is shot with foul ambition,

And charity char'd by rascals hand;

Foul subornation is predominant,

And equity exil'd your highness's land.

I know, their compis is to have my life;

For my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny;

I would expend it with all willingness;

But mine is made the prologue to their play;

For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's

matric

And Suffolk's cloudy brow, his stormy hate;

Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

The environment that lies upon his heart.

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon;

Whereovergoing arm I have plac'd back,

By false access deth level at my life:—

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest;

Counselors have laid disgraces on my head;

And, with your best endeavors, have stirr'd up

My deepest fear to be mine enemy;—

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,

Myself had notice of your confabulations,

And, with my best endeavors, have stirr'd up

Not store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The greatest provost will be well affected,—

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

My liege, his railing is insipid:

If those that care to keep your royal person

From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,

Be not apriaded, child, and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,

'Twill make them sail in seal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not wit our sovereign lady here,

With ignominious words, though clerkly

As if she had abounded some to swear

False acquaintance to o'erthrow his state:—

Cor. But I can give the loser leave to chide;

O, for truer spoke than meant: I lose in

Beawre the winners, for they played me false;

And, yill each loser may have leave to speak.

But, he'll wrest the sense, and hold us here

All day.

Lord cardinals, he is your prisoner.

Cor. Birn, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
KING HENRY VI.

Can't a crafty murderer, of be but duly past over, suppose is not executed. No, in that he is a fox, we'll an enemy to the lock. He'll stand in with crimson blood, and grow'd by reason, to my liege and on quails, how to slay him by snare, by nobility, asking, 'The no matter how,' for that is good deceit himself, that first intends deceit, noble Suffolk, 'Is resolutely solemn, except as so much were done; spoken, and seldom meant: sweet accordeth with my tongue — the sovereignty from his foe, and the price would have dead him, my lord of lake due orders for a priest: ent, and censure well the deed, be his executioner, in virtue of thy kingdom, the deed is worthy of so say I, and now we three have spoilt it, truly who impugns our doom, 

Enter A Messenger.

a lords, from Ireland am I come to that rebel there are up, Englishmen into the sword; a lords, and stop the rage betime, and do grow incapable; can, there is great hope of help, seller that scarce a quick expedient give ye in this weighty cause? Somerset, be sent as regent thither: at lucky rater be employ'd; return he hath had in France, a, with all his far pet policy, I turn those instead of me, and have said in France so long, as to love it, as thou hast done: I have lost my life betimes, the burden of dishonour home, are so long, till all were lost, care not for a sore spot on the skin: yours' so whole, do seldom win my then, this spark will prove fire, and he brought to feed it with — and York — sweet Somerset, be York, had thou been regent thou, a prove far worse than his, worse than thoucon'd, now thy a take not answer, in the number, thee, that wisest

car, No more of him; for I will deal with him, That, henceforth, he shall trouble as no more, and so break off: the day is almost spent; Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event. York, My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days, at Bristol I expect my soldiers; for there I'll slip them all for Ireland, and find no harbour in a royal heart. Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought in thought. And not a thought, but thinks on dignity. My brain, more busy than the toasting spider, Weaves vivid stanzas to trap mine enemies. Well, nobles, well, 'tis politely done, To send me packing with this letter: men: I fear me, you but warm the starved snake, Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts,

Twa men I lack'd, and you will give them me: I take it kindly; yet, he well mean'd. You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands, Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, I will sit up in England some black storm. Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell? And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage Until the golden circuit on my head. Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams, Do calm the fury of this mad-browed flame. And, for a minister of my intent, I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman, To make commotion, as fall well he can, Under the title of John Mortimer. In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade Oppose himself against a troop of Kentes, And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts Were almost like a sharp-piqu'd porcupine: And, in the end being resist'd, I have seen him Caper upight like a wild Morisco, Shaking his bloody darts, as be his bete. Full often, like a log-ha'd crafty Kerne, Hath he conversed with the enemy. And undo'd come to me again, And given me notice of their villanies. This day here shall be come, I hope well, For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble; By this I shall perceive the commons' mind, How they affect the house and claim of York. Say, he be taken, rank'd, and tortured: I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him, Will make him say — I mov'd him to those arms. Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will), Why, then from Ireland come with my strength, And raise the harvest which that cause son'd: For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put asart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE H. Bury. A Room in the Palace. Enter certain Murderers hastily.

I Mor. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know, we have disposs't the duke, as he commanded. 2 Mor. O, that it were so! What have we done? Didst ever hear a man so prudent? [Exit Suffolk.]

I Mor. Here comes my lord. [Exit.]

[Now, sir, have you Despatch'd this thing!]
SECOND PART

For it is known we were but told
That he may judge, I made it known
So shall my name with shame be wounded,
And princes' courts be sin'd with a
This get I by his death: Ah, me, o
To be a queen, and crowd'd with
K. Hen. Ah, wise is my fortune
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, now see he is.
What, dost thou take away, and in
I am no loathsomer leper, look on,
What art thou, like the side, we
Be poisonous too, and kill the soul
is all the comfort shut in Glorystar.
Why, then done Margaret was set
Glorystar's state, and words
And make my image but an image
Was I, for this, his wheelock'd soul
And twice by awkward bank to
Drove back again unto my noisy
What boded this, but well farewell
Did seem to say,—Seek not a set
Not act so foolish on this estate
What did I then, but curt the go
And beat that lock'd-in, them from the
And bid them blow towards long
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful
Yet Eolus would not be a nurbid
But let that hateful office stand
The pretty vanishing sea return to
Knowing, that those would hun't
With tears as salt as sea through
The splitting rocks cool'd the
And would not dash me with the
Because thy flasky heart, more in
Might in thy palace perish Marga.
As far as I could ken now, clearly.
When from the shore the tempest
I stood upon the hatchets in the
And when the dainty skiff was
My earnest-gaping sight of day.
I took an costly jewel in the
A heart it was, bound in gold
And threw it towards thy land
'tis of it;
And so, I wish'd, thy body wish;
And even with this the lost tale
And bid mine eyes be packing w
And call'd them blind and daldy
For losing her of Albinus's wish.
How often have I tempted Safin's
(The agent of thy foul incensed
To all and witch me, as Arcamne,
When he to muddling Didro weak
His father's arts, commenc'd in
Am I not wish'd like her et
like him
Ah me, I most no more! Die, Me
For Henry weeps that thou dost
Neas within. Enter Warwicke the
The Commoner, known to it
War. It is reported, mighty as
That good Duke Humphrey truth
didst the
By Suffolk and the cardinal Bess
The commons, like an angry hir
That was their leader, scatter out
And care not who they sting in
Myself have calm'd their spleen.
Until they hear the order of his
K. Hen. That he is dead, good
But how he died, God knows, as
Enter his chamber, view his brow
And comment then upon his sub
KING HENRY VI.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk, where's your knife? Is Beaufort term'd a knave? where are his talons? Soff. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men: But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease, That shall be scorched in thine incarnate heart, That slunders me with murder's crimson badge. Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire, That I am guilty in duke Humphrey's death. [Ferrers, Cardinal, Son, and Others. War. What does not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him? Q. Mar. He dares not call his consummations spirit, Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, Though Suffolk daw him twenty thousand times. War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I ask you. For every word you speak in his behalf, Is slander to your royal dignity. Soff. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! If ever lady wrong'd but her lord so much, Thy mother took into her hands a sword Some stern statutor'd sword, and noble stock. Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit then art. And never of the Nevill's noble race: War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee, And I should rob the death'sman of his fee. Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames, And that my sovereignty's presence make me mild, I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech, And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st, That thou thyself wast born in bastardy; And, after all this fearful home, Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell, Pernicious bloodメーカー of sleeping men! Soff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood, If from this presence thou dar'st go with me. War. I will, even now, or I will drag thee hence. Unworthiness though thou art, I'll cope with thee, And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost. [Exeunt Suffolk and WarwicK. K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untaught! Thrice is he agreed, that hath his quarrel just: And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted, [Exeunt. Q. Mar. What noise is this? Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Wounds drawn. K. Hen. Why, how now lords? your wrathful weapons drawn Here in our presence! dare you be so bold? Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here? Soff. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury, Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

E. of Salisbury. Re-enter Salisbury. Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your minds. [Speeching to those within. Dread lord, the commons send you word by me, Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death, Or banished fair England's territories, They will by violence tear him from your palace, And torture him with grievous lingering death. They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died. They say, in him they fear your highness's death; And mere instinct of love and loyalty, Free from a stubborn opposite intent, As being thought to contradict your liking, Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
SECOND PART

They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strict edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That stily glided toward your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Last, being suffered in that harmful member,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will gird you, who's ye'll, will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose apparent and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Come, sir [Farewell]. An answer from the king,
My lord of Salisbury.

Suffolk. [Aside.] Like the commons, rude unpolish'd kids,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, who now were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are;
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

[Exit Suffolk.] An answer from the king,
or we'll all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.

I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thus wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word:
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
If, after three days space, thou here be'st found,
Thou wilt certainly see the ground that I am ruler of.
The world shall not be ransom'd for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

Evers, K. Harr., Harvy, Warwicke, Lords, &c.

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow go roll with me.

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps:
Suff. Crase, gentle queen, these executions,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Q. Mar. Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should
World curse a kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full and many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her lethargic case:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My head be retir'd on end, as one distrest;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my hardened heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinks!

Gall, worse than gall, the dearest taste:
Their swelter'd shade, a grove of thorns.
Their chieferst prospect, emptiness
To sollicit thee. Their music, frightful as the sea.
And boiling screeches doth make all
The foul terrors in dark-som'd
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk,
And these dread careers—like a glass,
Or like an overcharged gun—run
And turn the force of them upon
Suff. Go, make me ban, and wot
Leave it.
Now, by the ground that I am in,
Well could I curse:
Though standing naked on a sun
Where biting cold would never
And think it but a minute spent.
Q. Mar. O, let me entreat the

That I may dew it with my
Now let the rain of
To wash away my woful
Q. G., could this kiss be printed in
That thou mightst think upon it
Through whose a thousand sighs

So, get thee gone, that I may
'tis but surmised whilst thou art
As one that surfeits thinking so
I will repeat thee, or, be well
An adventure to be banished now.
And banished am I, if but from
speak not to me; even not
O, go not yet! Even thus it

Embrace, and kiss, and take at
Looked a hundred times to put
Yet now farewell; and farewell,
Suff. Thou is poor Suffolk too
Thus by the king, and three
thou not the land I care for, as
A wildness is poppin's enough
So Suffolk had thy heavenly eye.
For where thun art, there is the
With every several pleasure in the
And where thou art not, doth
I can no more:—Live thou to
Myself no joy in mought, but

End of Act.

Q. Mar. Whither will you news, my Hermes, I pray thee?

I am to signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at press
For suddenly a grievous sickness
That makes him gape, and stand
Air:
Blaspheming God, and cursing
Some time, and whispers; to his pillow as
The secrets of his overcharged
I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he comes abroad.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy me

Ah me! what is this world? these
But wherefore grieve I at an
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my
Why only, Suffolk, mover in
And with the southern clouds of
Theirs for the earth's increase

Now, get thee hence: The kin

If thou be found by me, thou
from thee, I cannot live;
A die, what were it else,
I stumbe in thy lap?
be my soul into the air,
s the cradle above,
'tis drop between its lips:
right, I should be raging mad
to close up mine eyes,
t my lip to stop my mouth,
other turn my flying soul
it so into thy body,
in sweet Elysium,
ere but to die in jest,
ere turns more than death;
all what may befal,
though parting be a fearful
beartfull wound.

Suffolk: Let me hear from
on art in this world's globe,
shalt find thee out
I take my heart with thee,
'd into the woful cask
thing of worth,
ark; so suner we:
death.

This way for me.

[Exeunt, severally.

E III. London.

contort's Ridibundus.

y. Salisbury, Warwick, and
(inalia); Essex; At동도 and
my lord! speak, Beau-
'st death, I'll give thee Eng-
se another island
live, and feel no pain;
't is sign of evil life,
soch is seen so terrible
in thy sovereign speaks to
into my trial when you will.
be it where should he die?
wher'e they will or no-
more, I will confess;
show me where he is;
'tound to look upon him—
the dust hath blinded them-
hair; look! look! it stands
it catch my winged soul—
and; but the apothecary
that I thought of him;
'ternal Mover of the heavens,
be eye upon this wretch;
'styling mend his,
seize upon this wretch's soul,
we may see our black despair!
the pangs of death do make
not, let him pass peaceably
to his soul, if God's go-

son think'st on heaven's bliss,
make signal of thy hope—
'me must have; if thou art;
heaven's arm

[Act Fourth.

KING HENRY VI.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. The Somesone near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter, from a Boat, a
Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate, Walter
Whitemore, and Others; with them Suffolk,
and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Capt. The candy, babbling, and remorseful
die is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling women assume the jades
That drag the tragic omacynow night;
Who with their down, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty

Breathe too contumacious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our pride;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors at this place,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolor'd shore—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee
And then that art his mate, make boot of this—
The other [to Suffolk]; Walter Whit-
more, is thy share.

I Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me
know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your

Men. And so much shall you give, or off goes

Capt. What, think you much to pay two thou-
and crowns,
And bear the name and part of gentleman—
Cut both the villains' throats—for die you shall;
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Cannot be counterpoised with such a petty sum.
I Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare
my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it
straight.

Whit. I'll lose mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shall thou die;

[To Suffolk.

And so should these, if I might be my will.

Capt. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suff. Look on my George; I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whit-

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death after

Suff. Thy name strikes me, in whose sound

is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by Water I should die;
Yet let this make thee big blooded;
Thy name is—Gawlter, being rightly sounded.

What. Gawlter, or Water, which it is, I care not.

Nor ye yet did hazc disown the bar one name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the bint.
Therefore, when merchant-like I did revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and daz'd,
And I prais'd no coward through the world!

[Laye hold on Suffolk.

Suff. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a

prison.

The dule, William de la Pole,

[the Duke of Suffolk, saddled up in rage.

Suff. Ay, but these cags are not part of the duke;

Jove sometimes went dispis'd, and why not I?
But Jove was never slain, art thou shall be.

Suff. Obscure and lowly wind, King Henry's

The honourable blood of Lancaster.

Must not be shed by such a jaded grum.

Hast thou not kis'd thy hand, and held my

stirrup?

Bare-hand'd plodded by my footstool male,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head;

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
SECOND PART OF
Fed from my trencher, kist'd down at the board,
Where he was beat down with Queen Margaret.
Kneel in thy leave, and let thy great heart
Make thee cry, 'crest-dull!'
How in our lusty lobby hast thou stood,
And daily waited for my coming forth!
Thus to my heart, with thy sad, sad tale,
And therefore shall it charm thy raints tongue.
White. Speak, captain; shall I stab the foreign scrawls?
Cap. First let me say the word stabs him, as he hath here.
Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so act thou.
Cap. Stay, sey him hence, and on our longboat's side.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole, he shall live.
Suf. Poole! Sir Poole! lord 1
All. Poole?
Cap. Ay, honest, pudgie, so; whose blood and dirt
Thou hast so sparingly where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yarning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kind the queen, shall sweep the ground.
And then, that smilt at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the winds shall wind grin in vain.
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again;
And wedded be thee to the dogs of hell,
For daring to say a mighty lord!
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By derrilicious policy art grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgo'g my
With gobsbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Norman, through thee,
Diecall to cast us; and, Fiecally
Hast slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevill all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn to leave thee.
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lovy Proud ragrose, ragrayd.
Bums with revenging fire; whose hopeful co's
Advance our hal-facebook'd son, striving to shine,
Under the which is—Innsin's image.
Command your men in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king.
And all by thee—Away! convey them hence.
Suf. O that I were god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain
Being captain of a placaine, threatens more
Than Bargain! the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drons sack not eagle's blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly valiant as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me;
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft the safely cross the channel.
Cap. Waler.
White. Come, Suffolk; I must wait thee to thy death.
Suf. Geldhes time. wrumpt seris. —'tis thee I
While. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is rough,
Un'd to command, untaught to ple.
Far be fit, we should honour not
With humble suit; no, rather let
Stoop the black book to hand the brave,
Save to the God of heaven, and
And sooner dance upon the world's
Thus stand unaffected to the visit.
True nobility is exempt from it.
More can I bear, than you dare
Cap. Haste him away, and in his
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what
That tall my destiny so severe
Great men set dye by vile here.
A Roman warrior, and handlest
Mariner's sweet Tolly; Briton's
Stab'd Julins Caesar; savage
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk
[Exit Surre, and W.]
Cap. And as for these whom
It is our pleasure, one of them
Therefore come you with us,
[Exit all but the

RE-CEVER WHITMORE, and Sir
White. There let his head and
Until the queen's his mistress be.
I Gene. 0 barbourous and his
His body will I bear unto
If he revenge it not, rack'd shall he;
So will the queen, that living

SCENE II. BLACK
Exeunt George Bevis and Jo
Geo. Come, and get thee sawe
of a lath; they have
John. They have the more to
Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade to
to dress the commonwealth, as
a new amp upon it.
John. So he had need, for
Well, I say, it was never men
since gentler measure.
Geo. 0 miserable age! Virt
in handcraftsmen's
John. The nobility think scarce
Geo. Nay more, the king's con
John. True; and yet it
thy vacation; which is as
let the magistrates be labouring
be, should we be magistrates.
Geo. Thou hast hit it; for
sign of a brave mind; than a
John. I see them; I see her,
son, the tanner of Wingham,
John. And Dick the butcher
Geo. There is but struck do
iniquity's threat cut like a
to John. And Smith the weaver
Geo. Are, their threat of.
John. Come, come, let's fall
Bower Cade, Dick the
Weiser, and Others to
Cade. We John Cade, so to
pose fellow Dick.
Or rather, of stealing a
Cade. —for our enemies sh
inspired with the spirit of
and princes.—Command alien
Dick. Silence!
Cade. My father was a Mory
Dick. He was an honest a

Cade. My mother a Plantag
KING HENRY VI.

Age well, she was a maid-servant—

Mack. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Indeed, madam, let me see; I'll tell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is he not?

Mack. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William his Brother, with Drum and Fife.

Cade. Rebellious bands, the fifth and sixth of Kent.

Marked for the gallows,—lay your weapons down.

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silk-coated slaves, I pass not.

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

O'whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;

And thou thyself, a shearsman. Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this—Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,

Married the daughter of Clarence' [i.e. Anthony] to his Majesty's third son.

Cade. Ay, sir.

Cade. Here, he had two children at one birth.

Staff. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, it's true.

The elder of them, being yet a nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman's son away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Because a bricklayer, when he came to age:

His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's words.

That speaks he knows not what?

Cade. Ay, marry, will you deny? Therefore get you gone.

Dick. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. You lie, for I invented it myself. [Aside]

Go to, sirs! Tell the king from me, that—

For his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to spasm-counter for French crowns—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

And good reason; for thereby is England ruined, and fate to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an emasculation; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Cade. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Staff. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies; go to them, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Dick. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail him with the army of the king.

Staff. Herald, away: and, throughout every land,

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade.
SECOND PART

That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be he, 'tis for the example of their door.
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the Two Hemmouns, and Forces.

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.

Now ourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none, but such as go in closed sloven;
For they are thirty thousand, and as such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Part of Blackheath.

Aloizius. The two Parties enter and fight, and both

are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford? Dick. Here, Cade.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in a true slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee. — The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one; a week, Dick. I desire no more.

And, to speak truth, thou dostst merit no less. This monument of the victory I will bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us. Dick. We were mean to thrive and do good, break open the gates, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, reading a supplication: the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Say with him, at a distance, MARGARET, mourning over SUPFOLK's Head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard —that grief softens the mind.

And makes it fearful and degenerates;
Thine therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace it?

Jack. What answer makes your grace to the request of supplication?

Q. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls Shoulcl perish for the sword! And I myself, Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general. —
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barabaron villains! hath this love
Built, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

Q. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say, Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have

Q. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Supfolk's death? I fear, my lady, if that I had been dead,
Thou would'st not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn,

But die for thee.

Jack. Cade proclaims himself Lord
Desecrated from the duke of Gloucester and calls your grace sempstress, and me
And vows to swear himself in his army to a rugged ambition,
Of kinds and manner, rude and bold —
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his house of Blath given them heart and credit.
All scholars, lawyers, conversing,
They call false enterprise, and death.


Buck. My gracious lord, rather
Until a power be raised to put G. Mar. Ah! I were the duke a alive.

These Kentish rebels would be K. Hen. Lord Say, the subject
Therefore away with as to love me, Say, so may you live.
The sight of me is odious in that shall therefore forsake this city will.
And live alone as secret as I am

Enter another Woman

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten me
The citizen, fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting to join with the traitor, and they To spoil the city, and your rep'l Dick. Then linger not, my horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; Get succeor us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, deer.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; trust not the Kentish rebel Dick. Trust not me, sir, for fear I say, the trust I have in me. And therefore am I bold and resolute.

SCENE V. The same. 2

Enter LORD SCALES, and Others

Then enter certain Citizens.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade C. Civ. No, my lord, nor likely they have won the bridge, kill withstand them. The lord may your horse from the Tower, is from the rebels.

Scars. Such a One as I can command; But I am trustful here with thine rebels have agreed to win But get you to Smithfield, and thither will I send you His Fight for your king, your ears live; And so farewell, for I must her

SCENE VI. The same. Ci

Enter Jack Cade, and his Follower at the Stage in London.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord here, sitting upon London-stove command, that of the city's guard run nothing but clear year of our reign. And now, I shall be treasurers any that call — Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, and

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade! Knock him down there Smith. If this fellow be wise, you Jack Cade more; I think fair warning.
KING HENRY VI.

2. an army gathered to the
[army gathered to the]
*London Bridge on fire;*
*down the Tower too.*
*[Ereue,*

- Smithfield.
*Carri and Carri Company, and the King's Forces.
*They fight; the end.

**Go some and pull down the king's court; down into your lordship.**

*said.*

**Then shall have it for laws of England may be more law than; for he will by a spear, and his will be stinking law; and eating toasted cheese, will upon it, it shall be no ords of the realm; my lust of England: to have such statutes, ed out.**

**And all things shall be in messenger.**

Said: *So a prize! here's the town!* in France; he had twenty, and of, the last subsidy, with the Louis; be heheaded for it ten thousand, nay, thou wilt be within point-blank it. What cause thou angling of Normandy, the dauphin of France! by these presence, even known! that I am the the court clean of such base most traitorously the realm, in erecting a heresy, before, our forefathers, but the store and adding printing to be used; in, his crown, and dighton-evil. It will be if thou hast men about of a noun, and a verb, and as no Christian care non appointed just: men before them are not able to answer, or them in prison; and read, thou hast hanged for that cause, they do live. Thou dost ride is not?

Best not to let thy horse over men than thou go the.

ey shirt too; as myself, butcher.

If Kent: *'Tis been term, make a way, away with him! be*
SECOND PART OF
Reuer Rebels, with the heads of Lord Say and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is this not braver?—Let them kiss each other, for they loved well; when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spell of the city until night: for, when these or us, instead of masses, will ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Abbess. Enter Cade, and all his Rebellious.

Cade. Up, up! God’s Street! down Saint George! Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames—full power round, then a batter—What noise is this? I hear ’em say, I dare say be hold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kiss.

Enter Buckingham, and Old Clifford, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King.

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to all them, That dare to join thee, and go home in peace.

Ciff. What saith ye, countrymen? wilt ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst ’tis offer’d you? Or et a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Whoso loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Filling their mouths with sorrow’s sway—God save his majesty, Who hate him, and homs not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king! Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base parish, do ye believe him? will you be hanged with your parsons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recrudescent, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthen, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces; For me, I will make shift for one; and so God’s cause light upon you all.

All. We’ll follow Cade, we’ll follow Cade.

Cade. I Cade, the son of Henry the Fifth. That thus you do exclaim—you’ll go with him! Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meancst of you ears and darts? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live, but by the spott. Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. We’re not a chance, that whilst you live at jar, The fearless! French, whom you hate vanquished! Should make a start, begin, and vanquish you! Methinks, already in this civil bridle. I see them hurring in London streets, Crying, up, straight up! on them all meet. Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarrie, Than you shall stoop unto a Frenchman’s mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost.

Spare England, for it is your native coast: Henry hath money, you are strong and main: God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we’ll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude! the name of Henry the Fifth balest them to a hundred thousand, and makes them leave me desists lay their heads together, to sue—awake rather make way for me, for brrr. —In despight of the devils and all the very midst of you! and leave be witherers, that no want of my only but my followers’ base base treasons, makes me betake me to

Buck. What, is he fled? go on with him.

And he, that brings his head unshorn Shall have a thousand crowns for it in)

Follow me, soldiers: we’ll devis To reconcile you all unto the king.

SCENE IX. Kendalow.

Enter King Henry, Queen Mat

Mereet, on the Terrace of

K. Hen. Was ever king that I am here, And could command no more?—No sooner was I crept out of my chair, But I was made a street, I was never subject long’s he be As I do long and wish to be a

Enter Buckingham, and Ciff. Buck. Hurrah, and glad tidings, jestly!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, Cade. Do you hear? Hurrah, here’s jestly!

Enter below, a great number of C with Letters about their Ciff. He’s fled, my lord, and do yield; And humble him, with letters—Expect your highestness’ doom, or K. Hen. Their, heaven, setp

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to The duke of York is newly come, And with a paissant and a mit of Gallowglasses and stout Ke is marching hitherward in press And still proclaims, as he can His arms are only to remove & The duke of Somerset, whom he K. Hen. Thus stands my life, and York distressed?— Like to a ship, that, having sea Is straightway calm’d, and board But now is Cade driven back, he And now is York in arms to se, I pray thee, Buckingham, ge him; And ask him, what’s the reason Tell him, I’ll send Duke I To—

And, Somerset, we will commit Until his army be disposed of. Son. My lord, I’ll yield myself to prison will Or unto death, to do my count K. Hen. In any case, be not for He is fierce, and cannot be
KING HENRY VI.

I, your lord; and doubt not to set
all round about your good.

X. Kent. Iden's Gardens.

Enter Cade.

Ambitious! eye on myself; and,
and yet am ready to famish!
I have bid me in these woods;
and, for all the country is
now I am so hungry, that if
lease of my life for a thousand
No longer. Wherefore, at a
and climb into this garden;
to a grave, or pick a satchel another
and sit on a man's sitcom.
And, I think, this word
as to get my share. For, many a
satchel, my brain-pan has
been sold; and, many a time,
and dry, and bravely matching;
and instead of a quart-pot to
to a word satchel must serve me to

Iden, such Servants.

who would live tortured in the
much quiet walks as these?
father left me, and
of a monarchy,
by others' waning;
I care not what envy;
has maintained my state,
well pleased from my gate,
the lord of the soil come to seize
for entering his free-simle with.
with him, thou wilt betray me,
and crown of the king for car-
thou; but I'll make thee eat
rich, and swallow my sword like
my heart, and I part.

If I should then betray thee?
I'll break into my garden,
and come to rub my grounds,
and I have thee in the corner,
did I mean with those terms it
I say, by the best blood that
for they too.
look any eat not these five days;
get thee away; and, if I do
me as dead as a door nail, I pray
I say more; and I'll say,
while England.

Iden, an emperor of Kent,
poor familiar man,
still-gazing eyes to mine,
without me with thy looks,
and thou art far the lesser;
that finger to my flat;
with a right of the throne
be hoaved in the air,
all in the earth;
unanswerable words, and
what speech forb, array,
most-complete champion;
therefore, and thereupon,
I do, and thou mayst be
[They fight; Cade falls].

I'm so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
I am far better born than is the king:

ACT V.

SCENE I. Fields between Datsby and Blackheath.

The King's Camp near the roadside.

York, attended with Drum and Colors, his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his,
and place the crown from noble Henry's head;
King, bells; adieu; burn, bonfires; clear and
bright.

To entertain great England's lawful king,
Ah, unwise injustice! who would not buy thee
dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle notch but gold;
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it,
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;
On which I'll touch the flower of France.

Enters Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, am I must dissemble.
Buck. York, thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread king.

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am—
Against thy nation and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his
Dare to bring thy force so near the court.
York. Swarest can I speak, my choler is
O, I could have up rocks, and light with
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
I am far better born than is the king:
R R
SECOND PART.

More like a king, morekingly in my thoughts:
But yet make fair weather yet a while.

Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Sedition to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part.

But if thy arms be to me other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, be he prisoner?

Buck. Upon thine honour, be he prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dissmiss my soldiers.

I thank you all: disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereignty, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—say, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;

Lords, goods, horse, arms, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

But you must recommend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, dost York intend no harm to us?

That thus be marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto his highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou hast brought?

York. To have the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monsters rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discontented.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's Head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king.
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Hen. The head of Cade—I—Great God, how just art thou!—
I, let me view his visage being dead.
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.
K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Back. So pleasure it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
K. Hen. Iden, kneel down; [He kneels.] Rise
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
And never live but true unto his liege!
A. Iden. Sir, Buckingham! Somerset comes
with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and treat him to his face.
York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal to
Shall I endure the sight of some false king?
Why hast thou taken us in
Knowing how hardly I can break
King did I call thee? no, thou art
Not fit to govern and to rule;
That head of thine doth not belong
Thy hand is made to grasp a palm
And not to grace an awful prince.
That gold must crown and grapple
Whose smile and brown, like to
t's able with the change to kill
t is a hand of Father's power;
And with the same to act control
Give place, by heaven thou shalt
O'er him, whom heaven created
York.

Of capital treason 'gainst the king
Obed, and all the world;
York. Wouldst thou have me know
Of these?
If they do, 'tis how a know
Sire, call in my sons to be
I knew, ere they will have such
They'll pawn their swords for my

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; I
again.

To say, that if the bastard boy
Shall be the surety for their traitors
York. O blooded boys, of the king's outcast
Of Naples, England's loss;
The sons of York, thy better lusts shall
Be their father's heir; and
That for my surety will refuse the

Enter EDWARD and Richard Plan
Forces, at one side; at the
also, Old Clifford and his Son.

See, where they come; I'll warn
it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford
their ball.

C. Ed. Health and all happiness!
York! I thank thee, Clifford; is with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an army
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, and
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
This is my king, York, I do
But thou mistake'st me much, and
To Bedlam with him! is in the
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam
Makers him oppose himself again.
Clifford. He is a traitor; let him
And stop away that factions
Q. Mar. He is arraigned, but wi
His sons, he says, shall give their
K. Will you not, sons? Clifford. Ay, noble sons; I shall
Rich. And if words will not, the

Clifford. Why, what a broil of hue
York. Look in a glass, and call
I am thy king, and thou a false
That, with the very shaking of it
They may astonish these tell me
Bod Sainbury, and Warwick, ease
Drums. Enter Warwick and Sir

Clifford. Are these thy bears? we'rt
to terrors,
And manacle the bearward in that
If thou dar'st bring them to the
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE II. Saint Albans.

Alarums: Exeuntia. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, his Warwick calls!

And if this be not hide thee from the bear,
Now—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and light with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick be seen with calling thee to arms,

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a foot?
York. The deadly banded Clifford strew my steed.

But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carnival knights and crows

Even of the bony heart he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Desi, Warwick, seek I one out some other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. York, nobly, York; this is a crown

As I intend, to thrive to-day,
It giveth my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

Exit Warwick.

York. What seem'st thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Cliff. Why should thy brow'st want praise and esteem,

But that thy shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.
Cliff. York, and body on body shall I do,

York! A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
[They fight, and Clifford falls.]

Exit. La fin c'est l' commence.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

Enter young Clifford.

Y. York. Shame and confusion! all is on the roast.

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot goals of vengeance! Let no soldier say:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor be, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end.

[Shaking his dead father.

And the promised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together;

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particulars and petty sounds
To cease!—Want you ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth to peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair days, thus
to Die in regal battle!—Even at this sight,
My heart's listened to stone; and, while this mine,
It shall be sturdy. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes; tears virginal
Shall be to me given as the dew to live;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclains,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flux.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many goblets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtas did;
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, than new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[Taking up the Body.
Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? I good
Margarit, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not
fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way: and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[Alarum after off.
If you be taken, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we happily scape
(As well we may, if not through your neglect),
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes
made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mit-
chief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; incurable discount
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away!

[Exeunt.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HENRY THE SIXTH, no, Prince of Wales, his Son.
VI, King of France, with BOURBON.
KING EDWARD IV, of Lancaster.
25's side.
CLIFFORD.
HIS PLANTAGENET, Duke of York: his Son, Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV.
HIS SISTER, afterwards Duke of Clarence.
HIS SONS, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.
HIS SONS:
CLAYTON: HARRISON: HENRY: RICHARD, Earl of Warwick, his Son.
MONTAGUE, the Duke of York's Son, of Pembroke.
LORD HASTINGS, of the Duke of York's Party,
LORD STAFFORD,
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, his Uncle to the Duke of York.
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, Lord Rivers.
SIR WILLIAM SPANLUND, STAFFORD, JOHN MORTIMER, SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE, TAYLOR OF BUTTALD, MAYOR OF YORK, LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER, A NOBLEMAN, TAYLOR OF BUTTALD, AND MANY OTHERS; THE KEEPER, A HUNTERMAN, A SLEEPS, is sleeping in the third Act, in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

SOLDIERS, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

ACT I.


Enter some Soldiers of York's party. and to, the Duke of York, EDWARD, PERCY, MONTAGUE, WARRICK, and others.

S. I. I wonder, how the King escape our hands.

S. III. While we pass'd the house of the north,

S. IV. A hole away, and left him there;

S. V. The great lord of Northumberland's

S. VI. No like cares could never brook retreat,

S. VII. The dropping army; and himself,

S. VIII. Mount in the battle front, and, breaking in,

S. IX. The friends of common soldiers strain.

S. X. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham.

S. XI. As it menaces, or wounded dangerous;

S. XII. His brow under a downright blow;

S. XIII. The face of father, behold his blood.

S. XIV. My son, his bloody sword.

S. XV. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood.

S. XVI. York, shewing his.

S. XVII. I encounter'd at the battle join'd.

S. XVIII. Rich., Speak thou for me, and tell them what

S. XIX. York, Richard hath best deserve of all my sons.

S. XX. What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

S. XXI. Nay, such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

S. XXII. Rich., Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's

S. XXIII. War. And so do I. —Victorious prizce of York,

S. XXIV. Before I see thee seated in that throne.

S. XXV. Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

S. XXVI. I saw by heaven, those eyes shall never close.

S. XXVII. This is the palace of the fearful king.

S. XXVIII. And this the regal seat : possess it, York : For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs. Once, I must have thee, sweet Warwick, and I will.

S. XXIX. For bitter we have broken in by force.

S. XXX. Nay, We'll all assist you: he, that flies, shall die.

S. XXXI. York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. —Stay by me, my

S. XXXII. Lord, And, soldiers, stay, and ludge by me this night.

S. XXXIII. War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence.

S. XXXIV. Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

S. XXXV. They retire.
The protesture that holds up Lancaster,
Dar's tis a wing, if Warwick shake his bell.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Revolve thee Richard, claim the English crown.
[Warwick leads York to the throne, who seizes himself.]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and Others, with red Roses in their Hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the starchy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer.)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father:—
And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have
would'revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens, be revenge'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourne
in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's throw
him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for politeways, and such as he;
For he durst not sit there, but your father liv'd.
My gracious lord; here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
Nort'h. Well hus thee spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours
them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is shew, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from
Henry's heart.
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[They advance to the Duke.] Thou factional duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thus art deceive'd; I am thine,
Exe. Our shame came down; he made thee

As shall revenge his death
War. Four Clifford! how I threats!
York. Wilt thou, we show on
If not, our swords shall pierce
K. Hen. What title hast thou
in crown?
Thy father was, as thou art,
Thy grandfather, Roger Mort; I am the son of Henry the
Who made the Danphin and
And soon upon thy town
War. Talk not of France, it all.
K. Hen. The lord protects
When I was crown'd, I was a
York. You are old enough
thinks you lose:
Father, bear the crown from
Exe. Sweet father, do so;
Most. Good brother [To]
and honour'st arise,
Let's fight it out, and not at
York. Sound drums and
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! so
leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall
him, lords;
And be you silent and attend
For he, that interrupts him,
K. Hen. Think'st thou, dallyingly throne,
War. Win my grand sire, and
No: first shall war unpeople
And, their colours—after
And now in England, to
Shall be my vindication
K. Hen. Henry the Four
the crown.
York. Texas by rebellion
K. Hen. I know not who

[Tragedy begins.]}
KING HENRY VI.

Mint. And I unto the seas, from whence I came,
[Evening York, and his Sons, War, Norr, Morn. Soldiers, and Attendants.
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Even Queen Margaret and the Princes of Wales.

Exit. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll call her women. [Thrice.

K. Hen. Exequer, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, so not from me, I will follow thee,
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will speak.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremities? Ah, wretched man! should I had die a maid, And never seen thee, never borne thee son, Seeing thee hast prov'd so unnatural a father! Hath he descend'd to lose his birthright thus? Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I? Or felt that pain which I did for him once? Or missed his, as I did with my blood; Thou'rt wou'dst have left thy dearest heart-blood there.

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherit thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot dishonest me: If you be king, why should not I be queen? K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret—pardon me, sweet son. The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce me,
Q. Mar. Enforce thee! art thou king, and will be forc'd?
I shane to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their suffrage. To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it, but to make thy sepulture? And creep into it far before the time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais; Normand, from Conbridge commandeth the narrow seas; The duke is made protector of the realm; And yet shalt thou be safe! such safety finds The trembling lamb, encompassed with wolves. Had I been there, which am a sly woman, The soldiers should have taken me on their part. Before I would have granted to that act, But thou preferrest the life before thine honor. And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself, Both from thine table, Henry, and thy bed, Until that act of parliament be repeal'd, Whereby my son is disinherit'd.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread; And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace, And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away. Our army's ready; Come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me still.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. Hen. Malevolent son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. To be murder'd by his enemies, Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll seek grace: till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger here.
[Even Queen Margaret, and the Prince.
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son.
Hath made her break out into terms of rage! Reveals whether she be on that honest duke, Whose hungry spirit, wrung with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

[Exeunt.}
THIRD PART OF

Tire on the flesh of me, and of my soul! The loss of those three lords tormenteth my heart: I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—Come cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Eve. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in me speak. Yorkshire.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.

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

Eve. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.


Eve. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now; By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe, It will unseat you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Eve. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken: I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should forswear.

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

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

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took Before a true and lawful magistrate. That hath authority over him that swears; Henry had none, but did usurp the place; Then, seeing twas he that made you to depose, Your oath, my lord, is void and frivolous. Therefore to arms! And, father, do but think, How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown; Within whose circuit is Elysium, And all the poets feign of bliss and joy. Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest, Until the white crow, that I wear, be dyed Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Edward, Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently, And what on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk; And tell him privately of our intent.— You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise: In them I trust; for they are soldiers, Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit,— While we are thus employ'd, what needeth more, But that I seek occasion how to rise: And yet the king not privy to my drift, Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in so sudden a manner? Men. The queen, with all the northern ears and lords, Intend here to besiege you in your castle; She is hard by with twenty thousand men; And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What think'st thou, that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me; My brother Montague shall post to London; Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest, Whom we have left protectors of

With powerful policy stoppeth And trust not simple Henry, see M. Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, And thus most humbly I do int

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh on

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh the uncle.

You are come to Sandal in a hurry. The army should enter.

Sir John. She shall not need, we in the field.

York. Will, with five thousand; Rich. Ay, with five hundred, faith A woman's general; What shall I do?

Eve. I hear their drums; let's he order; And issue forth, and bid them well. York. Five men to twenty; he be great. I doubt not, uncle, of your victory. May a battle have I was in [f]. When as the enemy hath been we Why should I not now have [f]

SCENE III. Plein near Sandal.

Altarum: Excursions. Enter Enter Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to hands? Ah, tutor! look where bloody Cl.

Enter Clifford, and Rob Cif. Chaplain, away! thy pith thy life. As for the last of this accursed Whose father slew my father, be Thu. And I, my lord, will hear Cif. Soldiers, away with him. Thu. Ah, Clifford! murder not girl. Let those be hated both of God Cif. How now! is he dead at it fear, That makes him close his eyes— Rut. So looks the paint-up lined That troubles under his devouri So he walks, insomuch o'er And so he comes to rend his him Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with And not with such a cruel blow. Sweet Clifford, hear me speak Is I am too mean a subject for thy Be thou reveng'd on men, and Cif. I vain thou speakest, 'tis father's blood Hath stopp'd the passage which should Rut. Then let my father's blood He is a man, and, Clifford, cope Cif. Had I thy brethren here, thine, Were not revenge sufficient for No, if I digg'd up thy forefather And hung their rotten coffins up It could not make mine are, nor The sight of any of the house of is as a fury to torment my soul; And till I root out their accursed And leave not one alive, I live I therefore—[/]

Rut. 0, let me pray before I fall! To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, Cif. Such pity as my rapier's Rut. I never did thee harm; stay me! Cif. Thy father hath. Rut. But twas
KING HENRY VI.

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life; Wraith makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

North, Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart; What valour were it, when a car doth grin, For one to thrust his hand between his teeth, When he might spare him nothing but to die! It is war's prize to take all vanquish'd; And ten to one is no imposch of valor.

They lay hands on York, who struggles.

Cliff. Ay, ay, so strikes the woodcock with the North. So doth the comely struggle in the nest. York is taken prisoner.

Ford, Sir William Isles, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here: Tharfraught at mountains with overthrusting arms, Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.— What! was it you that would be England's king? Was't you that revell'd in our parliament, Made a preschamph of your high descent? Where are your men of sons to back you now? The wanton Edward, and the busy George! And where's that valiant enobled公司在 Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice, Was went to cheer his dad in that noble war. Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland? Look, York; I staid this napkin with the blood That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, Made issue from the bosom of the boy. And, if thine eyes can water for his death, Give thee this to dry thy eyes, sir. Alas, poor York! But that I hate thee deadly, I should lament thy miserable state. I pray thee, grieve, to make me merry, York. Stamp, race, and fret, that I may sing and dance, What hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thee cruelly. That some tear can fall for Rutland's death? Why art thou patient, man! thou shouldst be mad; And, to make thee mad, do mock thee still. Thou wouldest be tre'd, I, to make thee sport; York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown,— A crown for York — and, lords, bow low to him.— Hold my hands, whilst I do set it on.

Putting a paper Crown on her Head. A., marry, sir, now looks he like a king! Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair; And this is he was his adopted heir.— But how is this so great Plunket before? It is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath! As I bethink me, you should not be king, Till our King Henry had shook hands with death. And will you palate your head in Henry's glory, And rob his temple of the diadem, Now in his life, against your holy oath! O, is a fault too unpardonable!— Off with the crown; and, with the crown his head:

Ford, like the wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France, Whose tongue more poisins than the seller's tooth! How ill beseeeming it is thy sex. To triumph like an Amazon! Upon their woe, whom fortune cavilates. But that thy face is, virtue, unlike, unchangeABLE.
Third Part of

Made impatient with use of evil deeds,
I would many, proud queens, to smite them blunt;
To tell them whencesoever came, of whom
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
Not shameless.

The father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicile, and Jerusalem;
Yet the childless as an English queen.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to mean?
It needs not, nor it booteth not to proud queen;
Unless the sienes might be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, ran their horses to death.
'Tis true, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God be known, thy share thereof is small;
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
'Tis honesty, that doth make thee wonder'd at;—
'Tis government, that make them seem divine;
That wit and wisdom makes them Remarkable:
That art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are nato
As the north to the south in the antipodes.
O, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet he seemed to see a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and fickle;
These stirs, obscure, faint, rough, restive.
Blee'dst thou me rage, why, now thou hast thy
Wouldst have me weep; why, now thou hast thy
For raging wind blows up incessant showers.
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rattias's obscurities;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death.—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and they, false
Frenchwoman.
North. Bedrewse me, but his passions move me,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannaviles
Would not have touch'd; would not have stain'd the
But you are not inhuman, more inexcusable,—
O, you are the shame of all,—than tiger's Hyrcanides.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou didst in blood of my sweet
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon thy brow, the heirs will shed tears.
Yes, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death.
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
And, in thine need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I respit at thy cruel hand.
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to Heaven, my blood upon your heads.
North. Had he been slaughtered to all my
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how only sorrow grieves his soul.
G. Whit. Weeping-ripe, my Lord Nor
thumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Cf. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
[Strangling him.
Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king.
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracius God!
My soul doth flies through these wounds to seek out
thee.
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York
pates;
So York may overlook the town of York.

Scene I. A Plain near Northampton.

Edw. I wonder how on earth

Edw. Or whether he be 'scaped away.

Edw. Had he been taken, we should be news.
Had he been slain, we should be news;

Edw. The happy tidings of his good:
How farce my brother? who is
Edw. Rich. I cannot joy, until I be
Where our right valiant father is.

Edw. As doth a lion in a herd of swine.

Edw. Who having pitch'd a few, and
The rest stand all aloof, and
But so far'd our father with his arms:
So did his enemies my warlike
Nethwick. 'Tis prior enough to see,
How the morning opens her
And takes her farewell of the 
How well resembles it the dove
Trum'm'd like a yonder, prime
Dazzle mine eyes, ye doth
Rich. Thrice glorious man, can
Not separated with the racking
But sever'd in a pale cleach-skin
See; see! they join, embrace, etc.
As if they could some league in
Now are they but a paltry lump, and
In this the heavens figures some
Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, as I
I think, it gives us, brother, to
That we, the sons of brave Post
Each one already blazing by our
Should, notwithstanding, join
other,
And oversteppeth the north, as this
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward
Upon my target three fair shafts
Rich. Nay, better the dead
leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than
But what art thou, whose weary
Some dreadful story hanging up
Meth. Ah, one that was a web
When as the noble deke of York
Your princely blood, and noble
Edw. O, speak no more! I fear
meat.
Rich. Say how he died, for:
Meth. Environed he was with
And stood enclosed them as the b
Against the Greeks, that would
Troy.
But herselfs himself must yield
And many strokes, though with
New down and felt the hardness
By many hands your father was
But only slaughter'd by the lust
Of unrelent'd fury,
In whom crowns'd the gracious deus
Laugh'd in his face; and, when
wept;
The ruthless queen gave him to,
A naked steer'd the Horns
Of sweet young Rattia, by rood
And, after many worsen, many
and on the gates of York
out there is both remain;
so that ever I viewed it,
you and your troops to lean
and have no staff, no stay—

Clifford, then last slain
for his chivalry:
for he was named thine
he would have vanished'd.

he is become a prison:
from hence! that this my
be closed up in rest;
shall again,
I will see more joy;
p; for all my body's moles-
reach my furnace-burning
unload my heart's great
but I should speak with
ire all my breast,
\it flames that tears would
less the depth of grief;
blow, and revenge,

But I will make thy death,
attending it,
that valiant duke hath left
a chair with me is left,
that princely eagle's bird,
gazing 'gainst the sun;

?tom, throne and kingdom
or else thou wast not his.

with force,

be lords? What fate

of Warwick, if we should
at each word's deliver-
flush till all were told,
nd more anguish than the
lake of York is aih.

Warwick that Plantagenet,
ask'd for his redemption,
Clifford done to death,

shewed those in
his measure to your woes,
ngs since then beheld;

at Wakefield fought,
her breath'd his latest gasp,
the points could roll,
your lap, and his depart-
per of the king,
gather'd flecks of friends,
fold, as I thought,
but Albans to intercept the

my behal on:
was advertised,
\ith a full intent
ree in parliament,
ry's oath, and your

— at Saint Albans met,
but take on boldly fought;
the ondes of the king,
y on his warlike queen,
et of their latest spares;
pot of her success;
\f fear of Clifford's rigour,

Who thumbs to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night's own lazy light,
Or like a lazy thresh in a hail.

Tell gently down, as they strike their friends,
I cherished them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards;
But still in vain: they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
\e haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
In the marches here, we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Eden, where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Engi
War. Some six miles off the duke is with the
soldiers
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
from your kind aunt, the duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odd, belike, when valiant War-
Wick died.

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But never, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Now say my scandal; Richard, dost thou
hear:

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of
mine
Can pluck the diadem from saint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his flat;
Were he so famous and so bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick: blame me not.

The love, I bear thy glory, makes me speak,
But, in this tremendous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning courses,
Now-binding our Avo-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

For the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick doth set
himself to seek

And therefore comes my brother Montague,
Attend me, lords. The proud inquiring queen,
With Clifford, and the knight Northumberland,
And of their feathers, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax,
He swore consent to your secession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and devise a
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong;
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of

Amongst the loving Welshmen vast procure,
But not amount to live and twenty thousand,
Why, Paris to London will we march again;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great War-
wick speak:

Never may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Rejoice, if Warwick bid him stay.

Eden, Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I

And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour)
Most Edward fall, which peril heaven foreordain
War. No, happier earl of York, but duke of
York.

The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
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Shall for the fault make forth of his hand.
King Edward.—Valiant Richard.—Montagu.
Say we no longer dreaming of renown,
But out the world's nest, and about our land.
Rich. These, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
(As thou best shows it plainly by thy deeds),
I come to pieces it—so to give thee mine.
Exe. Then strike up, Simon—God— and
Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.
War. How now, by what news? Exe. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word
by me.
War. The queen is coming with a pleasant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. When she sorts, brave warriors! Let's away.

SCENE II. Before York.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, and Forces.

G. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave
Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,
That sought to be encompassed with your crown:
He sought to cheer your heart, my lord!
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that
See to this sight, it tris my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! I 'tis not my fault,
Not willingly I infringed your vassal.

CfV. My gracious liege, this too much kingly
And honorably pity, must be laid aside.
To whom doth cast their gentle looks?—
Not to the beast that would assump their den.
Whose heart is that the forest bear cloth lick?—
Not his, that spoil'st her young before her face.
Thou seest the lurking serpent's mortal sting!—
He, and who would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Then, being a king, bleed with a goodly son,
Didst ye consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet their protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seem them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have and with fear,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest;
Offering their own lives in their young's defense?
For shame, my liege, make ye your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter may unto his child—
What my great grandfather and gransires got,
My certain father souldiously gave away?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promises
Successful fortune, steady thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with
him.

K. Hen. Fall well hath Clifford play'd the

Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his bearing went to hell?—
I'll leave my son my virtues deeds behind;
And would, my father had left me so more!
For all the world is held at stake a rate.
As brings a thousand fold more ease to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Exe.三四th venieth Fodie [finds the

Rich. How now, young Edward?
G. Mar. Our lord, our lord, our lives are safe,
And happy is our prince, as the world sees.
You promised to prepare yourself to take
K. Hen. Edward, your charge is come.
To you.

Prince. My gracious father, I

I will draw as near as possible to
And to that quarter on land
CfV. Why, thus.

Enter a Bishop.

New, Royal commander, in
For, with a board of thirty ships
On which the queen, in yield of grace,
And, in the towns to they stand
Freecasting him king, and

CfV. I would, your highness,

The queen hath best success, will

G. Mar. Ay, good my lord,
Our fortune.
K. Hen. What, that's my main
fore I'll stay.

New. Be it with unsullienced
Prince. My royal father, this
lords,
And hear and that by
Unseath your sword, good all

March. Enter Edward, Gammel,
Wick, Norfolk, Montanier, and
Exe. Now, poyder'd
for grace,
And set thy dismal upon my back
And bring the mortal fortune of
G. Mar. Go, rate thy minutes

Exe. I am his king, and I

I was adopted heir by his cause
Since when, his oath is broken;
Till this—thine king, though a
crown.

CfV. Ay, crookback; here is

Or say he's the present of thy

Ric. Are you there, business

CfV. Ay, and all York, and

Ric. For God's sake, lords, let's think.
War. What say'st thou, Henm;
the crown?
G. Mar. Why, how now, is
wick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. All
Your legs did better service the
War. Then 'twas my turn to

CfV. Ye said so much before.
War. 'Twas not your reason

North. No, nor your manhood
you stay.
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overland, I hold thee reverent;
for scarce I can refrain
my giant's wide heart
that cruel child-killer,
that none shall shew him a child!
A desolate, and a straggling
our tender brother Rutland;
I'll make thee curse the dead,
alone with words, my foods,
and a speech,
then turn, or else hold close
thee, give no limits to my
privilege to speak.
the wound, that bred the
therefore be still,
in Heathcliff's sword;
I am receiv'd,
but had lied upon his tongue;
y, shall I have my right, or
have broken their fast to-day,
dine, unless thou yield the
thy blood upon thy head;
not have norson on,
be right, which Warwick says
but every thing is right.
I got thee, there thy mother
how hast thou mother's tongue,
on art neither like thy sire, nor
shapen sternly,
to be avoided,
and I'll also
there thy tongue
(I disiect
my base-born heart)
straw were worth a thousand
minds call themselves knowing me
I saw them fail them,
thee's foramina forth of France,
ton his crown at home.
brooch'd this turban, but thy
mock, our title still had slept
of the gentle king.
claim until another age;
where we saw our solemn made
never bred us no linseed,
thy swelling root;
edge hath something bit our
since we have begun to strike,
still we have been the dead,
with our heated bloods
this resolution, I defy thee;
longer conference,
at the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave.
And other victory, or else a grave.
O, Merc, Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay.
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Ghost: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Peremptorily will I, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have rob'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength.
And, spite of spine, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, mourning.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike unjust death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is closed.
War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad and despair:
Our ranks are broke, and miserable.
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

Edw. Stoutess is flight, they follow us with wings:
And west we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thickest earth hath drunk,
Brooch'd with the steady point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far.—
Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
So under the belly of their steeds, that stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood.
The noble gentlemen gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood.
'Pll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Waiting our leisure, whiles the foe doth rage?
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by compeering actors?
Here we are brave! I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Th' other death hath close'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with these:
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knees rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee.
These set up and pluck the down of kings
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy blear'd gates of heaven may open,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our springtime so.

War. Away, away! Once more sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call these planks, that will stand to us;
And, if they thrive, promise them such rewards.
As victors sat at the Olympic games;—
This may plant courage in their quailing hearts;
For yet is hopes of life, and victory.

For slow no longer, make we hence speedily.

SCENE IV. The same. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Richard and Clifford.

Richard. Clifford, I have singled thee alone;
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for the king; both bound to revenge,
Wert then civili'd with a brazed wall.

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone;
This is the hand that strik'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumph'd in their death.

Richard. Away! These are no mans, these are brother.
To be in arms like thyself?

Cliff. No, nor so, thou hast.

Richard. Come, Clifford, let us hence.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.

Enter King Henry.

King Henry. This battle bears like to the morning's war.

When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, bowing to his mule,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Force'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfish sea
For'd to retire by fury of the wind;
Sometimes, the flood prevails; and then the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Fond hope to be victorious, breasted to the breast;
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
No is the equal part of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit down.
Here to whom good will, there be the victory!

For brave men fall, and kings, and queens, and lords.
Have they their day, the battle from the battle;
Swearing, both. They prosper best of all when I am there.
Would, I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God, what think'st thou, were it a happy life,
To be so better than a homely swain;
To be so short, as I do so now.

To carve out dishes equally, point by point,
Thereto to see the inches how they ran;
How'd they make the bear full complete;
How many hours bring about the day,
How many hours both day and night, flush up the year.
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tread my flock:
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself:
So many days my eyes have been with young;
So many days my heart does those the fools will year:
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years;
Pass'd over to the end they were created.
When the white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life was this! how sweet! how long!

Gives not the hemisphere a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth; a thousand fold in doth.
And, to conclude,—the shepherd's homely cards,
His cold this drink out of his leather bottle,
His muscular sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which occur and sweetly be enjoys,

For beyond a prince's degrees,
His viands sparkling in a quiet meal.
Whose body couched in a castle bed.
When care, mistrust, and remorse.

Enter a Son that had his body
To some man else, as this did not.

Who's this?—O God! is it my God?

Whom in this contest I machine?
O heavy times, beating such rough
From London by the king was my father,

On the part of York, prest I, and

Who by my hand of life before,

And for I am a dead man, in my tears shall wipe away these

And no more woe with tears shall fill.

K. Hen. O pitiful spectacle! whilst lions war,
or battle for poor harmless lambs amid the
ev'ry wicked wars, and let's the

And let our hearts, and eyes, be

Be blind with tears, and break'd

Enter a Father who had his body

Then that so justly had

Give me thy gold, if thou hast

But let me see—thou in this son

Ab, no, no, no; it is mine only

Ah, how may I be left in the

Throw upon this eye; see, see, wh

Blew with the windy tempest

Upon thy wounds, that kill

O, pity God, this miserable as

Where stratagems, how fell, how

This deadly quarrel daily doth

O boy, thy father gave thee life

And hath bereft thee of all

K. Hen. Woe above woe! common grief

O, that my death would stis deeds!

O pity, pity, gentle heavens, pi

The red rose and the white are

The fatal colours of our strain

The one, his purple blood right

The other, his pale cheeks, me

Wither one rose; and let the st

If you contend, a thousand live

Shall he, that is born for

Take on with me, and never

Farewell. How will my wife, for

Sheed seas of tears, and never

K. Hen. Woe will the county chances,

Misthink the king, and not be

Whos, who at this has so awful

Fare. Was ever father, so be

K. Hen. Woe, ever king, so
tics' woe?

Much is your sorrow: mine, to

I'll bear thee hence, and

Fare. These arms of mine at

My heart, sweet boy, shall be

For from my bosom to my

My graceful being shall be thy
KING HENRY VI.

will thy father be,
free, having no more,
'd his valiant sons,
and let them fight that will,
d where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the Body

er, much overcome
en woful than you are.

Queen MARGARET, Wales, and Exeter.
ry! for all your friends
like a staid bolt;
, on my lord, towards Ber-
ike a brace of greyhounds
dying are in sight,
king for very wrath,
sly in their rightful hands,
and therefore hence again.
vengeance comes along with
postulate, make speed;
'll away before.
me with thee, good sweet
t, but love to go
friends. Forward; away!

VI. The same.

Edward Clifford, attended,
my candle out, ay, here it
t, give King Henry light;
y thy overthrow,
's parting with my soul.
ped many friends to thee;
yough commissaries met,
'strengthening mis-prond
's more like summer flies;
but Henry's enemies?
how more become,
'd check thy fiery steeds,
and had search'd the earth;
and away as Kings should
of his father did
onto the house of York,
's more like summer flies;
his less resounding
wings for our death,
and kept thy chair in peace,
's words but gentle air?
cohers bold, but too much
ats, and careless are my
strength to hold out flight;
a, and will not pity;
have deserved no pity;
on my deadly wounds,
's words make me faint!
Richard, Warwick, and the
'd erect, split my breast.

[He faints.

Edward, George,
Warwick, and Soldiers.
he, lords; good fortune
owns of war with peaceful
the bloody-minded queen;
ry, though he were a kingly
with a fretting gait,

Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And whereas he'er he is, he's surely dead.

Clarence pross and dies.
Whose soul is that which takes her heavy


Edw. See what it is; and now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently said.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis

Who not contented that he loosed the branch
in hewing Rutland when his horse was lost forth;
But set his murdering knife unto the root.
From whence that tender spray did sweetly

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. For off the gates of York let down the
head, Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal scourgehow to our house,
That nothing more but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening

And his ill boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the Body forward.

War. I think his understanding is here:
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

Dark cloudy death overshades his head of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears as we do say.

Rich. O, 'twould be said! and, so, perhaps he

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts.
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

[Can, if thou thinkest, 'tis him with eager

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

War. Clifford, repeat in bounty his sentence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy fault.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am not to York.

Edw. Those pitiful at Rutland, I will pity thee,
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! I swear as those
who wast wont.

Rich. What, not so oath I say, then the world
goes hard.

When Clifford cannot spare his friends on oath;
I know by that, he's dead! And by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rattle it,
This hand should chop it off; and with the

Stifle the villain, whose unthankful thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
Her, Ay, that he's dead! Off with the traitor's

And ye are in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphal march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen;
So shalt thou show both these lands together;
And having France thy friend, thou shall not dread

The scaffold's foe, that hopes to rise agin:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buy, to offend thee dart.
THIRD PART OF

ACT III.


Enter now Keepers, with Crows mostly in their Hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick grown brake we shall shroud ourselves; for I know not whether the deer will come; and in this covert we will make our stand, cutting the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of the crows.

Will scare the herd, and so my shot is lost. Here stand we both, and aim we at the best: And, for the time shall not seem tedious, 'till we have what befall me on a day.

In this self place where now we mean to stand,

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Proser.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of my own free will.

To greet mine own land with my victorious sight. No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine.

Thy place is "tilled, thy sceptre wrong from thee.

Thy balm was o'd, wherewith thou was anointed:

No bounding knee will call thee Caesar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No man comes to redress of thee:

For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keep-

'er's fee:

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adventi-

ties:

For wise men say, it is the wiser course.

2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon

him.

1 Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to

France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding War-

is.

It is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward: if this news be true,

Poor queen, and, son, your labour is but lost; For Warwick is a subtle actor,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him; For she's a woman to be pitied much;

Her sighs will make a balsam in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;

And through him haunted with remorse:

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brutal tears,

Ay, but she's come to beg Warwick's hand.

She, on his left side, sitting side by side:

He, on his right, sitting a wid for his loss;

She weeps, and sighs; he looks on her not more:

He smiles, and says—his EdwardART.

That she, poor woman, for grief and care:

Whiles Warwick tells his tale, sweet or sour.

Infereth arguments of mighty death.

And, in conclusion, wins the king and queen.

With promise of his sister, and she who,

To strengthe them and support kind Edward.

O Margaret, thou'rt well betimes, our Art then forsaken, as thou'rt now, there are two kings and queen.

K. Hen. More than I seen, yet me was born to.

A man at least, for less I should not; And queen may she be to another king.

2 Keep. Ay, but then talk'st of the same king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, and can.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, then be a crown!

K. Hen. My crown is in its present state.

Not deck'd with diamonds and balmes; nor

Yet to be seen: my crown is much mislaid.

A crown it is, that sothful kings wear.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king, let's see your

content,

Your crown constant, and you, must come along with us, for, as we think, You are the king, King Edward the first.

And we his subjects, sworn in all.

Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear an oath?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath, as we now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when the king of England?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at the old;

My father and my grandfather were kings;

And, tell me then, have you not kept

oaths?

1 Keep; For we were subjects, but while you was

born to:

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not reign a

man?

Ab, simple men, you know not what you

Look, as I blow this feather from the breast:

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I bid it:

And yielding to another when it blows.

Commanded always by the greater god;

But do not break your oaths: for, of these,

My mild entreaty shall not make you

Go where you will, the king shall be

mandated;

And be you kings; command, and I'll do

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to this?

If he was seated as King Edward.

1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, in

the king's;

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your

name be obeyed;

And what God will, then let your king

form;

And what be will, I humbly yield and
KING HENRY VI. 477

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He gives her hard; and much rain wets the marble.

Chev. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edu. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon performed, because I am a subject.

K. Edu. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edu. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love, I mean, my loving liege.

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

What love, think'st thou, I see so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers.

That love, which virtue beggs, and virtue grants.

K. Edu. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edu. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I am not right.

K. Edu. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie

in prison.

K. Edu. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be mybower.

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edu. Then in thus wrong thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my spirit.

For you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edu. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request;

No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, do, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Chev. He is the bluestest woor in Christendom.

K. Edu. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete

with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord;

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edu. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:

I know I am too mean to be your queen;

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edu. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen?

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve my grace; my son

should call you—father.
THIRD PART OF

K. Edu. No more than when thy daughters call thee mother.
Then, art a widow, and hast but children; And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor, Have other sons; why, thou hast a happy thing To be the father some many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Gis. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
[Aside.

Ch. When he was made a shrive, 'twas for
That thou mightst bear.

K. Edu. Brothers, you must what that we two have had.
Gis. The widow likes it not, for she looks very bad.
K. Edu. I'll show you what I think strange if I should marry her.
Ch. To whom, my lord? K. Edu. Gis. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Ch. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Gis. By so much the wonder in extremes.
K. Edu. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both.
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Noblemen.

And, my gracious lord, Henry your son is taken,
And sent before your prisoner, to your palace gate.
K. Edu. See, that he be conveyed unto the Tower:-
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.-
With you go you along-Lords, use her honourable.

[Enter K. Edu, Gis, Clur, and Lord, Gis. Ay, Edward willow women honourably.
Would, he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins, no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me
The lustful Edward's title buried,
It Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
That stood against the world for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself;
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty.
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And yet, in sooth, the tides of that same sea
Carry that sandalstone from thence,
Nay, he'l drier it dry to have his way,
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say-I'll cut the causes off,
Plattering me with impossibilities.-
My eye's too quick, my heart overween too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford I
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns! Why, love foresaw me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bile:
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sit deformity to mock my body:
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaise, or an unlaid heart-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam,
And am I then a man, to be beloved?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

Then, since this earth affords no joy But to command, to check, is 'twas an are of better person then myself I'll make my heaven-to dream upon.
And, whilst he live, to account that I was until my wench'd I think that her
Be found involved with a gloom.
And yet I know not how to get
For many lives stand between me
And I, like one lost in a thou way
That runs through the thorns, and ends in seeking a way, and straining from not knowing how to find the end But tolling desperately to end it
To torment myself to catch the eagle And from that to that, for no matter.
Or have my way out with a bloody Why, I can smile, and murder in cry, content to think and wet my cheeks with artful
And front me with false grace.
I'd drown more sailors than they Or play more gages than the bird
I'll play the baser, and never care.
More decently still than Ulysses
And, like a Simon, take my case.
I can add colours to the canvas-

Change shapes with, Proton, be not and set the marvelous Magnifier Can I do this, and cannot get a doth sit.
I were it further off, I'll peace.

SCENE III. France. A Room

Flourish. Enter Lewis, the Prince.

Gir. The Prince and fair Queen Margaret.

K. Edw. Fair Queen of England

Lei. Lil. Then enter Queen Margaret, her son, and the Earl of Ormonde.

K. Leu. Fair Queen of English

Gir. Sit down with us; it ill behoves

K. Leu. And birth, that thou shouldst address

Gir. Now, mighty King of Scotland.

Marg. Must strike her sail, and learn Where kings command. I was, Great Albion's queen in former But now mischance hath trod me
And with dishonour, laid me on Where I must take like seat and

K. Leu. To my humble seat confine

K. Leu. And, with fair Queen Margaret,

K. Leu. This deep despair?

Gir. From such a cause as

K. Leu. And stops my tongue, while he

K. Leu. What'ere it be, the self,

K. Leu. And sit these by our side: yield

K. Leu. To fortune's yoke, but let thy

K. Leu. And give my tongue the

Gir. Now, therefore be it known to

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G. Leu. Those gracious words of

K. Leu. With this my son, Prince Ed

G. Leu. To cries thy just and

K. Leu. And, if thou fail us, all our hope
KING HENRY VI.

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

War. Can Oxford, that did ever change the right,

VANTAGE, at our request, to stand aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love

Bene, your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:

You are the best judge of my suit.

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

But if it be not my heart's delight to

And as for you yourself, our common queen,

And better were ye troubled him than France.

Proud sitter up and puller down of kings!

Help, but cannot help;

Fore, they are both blind,

Our soldiers put to flight,

In合伙, with patience calm

Means to break it off.

Nay, the more I succomptuate waiteth on true

The breeder of my sorrow.

The brave Warwick! What France?

War. From his state, Queen Margaret rise.

Swarth, of Warwick, Edward's

In Edward, king of Albion,

And antique love—

In the royal person;

In that unity

And the Lady Bonn, bear

Warwick. His demand

And for necessity,

So he go home, purchase great alliance,

Yet must, but were he dead,

As may appear by Edward's good success,

While he shall have all kindness at my hand,

Then shall ye never be moved in this estate,

We have the sixth hath lost to the Fifth had gotten?

Maries of France should smile at

Tell a pedagogue.
Third Part

Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sovran governoys, and thy lord’s false love;
For both of you are birds of evil fame indeed.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to me, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mon. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you:
Scot. My lord brother, Marquis Montague,
Thence from our king unto your majesty.
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[To M. of MARAGRE. They all read their Letters.
Ours, I’ll tell it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Pres. Nay, man, how Lewis stamps as he was nettled:
I hope he is for the best.

[To K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and thine, fair queen?
Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joy.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart’s discontent.

K. Lew. What has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Send me this paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward’s love, and Warwick’s beauty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward’s;
No more my king, for he disbours me;
But most myself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came unscath’d to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I let pass from his native right?
And am I gooned at the last with shame?
Shame out of me, or my heart is stuff
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
My noble Henry, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I wish him his wrongs to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn’d
My hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom’st King Henry’s friend.
War. So much my friend, ay, my unregreSted friend,
That, if King Lewis vows to save us from
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I’ll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
’Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He’s very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton love than honor,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-

But by thy help to this distressed queen?
Q. Mar. Returned prince, how shall poor
Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from soul despair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen’s,
Are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret’s.

ACT IV.

Scene i. London. A Room
Enter Glouster, Clarence, Somerset, and Others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother, I think you
Of this new marriage with the
Hath not our brother made a
Clar. As, you know, ’tis far
How could he stay till Warwick
To tell him so?
Flourish. Enter King Edward, Grey, at Queen; Pembroke, in

Glo. His well chosen brother,
I wish to tell him plain
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not (g)nable of descent.
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this little honors me and mine,
So your dishonors, to whom I would be pleasing,
Decline my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, for bear to frown upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And thy true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Edw. Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France? or what news from England?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore in brief,
Tell me their words, as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—
"On till further Edward, thy supposed king—
That Lewis of France to sending my master,
To meet it with him and his new bride."
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry?
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. There were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
"Tell him, in hopes he'll prove a wiser captain,
The better to defend the good for whose sake."
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little else.
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.
Mess. Tell him, quoth she, my morning weeds are done
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to those injuries?
Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, disheart'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll warn you, he'll be long."
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out such bounds words?
Well, I will warn me, being thus forewarn'd;
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so linked in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clare. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

K. Edw. Clare, Clarence, and Somerset both go to Warwick.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he prove
true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's
cause!

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

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

K. Edw. Why so? then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French and
other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all this goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

[Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
Warwick!

And welcome, Somerset—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter
shall be thine.

And now what reaps, but, in night's seclusion,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the town about,
And best attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure.

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That at Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With sleight and manhood stolen Rheus' tent,
And brought from hence the Thracian fatal
steeds!

So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself. I say not—slay him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—

You, that will follow me to this attempt,
KING HENRY VI.

K. Edu. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest.

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and ease requireth haste;

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edu. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To land, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guesst, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edu. Stanley, I will require thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherfore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

K. Edu. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

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

Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more said.

K. Edu. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may possess the crown.

SCENE VI. A Room in the Tower.

Entree King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows into joys;

At our entreaty what are thy due fees?

Liset. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But, if a humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, but then sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

At last, by notes of household harmony,

They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou settest me free, And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

He was the author, thou the executor.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;

And that the people of this blessed land

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been favour'd for virtues,

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

By saying, and avoiding fortune's malice,

For few men rightly temper with the stars:

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway.

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,

Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace, and war;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And IChoose Clarence only for protector,

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands,

Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government,

I make you both protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To spin's relief, and my Creator's praise.
THIRD PART OF

War. What answerers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clarr. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent:
For on my fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I consent:
We'll make one together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place:
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now that it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clarr. What else? and that succession be determined?

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his share.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Both return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clarr. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.


Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers

[Leaps his hand on his head.
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His look implies a full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mest. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unhappy news! But how made he escape?

Mest. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester,
And Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him:
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge:
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A safety for any sore that may arise.

[Scene VI. ELIZ.

K. Edw. What news, brother? How goes it with the rest?
K. Hen. Yet thus far fortune mocks me:
And says—that soon must fall
My wearer star for Henry's shield.
Well have we paid our, and lost all:
And brought desired help from
What then remains, we know:
From Ravenspur among the York.
But that we enter, as into our
Glns. The gates made hot—this:
For many men, that stand;
Are well for'ward—this day
K. Edw. Truth, and we now afford us:
By fair or foul means we are set;
For hither will our friends come.
Hast. My liegemen'll know:
Mon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Duke of Buckingham.

May. My lords, we were not coming,
And sent the gates for safety.
For now we owe allegiance
K. Edw. But, master mayo...

Yet Edward, at the least,
May. True, my good lord,
less.
Glns. As being well content with
Gln. But, when the fault

Enter the Mayor, and the Lord Mayor.
K. Edw. So, master mayo
not be shot,
But in the night, or in the ...
What I fear not, man, but y

For Edward will defend th
And all those friends that d

Dbrit. Enter Montague,
Glns. Brother, this is Sir J
Our trusty friend, unless I K.
Edw. Welcome, Sir J.
What friend?

May. To help King Edw.
As every loyal subject o\ K. Edw. Thanks, good all

Our title to the crown; our dukedom, till God ple
May. Then fare you we
Again, I came to serve a king,
And Drummer, strike up, and h
KING HENRY VI.

John, a white; and
we may be recover'd,
that in few words,
yourselves our king,
and; and be gone,
must not precede you:
pretend no title;
before stand you on
stronger, then we'll

our meaning,
with; now arms
climb soonest unto
out of hand;
you many friends,
for; 'tis my
diadem,
foreign speaketh like
it's champion.
Edward shall be here
proclamation,
A Paper, Edward,
Fourth, by the grace
France, and lord of
many king Edward's
single fight,
one down he gains.
the Fourth.
Montgomery; and
quite this kindness,
strong here in York;
shall raise his car
wound, and his in-
ry is no soldier
how evil it betimes
 take thy brother!
both thee and War-
not of the day;
not of large pay.

A Room in the Palace.
VICK, CLARENCE,
MONTE OXFORD.

ords! Edward from
often Holandsers,
the narrow seat,
march again to Lon-
tock to him.
I beat him back again.
Olds; cannot quench.
I have brave;

in war;
and then, new Cal-
folk, and in Kent,
to come with thee:
Buckingham,
shalt find
what thou com-
founders we'll be lov'd;
are up thy friends
aving citizens,

Like to his island, girl in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave; and stand not to reply
Fairwell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-mind'd Clarence, be thou fortunate.

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

Osr. And thus [King Henry's hand] I seal
my truth, and bid alien.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mont-
tague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell; sweet lords; let's meet at

Coventry.


K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power that Edward hath in his
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Esr. The doubt is, that he will salute the rest.
K. Hen. That's not my fear, my need hath
got me fame.
I have not at hand mine cars to their demands,
Nur pestol of their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allayed their vexing griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water flowing tears;
I have not been generous of their wealth,
Nor much opposed it them with great subsidies.
Nor forerun of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these grace challenge grace;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Short within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

Esr. Hawk, hawk, my lord! what shouts are
there?

Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, and Soldiers.

K. Ed. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear
him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.

You are the fount that makes small brooks to
flow
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them
dry,
And shall so much the higher by their ebb.

Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[Exeunt some with King Henry.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our
course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains;
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hope'd for day.

Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grand traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march on in towards Coventry.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the Watch, Warwick, the Mayor of
Coventry, Two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the poet that came from valiant
Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunstable, marching hither-
ward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the poet that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Dainty, with a puissant

TY
THIRD PART OF


Enter Sir John Somerville.
War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his drum and do expect him here some two hours hence.
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Som. The truest, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlock'd for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Dream. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Forces, marching.
K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parley.
Glo. See how the merry Warwick manna the wall.
War. O, unbridled spirit! is spurious Edward come? Where slept our accounts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the gate?
Glo. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confer who set thee up and pleas'd thee call Warwick-patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king.
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a ducal sword, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but War-

Dream. Warwick takes his gift again:
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And Warwick takes his gift again:
And Henry is my king, Warwick is his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's son.

Dream. Gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?
Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was stillly linger'd from the deck! Thou left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And in a couple, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
War. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
Nay, when I strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other ring at thy face,
Than hear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail bow thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.
War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. Go, other foes may set upon our backs.
Stake we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

SCENE II. A Field of Battle.

If not, the city, being but a few
War. O, we must, Gloster, Gloster.
Glo. Then, and thy horse in this tress
Glo. That, and thy horse in this tress
With whom an upright and bold
Glo. O, no; O, no; O, no;
Glo. Two of our men in the town.
War. And those shall be the third, the fourth,

SCENE III. The Field of Battle.

Chor. Father of Warwick, how meanly
You have sold your ears into the hand
And set up Lancaster. Why, Warwick,
War. That Clarence is so harsh, as if
To bend the fatal instruments
Against his brother, and his best
Perhaps, thou wilt object my care;
To keep that oath, weere men are
Than Jephtha's, when he saith
I am so sorry for my treasuan in
That, to deserve well at my will
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence like,
War. O passing traitor, perj
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones a
War. Also, I am not coopt'd I
And bid thee battle, Edward, I
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Ed
Ed leads the way:
Lords, to the field, Saint George
KING HENRY VII.

Act I, Scene I.

[Enter York and Warwick; York-mangled body shows, of strength, my sick heart.

York: By my body to the earth, at conquest to my foe, hur to the axe's edge, better to the princely eagle, the ramping lion sleep; evere's Jove's spreading

from winter's powerful

are dead; with death's

ings as the mid-day sun; 
tressors of the world: 
tow, now filled with blood; 
but I could dig his grave? 
be, when Warwick best his

scarer'd in that blood! I

My men, that I had; 
and, of all my lands, 
but my body's length; 
so, reign, but this is our

can we, yet die we must.

York and Somerset.

York: Warwick, wert thou as

all our loss again?

with a belligerent

the news: Ah, couldst

I would not fly: Ah, Mon- 

rect brother, take my hand, 

g for, brother, if thou didst, 

this cold congested blood, 

and will not let me speak.

stags, or I am dead.

Montague hath beaul'd 

pep, cried out for Warwick, 

me to my valiant brother, 

had have said; and more be

e a cannon in a vault, 

all, deliver'd with a groan.—

ck.

Sweet rest to his soul!— 

you yourselves: for Warwick 

meet again in heaven. [Diss. 

, to meet the queen's great

hearing of Warwick's Body.

Another Part of the Field.

NG EDWARD in triumph, with 

and the rest.

our fortune keeps an upward

with wreaths of victory, 

cious threatening cloud, 

r with our glorious sun, 

we women are left; 

that the queen 

our own, let us now 

so, will soon disperse that

source from whence it came; 

dry those vapours up; 

no storm.

Glo. The queen is wäl'd thirty thousand

strong.

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;

if she have time to breathe, he well assured;

her faction will be as strong as ours.

S. Leo. We are advertised by our loving

That they do hold their course toward Tewks-

bury: we having now the best at Barnet field,

still thinner, for willingness ride way;

And, as we march, our strength will be aug-

mented in every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Plateau near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers. 2. Mer. Great lords, wise men, be the 5 sit and 

while their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redeem their harms.

What, shall we now be master of our lordship, 

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

and half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives one pilot still; let's meet, that he 

should leave the helm, and, like a fearful led, 

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too

much.

Where, in his main, the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have saved? 

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this! 

Say, Warwick was our anchor! What of that? 

And Montague our top-mast; What of him? 

Our sinking'd friends the tackles; What of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor? 

And Somerset another goodly mast? 

The friends of France our oarsmen and tackling?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I? 

For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge? 

We will steer from the helm, it ah and woe y

But keep our course, though the rough wind 

do—

From shelves and rocks that threaten, us with 

As good to hide the waves as speak them fair.

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?

What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit? 

And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say, you coxswain in arms; alas, 'tis but a while; 

Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink: 

Beside the rock; the tide will wash you off; 

Or else you fancy, that's a thievish depth.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand, 

in case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hope for mercy with the bro-

More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and 

rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,

Two cruelish weaknesses to lament, or fear;

Prince. Methinks a woman of this vallant

should, as a coward heard her speak these words, 

infuse his breast with magnanimity;

And make him, naked, fold a man at arms.

I speak not this, as doubting any here:

For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

He should have leave to go away betimes; 

Lost, in our need, he might infect another,

And make himself of like spirit in the world.

If any such be here, as God forbid!

Lett him depart, before we need his help.

Oxford, what children of so high a courage

and warriors faint? why, 'twere perpetual shame.

O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather

Dost live again in thee. Long may'st thou live,

To bear his name, and renew his glories.
THIRD PART OF

A man. And be that will not fight for such a hope, Go home to bed, and like the owl by day, If he arise, he mock'd and wonder'd at. Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset,—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand.

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute. Q. Mar. I thought no less: it is his policy, To hate the thing that's fairest, to despise it. Som. But he's deceived, we are in readiness. Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forces. Q. Mar. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not return.

March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Our followers, yonder stands the thyous wood, Which, by the hearmans' assistance, and your several might, Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night. I need not shew the signal to you; for, to tell you, For well, I yet, yebla, to learn them out: Give signal to the sight, and so to lords. Glo. Lords, Knights, and gentlemen, what I say shall say, My tears are my wine; for every word I speak, Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. Therefore, no more but this:—Heary, your sovereign. In prison to the foe; his state usurp'd, His reins a slaughtering-house, his subiects slain, His statutes cancel'd, and his treasures spent: And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoile. You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords, Be valiant, and give signal to the sight.

[Exeunt both Armies.

SCENE V. Another Part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces: with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and other Princes.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils. A way with Oxford to Hampton castle straight. For Somerset, off with his guilty head. Go on them hence: I will no more then speak. Q. Mar. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune. Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET guarded.

Q. Mar. So part we sadly, in this troublesome world, To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that he who finds Edward, Shall have a high reward, and be his life? Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Exit Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak: What can so young a thorn before prick? Edward, what satisfaction causeth those, For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, And all the trouble thou hast in't to me? Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitions York.

Suppose, that I am now my father's mount; Resign thy chair, and where I stand, kneel thou, Then I will propose the same words to thee, Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to. Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so receiv'd. Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat of York, and ever have stol'n the breath from Lancaster.

Prince. Let many fall in a war. Glo. I can't crouch under a master, as a dog. Q. Mar. By heaven, lord, I'll play the puppy. Q. Mar. Ay, then must we be lost.

Q. Mar. For God's sake, take away this scold. Prince. Nay, take away this muck. K. Edw. Peace, wilted boy, or I'll hang thee. Clar. Unanswer'd I'd be, thou art not wise. Prince. I know my day, ye Basset Lollipuss, and Lancious Edward,—and they have pluck'd me. And thou misbelievest Rich, I say I am your better, richer in thy soul, and better in thy youth. And thou usurppest thy father's right. K. Edw. Take that, the image here. Glo. Sprawlt then'st thou into the mother, boy! Clar. And there's for twisting thee.


Canst thou not speak—O treachery! They, that stabb'd Cæsar, and mad as mad, Did not offend, nor were not wounded If this foul deed were by, in so speed. He was a man; this, in roused, too. And men never spend their fury so. What's worse than murder, but that is? No, no; my heart will burn, on it. And I will speak, that so my heart may Butchers and villains, bloody coxcomb. How sweet a plant have you underfoot? You have no children, butchers! If the thought of them would have made more:

But, if ever you chance to have a child, Look in his yost to have him so cut. As, despatch! you have old this sweet prince! K. Edw. Away with her; go bear her performance. Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, me hence; Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon death: What! wilt thou not—then, Clifford, thou. Clar. By heaven, I will not do this case. Q. Mar. Good Clifford, go on; sweet thou do so. Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I not do it? Q. Mar. Ay, but thou neest to forswear. It was sin before, but now 'tis charity. What! wilt thou not where I is the butcher, Hard-Faced Richard? Richard, what thou? Thou art not here: Murder is thy name. Petitioners for blood thou ne'er spilt. K. Edw. Away, I say, I charge ye, hence.
KING HENRY VI.

Glo. I'll hear no more—Die, prophet in thy speech.

[Stalls lone.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I order'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! I forgive my sins; and pardon thee!

[Die.]

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground! I thought it would have more abatement.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may no purple tears be always shed From those who wish the downfall of our house! If any spark of life he yet remaining, Down, down to hell; and by, I sent thee thither.

[Stalls him again.] I have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek the ruin that renew'd my right?

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,

O, Jesus Saviour, he is born and cometh:

And so was I; which plainly signified—

That I should smart, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shown their love,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother,

And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine.

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light.

But I will surt a pitchy day for thee:

For I will hang abroad such propositions,

That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;

Counting myself but bad, till I be best—

Pll throw my body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII. The same. A Room in the Palace. K. EDWARD. I once more we sit in England's royal throne.

Reproach'd with the blood of chemisties.

What valiant foesmen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we now'd down, in tops of all their pride!

Three dukes of Somerset, three fried of renown'd,

For hardly and undoubted champions;

Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son,

And two Northumberlands; two beaver men

Ne'er spur'd their coulers at the trumpet's sound.

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

That in their chains teeth'd the kindly lion,

And made the forest tremble when they roared.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

And made our foundation of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy—

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncle, and myself,

Have in our armour's watched the winter's night;

Went all afoot in summer's sealding heat,

That thou might'st repress us with much less peace;

And of our labours there shall reap the gain.

Glo. 'Tis still his harvest, if your head were bad;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This should be past, and sign'd, and seal'd, and have;

And leave it some weight, or break my hook

Work thou the way, and then shall execute.

[Exit.]

[Exeunt.]
ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

Enter Gloucester,

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;

K. Edu. Feast, Clarence, and Gloster, love my
lovely queen;
And kiss next princely nephew, brothers both.
Clare. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
K. Edu. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks.
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence
Then springeth
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit—
To say the truth, as Julian kiss'd his mascu-
ter;
And cried—all hail! when he means—
(Aside)

K. Edu. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loving.

LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward V.
RICHARD, Duke of York.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester.
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterward King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOSCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MONTAGU, 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 HARTING.

LORD STANLEY. LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD EDGAR.
SIR WILLIAM CATHERBY.
SIR JAMES TYCO.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERON.
SIR ROBERT BRACKNELL.
LIEUTENANT OF THE CITY OF LONDON.
CHRISTOPHER WEDSTICK, a Prior.
RICHARD, Lord Mayor of London.
ERNEST HENRY, Sheriff of London.
ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Wife of King Edward V.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
MOTHER TO KING EDWARD.
LADY ANNE, Wife of Edward, Prince of Wales, afterward King Henry VI.; afterward in the Duke of Gloucester.
A young Daughter of Clarence.
LORDS, and other Attendants, see Gent.
Pursemaker, Scrivener, Citizens, &c.
Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—England.

Our bruised arms hung up for mourn
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry
Our dreadful Marches to delightful
Our grim-visag'd war hath smock'd his
Our leisivous pleasing of a love.

But I—that am not chang'd for march
Not made to court an amorous looking
That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree soever, with his brother, 
Gk. Even so, an please your worship, Bre-
kenbury.
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 boney eye, a passing pleasing tongue; And that the queen’s kindred are made gentle-
men.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this? 
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have ought 
to do.
Gk. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, now, thou He that doth naught with her, excepting one, Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord? 
Gk. Her husband, knave:—Wouldst thou be-
tray her?
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, wifid. 
Forbear your conference with the noble duke. 
Clar. We know thy charge, Brokenbury, and will obey.
Gk. We are the queen’s subjects, 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 pleased, neither of us well. 
Gk. Well, your imprisonment shall not be 
end. 
I will deliver you, or else lie for you: 
Mean time, have patience.
Clar. I must perform; farewell. 
[Exit CLARENCE, BROKENBURY, and Guard. 
Gk. Go, tread the path that thou shalt never 
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 Hast-
lings?

Enter Hastings.
Hast. Good time of day unto my proude lord! 
Gk. As much unto my good lord chamberlain! Well are ye welcome to this our place. 
How hast 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. 
Gk. 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 mewed, 
While kites and hunchbacks prey at liberty. 
Gk. 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 nightly. 
Gk. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is but 
indeed.
Gk. He hath kept an evil diet long, 
And overmuch consumed his royal person; I’m very grieved to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed? 
Hast. He is.
Gk. 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 posthume up to heaven.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both,
Clas. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy brother, thanks.
Glos. And, that I love the tree from whence
Thou spring'at,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his mas-
ter;
And o'er—all hail! when as he means!
(Aside.)
—All harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seate as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
KING EDWARD V.
RICHARD, Duke of York.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence.
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VI.
CARDINAL-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
THOMAS RUTHERFORD, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of ELY.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
EARL RIVIERE.
MARQUIS OF DORSET.
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUCHAN.
SIR RICHARD DEUCE.
SIR WILLIAM CATERBY.
SIR JAMES TREDY.
SIR JAMES BILLING.
SIR WALTER HICKS.
SIR ROBERT BERKES.
LIEUTENANT OF HETTON.
CHRISTOPHER STICKS.
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.
ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Duchess of York, Mother to King Edward.
HARRIS, Messenger to King Henry VI.
LADY ANN, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
SIR THOMAS PIERSON, one of the House of Commons.
OUR KNIGHTS, GENTLEMEN, and Others.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

Enter Gloucester, Gloster.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wains.

Our bruised arms hung up for monument;
Our stern alarms change'd to merry bells;
Our dreadful marches to delightfull races
To the lascivious plaging of a base.
But I,—that am not shap'd for passion;
Not made to court an amorous looking
KING RICHARD III.

That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glo. Even so, if an please your worship, Bra-
kenbury, you may discourse of any thing we say;
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well stricken 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;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brack. I deny this, my lord, myself have ought
to do.
Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell they
were so.
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly alone.
Brack. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave;—Wouldst thou be-
tray'd?
Brack. I beseech your grace to pardon me;
and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.
Glo. We are the queen's subjects, 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 enervate you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Glo. 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;
Mean time, have patience.
Brack. I must perform; farewell.
Glo. [Exit CLARENCE, BRACKENBURY, and Guard.
Glo. Go, tell the path that thou shalt not return.
Simple, plain Clarence!—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!

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 braved 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 prevailed as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and hazzards peep 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 is Saint Paul, this news is bad
indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over much consumed 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.

Hast. He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorne up to heaven.
KING RICHARD III

I'll lo, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steale'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fall not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which doubt, God take King Edward to his
And leave the world for me to battle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amend,
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
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
To command: Gentlemen bearing Ballards
to guard it; and Lady Anne as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
If honour may be abused in a bearer,—
Whilst I while obsequiously lament
The unfairest and most vilest Lancaster—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son.
Stab'd by the same hand that made these wounds:
Lo. in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed be the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed be that blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful lap botide that hated wretch.
That makes as wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing lives!
If ever have child, abortive be it;
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am now, by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy
Takes from Paul's to be interred there:
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, while I lament King Henry's corpse.
[The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corpse, and set it
To stop devoted charitable deeds!
Villains, set down the corpse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corps of him that disobeys.
I mean, my lord, stand back, and let the coffin
Unmann'd do his pass!
What, do you tremble! are you all afraid?

Also, I blame you not; for now
And mortal eyes cannot see him. Away, then, depend no more! These hands but power over him:
His head those cannot fear such:
Burn, dust! 
Revel, fair, for God's sake:
For those have made the happy end
Pil'd it with cruelty; and
If those delight to view his head,
Rebol'd this pattern of thy king.
Glo. Open your collars, and expose
Blind, bloody, these signs of holy
For 'tis thy wart, Anne, that sprang
From cold and empty veins, to
Thy dead, inhuman and masterless
Provores this death must meet O God, which is his death!
O earth, which this blood doth
Either, brave's, with fighting 
Or, earth, gaze open wide, and
As those dogs, whose masters to
Which his bell-govern'd arm'd
Lady, you know an unl
Which recruit'st for bed, the
Villain, thou know'st no
No beast so fierce, but known
But I know none, and if

Anne. O wonderful, when an
More wonderful, when an
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of
Of those supposed evils, to give
By circumstance, but to
Your, vouchsafe, disturb not
For these known evils, but to
By circumstance, to cause thy
Glo. Rather than to
me have
Some patient leisure to excuse
Foul'd less than heart can
No excuse current, but to hang
Glo. By such despair, I beseech
And, by despairing,
For doing worthy vengeance o
That didst unworthy slaughter
Glo. Say, that I slew them:
Why, thou,
The dead they are, and, destil
Glo. I did not kill thy
Anne. Why, Glo.
Glo, Nay, he is dead; and
Anne. In thy foul thrust th
Margaret saw
Thy murderous faction's shock
The which thou once didst
But that thy brothers bear horrid
Glo. I was provoked by her,
That laid their guilt upon my glo.
Anne. Thou wilt prove
That never dreamt on that.
Glo. Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. Anne. Dost grant me, beg
Grant me too
Thou may'st be damned for it.
O, he was gentle, mild, and
Glo. The filter for the kin
bath him.
KING RICHARD III.

Have you seen me, that help to send him to that place, slate earth, fit for any place, but hell, if you will hear me on.

Your bed-chamber, the chamber where thou didst, till I lie with you.

But, gentle Lady Anne, our sister of our vise, to a slower method— our timorous death's decays, Henry, and Edward, occasions?

The cause, and most accepted cause of that effect: Had buxom me in my sleep, on all of the world; in your sweet bosom, that, I tell thee, homicide, and that beauty from my

ish it, if I stood by; saved by the man, thy life.

Overthane thy day, and off, fair creature; thou art me, to be reveng'd on thee, most unnatural, in that I thirst there, just and reasonable, in that kill'd by my husband, the lady of thy husband, a better husband.

Oh breathe not the page to the loves you better than he.

Placentargite. Why, that was he: same, but one of better

Here: [She puts at him.] spit at me?

were mortal poison, for thy

from my sweet place, poison a faster load.

didst infect mine eyes. sweet lady, have infected

were, that I might die at

with a living death.

You mine have drawn salt

in store of childhood

ever shed memorable tears; York and Edward wept,

mean that Rutland made, afford shook his sword at

or father, like a child, my father's death;

unpause, to sob, and weep, thy had wet their cheeks.

Like trees bedaub'd with rain—in that sad time,

My many eyes did weep an humble tear; And what those sorrows could not then disheave, Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never used to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing words;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my foe,

My proud heart rises, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made for kindness, not for such an import.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Let here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword; Which if those please to hold in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adores thee,

I say it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open; she offers it at his sword.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;

But twice thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despight; [twas I that stab'd thy young Edward:—]

[She again offers at his breast.

But twas thy heavenly face that made me.

[She lets fall the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissenter 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 necessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figure'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say how your peace is;

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. Looks, how this ring encompasses thy

Even so thy breast encompass my poor heart; Wear both of them, for both of them I love thee. And if thy devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand, Then dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it? Glo. That it may please you have those and designs.

To him that hath more cause to be a manner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place: Where—after I have solemnly intestated,

At Chestercroy monastary, 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 pleasant.—

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

'Twas more than you deserve:

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exit. To LADY ANNE, Tressel, and Berk.

Glo. Sirs, take up the cores.

Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend my coming. [Exeunt the six, with the Core.

Was ever woman in this world woe'd?
KING RICHARD III.

Was ever woman in this humour been? I pray you, do not keep her long.
What! that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate: She stands without, where all are dead;
The bleeding witness of her husband by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against her.
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the prince devil, and slandering base,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! It's a
Yet she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,
Saddled 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
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And yet will she abuse her eyes on me,
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.

Rich. Have patience, madam, there's no doubt,
Her majesty Will soon recover her accents and health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
'Tis for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words. Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would beside of me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord. Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lordincludes all blessings.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be his successor when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Grose,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you. Rich. 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 are.
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my lord,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen. Yet Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife, And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured, I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Rich. So I do theear thee, either not believe
The envious slander of her false accusers;

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What! that kill'd her husband, and his father,
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Rich. So I do theear thee, either not believe
The envious slander of her false accusers;
KING RICHARD III.

[Exeunt. At 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. Edw. A little joy enjoy the queen thereof; for I am sure, and altogether joyless.

Q. Mar. Can I no longer hold me patient?—[Advancing. Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out in sharing that which you have plied from me. Which of you tremblest not, that looks on me? front, that I be king queen, you how like subjects? Yet that, by you deposed, you quiate like rebels: Ah, gentle villains, do not turn away! Goe, Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marred that will make, before I let thee go.

Q. Edw. Wilt thou not banished on pain of death? Q. Mar. I was: but I do feel more pain in basishment than death can yield me here by my abode. A husband, and a son, then owst to me— And thou a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance; This sorrow that I have, by right is yours; And all the pleasures you sump, are mine.

Q. Edw. The curse my noble father laid on thee— When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper, And with thy scorns drewst rivers from his eyes: And then, to dry them, gav'st the dunke a clown, Sleep'd in the wantless blood of pretty Rutland—

Q. Edw. His enmies, then from bitterness of soul: Denounce'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee; And God, not we, hath plag'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Edw. So just is God, to right the innocent, Hatred, O! was the fondest deed to shay that babe, and the most merciless, that ever was heard of. Rivo Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Darn. No man so prophesied revenge for it. Buck. Northwestern and, then present, went to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you smarling 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 imprisonment, Could all but answer for that piteous brat? Can earth pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?— Why, then give way, dull clowns, to my quick curses!—

Thou, through War, by serf die thy king, 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 unkindly violence! Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen, Onlive thy glory, like my wretched self! Long mayst thou live, to wall Youth by children's loss; And see another, as I see thee now, Deed'd in thy rights, as thou art stabb'd in mine. Long die the happy days before thy death; And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief, Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen.

Rivers, and Dorset, were standers by— And so was, Lord Hastings, when my son Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray thee, That none of you may live your natural age, But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

Goe. What done thy charm, thou hateful woman! ther'd I go.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee! stay, dog, for thou shalt bear me.
KING RICHARD III

It heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
Let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And thou hast shown their inclination.
On thee, the croucher of the poor world’s peace!
The worm of conscience shall be gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors those whom thou lov’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
A thrill through with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou stellas-mak’d, abortive, rooted hog!
Thou that wast seal’d in thy nativity.
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother’s heavy womb!
Thou tainted issue of thy father’s joint—
Thy reign of honour! thou destitute—
Glo. Margaret.
Gclo. I cry thee mercy then; for I do think,
That thou hast call’d me all these bitter names.
Glo. O. Mar. Why, on God’s faith! but look’d for no reply.
O. let me make the period to my curse.
G. Mar. Ye have breath’d thy curse against yourself.
G. Mar. What, in a painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune?
Why scrawls’st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web encompasseth thee about?
Fool! fool! thou wast a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee cease this pois’nous hatch-back’d bowl.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
G. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
More of mine.
Ric. To serve me well, you all should do
Me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and all my subjects;
G. Mar. Serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dart. Dispute not with her, she is Inattick.
G. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are insinuated.
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current;
G. Mar. That you your young nobility could judge.
That ’twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blots to
shame them;
And, if they fail, they dash themselves to pieces.
O. Mar. Do, hence, child, marry—learn it, learn its
marquis.
Dart. He touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so
high,
Our arm’s breadth in the cedar’s top;
And dully with the wind, and scorns the sun.
G. Mar. And turns the sun to shade!—alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Where silence hath been brought in mistery by
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your silly bulter’s in our silly’s seat:—
O God! what e’er it is, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Dart. Peace, peace, for shame, for shame.
G. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Undeath with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher’d.
My grace, Thy dangerous! life’s my shame.
O Mar. Poor princely Buckingham, I kiss thy
hand,
In sign of league and unity with thee;
Thy garments are no more spendid
Nor those within the compass
Of power. Nor are one here; for
The lips of those that breathe
O Mar. ’Tis true; I do believe them.
And there arise God’s people;
O Buckingham, beware of
Look, where he wanes, he the
hits,
His whole house will come to
Have not to do with him, then
Sin, death, and hell will have the
And all their ministers also.
Glo. What doth she say, my
Glo. What doth she say?
Dart. Nothing but triumphs
G. Mar. What, dost thou
Glo. And in the mean time; I have
At liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God
She hath had too much woe.
My part thereof, thus I love her;
G. Mar. Peace, peace, for shame, for shame.
Glo. Yet have ye all thyse,
It was too hot to do anything.
That is too cold in thinking
Marry, as for Clarence, he as
Is fraudulently, to come to
God pardon them that are in
Ric. A virtuous and a charitable
To pray for them that have done
Glo. Do so I ever, being w
For had I not done now, I had

Easy Carries.
Ces. Madam, this majesty,
And for your grace,—and you
G. Eli. Catesby, I come; go with me!
Ric. Madam, we will stir.

Glo. I do the wrong, and
I lay up unto the grace of God a
The secret mischief that I am
The secret mischief that I am
To lay unto the grace of God a
The secret mischief that I am
To lay unto the grace of God a
The secret mischief that I am
To lay unto the grace of God a

When you have done, repair
Shame, he suffer in the
When you have done, repair
Shame, he suffer in the
When you have done, repair
Shame, he suffer in the

Easy Too Much
But soft, here come my axe
Now now, my hardy, stout
Are you now going in deep
And we may be admitted with
Glo. Well thought upon, I
When you have done, repair
Shame, he suffer in the
When you have done, repair
Shame, he suffer in the
When you have done, repair
Shame, he suffer in the

KING RICHARD III

"I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
I, Sir, 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 faint would sleep.
I, Sir, I will: my lord; God give your grace
good rest.—
[CLARENCE repents himself on a Chair.
Sorrow breaks seances, and repeating hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward foe;
And, for unfruitful imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward name.

Enter the Two Murderers.

2. Mort. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brut. What, so brief?
2. Mort. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than to

4. Let him see our commission: talk no more. 1. I. Paper is delivered to BRANKENBURY, who reads it.

5. 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 thou hast resigned to me thy charge.
1. Mort. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom; Fare you well! [Exit BRANKENBURY.
2. Mort. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
1. Mort. No: he'll say 'twas done cowardly,
When he wakes.
2. Mort. When he wakes? why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.
1. Mort. Why, then he'll say, we stab'd him sleeping.
2. Mort. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
1. Mort. What? art thou afraid?
2. Mort. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd (by killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me).
1. Mort. I thought thou hast been resolves.
1. Mort. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. Mort. Nay, I prythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy honour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me, but while one would go twa.
1. Mort. How dost thou feel thyself now?
2. Mort. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.
1. Mort. Remember our reward, when the devil's done his office.
2. Mort. Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.
1. Mort. Where's thy conscience now?
1. Mort. So, when he opened his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.
2. Mort. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's a' new, or none will entertain it.
2 More. Take the devil in thy name, and believe him not; he would intimate with thee, but to make thee sigh.
1 More. I am strong-armed, he cannot prevail with me.
2 More. Spoke like a tail fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?
1 More. Take him over the combat with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malleyness butt, in the next room.
2 More. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.
1 More. Soft! he wakes.
2 More. Strike.
1 More. No, we'll reason with him.
Clarr. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.
1 More. You shall have wine enough, my lord anon.
Clarr. In God's name, what art thou?
1 More. A man, as you are.
Clarr. But not, as I am, royal.
3 More. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clarr. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 More. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.
Clarr. 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 Mores. To, to, to—
Clarr. To murder me?
Both Mores. Ay, ay.
Clarr. You scarcely have the heart to tell me so, for you might have the hearts to do it. Whereas, my friends, have I offended you?
1 More. Offended ay, you have not, but the king.
Clarr. I shall be reconciled to him again.
2 More. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clarr. Are you call'd forth from out a world of war?
To stay the innocent! What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful guest have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced The bitter sentence of your Clarence's death? Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most unwise.
or, my lord, that; if all this will [Seal his mercy within. {Exit, with the body.] and desperately de-

knight wash my hands by murder done! orderer.

more's, then, that know how slack you now, that I had saved

him what I say; like is stain. [Exit, toward, as thou art.] c in some hole, for his burial; ed, it will away; if I must not stay. [Exit.]

II.

Room in the Palace, a sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, BUCKINGHAM, have I done a good

united league: [Command, that it shall part to heaven, where your grace on earth, o each other's hand; d, swear your love, soul is purg'd from

my true heart's love, truly swear tie like!] d daily not before your me King of kings, and soul are not exempt in ckingham, nor you: me against the other. [Pray, let him kiss your

rub limbo; I will never more 

vive, and mine? brace him,--Hastings, of love, I here protest, existial.

limberly Dunsry Buckingham, seal to my wife's seals, your unity. [Seal his turn his as Queen], but with all

ours, God punish me I expect must love to employ a friend, is a friend, as, and full of guilty.

Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven, When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. [Uncovering Rivers, &c.]

K. Edu. A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham. Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart, There wanted now our brother Gloucester here, To make the blessed period of this peace. Back. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen. And, princely peers, a happy time of day! K. Edu. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity; Made peace of enmity, false love of hate, Between these swelling wrong-licensed 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 sought 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 ser-

vice. Of you, my nobles cousin Buckingham, If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us: Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey of, That all without desert have wrong'd me; Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all. I do not know that Englands spirit, With whom my soul is any list at odds, More than the infant that is born to-night; I think my God for my humility.

Q. Edu. A holy day shall this be kept henceforth; I would to God, all strifes were well com-

promised. My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness To take our brother Clarence to your grace. Glo. Why, madam, have I offended love on this, To be so flourished in this royal presence? Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [They all start.]

You do him injury to scorn his的服务:

K. Edu. Who knows not he is dead? who knows he is? Q. Edu. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this! Back. Lord, to me, Lord Durnsford, as the rest? Der. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence, But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edu. Is Clarence dead? the order was re-

ver'd. Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died, And that a winged Mercury did bear; Some tardy tripping bore the countermarch, That came too late to see him buried. God grant, that none, 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. Edu. I pray thee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me. K. Edu. What boon canst thou say at once, what is it thou requestst? Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
KING RICHARD III.

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman, 
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk. 

K. Ed. Have I tongue to doon my brother's 
Death, and speak 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 send me to him for? who, in my wrath, 
Knelt at my feet, and bade me be advis'd? 
Who is the man 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 of Tewkesbury, 
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me, 
And laid me in the cloister,under, and in a vault? 
Who told me, when we both lay in the field, 
Froze almost to death, how did he lay me 
Even in his garments; and did give himself, 
All thin and naked, to the numble cold night? 
All that from my remembrance bractch wrath 
Shall pluck'd, and not a man of you 
Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 
But when your errands, or your waiting-valets, 
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, too, too, too, must grant it you— 
But for my brother, not a man would speak— 
Nor I (ungrazious) speak unto myself 
For him, poor soul. The poorest of you all 
Have been beholden to him in his life. 
Yet none of you would once blest 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! 

[Exit King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Gray.

Glb. 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's death? 
O! they did urge it still unto the king: 
God will help us. Come, lords; will you go, 
To comfort Edward with our company? 

[Exit. 

SCENE II. The same.

Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and Daughter of Clarence.

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

Son. No, boy.

Duch. Why do you weep so oft and best 
your breast? 

And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son! 
Son. Why do you look on us and shake your head, 
And call—asorphans, wretches, cast-aways, 
If that our noble father be alive? 

Duch. My pretty curious, you mistake me both; 
I do lament the sickness of the king, 
As loath to lose him, not your father's death: 
It was best for you, to wall 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 importune 
With earnest prayers all to that effect. 

Duch. And so will I. 

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth 
Incapable and shallow innocents, 
You cannot guess who standeth your father's death. 

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle 

Glover

Told me that king, provok'd to't by the queen, 
Devil's impeachments to imprison him; 
And when my uncle told me so, he wept, 
And plied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek; 

Duch. Ah, that did touch my heart. 

Son. I cannot think it. Buck! this? 

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Edward, and Clarence.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall kindle 

And weep? 

To chide my babes, and cause, and cause 
I'll jole with black despite quite 
And make, as if her heart were 

Duch. What means this sorrow? 

Q. Eliz. She makes an end of 

Edward, my lord, thy son, 

Whom she could never comfort, whom 
Why stir the pleasant birds; why 
Or, like obedient subjects, still 
To his new kingdom of 

Duch. Ah, so much 

Sorrow. 

As I had think'd in thy noble bower, 
I have bewry a worthy husband 

And it, by looking on his face: 
But now two mirrors of his may 
Are crack'd in pieces by mischance, 
And I for comfort have but one 
That grieves me when I see my 

Thou art a widow; yet thou art 

Duch. Ah, so vast! 

But death hath snatch'd my 


And pluck'd two crutches from still. 

Clarence, and Edward. O, who 
(Twine being but a motive of my 
To overgo thy plaints, and drew 
Duch. Ah, so vast! you wept not 

How can we aid you with our 

Duch. Our fatherless, disconsolate 

Your widow's dole me likewise. 

Q. Eliz. Give me so help in 

I am not harrain to bring forth 
All springs reduce 

That I, being govern'd by the w 
May send forth plentiful trees 

Ah, for my husband, for my dear 

Duch. Ah! for our father, for 

Clarence! 

Duch. Alas, for both, both 

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but 

Chill. What stay had we, but 

he's gone. 

Duch. What stay had I, but 

are gone. 

Q. Eliz. What never widow, but 

Chill. Were never orphan, but 

Duch. Was never mother, had 

Alas, I am the mother of these: 
Their woes are parcel'd, mine; 
She for an Edward weep, and I 

For a Clarence weep, so doth 

These babes for Clarence weep, 

for an Edward weep, so do 

Alas I you three, on thee three 
Pour all your tears, I am your 
And I will sanctify it with laue.
KING RICHARD III.

My oracle, my prophet!—My dear consise,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

SCENE III. The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

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

2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.

Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes; the king's deal.

2 Cit. Tell news, by'the lord; achent come the better:

1 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?

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

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublesome world.

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

5 Cit. Yoo to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his name, council under him,

And, in his full and ripe years, himself;

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 Cit. So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd at Paris but nine months old.

3 Cit. Stood the state not so, no, good friends, God wot;

For in this land was fearfully enrich'd

With politick grave counsel; then the king

Had virtuous uncle to protect his grace.

1 Cit. Who, so faith 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 it not.

Full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

A of the queen's sons, and brothers, bought and proud;

And were they to be rail'd, and not to rule,

This little land might lose all 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 that doth not look for night?

Unlikely storms make men expect a death:

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

You cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

Easing danger; as, by proof, we see

The water swell before a hoarstorm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away!

3 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

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

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and he Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford.

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duke. I long with all my heart to see the prince:

I hope, he is much grown since last, I saw him.
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst 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.
Duck. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a float,
To touch his growth, nearth than he touch'd mine.
Duck. How, my young York? I pray thee, let me hear it.
Yor. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crest at two hours old;
"Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duck. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his nurse.
Duck. His nurse? why, she was dead ere thou was born.
York. If't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A Parsons boy: Go to, you are too 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? Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duck. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to Pembridge,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duck. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Glaster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:

ACT I

SCENE I. London.
The Trumpets sound. Enter Duke of Gloucester, Buckingham, &c.

Duck. Welcome, sweet prince in your chamber.
Glos. Welcome, dear counsel vereign:
The weary way hath made Prince. No, uncle; but on
Have made it tedious, when I want more uncles here in
Glos. Sweet prince, the next years
Hath not yet div'd into the No more can you distinguish
Than of his outward she knows,
Sealed, or never, jumped Those uncles, which you wish
Your grace attended to the God keep you from them, friends!
Buck. God keep me from they were none.
Glos. My lord, the mayor; greet you,

Enter the Lord Mayor and
May. God bless your grace happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good sir,
I thought, my mother, and
Would long ere this have
Fye, what a sing is Basing! To tell us whether they wish

Enter Hare
Duck. And in good time, ing lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord's mother come!

Hare. On what occasion?
KING RICHARD III.

In heaven forbid holy privilege
Not for all this land, deep a sin,
Dish-obstinate, my lord, traditional
Costomy of this age, y in seasing him,
Always granted have deserr'd the place,
Wit to claim the place: claim'd it, nor deserr'd
Opinion, cannot have it: hence, that is not there, nor chartier there,
Sturdy men;
\[...
...all o'errule my mind for...
...will you go with me?
...take all the speedy haste to
Cardinal and Harr, or brother come,
...still full connection?
...unto your royal self,
...one day, or two,
...you at the Tower:
...shall be thought
...recreation.
...Tower, of any place:
...place, my lord, gracious lord, begin that
...mages have re-edified, lord, or else reported
...be all it?
...my gracious lord.
...lordan, were not registred,
...live from age to age,
...postherry, ending day.
...they, said, do never live
...uncle.
...fame lives long.
...Iniquity, ?
...one word. \[Aside.
...rear was a famou man;
...enrich his wit,
...live, out of this competitor;
...though not in life.
...Be Buckingham.
...famous lord?
...he, a man,
...it in France again,
...c'd a king.
...lighted have a forward
...me, here comes the duke
...so I know yours
...of our grief, as in yours
...kept that title,
...an, noble lord of York?
...niece, O, my lord,
...me, hath outgrown me far
...therefore is he idle?
...my, I must not say so.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinman.
Yor. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?
Yor. 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.
Yor. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it!
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
Yor. 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.
Yor. I was not light, and let me be heavier.
Glo. What, would you have your weapon, little lord?

Yor. I would, that I might ask you like me.
Glo. How?

Yor. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

Yor. 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 be reasons!
To vilificate his cousin he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taints him;
So concerning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will ye 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.
Yor. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
Yor. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

Yor. Marry, my uncle Clarence! angry ghost;
My grandfather told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncle dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. Alas, if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

Lesse Prince, York, Vanou, Haverford, Cardinal, and Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York?

Was not incensed by his aunt's brother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; O, his parlour boy;
Bold, quick, ingenuous, forward, capable;
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 at our reasons'th Lady's way:
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instatement of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. 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?

Cates. He doth 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,
Case. My good lord, I stand, 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.

Case. 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 movens
Whereof the king my brother was posses'd.

Boo. I'll claim that promise at thy 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?

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 these tedious nights?

Mess. No, it should seem by that I have to say,
First, he commands 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;
Besides, he says, there are two counsels held;
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make on and him to one 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, so; return unto thy lord.
KING RICHARD III.

1. Pembrook. I vow, I’ll talk with this good [Emmer Stain, and Cattis,] Sir, I will talk with this good [Emmer Stain, and Cattis,] that your lordship please to

2. Pembrook. are, it’s better with me now, at the last where now we

3. Pembrook. prince to the Tower, of the queen’s allies; (keep it to yourself,) once are put to death, once than were I was. It, to your honour’s good,

4. Pembrook. Bellot; there, drink that [Throwing him his purse, his honour:]

5. Pembrook. a Priest. I pray, I pray, I am glad to see your grace, good Sir John, with all.

6. Buckingham. being with a priest, lord chamber, they do need the priest; as sheering work in hand, and, and when I met him this holy

7. Buckingham. and, I am sorry for this was, my lord of my Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

8. Buckingham. love, I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

9. Buckingham. But, for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he declared his gracious pleasure any way therein; but you, my noble lord, may name the time; and in the clasp’s behalf I’ll give my voice, Which, I presume, he’ll take in gentle part.


11. Gloucester. My noble lords and countis, all, good morrow:

12. Gloucester. I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust, my absence doth neglect no peril. Which by my presence might have been concluded.

13. Gloucester. Had you not come your grace, my lord,

14. Gloucester. William Lord Hastings had pronounce’d your part;

15. Gloucester. I mean, your voice,—for crowning the king.

16. Gloucester. This my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder; His lordship knows me well, and loves me well—

17. Gloucester. My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you, send for some of them.

18. Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [Exit Ely.


20. Cattis hath sounded Hastings in our business; And finds the true gentleman of him; That he will lose his head, ere give content, His master’s child, as worshipfully he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England’s throne.


22. Gloucester, and Buckingham. Spin. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

23. Ely. Where is my tower protector? I have sent

24. Ely. For these strawberries.

25. Ely. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning; There’s some conceit or other like him well, When he has had good morrow with such spirit, I think, there’s never a man in Christendom.
KING RICHARD III.

Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For he that house should ye shall know his heart.

*Scene.* What of his heart perceivable in his face,
By any likelihood he showed to-day?"-

_Hurt._ Harry, that with no man here he is
offended:

For, he had shown it in his looks.

_Re-enter GLOSTER AND BUCKINGHAM._

_Glo._ I pray you all, tell me what they desire
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms!

_Hurt._ The traitor love I bear your grace, my lord.

Make an end forward in this noble presence
To doon he offendes; Witsowee they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

_Glo._ Then be your eyes the witnesses of their
evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like blasted sapling, withered up:
And this Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Converted with that harder, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Scene.* Have they done this deed, my noble lord?

_Glo._ III these protectors of his damned strem,

_Talk'st thou somethings?_—Then set traitor:

All this thing now by Saint Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I the same
Love as Catesby, look that it be done;
I hear of you, and shall follow you.

_Every Officer, a ship. Glo._ And Bess._

_Hurt._ Where are for England! not a whit for
me
For I, too fond, might have prevented this;
Stanley did doth by me, true and follow me,
Yet I ass't, and, and, and to fly,
Three today my foot in blood did stumble,
unstartled, when he look'd up the Tower,
As loud as the slaughtermen.

Now, I now the priest that spoke to

_A man that said the persuading,

As to too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloody were butcher'd,
And myself scene in grace and favor:
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Waxeth hard upon the 'Hastings' wretched head.

_Cut._ Despatch, my lord, the duke would be
at dinner;

Make a short stay, he longs to your head.

_Hurt._ O momentary grace of me falcon,
Which we most hunt for him he grace of God,
Who builds his hope air fair looks,
Like a drunkard sober on most
rashly, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

_Exit._ Come, come, despatch, his bostous to
exec arm.

_Hurt._ O, bloody Richard—miserable Eng-

I prophesy the fearful time to thee,
That every wretched page both look upon,

_Commeil me to the block, bear him on my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

_SCENE V._ The same. The Tower Walls.

_Every Officer and Buckingham, in rusty armour,
marvelous ill favoured._

_Glo._ Come, cousin, cast thee down, and
change thy colour!

Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
At first on earth distracted, and mad with terror.

_Buck._ Yet, I can counterfeite the deep trage-
dy.

_Speak, and look back, and pray on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a strake,

Intending deep suspense; play,
Are at my service, like the bird.
And both are ready in due time to grace my age.
But what, is Catesby gone?*_

_Glo._ He is; and, me, I bring

_Esc. The Lord Mayor and

_Buck._ Let me alone to return.

_Glo._ Look to the doors.

_Buck._ Lord Mayor, the came

_Glo._ Look back, defend thee, in

_Buck._ God and our aims guard not.

_Esc. Lord Mayor and

_Glo._ Be patient, they are ill;

_Lee._ Here is the head of that

The dangerous and assassins

_Glo._ So dear love I look'd

_Lee._ I took him for the plainest
That breath'd not in the common
Made him my book, wherein the
The history of all her secret
So smooth he dash'd his view
That, his apparent open guile,
Mean, his conversation with
He liv'd with all a terror.

_Buck._ Well, well, he was

_Glo._ But he

_Thee that ever liv'd._—Look you, k

_Would you imagined之时

_Were't not, that by great pro

We live to tell it you, the

This day had plotted is the

To thunder me, and my good

_May._ What! had he so?

_Glo._ What think you were or that we would against the
Proceed such rashly in the
But that the extreme peril of
The payne of England, and in
Enforced us to this execution

_May._ Now, fair balter yet you
And your good graces both he
To warn false traitors from it
I never look'd for better to hit
After he once fell in with me

_Buck._ Yet had we not deter

 начинает до-о-

_Exit._

_SCENE V._ The same. The Tower Walls.

_Every Officer and Buckingham, in rusty armour,
marvelous ill favoured._

_Glo._ Come, cousin, cast thee down, and
change thy colour!

Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
At first on earth distracted, and mad with terror.

_Buck._ Yet, I can counterfeite the deep trage-
dy.

_Speak, and look back, and pray on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a strake,
And, when my oratory grew to an end, I bade them, that did love their country well, God save Richard, England's royal king!  

Gle. And did they not?  

Buck. No, so God help me, they spoke not a word.  

But, like dumb states, or breathless stones, Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.  

When I saw, I reprehended them;  

And ask'd the mayor, what meant this willful silence;  

His answer was,—the people were not heed To be spoke to, but by the recorder.  

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;  

This general applause and cheerful show,  

And even here broke out and came away.  

Gle. 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 more.  

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;  

And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  

For on that ground 'll make a holy descent:  

And be not easily won to our requests;  

Play the man's part, still answer nay, and take it.  

Gle. I go: And if you plead as well for them,  

No doubt well bring it to a happy issue.  

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.  

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.  

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;  

Enter from the Castle, Catesby.  

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?  

Cass. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,  

To visit him to-morrow, or next day:  

He is within, with two right reverend fathers;  

Divine's bent to meditation;  

And in no worldly suit would he be moved,  

To draw him from his holy exercise.  

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke.  

Tell him, myself, the mayoral, and aldermen,  

In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  

Are come to have some conference with his grace.  

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.  

Buck. He is not, my lord, this prince is not an Edward.  

He is not tolling on a level day-bed,  

But on his knees at meditation;  

Not dailying with a brace of courtiers,  

But meditating with two deep divines;  

Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul;  

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:  

But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.  

May, Mary, God defend, his grace should say no nay!  

Buck. Aye, fear he will: Here Catesby comes again —
KING RICHARD II

, on turn, then he;
and work, as he can;
I'll work on anon here,
not to tell here.
Oh! no man here he is
own it in this book.

- The answer.

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KING RICHARD III.

Re-enter CATHERBY.

Now, Cathery, what says his grace? Cathery. He wonders to what end you have set

Both troops of subjects to come to him, His grace not being warn'd thereof before: He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him. Back, sorry I am, my noble cousin should See you in such a manner, he meant no good to him: By heaven, we come to him in perfect love; And so once more return and tell his grace.

When holy and devout religious men Are so mistaken, 'tis hard to draw them thence; So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLORIUS, in a Gallery above, between two Bishops. CATHERBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergygists! Back. Two props of virtue for a christian

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 favourableness to our requests; And pardon as the interruption Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal, Cathery. My love, thou needest 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? Back. Even that, I hope, which pleases God above,

And all good men of this ungod'den'tale.

Glo. Do I suspect, I have done some offence, That seems disagreeable in the city's eye; And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Back. You have, my lord; Would it in man

On our entreaties, to amend your fault! Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land? Back. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign The supreme seat, the throne majestical, The sequestred office, of your ancestors, Your high seat, your throne, and your due of birth, The lineal glory of your royal house, To the assumption of a blinsh'd stock; Whilst, in the midst of your sleepless thoughts (Which here we waken to our country's good) The noble title of your proper limbs, Her face defend'd with scars of infamy, Her royal seat most high with ignoble plants, And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion. Which to correct, we heartily sollicit Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kingely government of this your land: Not as protector, steward, substinate, Or loaly 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; But first set forth my degree or your condition: If, not to answer,—you might happily think, Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty, Which furnish'd you would here impose on me; If to answer,—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,—do speak, and to avoid the best; And, then, in speaking, not to bring To light my love—unless it was to shew Your love deserves my graces is Unworthy, shows your high estate, If all else fail. And that my path were even to The riper revenues and due estate Yet so much in my poverty of estate, Dignity, and so many, my deserts. That I should neither hide nor to a lesser degree,

Being a barb to break my neck, Or in the vapours of my glass to mar The light of God in my eyes: And my soul To help you, my lord, is a poor patience A care-cruel'd mother to a many A beauty, wan'd and distressed With even in the afternoon of her best. Made price and purchase of his we Sedic'd the pitch and height of all To base deprestion, and loose'd to By her, in her unlawful bed, she fell This Edward, whom our amazement More bitterly could I expostulate, Save that, for reverence to some I give a sparing limit to my tongue Then, good my lord, take to your account! This profite'd benefits of dignity: If not to bless us and the land Yet to draw forth your noble majesty From that more prosperous basking into Unto a linear tree-derived course. May. Do, good my lord; call your cly.

Back. Refuse not, mighty lord, the love.

Carr. O, make them joyful, good felicitat.

Glo. Also, why would you keep 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 ye Back. If you refuse it, as in love, Loath to depose the child, your let As well we know your tenderness, And gentle, kind, effeminate runs Which we have noted in you in ye and equality, indeed, to all esteem. Yet know, what you accept our Lord his son shall never rise But we will plant some other he By to the disgrace and downfall of ye And, in this resolution, be we in Come, citizens, we will entertain ye. [Exeunt RICHARD and CATHERBY. Carr. Call them again, sweet prince their suit: If you deny them, all the land will Glo. Will you enforce me to carr? Well, call them again; I am not un
KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Tower.

[Enter Lady Jane, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Margot of Doncast. On the other side, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Jane Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter.

Who meets us here!—My niece Plantagenet—My Niece!—with the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester!—She's a gentle prince there!—No kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BERNWICK.

'Good time, here the lieutenant comes.—O gentlemen, pray you, by your leave, the prince, and my young son of York?'—Right well, dear madam: 'By your patience, 

'Will you suffer to visit them?—By God strictly charg'd the contrary. 

'For me, the king! who's that?—I mean, the lord protector.'—The Lord protect him from that kindly mistress.

'Good, how bounds between their love and me?—My mother, who shall bar not from them?—I am their father's mother, I will see them.

'And their son I am in law, to love their mother:—bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy claim, as thy office from thee, on my peril.

Book. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;—I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me:

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence.

And whilst 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 Gloucester. 

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen. 

And, alle, may my poor child be sauc'd! That my poor heart may have some scope to heat, or else I swoon with this dead killing news. 

Now, Desponding tidings! O unpleasing news! 

Dor. Be of good cheer.—Mother, how fares your grace?

G. Edw. Oh Dorast, speak not to me, yet thee gory.

Death and destruction dog thee on the heels: Thy mother's name is ominous to children: If it learnest willful death, go cross the sea, And live with Richmond from the reach of hell. Go, bid him, his, this from this slaughter-house. Lest thou increase the number of the dead; And make me die the thirst of Margaret's ear:—Nor mother, nor, nor England's constant queen. See! Full of wise care is this your counsel, To take all the swift advantage of the hours; You shall have letters from me to your son In your behalf, to meet you on the way: Be not taken tardy by unsafe delay. 

Dor. O ill dispensing wind of misery!—O my accursed womb, the bed of deaths; A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, Whose unavowed eye is murderous! 

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go— O, wondrous to God, that the inclusive verge Of golden metal, that most round my know, Were red-hot steel, to tear me to the brain! Assisted let me be with this hard cannon; And die, ere men can say—God save the queen! G. Edw. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory! 

Dorast. My poor daughter, will you come? 

Anne. No, not! why?—When he, that is my head now, Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's horse; When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands, Which issu'd from my other angel husband, And that dead saint was him. Then I weeping fol-

low'd:—O, when, I say, I, look'd on Richard's face, Thus in my will.—Be it, youth, I accurs'd, For making me, so young, so old a widow. 

And, when thou wast, let sorrow know thy bed; And be thy wife (of any he be must), More miserable by the life of thee: 

Then thus hast made me by my dear lord's soul? Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again, Even so short a space, my wondrous heart Greatly grew captive to his hourly words, And provoked the object 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 numerous dreams was still as A'd. Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick; And will no doubt, shortly be rid of me. 

G. Edw. Poor heart, adore! I pity thy complaining. 

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dorast. Farewell, thou wouldst welcome of glory! 

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that take'st thy leave of it! 

Dorast. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee,—[To Dorast. 

XXI.
SCENE II. A Room of State in the Palace.

**Fleurish of Trumpets.** **Richard, as King upon his throne:** BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a PAGE, and Others.

K. RICH. Stand all apart.—Consort of Buckinghams.

Buck. My gracious sovereign, King.

K. RICH. Give me thy hand. Thus high by thy hand.

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated?

But shall we wear those glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. RICH. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if those be current gold, indeed?

Young Edward lives—I think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say, on my loving lord.

K. RICH. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would enemies.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned son.

K. RICH. Hal! am I king? Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. Indeed, noble prince.

K. RICH. O bitter consequence;

That Edward still should live—true, noble prince—

Consort, thou wast not wont to be so dull;

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly performed;

What sayst thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Ere your grace may do your pleasure.

K. RICH. Tui, tui, thou art all ice, thy kind.

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 recover your grace immediately.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Cass. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his tip.

[Improves from his Throne.

And unrespective boy: none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-

spect.


K. R. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom whom con-

suming gold

Would tempt unto a base exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And so doth tempt him to any thing.

K. R. Say, is this his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrell.

K. RICH. I pretty know the man. Go, call

him hence, boy.

[Exit Page.

The deep revolving whee of Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbor of proud

Hath he so long held out with me,

And stops his head for breath; and, let him

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley! I shall right

Stamets. Know, thy queen.

To Richard, in the parson's stall.

K. RICH. Look, thou cunning, guilty man,

That Ane my wife, is very pleasant;

I will take order for her keeping.

Inquire me out some meaner woman,

To stop all hopes, whose woe so great,

must be married to my brother's son,

Or else my kingdom stand on blood.

Murder her brothers, and the monarchy.

Uncertain way of gain! But I am so

Far in blood, that sin will end us.

Thy false-saying pity dwells not in thy eye.

Re-enter Page, and Trentham.

Is thy name—Tyrell?

Tyr. James Tyrell, and your grace's most

subject.

K. RICH. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my prince.

K. RICH. Dost thou resolve to be a man of

mind.

Tyr. Please you; but I had not in so

Tyr. Prove me, my prince.

K. RICH. Why, then thou hast five

Tyr. Please you; but I had not in so

Tyr. Prove me, my prince.

K. RICH. Why, then thou hast five

Tyr. Prove me, my prince.

K. RICH. Why, then thou hast five

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Tyr. Prove me, my prince.

K. RICH. Why, then thou hast five

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KING RICHARD III. 511

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penned up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom, and Anne my wife kith but the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breugge Richmond aims At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter; And, by that knot, looks precisely on the crown, To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter C・ATEX. Catex. My lord,—
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st so bluntly?
Catex. Bad news, my lord; Mortiis is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more next,
Than Buckingham and his rash levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commotions Is leden servitor to dull delay; Delay leads impotent and small-mind'd beggary.
Then hasty expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muse me on: 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 unfold, And drop into the rotten month of death. Here in these conquerors lieth I labour'd To watch the warning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence Will prove as bitter, black, and tragicall.
Withstand thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?
Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the Duchess YORK.
Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unknown flowers, now appearing sweets! It yet ye gentle souls by fire in the air, And be not lost in doom perpetual.
Hoyer about me with your airy wings, And bear your mother's lamentations.
Q. Mar. Hoyer about her; say, that right for right.
Hath dinned thy infant morn to aged night.
Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my next-wearied tongue is still and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Eliz. Will thou, O God, by such gentle limbs, And throw ye in the entrails of the wolf? When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet sons.
Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost.
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life unpr'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.

[Sitting down.

Q. Mar. Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood,
Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldest as soon afford a gage,
As thou canst yield a melancholy sent; Thus would I hide my bones, not rest them here! Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, behold we!}

[Strong down by her.
KING RICHARD III.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent, Give mine the benefit of senility, And let my griefs frown on the upper hand. If sorrow can admit society, Following down with thee.

Tell of thine woes again by viewing mine:—

I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him; I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him; Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him. Thou hast a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and then didst kill him.

I had a Rattled too, then holp'st to kill him.

Q. Tyr. O God, a Clarence too, and Rich-

ard kill'd him:

From forth the kennel of thy womb hast crept A bell bound, that doth hunt us all to death; That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes, Turn'd from his prey, and laid their gentle blood; That foul defacer of God's handy work; That excellent grand tyrant of the earth, That reigns in gilded eyes of weeping souls, Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.— O light, just, and true disposing God, How didst thou leave thee, that this cancerous prey Prays on the issue of his mother's body, And makes her pew fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my
godless witness, with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for rev-

enge.

And now I fly 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 boot, because but they Match not the high perfection of my loss. Thy Clarence he be dead, that stabb'd my Ed-

ward.

And the beholders of this tragical play, The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dicky graves. Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligence; Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls, And send them thither: But at hand, at hand, Earth gapes, hell burns, flames rose, saints pray, To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:— Cast in his bosom of life, dear God, I pray, That I may live to say, the dog is dead!—

Q. Edw. O, thou didst prophesy, the time the

world come

That I should wish for thee to help me cause That dog he should be foal back-h'ad to land. Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, dear Irvine, thy,
florest, thy friendly, thy unicorn, thy

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KING RICHARD III.

I not at least comforthe you, holy mood, thou knowst it to make the earth my hell, as thy birth to me; I was thy infancy; little, desperate, wild, and od, daring, bold, and ven-
proud, subtle, sly, and we harmful, kind in hatred; or cast thus name, as thy company! me, but Humphrey, Duke of I offer my company, for your sight; I not offend you, madam.—[Prim.

Hear me a word; shall to thee again.

Will die, by God's just or turn a conqueror; stormy age shall perish, thy face again.

Hence my most heavy curse; battle, fire thee more, armour thy stag's! fierce party ight;
calls of Edward's children thine enemies, success and victory; on thy call; and do thy death attend.

Lessen more cause, yet much less blame to her. [Going, dam, I must speak a word more sons of the royal blood; for my daughters, Rich-

ness, not weeping queens; set to hit their lives. I,a daughter call'd—Eliza-

ded and gracious, she die for that! O, let her manners, stain her beauty; due to Edward's bed; cell of infamy.

And of bleeding slaughter, is not Edward's daughter; of her birth, she is of royal

every—she is not so; is safest only in her birth, in that safety died her
eir births, good stars were her lives bad friends were added to the doom of destiny. Un avoided grace do make dear

to a fairer death, with a fairer life; as if that I had stolen true and by their uncle a, kindred, freedom, life, [laid their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction: No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt.

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hart heart, To revel in the carcasses of my hands. But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame, My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys, Till that my nail were anchor'd in thine eyes; And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reef, Rush all to pieces on thy rocky brows. K. Rich. Madame, I strive to live in my предпри.; And dangerous success of bloody war,

As I intend more good to you and yours; Than ever you or yours by me were harmed?

G. Eli. What good is cover'd, with the face of heaven, To be discover'd, that can do me good?


G. Eli. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune: The high imperial type of this earth's glory. G. Eli. Fishter my sorrows with report of it; Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour, Can thou deny to any child of mine? K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all. Will I withhold endow a child of thine; So in the Lethe of thy angry soul; Thou drows the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which, thou supposeth, I have done to thee. G. Eli. Believe, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness date, K. Rich. Then know, flat from my soul, I love thy daughter. G. Eli. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think? G. Eli. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:

So, from thy son's love, didst thou love her brothers:

And from my heart's love, do I 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. G. Eli. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?


K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart. G. Eli. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers.

A pair of bleeding hearts; thrice enamour, Edward, and York; then, happy, will she weep; Therefore present her,—as sometime Margaret Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,— A banishment, 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 obtrusion 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 and saint

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way.

To win thy daughter.
KING RICHARD III.

Q. ELIA.

There is no other way; unless thou couldst put on some other shape, and not be Richard that hast done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her!

Q. ELIA. I have been indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee;

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;

Men will hardly be advised sometimes, which after horns give lesewe to repeat.

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 quench your lacerace, I will begst

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandson's name is little less in love,

Than the heir apparent title of a mother;

They are as children, but one step below,

Even in subjection, of your very blood;

Of all one pain, save for a sight of griefs

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

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 I am I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,

Leads disconsol'd steps in foreign soil,

This fair alliance quickly shall close home

To high promotions and great dignity:

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—

wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;

Again give you be more to a king,

And all the reins of disastrous times

Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly ways to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed.

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;

Advancing their loan with interest

Of time double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;

Make bold her bashful years with your expe-

rience.

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys;

And from this mine of mine hath chas'stized

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Beckingham,

Bound with triumphant guar'diants will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed.

To whom I will retail my conquist won,

And show her to be sole victrix, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. ELIA. What were I best to say to her father's

women?

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?

Or, that she shew 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. Inherit fair England's peace by this

alliance.

Q. ELIA. Which shall she purchase with still

lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may com-

mand destruct;

Q. ELIA. That at her hands, which the king's

Kings forhills.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty

queen.

Q. ELIA. To wall the title, as her mother doth,

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlasting.

Q. ELIA. But how long shall that title, ever last?

K. Rich. Sweethy in force unto her fair life's

end.

Q. ELIA. But how long fairly shall her sweet

life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature,

lengthens it.
KING RICHARD III

what I will deserve;
not state of times,
found in great designs,
tempted of the devil that
he will tempt thee to do good,
get myself, to be myself;
shift the remembrance wrong
that kill my children,
or daughter’s womb, my bair
of spicery, they shall breed
in, to your recomforture
in my daughter to thy will?
happy mother by the deed.
it’s not very shortly,
stand from me her mind.
my true love’s kiss, and so
she was. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.
away, changing—woman! we

R. CATESBY following.
sovereign, on the western
vy: to the shore
of fellow-hearted friends,
y’d to beat them back.
chmond is their admiral;
expecting but the aid
welcome them alone.
friend posteth to the duke.

Catesby: where is he?
of lord.

Catesby, fly to the duke,
with a committee haste
come hither: Post to Salis-
ther, — nulli mossadigit.

[To Catesby,
, and go’st not to the duke?
lege, till me out highness?
I shall deliver to him.
good Catesby; — Bid him

and power he can make,
y at Salisbury.

Exit. Please you, shall I do at
that wouldst thou do there,
as told me, I should post

STANLEY.

clamor’d. — Stanley, what
my liege, to please you with
well may be reported.
rrible neither good nor
in so many miles about,
it’s that neither nearest way
as.

Richmond is on the sea,
him sink, and the sea
what doth he there?
mighty sovereign, but by
you guess?

Dorset, Buckingham, and

here to claim the crown,
or empty? is the sword
empire incapable? if
there alive, but we !

And who is England’s king, but great York’s
hair!
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 your
liege?

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman
comes.

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege: therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat
him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
safe-conducting the vessels 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, in the west?

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 wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubt-
ful.

I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, matter men. But, bear
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 Devon-
shire.

As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Conteys, and the happy prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are
in arms;
And every hour more conspirators
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows
strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buc-
king-ham.

K. Rich. Oat on ye, owls! nesting hot songs
of death!
[He strikes him.

There lacketh that, till then 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 dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wander’d away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. 0, I cry you mercy;

There is our purse to burn that blow of thine.
Hath any well advised friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made,
my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Love, and lord marquis
Dorset.

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

But this good comfort bring I to your highest
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest;
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
KING RICHARD III.

If they were his assistants, yes, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham?
Upon no party: he, mistrusting them,
Holds out, and made his course again for Berck-
ton.

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.

Essay on the Royal Stables.

[Enter York.]

May his Rege, the Duke of Buckingham is in

That is the best news! That is the earl of Richmond,
The power landed at Milford, is cooler news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we

A royal battle might be won and lost;—
Some one takes order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury—the rest march on with me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter STRATFORD and SIR CHRISTOPHER WYSDON.

SIR. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from

That in the sty of this most bloody hour
My son Edmund and Stanley is flash'd up in blood;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is privately Richmond now?

CHRIS. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in

What men of name resort to him?

CHRIS. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, Sir
Oxford, redoubled Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
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.

SIR. Well, his thee to thy lord; commend

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 Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak

Shr. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Ri-

Holy King Henry, and the fair son Edward,
Vasman, and all that have miscarried
By unhand 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?
Shr. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.

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.
That high All-see which I dabbled with,

KING RICHARD III.

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Who answer'd him, they came from Bucking-
ham?
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That high All-see which I dabbled with,
King Richard III.

Shen. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! Richard. All comfort that the dark night can afford, Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! Tell me how fares our loving mother? Sir I, thy attorney, bear like face from thy mother. Who preyed continually for Richard’s good? So much for that.—1 he silent hours steal on, And flaky darkness breaks within the east. In brier, for so the season bids us. Prepare thy battle early in the morning; And put thy fortune to the arbitrement Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war. I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot), With best advantage will decline the time, And aid thee in this doubtful check of arms: But on thy side I may not be too forward, Lester, being seen, thy brother factor; George be executed in his father’s sight: Farewell! The bison and the fearful time Cut the other ceremonies of arms, And ample interchange of sweet discourse, Which so long under and friends should dwell upon; God give us because for these rites of love! Once more, adieu!—Be valiant, and farewell. Richard. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment. I’ll strive with troubled thoughts, to take a nap; Lett leaned natter plate me down to-morrow, When I should mould with wings of victory: Once more, good night, kind lords and gentle- men. [Seroor Lords, &c. with Stanley. O Thou! whose captain I account myself, Look on my forces with a gracious eye; Put in their hands thy blessing horn of warth, That they may crush down with a heavy fall The surging heinous of our adversaries. Make us thy ministers of chastisement, That we may praise thee in thy victory! To thee do I commend my watchful soul, Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes; Sleeping, and waking, O defend me at [Shall. The Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the men. Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To King Richard. Think, how thou stab bath me in my prime of youth At Tewkesbury: Despair therefore, and die!— Be cheerful, Richard; for the wearied souls Of butcher’d princes fight in thy behalf; King Henry’s none, Richard, comforts them. The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises. Ghost. When I was mortal, my ancint body Was pace and school: I have no more, fortune, And thou art resor to give me more. To King Richard. By thee was puncted full of deadly holtes; Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die; Harry the Sixth, bids thee despair and die, Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! To Richard. Harry, that prophesy’d thou shouldst be king, Both comfort thee thyly 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 galle betray’d to death! To-morrow in the battle thinkst of me, And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die! Then offering of the crown of Lancaster! To Richard. The wronged heirs of York do pray thee, Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish! Y
And in a bloody battle end thy days!  
Think on Lord Hastings, and despise, 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.  

Ghost. Dream on thy cousin 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 hoar'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 war I, that help'd thee to the crown;  
[To King Richard.]  
The last war 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; desparing, yield thy breath!—  
I died for hope, 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's fall in height of all his pride.  
[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.]  

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—  
Have more of bread.— Soft; I did but dream.—  
A second operation, how doth thou affect  

[All retire.]  

Richard except, those who had rather have us win,  
For what may they follow?  
A bloody sword.
KING RICHARD III.

Idren quit it in your age, of God, and all these rigours, uncles, draw your willing me of my bold attempt orion on the earth's cold face; by gain of my attempt half share his part thereof, trumps, boldly and cheery-erge! Richmond, and victory! [Exeunt.

NORTHUMBERLAND, and Attendants, to Forces. I never trained up in arms, of the truth: And what said and said, the better for our s'the right; and so, indeed, [Clock strikes, i.e. -Give me a calendar,- to-day! Not 1, my lord, he dares not to shine: for, by Dav'd the east an hour ago; it be to somebody.-

I am not to be seen to-day; and now I am the courtiers, with my head on my hands, with the same brood, looks sadly upon him.

Yor Norfolk, my lord; the foe vanishes in a battle; battle; -Capernion.

my, bid him being his power:-my soldiers to the plain, the shall be ordered.

He draws out all in length, y' fruit and fruit; be placed in the midst: flock, Thomas earl of Surry, sitting of this foot and horse.

and, we ourselves will follow; whose paunches on either legd with our choicest horse, George to boot! -What think'st silk- section, warlike sovereign,-my youth this morning.

Being a service, of Norfolk, he was too bold, reads, enter as through and sold, by the enemy,-every man unto his charge; lying down,Prefet: our souls; it a word that cowards me, to keep the strong in awe; its our conscience, awards our bravely, let us to't, poll-mell; then hand in hand to hell, more than I have interfer'd; as you are to cope withal; men, rasouls, and runaways, gays, and base lackey peasants, -exiled country vomits forth tumes and assiduous destruction, so, 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 papist 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 whipt these stragglers over the sea again; Lash hence these overweening rage of France, These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives; Who, but for dreaming on this foul exploit, For want of means, poor raths, 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 hand beaten, bobbed and thumped. And, on record, let them know the shame. Shall these enjoy our lands? fill not our wives? Ravishment daughters? -Mark, hear their drum. [Drum after off. Eight, gentlemen of England! right, bold youngmen! Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head! Sport your proofed horses hard, and ride in blood; Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! Enter a Messenger. What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power? Men, my lord, he doth deny to come. K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's horse. 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 one standard, set upon our foes; Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George, Inspire us as with the spleers of fierce Barly! Upon them! Victory sits on our helms! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another part of the Field.

Alarum. Execute. Enter Norfolk, and Forces; to the Cataclysm.

Curt. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue! The king's exacts more wonders than a man, Daring an opposite to every danger; His horse is shire, 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! Curt. 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.

Alarum. Enter King Richard and Richmond; and close fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Rich. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends; The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead. Stay, Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted 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. Rich. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all! But, tell me first, is young George Stanley wept?
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 hear find truth too. Those, that count
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still,
I'll undertake, may see away their skill,
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play.
A noise of targets; or to see a bellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with praise
Will be deceived: for gentle hearts, but
To rank our chosen truth with such a dot.
KING HENRY VIII.

I fight is, beside forbidding rains, and the opinion that we bring, but only true we now intend; we never an understanding friend. For goodness sake, and as you are an ad happiest hearers of the town, we would make you: Think, ye see reasons of our noble story, our living; think you see them great, I'd with the general thought, and sweet, and friend them; then in a moment, see this mightiness meets misery! I can be merry then, I'll say, I weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

London. An Ausechamber in the Palace.

KING. The Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord

Austere, and mood, and well met. How you done?

I thank you in France?

They come in France?

An unduly age

I think your grace; and ever since a fresh admirer saw there.

An unmentionable prisoner in my chamber, when of glory, those two lights of men, noble of Arden.

I exist Guyanes and Arde: present, saw them sit on horse-

n, when they lighted, how they clung through them, how they grew together; they, what four thousand one could weigh

recipient one. All the whole time

The queen of earthly glory: Men might say, me, pate was single: but now mar-

Marre itself. Each following day or next day's master, till the last their wonder it's: To-day, the French, out, all in gold, like brothers gods, in the English: and, to-morrow, they flu, India's, every man, that stood, n a horse. Their broadsheets were on us, all gift: the madam too, - tell, did almost sweat to bear upon them, that their very labour in a painting: now this mask inconspicuous; and the running night fool and beggar. These two kings, nere, were now heat, now worst, or did present them; him in eye, a praise; and, being present both, - they saw but one; and no discover his tongue in censure. When theseiskey they'll present them by her heralds word'd spirits to arms, they did perform their, such famed; that former fabri-

page possible enough, got credit, I was belied'd.

O, you go far.

I belong to worship, and affect honestly the tract of every thing a good man's; lose some life, your soul's was tongue to. All was I.

posting of it ought rebell'd,

Order gave each thing view; the office did Distinguish his full function.

Buck. Who did guide, I mean, who set the body and the limbs Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certain, that promises no element In any a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is

From his ambitious finger. What had he To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder, That such a few can with his very bulk Take up the rays of the beneficial sun; And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,

They're in him stuff that puts him to these ends;

For, being ou tprop'd by a species (whose grace Chakls 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 him, for which you, Bays a place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some grave eye Pierced to that; but I know not, nor can

Peep through each part of him: Whence have he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

Or has given all before, and he begins A new hell himself.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,

Without the privity of the king, to appoint Who should attend on him? He makes up the

An 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 counsel out, Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinnere of mine, three at the least, that have By this no sinister'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, But minister communication of

A most poor issue.

Nor. Greviously I think,

The peace between the French and us not values The hast that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was A thing amiable; and, not consulting, broke Into a general prophecy. That this tempest, Dashing the garment of this peace, abused The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is bounded out; For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore

The ambassador is silence'd.

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchase At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace, The state takes notice of the private difference Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you Honour and plentiful safety), that you read The cardinal's missives of his reverend grace Togethers to consider further, that

Y 2
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revenged; and I know, his sword
Has a sharp edge: 'tis long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far: and where 'twill not extend,
Though he doth it. Bessyon my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
That I advise your choosing.

Easter Cardinal Wolsey, the purer brave before
him, centre of the Council, and had secretaries
with paper. The General, in his passage from
his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on
him, and fast again.

Buck. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor I had
Where his examination? I
Fore. Here, so please you.
Buck. Is he in person ready? I
Fore. Ay, your grace.
Buck. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham Shall break his big look.

[Enter Wolsey and Train. Buck. This butcher's car is venison-month'd,
and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore,
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outwits a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd? I
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only.

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me: and his eye revil'd
Me, as his object aspect: at this instant
He box'd me with some trick: He's gone to the
king; I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: A anger is like
A fell hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,
Bolt's 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 month of honour quite cry down
This present luxury of your insolvency; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Buck. Be 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 overrunning. 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;
It with the span of reason you would quech,
Or last alway, the fire of passion.

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
From sincere motions), by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupted and treasons.

Nor. To the king I'll say't; and make my
vouch as strong
As horse 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
Infesting one another, yea reciprocally),
Only to show his vanity as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly bounty, the hire
That reasonable so much money,
Glimpse, Did break the railing.

Nor. Buck. Pray, give me leave, the
king cardinal
The number of the conjunctions:
As himself pleased; and they must
As he ordain'd, Thus let it be to
As give a crutch to the old
Cardinal
Has done this, and 'twould cost him to
be cannot cry, he did it. Lord!
(Which, as I make it, is a kind of
To the old dam (tressen).—Chasted
Under pretence to see the queen in,
For 'twas, but
To whisper Wolsey), how much
His fears were, that the commons, England and France, made,
Bred him some prejudice; by 'twas,
'Ved' that some were,
Deeds with our cardinal; and, in all
Which I do well; for I am not
Fals e ye be pruned; and
granted
As it was said, but when the
And part'd with gold, she espoused
That he would please to abstain
And break the formal peace. Lord
(As soon he shall by me), that this
Does buy and sell his honour as in
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am
To hear this of him; and could not
Something mistakes in it.

Buck. No, no,
I do pronounce him in that way
Shall appear in proof.

[Enter Brandon; a Sergeant at arms
And other time of the ban.
Bren. Your office, sergeant; in
Serg. My lord the duke of Buckingham,
Of Hersford, Stafford, and North
Arrest thee of high treason, in the
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. 

The net has fall'd upon me; I am
Under device and practice.

Bren. I am
To see you t'awn from liberty: I
The business present. 'Tis his highness
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help
Topied mine innocence; for that
Which makes my inmost part pure of
be heaven
Be done in this and all things—l
O my lord Abergau, fare you w
Bren. Nay, he must bear you
The king

Is please'd, you shall to the Tower,
How he determines further.

Aber. The will of heaven be done, as
Heav'n.
By me obey'd.

Bren. Here is a warrant
The king, to attend Lord Montagu

Of the duke's confessor, Joan de
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.

Buck. These are the limbs of the plot: no
Bren. A monk on the Charterhouse.

Buck. I wonder: my surveyor is false, the

[exit.}
KING HENRY VIII.

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The back is sacrifice to the load. They say, They are devi'dd by you; or else you suffer Too hard an explanation.

K. Hen. Still exaction?

The nature of it? In what kind, let’s know, Is this exaction?

G. Kark. I am much too venturesome In tempting of your patience; but am bolden’d Under your promised pardon. The subject’s grief Comes through long consideration, and compels Each of the sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay: and the presence for this Is nam’d, your wars in France: This makes Tongue’s spit their duties out, and cold hearts treachery.

Allegiance in them; their corners new Live where their prayers did; and it’s come to pass That tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would, your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life, This is against our pleasure. And for me, I have no farther gone in this, than by a single voice; and that not pass’d me, but By learned approbation of the judges. If I am traduc’d by ignorant tongues, which neither know My faculties, nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing—let me say, ‘Tis but the state of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope malicious censures, which ever, As rapacious fishes, do a vessel follow That is new alin’d; but benefit no further Than vainly longing. What we do hear, By sick interpreters, once weak ones, Is not ours, nor allow’d; what worst, as o’t Hitting a grocer’s quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, In fear, our motion will be mock’d or carry’d at; We should take root here where we sit, or sit State statutes only.

K. Hen. Things done well, And with a care, exempt themselves from fear: Things done without example, or their issue Are to be fear’d. Have you a precedent Of this comission? I believe, not any. We must not rend our subjects from our laws, And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each? A trebling contribution? Why, we take, From every tree, top, bough, and part of the timber; And, though we leave at it aroot, thus hack’d, The air will drink the sap. To every county, Where this is question’d, send one letters, with Free pardon to each man that has dined The loss of this comission; Pray look to’t; I put it to your care. Wol.

A word with you.

Let there be letters well to every shire, Of the king’s grace and pardon. The griev’d commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be know’d, That, through our intercession, this revolvent And pardon comes: I shall soon advise you Further in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary.

G. Kark. I am sorry, that the duke of Bucking- ham is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieveth many: The gentleman is leav’d, and a most rare speaker, To nature none more bound; his training well, That he may furnish and instruct grave teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupted,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was as notable amongst wonders, and when we,

Are with ravish'd delighting, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,

Hath into monstrous habits put the grace
That once were his, and is become as black
As if he beard in hell. By sit you; you shall hear
This was his gentleman in truth) of him to
Things to strike honour so.-Did he recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wit, Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surr. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would judge his speech. That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the acceptance: these very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he meant'd
To charge upon the cardinal.

Wit. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not swayed by his wish, to his 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 faith to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak nought?

Surr. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins,
K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surr. Sir, a Charterless friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surr. Not long before your highness speed to
France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultries, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londouners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove petition,
To their king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted,
That a true, what the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: That 'a, says he,
Heath sent to me, nothing 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 soul
He solemnly warned, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain, as no creature living, but
To the death after, with diversity assurance
This ensuing ceased:-Neither the king, nor his

(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper: bid him strive
to gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall steer England.

Q. Kath. If you know well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint of the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
As, if he were a number soul I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:

Go forward.

Surr. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.

I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusion
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas
dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, and
If perchance it was true, it was much like to do:
So much
It can do me no dammage: Sir Thomas
That, had the king in mind; the cardinal's son
Sir Thomas Lucy to have gone off.

K. Hen. Hal a what, sir?

There's mischief in this man:

Surr. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Present.

Surr. By your highness had reported
A letter from William Blount:
K. Hen. It
Of such a time:

Surr. If noth he, I for this last
At, to the Tower, I thought; and he
The part my father meant to act upon
The recovering Richard; who, being of
Made suit to come in his present; to
He was an admirable prince, to put his
Here put his troops into him.

K. Hen. Wait, cow, madam, may be in
Freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. There's something else, my liege.

Surr. After-the duke his face
He stretch'd him, and, with one
Another spread on his breast, one
He did discharge a horrid oath:
Was,-were he evil speak'd, he was
His father, by as much as a post
Does an irreconcilable purpose.

K. Hen. The
To shatter his knife in us. He is
Call him to present trial: if he
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his,
Let him not seek 't of us: By God:
He's traitor to the height.

SCENE III. A Room in
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, o
Cham. Let the spittle juggis
Men into such strange mystery

Though they be never so ridiculous;
Nay, let them play their parts as they
Cham. As far as I see, all the
Have got by the late voyage, is
A fit or two 'o the face; but they
For when they hold them, you,
Their very noses had been cost
To Pepin, or Clothariinus, they are
Sends. They have all new legs,
one would take it.

That never saw them pace before
A springhalt reign'd among the

Their clothes are after such a
That, sure, they have worn o
How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell
Enter Sir Thomas Lo

Lor. I hear of none, but the new
That's clapp'd upon the court,
Cham. The reformation of courts
That fill the court with quarrels, Cham. I am glad, 'tis there: a
our monarchs.
To think an English courtier m
And never see the Lowrie,
They must either
(conditions) leave these remants
vater, that they get in France,
- honourable points of ignorance,
- remants (as sights, and fireworks;
- men than they can be,
- wise, and the stars)
- renouncing clean
- stars in ruins, and still stockings,
- in breeches, and those types of
- and again like honest men;
- could playfioes: there, I takecol, as privilege, wear away
- their loveliness, and be laugh'd at,
time to give them physic, their
- catching.

What a loss our ladies
these trim vanities!
Ay, marry,
we indeed, lords; the sly wondrous
resolving trick to lay down ladies;
g, and a fellow, has no fellow,
- devil hold them! I am glad, go,
- there's no converting of them): now
- entry lord, as I am, beaten
- set of play, my mind the plain song,
hour of hearing; and, by Jove lady,
- mustick too.

Well said, Lord Sands,
both is not cast yet.
No, my lord;
- while I have a stumps.
Sir Thomas,
you a going?
- To the cardinal's;
- is a guest too.

O, 'tis true:
- makes a supper, and a great one,
- and ladies; there will be
- this kingdom, I' ll assure you,
- immense boxes a boundless mind
- useful as the land that feeds us;
everywhere.

No doubt, he's noble,
- cock mouth, that said either of him,
- my lord, he has wherewithal;
- below a worses than ill-doctrine:
- ay should be most liberal,
- here for example.

True, they are so:
- give as great ones. My barge stays;
- you shall find it a good Sir
- else also which I would not be,
- take too, with Sir Henry Guildford,
- be comptrollers.

I am your lordship's.
[Exeunt.]

**SCENE IV.**

Queen Chamberlain at York Place,
small table under a tent for the Car-

gue table for the guests. Enter Anthony BELLUS, and divers Lords, ladies,
women, as guests; at another door,
Fern Guilford.

Enter, a general welcome from his
his lordship.

This night he dedicates
it, and you: none here, he hopes,
- his love, has brought her
- he would have all as merry
- company, good wine, well
- good people.

- O, my lord, you are

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir

Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Kings' wits to me.

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 ceased,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweat society of fair ones.

Lord. That your lordship were but now con-

To one or two of these!

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford us.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
Sir Harry.
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this;
His grace is out-going. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold wea-
ther:-
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them
waking;
Sands. By my faith,
Sands. And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet

- Sands.
- Sands. I cannot.
- He would bite none; just as I do now,
- He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord.
- So, now you are fairly seated: Gentlemen,
The pleasure lies on you, if these fair ladies
- Pass away frowning.
- For my little one,
- Let me alone.

- Sands.
- Sands. 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.

[Drum. Sir who.
Your grace is welcome:-
- Let me have such a bow? may hold my thanks,
- And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands, I am behosden to you: cherish your neighbours;
- Ladies, you are not merry: Gentlemen,
- What rank is this?
- The red wine first must rise
- in their fair checks, my lord; then we shall have
- Talk as to silence.

- Sands. You are a merry gamester, my Lord
- Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
- Have't to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
- For 'tis to such a thing.

Anns. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets within: Chambers discharge.

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.
[Enter Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice?

Anns. And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
- By all the laws of war you are privy of.

[Exit Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't

Here: A noble troop of strangers.
KING HENRY VIII.

For so they seem: they have left their barges, and landed: And litter make, as great ambassadors From foreign princes.

Wit. Good lord chamberlains, Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue; And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them Into our presence, where this heavens of beauty Shall shine at full upon them:—some attend him.-

[Lord Chamberlains, attended. All arise, and Tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
A good digestion to you all: and, once more, I shew you a welcome on you:—Welcome all.-

Hands down. Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Masters, hatted like Shoemakers, with sixteen Threepence-men: ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salutes him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures? Chamberlaine. Because they speak so English, thus they pray'd.

To tell your grace.—That, having heard by
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This is 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 con-
duct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and escort An honour of revells with them.

Wit. Say, lord chamberlaine, They have done me poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their grace.

[Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance. Wit. My lord, what?—Cham. Your grace?
Wit. Nay, I pray, tell them thus much from me: There should be one among 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. [Chamberlain goes to the company, and returns. Wit. 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.

Wit. Let me see then.—[Comes from his state. By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here'll I 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.

Wit. I am glad, Your grace is grown so pleasant.

Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that!—Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter.

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart I were unmannently, to take you out, And not to kiss you.—[laughs.

Let it go round.—

Wit. The Thorough Lovell, is busy

"t the privy chamber!—

Lor. Yes, my lord.

Wit. I fear, with dancing is a little high.

K. Hen. I fear, it starts them.

Lor. There's matter

In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Not: Land in your hall,
Sweet partner, I must not yet forgo you:—[Good Sir John Oldcastle, I want healths To drink to these fair ladies, and To lead them once again; and Who's best in favour.—Let it go round.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall.

Enter two Gentlemen.

2 Gent. Whither away so fast?

3 Gent. Even to the hall, to hear what
Of the great duke of Buckingham
1 Gent. That labour, sir. All's now as

Of bringing back the prisoners:

2 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak, wh

1 Gent. You may guess what.

2 Gent. Is.

1 Gent. Yes, truly he is, and

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

3 Gent. But, pray, how soon?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. Came to the bar; where, to
He pleaded still, not guilty, a Many sharp reasons to defeat
The king's attorney, on the
Un'd on the examinations. Of divers witnesses; which I've
To have brought, wise men, to At which appeared against his Sir Gilbert Perk his chancellor. Confessor to him;—with that
Hopton, that made this miss.

2 Gent. That fed him with his prophecics.

1 Gent. All these accuss'd him strong! Would have flung from him, but
And so his peer, upon this e
Have found him guilty of big He spoke, and learnedly, for
Was either pitied in him, or

2 Gent. After all this, how did

1 Gent. When he was brought up, he
His knell rung out, his judge
With such an agony, he was
And something spoke to him: But he felt to himself again; in
All the rest shou'd's a most

2 Gent. I do not think, he

1 Gent. He never was so womanish; He may a little grieve at

3 Gent. This,

The cardinal is the end of th

1 Gent. By all conjectures: First, K
KING HENRY VIII.

land; who removed, at thither, and in haste too, in his father's life. That trick of state was one. At his return, requited it. This is noted, given as King's favour, shy will find employment, in court too. All the commons may, and, of my conscience, no deep; this sake as much ste so; call him bounteome courage.—

Stay there, sir; ruin'd man you speak of. 

from his arrangement: To the sea with the edge towards each side: with him, sir Tho. Nicholas Vaux, sir William Walsingham. 

and close; and behold him. Have come to pley me, at thence go home and lose me. "All's traitor's judgment, must die; Yet, heaven bear

incurrence, let it sink me, If, if I be not faithful, malice for my death, the premises, but justice: sight it, I could wish more.

I heartily forgive them: they glory not in mischief, is on the greaves of great men; thus blood must cry against this world I never hope, though the king give merchies make faults. You few that

to weep for Buckingham, and fellow, whom to leave on, only dying, good angels, to my end;

breeches of steel falls on me, ears one sweet sacrifice, a heaven.—Lead on, o God's

on your grace, for charity, in your heart, now to forgive me frankly. 

a Lovell, I am free forgive you, given: I forgive all these numberless offences take peace with: no black cave.—Confide me to his

(Buckingham, pray, tell him in heaven: my vows and; and, till my soul forsake me, lay on him: May he live time to tell his years loving, may his rule be, he shall lead him to his end, fill up one monument! on side must conduct your rage up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, on to your end. 

Prepare there, ag a, see, the bargain be ready; in furniture, as suite, his person.

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

Borough: Yet I am richer than my base accusers, That never knew what truth meant; I now shall; And with that blood will make them one day great. My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first raised head against usurping Richard, Flying for success to his servant Brunster, 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 me my name once more noble. Now his son, Henry the Eighth, life, honor, 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 fortune.—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 heart, when they once perceive The least rib in your fortune, 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 halflife Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farwell, man of war. 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 calle, I fear, too many comes on this; those were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless, 'Tis full of woes: yet I can give you inking Of an ensign evil, if it fall, Greater than this. 1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us! Where mayst thine be? You do not doubt my faith, sir.

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith 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 bear A buzzing, of a separation Between the king and Katherine? 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 dispersal. 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 it. Either the cardinal, Or some other near him, has shown false 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 purposed. 2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark: But it is certain, That she should feel the smart of this? The car, died! Will have his will, and she must tell.
KING HENRY VIII.

For so they seem: they have left their barges, 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.

[Exeunt Chamberlains, 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.

Handbills. Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Masters, habited like Shepherds, with sixier Torchbearers: ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and grace.

K. Hen. A noble company! what are their pleasures?—Cham. Because they speak no English, that is why I pray To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so far 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 far con- duct, Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat An hour of revels with them.

K. Hen. Say, lord chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Chamberlains go to the company, and return.


K. Hen. Pray, tell them thus much from me: They should be one amongst you, by his person, More worthy this place than myself; to whom, If I offend them, with my love and duty I would surrender it.

Cham. My lord, I will, my lord. [To the company, and return. Wol. What say they?— Much the same, they all confess. There is, indeed; which they would have your grace Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see them—[Comes from his state.

By all your good leavens, gentlemen;—Here I'll make My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal: [Imposing

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord: You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal. I should judge now unhappily. I am glad,

The Viceregent Rockford, one of her highest women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart, I was unwisely, to take you out, And not to kiss you.—I hope it Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, lieutenant of the privy chamber.

K. Hen. Yes, sir, I fear.

Wol. I fear, with dancing in a little by K. Hen. I fear, too much. Wol. Therefore banish

In the next chamber. K. Hen. Lead in your ladies. Wol. I must not yet form you;—See Good men, lord cardinal, I last health.

To drink to these fair ladies, as To lead them in the dance! Who's best in favour.—Let's a

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Banquet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Whiter away as you 2 Gent. By even to the ball, to hear what Of the great duke of Buckingham

1 Gent. That labour, sir. All's now & mony

Of bringing back the prisoner 2 Gent. 1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I. 2 Gent. Pray, speak, wh 1 Gent. You may guess what 2 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and 2 Gent. I am sorry fort. 1 Gent. 2 Gent. But, pray, how pass 1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little Came to the bar: where, to He pleaded still, not guilty, Many sharp reasons to defend The king's attorney, on the King's of divers witnesses; which I to have brought; now see, to It which appeared and against him Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor Confessor to him; with that Hopkins, that made this my 2 Gent. That fed him with his prop 1 Gent. All these access'd him strong Would have flung from him, but not:

And so his peers, upon this Have found him guilty of his He spoke, and learnedly, for Was either pitied in him, or 2 Gent. After all this, how d 1 Gent. When he was her bar,—to hear His knell rung out, his judges With such an agony, he aven And something spoke in the But he fell to himself again, In all the rest show'd a most 2 Gent. I do not think, he 1 Gent. He never was so womanish; He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. C The cardinal is the end of it 1 Gent. By all conjectures: First, K
KING HENRY VIII.

1. 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,
Bohn: Yet I am richer than my base accusers.
That never knew what truth meant: I now see it.
And with that blood will make them one day great.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first ran head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Bannister,
Being distressed, was by that very threat betray’d,
And without repartee; God’s grace be with him! Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father’s loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, home, and name,
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, most 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 servientes, by those men we lov’d most;
A most unmanful and faithless service
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This is from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsel,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make
Friends, and give your heart; when you once perceive
The heart of him in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again.
But where they mean it and ye, all good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.

2. 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
That be the authors.
2. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
’Tis full of woe: yet I can give you instigating
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this:—

1. Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
Where may ye be? You do not dwell in your faith, sir;—
2. Gent. This secret is so weighty, ’twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1. Gent. Let me have it.
2. Gent. I do not talk much.

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 alay those tongues
That dared disperse it.

2. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again.
Fresher than ever it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some other prince, near him, is the fellow.
To the good queen, possess’d him with a scape
That will make her: To confound this too,
The Cardinal Campeius is arriv’d, and lately
At all think, for this business.

1. Gent. Tis the cardinal; and
Merely to revenge him on the emperor.
For out prostrating on him, at his asking.
The archbishop of Toledo, this is prov’d.
2. Gent. I think you have hit the mark; but
Is not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
I shower'd welcome on you;—Welcome all.

_Humph. Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Messengers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torchesbearers: 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 con-

duct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entertain

An hour of revels with them, _Walk._

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._


Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance._

_Walk._ My lord,—_Your grace?_ _Cham._

_Walk._ 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. (_Chamberlain goes to the company, and returns._)

_Walk._ What say they? _Cham._

_Walk._ Such a one, they all confess.

There is, indeed; which they would have your grace

Find out, and he will take it._

_Walk._ Let me see them._

By all your good leaves, gentlemen,—Here I'll make

My royal choice._

Who's best in favour._—De-

ACT II.

SCENE I.

_Enter two Gentlemen._

1 Gent. Whither away.

2 Gent. Even to the hall, to hear

Of the great duke of Burgundy._

1 Gent. That labour, sir. All's no

money

Of bringing back the prince._

2 Gent. _1 Gent._ Yes, indeed, with

2 Gent. Pray, speak.

1 Gent. You may guess

2 Gent._

1 Gent. Yes, truly, I axe.

2 Gent. I am sorry for

1 Gent. 2 Gent. But, pray, how? 1 Gent. I'll tell you in

Came to the bar; where He pleased still, not get

Many sharp reasons to do;

The king's attorney, on

urg'd on the examinations Of divers witnesses: we

To have brought; was so

At which appeal'd again

Sir Gilbert Peck his own

Confessor to him; with

Hopkiss, that made this

2 Gent. That fell him with his

1 Gent. All these accurst him at

Would have fug'd from him:

not?

And so his peers, upon

Have found him guilty._

He spoke, and learn'd

Was either pitied in him.
KING HENRY VIII.

[Scene: The Palace of London.]

LORDS:

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me. When I come hither, I was lord high constable, And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bolingbroke! Yet I am richer than my base accusers, That never knew what truth meant; I now seall; And with that blood will make them one day

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, Flying for succor to his servant Banister, Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, And with no tardy fall; 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, and estate, 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 this 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 receiv'd as certain: Where you are liberal of your loves, and consents, Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends, And give your heart's to, when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again Elsewhere 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 for ever.

And when you would say something that is sad, Speak not to me—I have done; and God forgive me! [Exit BUCKINGHAM and THOMAS.] 1 Gent. O, this is full of joy!—Sir, it calls, I fear, too many on's heart on't the same occasion. That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless, 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inking Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us! Wherefore is it? Where ye do not my faith, sir, 2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith to conceal it.

Let me have it.

I do not talk much.

1 Gent. I am confident; You shall, sir; Did you not of late days hear A burying of a separation Between the king and Katherine?

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 slay those tongues That dared disperse it. 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 something him near, hot, out of mallet To the good queen, possess'd him with a spleen That will make her: To confirm this too, Cardinal Campegge 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 archbishop of Toledo, this is purposed. 2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark: But I am cruel, That she should feel the smart of this! The cardinal Will have his will, and she must fall.
KING HENRY VIII.

[Scene II. Before the Palace.]

Enr. [To the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.] The letters, your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, riden, done: They were written, and had some: of the best bred in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord's household, by commission, and main power, made them from me; with this reason.—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our means, etc.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them: He was right, what I think.

Enr. [Enter the Duke of Norfolk and Suffolk.]

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your grace.

Nor. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private, full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife has crept too near his conscience.

Nor. Has it crept too near another lady?

Cham. 'Tis so;

Nor. This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal; that blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business! Anan. 'Tis all. For, now he has crack'd the league, between us and the emperor, the queen's great divines, the king's soul; and there scatters dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage: And, out of all these to restore the king, he connives a divorce; a loss of her. That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years about his neck, yet never lost its luster; Or, 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 politic? Cham. It is. Do keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true.

Nor. These news are every where; every tongue fear the French king.

Enr. 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

Suff. The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold bad man.

Nor. We had need pray

Cham. And heartily, for our deliverance; tit this impertinent man will work us all from princes into pages: all men's honours Lie close upon him, to be fashion'd into what pitch he please.

Nor. For me, my lord, I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed: As I am made without him, so I'll stand, If the king please: his curses and his blessings Touch me alike, 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.

Suff. We'll in;

Nor. 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?
KING HENRY VIII.

Act IV. Scene III.

Mute Cry drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lonely born,
And range with lankie lives in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

[Enter WOOLSEY, and GARDINER.

WOOLSEY, and GARDINER.

Come take'st mine hands; much joy and fa-

king's now.

But to be commanded

by grace, whose hand haunts thee?

[Aside.

lord of York, was not one Doctor

ne's place before?

Yes, he was,

as he was not held a learned man? I,

Meanwhile, believe me, there's an ill opinion spread

yourself, lord cardinal.

But they will not stick to say, you envi-

would, then he would rise, he was so virtuous,

a foreign maze still; which so grieves

an mad, and died.

Christian care enough; for living mar-

would needs be virtuous: That good fel-

him, follows my appointment.

have a son so pleased. Learn this, brother,

you shall meet about this weighty busi-

sees, you is familiar.—O, my lord,

inconsi-

part, and I must leave her.

Not for that neither.—Here's the pang

A champion in the Queen's Appearances.

Anne BELL, and an old Lady.

[Enter ANNE BELL, and an old Lady.

ACH not for that?—Here is the pang

that tongue could ever

more discomfiture of her—by my life.

now, after

And the quaffing is a majesty and pompa, the which

is at first to acquire; after this process

is more a monitory.

Hearts of most hard temper

lament for her.

what's with! much better,

had known pomph; thought it be tem-

A stranger now again.

So much the more

Act II.

Anne.

I, your grace, whose hand haunts thee?

myself.

[Enter WOOLSEY, and GARDINER.

WOOLSEY, and GARDINER.

Come, brother, GARDINER.

They counter sport.

How of me! I

They will not stick to say, you envi-

would, then he would rise, he was so virtuous,

a foreign maze still; which so grieves

an mad, and died.

Christian care enough; for living mar-

would needs be virtuous: That good fel-

him, follows my appointment.

have a son so pleased. Learn this, brother,

you shall meet about this weighty busi-

sees, you is familiar.—O, my lord,

inconsi-

part, and I must leave her.

Not for that neither.—Here is the pang

A champion in the Queen's Appearances.

Anne BELL, and an old Lady.

[Enter ANNE BELL, and an old Lady.

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that tongue could ever

more discomfiture of her—by my life.

now, after

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is at first to acquire; after this process

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Hearts of most hard temper

lament for her.

what's with! much better,

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So much the more

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Anne.

I, your grace, whose hand haunts thee?

myself.

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How of me! I

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him, follows my appointment.

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KING HENRY VIII.

The King hath of you—I have pardon'd her well.'

Beauty and honour in her are so misplaced,
That they have caught the king: and who knows
But that this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this ill—I'll see the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Add. My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this is it: see, see, see,
I have been bearing sixteen years in court
[Am yet a courtier beggarly], nor could
Come patently too early and too late.
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O hate)
A very temper there, (eye, eye upon)
This comptel'd fortune have your mouth fill'd
Before you open it.

Ass. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it in bitter poverty,
No there. Was a lady once (I'm an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not.
For all the mail in Egypt:—Have you heard it?
Ass. Come, come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
Overtmorn the lark. The marchaisons of Pom-
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 forehead. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a buckle—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were.

Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave it out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints use,
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.

SCENE IV. A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets sound, and cornets. Enter two Venetians, with short silver swords; next them, two Servants, the Bishops of Canterbury, &c.; after them, the Archbishops of Canterbury, done; 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 and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman usher armed, accompanied with Serjeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; 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 train. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit next 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.

Wrd. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need? It has already lick'dly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wrd. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry king of England, come to court.

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thus art, alone,
(If thy care qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government.

Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens.—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself to wards me. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these cares (for where I am robb'd and
bound,
There must be unslave'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied), whether ever I
Did break this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Indicate you to the question on 't or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—make one the least word, might
Lie to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. / If it be 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; but now not
Why they are so; but, like to village cars,
Dark with their fellows do. The queen is
In the closet; the queen is at the court;
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd;
But will you be more justified, if you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desire'll it to be stir'd; but of have a hand'd; off
The passages made toward it.—on my honour,
I speak of good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what is said
must be 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,
Scurpel, and price, on certain speeches attend'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French amba
sador.
Who had been latter sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our dear sister Mary; 'tis the progress of this
business.

Here a determinate resolution, he
I mean, the bishop did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether his daughter were to be married.
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
should
The boon of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yes, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many wise or consider'd did throng;
And press'd us with that caution. First, meth
ought,
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 office 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 no'd them: Hence I took a
thought
This would ex judg'ment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir of the world, should not
Be check'd in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's full; and that gave to me
Many a groaning thought. Thus builing in
The wild seas of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereas upon we are
Now present here together: that is to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I
then did find full sick, and yet not well,—

By all the reverent fathers of the land,
KING HENRY VIII.

And doctors learn'd,—First, I began in privacies
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my auspicious I did speak,
When I first met you.

Lin. A very, very young man.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleased your
self to say
How far you acknowledged me.

Lin. It is your highness's own question.

K. Hen. It didst in the first as stager stagg'd,

Bearing a state of mighty moment in it,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring of counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did esteem your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then met you, my

Lin. Your lordship of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this my consent—Unmindful
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular counsel proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the highness, nor the sharp tyranny pointed
Of my alleged reasons, drive forth this forward;
Prove but our marriage lawfull, by my life,
And kindly dignified, we are consented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Kings and queens united, before the potentate creature
That's paragraph'd o' the world.

Com. So please your highness,

K. Hen. The Queens being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while, what shall be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto her holiness.

[They rise to depart.

K. Hen. I may perceive, [desire
These cardinals trite with me: I abhor
This distasteful sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My ear and the well beloved servant, Cranmer,
'Tis not that my 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 the gentle task, ma'chew; my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave
working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lyre made rose,
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bent themselves, when he did sing;
To his south, and east, and flowers.
Even spring; as sun, and showers.
There had been a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the bellow of the sea,
Hung their hands, and then lay by.
In sweet music 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

Kath. Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. How then?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

Gent. To come near. [Exit Gentleman.] What can their business
With me, a poor weak woman, taken from
favour?

I do not like their coming, nor
They should be good enough so;
But all needs make out some matter,

Enter Walsingham and Somerset.

Wals. From me.

Q. Kath. Your grace had but between
hour and one:
I would be a, against the wind Which are your pleasures with us, lords?
Wals. May it please you, madam,
Withdraw to your private chamber, while the

The fall came of our coming.

Q. Kath. There's nothing I have done as

Wals. Enquiries.

Q. Kath. Quaintly, to your lordship, as I

Wals. May you not speak, [sign] me

Wals. Yes, and I spoke this with as much

To the word of my life, I know my name's

True, and that way I will with it boldly;

Wals. Then on my word, so.

Q. Kath. O, my lord, so.

Wals. I am not such a tenant that I will
As to not know the language I set
A stranger tongue makes my Courts

Pray, speak in English: here is no

If you speak truth, for your part, I
Believe me, she has had much

Q. Kath. Most, [sign] me

Wals. My Lord of York,— out of his nob
Zeal and obedience he still holds;
Forgetting, like a good man, his
Both of his truth and him (with whom
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace)
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To my lords, I thank you both for you
Ye speak like honest men, pray

But how to make you suddenly
Such a weight of a matter, so
(More near my life, I fear,) with
And to such men of gravity.
In truth, I know not, I'll not
Among my maids; fall little; God
Either for such men, or such but
For her sake, that I have been (it
The last fit of my greatness), give
Let me have time, and counsel, then;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless.

Wals. Madam, you wrong the

Wals. Your hopes and friends are

Q. Kath. Am I not

But look for my profit; can you
What will become of me now, wretched lady? I am the most unhappy woman living. Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes! 1 To her Women, Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity. No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me. Almost, no grace allow'd me—Like the lily, That once was mistress of the field, and honour'd, I'll hang my head, and perish. 2

Sir, if your grace could but be brought to know, our ends were worst. Lady, you'd make me comfortable: why should we, good Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places, The way of our profession is against it; We are to cure such sorrows, not to saw them. For goodness' sake, consider what you do; How you may hurt yourself, ay, after 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 shall, and grow as terrible. 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.

Cass. 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 does Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you. Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please To trust 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 said myself unmanfully. 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; and shall have my prayers, While I shall have my life. Come, revert fathers.

Betrov your counsels on me; she now heeds, That little thought, when she set footing here, She should have bought her dignities so dear.

SCENE II.

Antechamber in 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 them with a constancy, the cardinal Cannot stand under them: If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise, But that you shall sustain more new disgrace, With those you bear already.

Lom. 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. 2

Brack. Which of the peers Have unconscion'd got by him, or at least Strangely neglected, when did he offend The state of nobility in any person, Out of himself?

Chau. My lord, 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. Q. Kath. fear him not. His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him, that for ever mars The honour of his language. No, he's settled, Not to come off in his disgrace.

2.2.
KING HENRY VIII.

Sir, I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.

Sir. Believe it, this is true.

In the divorce, his contrary proceeding Are all unaided; wherein he appears, As I could wish mine enemies. How came He practices to light?

Suff. Most strangely.

Suff. O, how, how? the cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried, and came to the eye of the king; wherein was shown How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness To give judgment of the divorce; for if It did take place, I do, quoth he, presume My king is troubled in affaires as A monster, the queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn.

Sir. Has the king this?

Suff. Believe it. Will this week?

Chase. The king in this procures him, how And hence, his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic After his patient's death; the king already Hath married the fair lady. 'Would he be had!'

Suff. May you be happy in your wish, my lord! For your pleasure, you have it. Now all my joy Trace the conjuction!

Suff. My amen too!

Sir. There's order given for her coronation: Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left To some ears unaccounted. But, my lords, She is a galant creature, and complete In mind and feature; I persuade me, from Here Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall In it be memorable.

Sir. But, will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Sir. Marry, amen!

No, no; there be more wasps that buzz about his house, Who make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave; Has left the cause of the king unhanded; and is posted, as the agent of our cardinal.

To second all his plot, I do assure you The king cried, his! at this.

Chase. Now, God incense him, and let him cry ha, louder! But, my lord.

When returns Cranmer?

Suff. He is return'd, in his opinions; 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. Katherine no more Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager, And widow to Prince Arthur.

And this same Cranmer's worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain In the king's business. He has; and we shall see him soon.

For it, an archbishop. So I hear.

Sir. The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Sir. 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?
KING HENRY VIII.

Heaven forgive me! 

Good my lord, 

by your mind; the which 

I do leave a brief span, 

Sirs, 

You have said well, 

What should this mean? 

What should this mean! 

The better, as I live, with all the business. 

Stiff. 

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry 

Authority so weighty. 

Swift. 

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours, 

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness, 

For you are men of wisdom and good counsel; 

I should crack their duty. 

And, after this, and then to breakfast, with 

And see my friends in Rome. O negligence, 

For a fool to fall by! What cross devil 

Made me put this main secret in the pack? 

I sent the king! Is there no way to cure this? 

Now no device to beat this from his brain? I know, 'Twill stir him strongly: Yet I know 

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune. 

Will bring thee back again. What's this?—To the pope! 

And, from that full meridian of my glory, 

And no man see me more. 

Receive the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk, 

NORFOLK, and the Lord Chancellor. 

Norr, Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you 

To render up the greater present already 

Into our hands; and to confine yourself 

To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's, 

And see. 

You ask with such a violence, the king; 

(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me. 

I must be himself then. 

Swift. Thou art a proud trouble, prince. 

Foord, Lord sternest; best. 

Within these forty hours Surrey doth better Have burnt that tongue than said so. 

Thy ambition, 

Than sweetest sin, robbed this bewailing sound. 

Of noble Buckingham, my father-to-law;
KING HENRY VII.

The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best part hath bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Fleges of thy 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.

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Abused him with an axe.

Wid. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I know not. A most false.
The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and fair cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
Your covetous honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare make a sounder man than Surrey be,
And all that love his felicity.

By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; then
You should felicitate.

My sword I'll use the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jested by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility! let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wid. 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 write 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 lesser,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—
Produce the grand sum of his trust, the articles
Collected from his life;—I'll startle you
Worse than the sarming bell, when the brown
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wid. For much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Sur. These articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, gleaning, mack, they are foul ones.

Wid. So much fairer, and spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you;
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wid. 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.

Wid. Have at you.
First, that without the king's assent, or know-
ledge
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Sur. Then, that, in all you write to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, Ego et Regnum,
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Wid. Then, that, without the knowledge
Even of the king or council, when you sent
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. lien, you merit a death.

Wid. Therefore
Without the king's will, proofs
A league between his subjects
Shall not be so easily placed.

Sur. Then, that you know
Abominable
(By what means yet, I know not)
To foreign things, and to
You have for designing to
Of all the kingdom. Keep
Which, since they are yours, I will not take my mind's

Chas. Press not a falling man too
His faults lie open to the last.
Nor yet, you correct him. By
him
So little of his great soul.

Wid. Lord Cardinal, the same

Sur. Because all these things,
By your power legitim'd
Put into compass of a power
That therefore such a will
To forbid your goods,
Chatel, and whatsoever,
Out of the king's presence

Wid. How to live better. For
About the giving back the
The king shall know it,

Sur. So fare you well, my lord.

Wid. So farewell to the
Farewell, a long farewell!
This is the state of man: the
The tender leaves of hope
And bears his blossoming
The third day comes a
And,—when he thinks, surely
His greatness is a ripen!
And then he finds it:

Like little wanton boyo
This many summers is
But far beyond the depth
At length broke under

Wid. Small, and old with
Of a rude stream, that:

Sur. Vase pomp, and glory:
I feel my heart new zip
Is that poor man, that he
There is, betwixt that:

Wid. That sweet aspect of:
More pangs and for:
And when he fails, he
Never to hope again.

Sur. I have no

Wid. At my misfortune, e.
A great man should do
I am fallen indeed.

Sur. How d

Wid. Never so truly happy.
I know myself now:
A peace above all:
A sill, and quiet
me:
I humble thank his:
These ruin'd pillars,
KING HENRY VIII.

$\text{Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,}
\text{Thou fall'st! a blessed martyr. Serve the king;}
\text{And, }-\text{Pity thee, lead me in;}
\text{There take an inventory of all I have,}
\text{To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,}
\text{And my integrity to heaven: is all}
\text{I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-}
\text{well,}
\text{Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal}
\text{I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age}
\text{Have left me unkind to mine enemies.}
\text{Woe!}
\text{So I have. Farewell.}
\text{The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven!}
\text{Farewell.}$

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
\text{The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?}

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At last our encounter.

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd
\text{This, general joy.}

2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens,
\text{I am sure, have shown at all their royal minds,}
\text{(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward.)}

In celebration of this day shows,
\text{Pageants, and sights of honour.}

1 Gent. Never greater.

2 Gent. Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

1 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
\text{That paper in your hand?}

2 Gent. Ye; 'tis the list
\text{Of those that claim their offices this day.}

By custom of the coronation,
\text{The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims}
\text{To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,}
\text{He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.}

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known
\text{those customs,}
\text{I should have been beholden to your paper,}
\text{But, I beseech you, what's become of Katherine,}
\text{The princess dowager? how goes her business?}

1 Gent. I know not; but I can tell you soon. The archbishop
\text{of Canterbury, accompanied with other}
\text{Learned and reverend fathers of his order,}
\text{Heit a late court at Dunstable, six miles off}
\text{From Amphthill, where the princess lay; to which}
\text{She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not.}
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
\text{The king's late scarpole, by the main ascent}
\text{Of all these learned men she was divorced.}
\text{And the late marriage made of none effect:}
\text{Since which, she wasremoved to Kibworth,}
\text{Where she remains now, sick.}

2 Gent. Ah! very good lady—

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A Nelly quartet of Trumpets; then, once

1 Tune. Sinfonia. 2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him. 3. Ceremonies singing. 4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Geor- ge, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I know—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?
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 ladies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he straights that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

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 countess,

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are
stars indeed:

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 in the abbey; where

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am staid

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

2 Gent. Must we more call it York.

For, since the cardinal tells

'Tis now the king's, and c.

3 Gent. But he so lately altered; it

Is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What was there that went on so?

5 Gent. Stokelys, and G.

Winechester

Newly preferred from the

The other, London.

2 Gent. He is held no great good love

With the virtuous Cramer.

3 Gent. All.

However, yet there's no such

Cramer will find a friend

2 Gent. Who may that?

3 Gent. A man in much esteem with a

Worthy friend.—The king

Has made him master of

And, now, already, of the

2 Gent. He will deserve

3 Gent. To be, gentlemen, ye shall

Is to the court, and there

Something I can command:
It'll tell ye more.

Read. You

SCENE II. I

Enter Katharine, Deeuc.

Griff. How does your grace

Kath. O! My legs, like leaden beam;

Willing to leave their hold.
So, now, methinks, I'll

Didst thou not tell me, Griff

That the great child of hearth

Was dead?

Griff. Yes, madam; be Out of the pain you sufer
KING HENRY VIII.

530

About the hour of eight (which he himself Foretold, should be his last); full of repeance, Contemplation, meditations, tears, and sorrow, He gave his honours to the world again. His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

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 won't my kind; whilst I sit meditating. On that celestial harmony I go to. Sad and solemn music.

Griff. She is asleep; Good wench, let's sit down quiet. For fear we wake her.—Softly, gentle Patience, The Vision. Enter, solemnly stepping one after another, the Personages; clad in white robes, bearing on their heads garlands of hops, and golden stands on their faces; branches of hops, or palms in their hands. They first come unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverent courtly; then the two that hold 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 whichWhile, 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 holds up her hands to heaven; and in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

KAth. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone? And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye? Griff. Madam, we are here.

KATH. It is not you I call for; Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Griff. 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 promised me eternal happiness; And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, Assuredly.

Griff. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.

KATH. Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music ceases. Do you not see, How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?]
Let me ne'er see again.  
[Exit GRIFFITH and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPTAINS.

If my sight fail not, you should be lord ambassador from the emperor.
My royal nephew, and your name Capitus.
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 physic, given in time, had cured 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 caun't you write, yet sent away!
Pur. No, madam.

[Entering with a Torch before him.]

LOVELY.

Gen. It's one o'clock, lo

Gen. These should be in

Gen. I dissent, Sir Thomas; with

Gen. Before he go to bed. Will

Gen. Not yet, Sir Thomas,

Gen. It seems, you are in haste.

Gen. No great offence belongs to

Gen. Some touch of your late

Gen. (As they say, spirits do)

Gen. In these a winter's nature, a

Gen. That seeks dispatch by day.

Gen. And durst commend a son

Gen. Much weightier than this

Gen. They say, in great extremity

Gen. She'll with the labour end

ACT

SCENE I. A Hall.

Enter GARDINEER, Bishop of

with a Torch before him.

LOVELY.

Gen. It's one o'clock, lo

Gen. These should be in,

Gen. I dissent, Sir Thomas; with

Gen. Before he go to bed. Will

Gen. Not yet, Sir Thomas,

Gen. It seems, you are in haste.

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Gen. In these a winter's nature, a

Gen. That seeks dispatch by day.

Gen. And durst commend a son

Gen. Much weightier than this

Gen. They say, in great extremity

Gen. She'll with the labour end
KING HENRY VIII

Now, sir, you speak of two, not remarked i'th' kingdom. As for Cromwell, that of the jewel-house, he's made master ends, and the king's secretary: further, sir, in the gap and trade of more preferments, which the time will load him: The arch-

king's hand and tongue: and who dare speak

false against him?

Yes, you, Sir Thomas, are that devil: and I may vent in my mind of him: and, indeed, this day, may I let it you, I think, have set the lords o' the council, that he is 3 know he is, they know he is) a web hereafter, a pestilence
does infect the land: with which they never

brooked with the king; with that so far

to our complaint (of his great grace's

right eye; foreseeing those fell mischief

were laid before him), he hath com-

manded

now morning to the council board

conferred. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,

must root him out. From your affairs,

for you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Many good nights, my lord! I rest your

certain. [Leonard Garsam and Page,

still is going out, enter the King, and the

Duke of Suffolk.

Her. Charles, I will play no more to-night;

and it's not on't, you are too hard for me.

So, I did never win of you before.

Well, little one, I let myself be

fut, when my fancy's on my play—

Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

I could not personally deliver to her

you commended me, but by her woman

your message; who returned her thanks

to greatest headachess, and dese'd your

kingly to pray for her.

Bess. What say'st thou then? ha!

or for her what, is she crying out f

he said his woman; and that her suffer-

ings made

such a pang a death.

Air. Also, good lady!

God safely quell her of her burden, and

wide tracts to the glooding of

and with an help?

Thee, madam, Charles, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

state of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

was cold, and that company

be friendly to.

I wish your highness

night, and my good mistress will

pray in my prayers.

No, Charles, good night.

[Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Antony Denny,

Her. God send your fathers, his grace;

He, I have brought the lord the arch-

bishop.

Ordered me.

Ha! Canterbury?

Ay, my good lord?

true: Where is he, Denny?

He attends your highness' pleasure.

But to him.

[Exit Denny.

[Exit Denny, with Chamber-

chamber.

Avoid the gallery.

[Lovel, seems to sleep.

Hat—

I have said.—Be gone.

What—

Leonard Lovell, and Denny.

Crom. I am fearful.—Wherefore from me thus?

His aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hem. How now, my lord! You do desire
to know

Wherefore I went for you.

Crom. It is my duty

To wait your highness' pleasure.

And as you say, 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, Sir Thomas, my lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievances, I daresay, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you: which, being con-

sidered

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 you shown must take

Your patience to you, and be well contrived

To make your house on Tower: You a brother

Of yours.

It fits we then proceed, or else no witnesses

Were we come against you.

Crom. I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to wish well unto, where my chaff

And you shall by assent: for, I know,

There's none stands under more calamions
targes,

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hem. Stand up, good Canterbury;

Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted

In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;

Pray, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,

What manner of man are you? My lord, I lock'd

You would have given me your petition, that

I should have taken some pains to bring together

Yourself and your accusers: and to have heard

You

Without indurance, further.

K. Hem. Most dreadful 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,

Bring of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing

What can be said against me.

K. Hem. Know you not how

Your state stands i'th' world, with the whole

world? Your enemies are many, and not small;

their

Mervy bear the same proportion: and not ever

The justice and the truth of the question carries

The lie, and the verdict with it. At what ease

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To swing against you! such things have been

done.

You are potently opposed; and with a mantle

Of my good lord. When you of better luck,

I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,

Whose minister you are, wishes here he liv'd

Upon this mortify earth! Go to, to go;

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,

And will your own destruction.

Crom. God, and your majesty,

Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

The deep is laid for me.

K. Hem. Be of good cheer;

There is no more grief than you have cause to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning we

You do appear before them; if they shall chuse,

In charging you with matters, to comfort you,

The best persuasions to the contrary

Fall not to use, and with what money.
Fly over thy royal head, and shade thy person Under their blessed wings! Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd? Say, ay; and of a boy. 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. Lovely—Enter Love. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the queen. [Exit King. Ldy. 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 never; and now While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exit. SCENE II. — Lobby before the Council Chamber. Enter Crammer, Servants, Doonekeeper, &c., attending. Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman, That was sent to me from the council, pr'ythee, To make great haste. All fast! what means this!—Hail! Who waits there?—Sure you know me? Cran. Why? D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for. [Exit Doctor Butts. Cran. So, Butts. This is a piece of malice, I am glad, I came this way so hastily. The king Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts. Cran. [Aside.] The king's physician; As he past along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!}

By holy Mary, Butts, let's Let them alone, and draw We shall hear more anon.—

THE COUNCIL. Enter the Lord Chancellor, EARL OF SURREY, Lord, NEV, and CROMWELL. I myself at the upper end A seat being left on ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY Themselves in order on and the lower end, as Secretary. Chan. Speak to the point. Why are we met in council? Cran. The chief cause concerneth Gar. Has he had known Cran. No. D. Keep. Without, my Gar. D. Keep. And has done half an hour been. Chan. Let him come in. D. Keep. Your Cranmer says. Chan. My good lord, is sorry To sit here at this present That chair stand empty; In our own natures frail, Of our flesh, few are angel And want of wisdom, y' to teach us, Have misdeem'd you To the king first, the The whole realm, by your chaplains (For so we are inform'd), Divers, and dangerous; And, not reform'd, may Gar. Which reformation My noble lords; for these Pace them not in their gentles But stop their months which
KING HENRY VIII

ingle heart, my lords),
tests, more stirrers against,
innocence, and his place,
peace, than I do,
ung may never find a heart
to it? Men, that make
office, nourishment,
household your lordships,
justice, my accusers,
y stand forth face to face
us not.
Nay, my lord,
are a counselor,
no man dare accuse you.
ought we have business
with you. "Tis his highness's
better trial of you;
committed to the Tower;
private man again. I
dare accuse you boldly,
are provided for
lord of Winchester, I thank
and friends; if you will pass,
lorship judge and juror;
y see your end,
av, and meekness, lord,
better than ambition;
that modesty again,
that I shall clear myself,
upon my patience,
, as you do ordinance,
I could say more,
scaling makes me noble,
you are a sectary,
your painted glass dist
is where,
you, words and weak,
junker, you are a little,
, too sharp; men so noble
should have respect
;
'Is a truery
Good master secretary,
ery; you may, worst

of my father's language.
affairs.

I live too.
This is too much;
your lords,
I have done.
And I,
your lord, I stand
us, that forthwith
the Tower a prisoner;
the king's further pleasure
are you all agreed, lords?
are no other way of mercy,
the Tower, my lords?
What other
You are strangely troubled,
be ready,
Guard.
For me?
for Tower.
Crom. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my case
Out of the grappes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Crom. This is the king's ring.
Sor. "Tis no counterfeit.
Crom. "Tis the right thing, by heaven: hold ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone in a rolling,
Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nay. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Crom. "Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him
Of that I could be fairly out on.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose bounty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blow the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye,
Enter the king, drawning on them; take his seat.
Gard. Dare sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven
in these days, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden
commissions.
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such bitter story now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offenses.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me
But, whatsoever thou talkest me for, I am sure,
This hast a cruel nature, and a bloody
Good man. [To CRAWNER.] 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 scarce,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.
Crom. May it please your grace,
K. Hen. No, no, it doth not please me.
I had thought, I had med men of some understand-
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you dress to that title),
This honest man, wait like a leamy footboy.
A chamber dumb? and one as great as you are? and
Why, what a shame was that? I'll bid my commis-
mission
Bid ye so for yourselfs! I gave ye
Power as he was a counselor to try him,
Not as a grooms; 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.
Crom. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And false 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 war, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame, my lords.—My lord of
CANTRELL.
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a very young maid that yet wanteth baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Or the, which says this, Do me bird of Canterbury
A sheare and turn, and he to your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young man 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 commotion within. Enter Porter and his Men.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; Do you take the count for Paris garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gossiping.

[Within.] Good master porter I belong to the banker.

Port. Buy Belong to the gallowys, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tongued slaves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them—I'll scratch your heads; You must be seeing christenings!

Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible [cannon],

(Unless we sweep them from the door with
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, master there.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Ah, I know not; How gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cedgel 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 Colcland, to move them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, lie or sit, carkold, or carkold-maker, let me never hope to see a chime 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 Moorfield to master in? or have we some strange Indian with the great toot come to court, the women as believe are able to endure. I am

Limbo Parnass, and there in these three days; besides of two boulders, that is to it.

Enter the Lord Chancellor.

Chancellor. Mercy, mercy, what? They grow still too, from coming.

As we kept a fair by the porters,

These lazy knaves!—Ye be fellows.

There's a trim sally let it be
Your faithful friends o' the have

Great store of room, nodos,
When they pass back from Port.

We are but men; and who
Not being torn a piece, w
An army cannot rule them.

Chancellor. If the king blame me for
By the heels, and sudden
Clap round fences, for we
knaves;

And here ye lie building of
Yeshouldido service. Hark
They are come already in
To let the troop pass fair.
A Marshalsea, shall hold
months.

Port. Make way there thou

Man. You great fellow, I
make your head ache.

Port. You'the camble
I'll pick you o'er the pale

SCENE IV.

Enter Trumpets, sounding.

Lord Mayor, Garter,
Norfolk, with his Marshal,
Noblemen bear for the christening gifts;
bearing a canopy, under
Noblemma, gondolier, has
hasted in a scowle; l
KING HENRY VIII.

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
blossom,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him; — Our children's
children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

E. ill.

Thou speakest wonders.

One, Shall she be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crowne it.
"Would I had known no more!" but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unsawed Lilly shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall morn her.

B. ill.

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 pleased 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 beholding; I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way; —

J. ill.

Ye must attiace the queen, and she must thank ye, She will be sick else. This day, no man think He has business at his home; for all shall stay, This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

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 Above extremely, and to cry — that's why! 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 should have been; if they smile, And say, 'twill do, I know, what's to come, while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap, If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap,
PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood char'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Slaty and nine, that wore
Their crownsas regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To vanquish Troy: within whose strong immures
The royal'd Helen, Menelias' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel,
To Teucer they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do thence disgorge
Their warlike fragtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbeaten Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Iliss, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenor's city, with many stables,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And neither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps over the vault and filthliness 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.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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 Himm, and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood: Ourselves the merchant; and this scaling Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Ahurion. Enter Exesu.


SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter Christna and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those who kept us? Aler. Queen Hector, and Helen, Cres. And whither go they? Aler. Up to the eastern tower, Whose bright commands as subject all the vale, To see the battle. Hector, whose patience As a great man, is now got; he is a true man, He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer; And, like as there were horses in war, Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he; where every flower Died, as prophet, weep what it foresees In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger? Aler. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks A lord of blood, and thirsted for Hector; They call him Ajax. Cres. Good; And what of him? Aler. They say he is a very man per se, And stands alone.

Cres. He is a man; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs. Aler. Therefore, man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, chatillish as the bear, slow as the elephant, a man into whose nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crumpled into folly, his folly scared with discretion; there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attainst, but he carries some stain of it; he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a giddy Briton, many hands and no start; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight. Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry? Aler. They say, he yesterday reproved Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereby hath even since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarres.

Cres. Who comes here?

Aler. Madam, your uncle Pandares.

Crees. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Crees. Do you know a man if you see him?

Pan. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Crees. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Pan. Then you say as I say; for I am sure, he is not Hector.

Crees. No, not Hector is not Troilus, in some degree.

Pan. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Crees. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were—

Pan. So he is.

Crees. —Conditional, I had gone barfoot to India.

Pan. He is not Hector.

Crees. Himself? no, he's not himself.—Would as were himself! Well, the Gods are above; Time must ebb or flow: Well, Troilus, well, I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Excuse me.

Crees. He is elder.

Pan. Pardon me, pardon me.

Crees. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't.

Pan. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Crees. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities—

Crees. Nor his beauty.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Crees. 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.

Crees. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Crees. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Crees. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Crees. 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 flashing a praise for a

shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but she tickled his chin—in venous white hand, I mean.

Crees. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes up hair on his chin.

Crees. Alas poor chin, in

Pan. But there was no

In Hecuba laughed, that her

Crees. With mirth, stones.

Pan. And Cassandra in

Crees. But there was a

under the pot of her eye

Pan. And Hector laugh

Crees. At what was all:

Pan. Marty, at the w

spied on Troilus' chin.

Crees. And had been a

have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not

as at his pretty answer.

Crees. What was his jest?

Pan. Quoth she, Here's

on your chin, and one of

Crees. This is her jest.

Pan. That's true; mak

One and fifty hairs, quoth she,

white hair to my father, one

Jupiter! quoth she, wheel

my head? The fiddler is no

out, and give it him. But

jingle! and Helen so blushed and all the rest so laugh

Crees. So let it now; it

while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I to
day; thank on't.

Crees. So I do.

Pan. 'Ill be sworn, 'tis

you can't, you can't,

Crees. And I'll spring up

a mettle against May.

Pan. Mark, they are e

Shall we stand up here, a

pass toward him? go

once Cressida.

Crees. At your pleasure.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

L. — I'll shew you Troilus: a knight
shall see him stand at me on the sod.

You shall have more.

L. — I'll shew you Troilus; and at me on the sod.

You shall have more.

[Enter Hector; niece. O brave Hector! if there's a countenance if it
bes a man's heart good
are on his helmet; look you there! There's a
thing; he was not? why this will now. He would I could see Troilus anon.

There's a man's heart good.

[Exit Hector.

You shall have more.

[Enter a youth.

Yes, he is; but indifferent,
Troilus: — back; do not trust Troilus! —
He cannot follow comes yonder?

[Enter a youth.

You are peace!

[Enter a youth.

Yes, he ne'er o'clock, and careful youth! he ne'er a
brother to in our youth; Pyrrhus was, Pyrrhus was, —
or a cause and the same. — Why do you not
be such a man and all Greece.

O woman, a pretty, a very

Do you with crowds, and in the same, as well.

Do you with crowds, and in the same, as well.

Do you with crowds, and in the same, as well.

You shall have more.

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You shall have more.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

And what hath man, or matter by itself
Lies right in virtue, and unslumgled.
Nor, with due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of man: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow barge boats dare sail
Upon the greatest breach, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the reasaki Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-rib'd bark through liquid moun-

Bunding between the two moist elements,
Like Peneus' horse: Wherein's then the sacry
bark,
Whose weak antilimer'd sides but even now
Could heave thee to hoist? O either to harbour, fed,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Both valour's show, and valour's worth divide;
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and
brightness
The bark was more annoyance by the breeze,
Then by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the heales of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage,
As not with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And, with an accent twain in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulisse.

Thou great commander, serve and beone of

Greece.

Heart of our numbers; soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—bear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation,
The which,—most mighty for thy place and

[To Agamemnon.
And thou most revered 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 so again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Now shews forth the force of air (strong as the
eletrix
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish
Pars
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please
both,—
Thou great wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam.

Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of
less excess.
That most religious, of importless burden,
Divide thine life: than we are confident,
Whoever thebes' illustrious matric jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracie.

Ulisse. Troy, yet upon his back, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master.
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian words stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the drapers shall all repair:
What honey is expected? Degree being visared,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insinuate, increase, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sphear'd
Amidst the other: whose most cintable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans cheat or good and bad: But when the
planets
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

[Scene: Troy.]

1. If that the praise'd himself bring the praise forth,
   But what the repining enemy commend,
   That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
   transcend.

2. Again, Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
   *Eneas*?

3. *Eneas*. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

4. *Trojan*. What's your affair, I say you?


7. *Eneas*. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him.

8. I bring a trumpet to awake his eye;
   To set his sense on the attentive bent,
   And then there speak.

9. *Trojan*. Speak frankly as the wind;
   It is not Agamemnon's sleeping,
   That then shall know, Trojan, he is awake,
   He tells thee so himself.

10. *Eneas*. Trumpet, blow loud,
   Send thy brass voice through all these lazy hosts—
   And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
   What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke abroad.

11. *Trojan*. We have great Agamemnon, here in Troy
   A prince called Hector (Priam is his father),
   Who in this thick and long continued trance
   Isusty gone; he bade me take a trumpet,
   And with it to Agamemnon's son
   Speak. This is the grace, princes, lords!
   If there be one among the fairest of Greece,
   That holds his honour higher than his ease;
   That seeks to praise more than he bears his part;
   That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
   That loves his mistress more than in confusion
   (With manly vows to her own lips he loves;
   And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
   In other arts 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,
   Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
   To rouse a Grecian that is true in love;
   If any come, Hector shall honor him;
   If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
   That Grecian dams are man-hunters, and not
   The splinter of a lance. Even as much,

12. *Agamemnon*. This shall be told our lovers, lord
   *Eneas*:
   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 recevant 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 come, I am.

13. *Nestor*. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
   When Hector's grandfather sack'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 Vaughan put this wither'd brow;
   And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
   Was fairer than his grandson, and as chaste
   As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
   I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

14. *Eneas*. Now heaven forbid such scarcity of
   *Ulysses*, *Nestor*.


17. 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 feast.


19. *Eneas*. What says *Ulysses*?
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Ulset. I have a young conception in my brain, be you time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. Why, Ulset?

Ulset. This 'tis:
Bust wedges five hard knots: The needful pride
That bath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cross'd,
Or, give us at last a nursery of like evil,
To overbal all as. 

Nest. Well, and how? Ulset.

Ulset. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However 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 but one make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though Apollo knows,
A signal will with great speed of judgment,
By his certainty, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulset. And wake him to the answer, think

Nest. Yes, and meet First: 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 dearst repast
With their deat palace: And trust to us, Ulysses.
Our iteration shall be orderly pole'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scailing
Of good or bad on the general;
And in such instance, although small picks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppo'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mustast act all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'were from forth as all, a man distill'd
Out of our vixtora; 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
Directive by the limbs.

Ulset. Give parton to my speech:
The pride, and many of this, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
Then that the better the lesson shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our humour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulset. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he's already too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africa sun,
Then in the pride and salt scora of his eyes.
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were fool'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In jest of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sortie with Hector: Amongst ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who brooks in loud appaine; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends,
If that dull bluntless Ajax come safe off;
We'll dress him up in vixtora: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still.
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's his third chafarium.
Ajax, compound'd, unchaste and seditious.

Ulset. Now I begin to relish this universe
And in my heart love the gallant Hector.
To Agamemnon: go we to these
Two facts shall cause each other
Must tarre the smoothness, or we're

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the field.

Enter Ajax and Ulysses.

Ajax. Theretofore,—how'd it all over, generally?

Ulysses. Theretofore,—

Ajax. Theretofore.

Ulysses. Theretofore, Trojans did not the general run then you saw ever

Ajax. Dog.

Ulysses. Ther. Then would come near me; I see none.

Ajax. Ther. Thou bitch-wench's son, a wretch.

Ajax. Ther. Thou base-fellow, learn me that.

Ajax. Ther. Thou thinkst, I have a strike-h' in the

Ajax. Ther. Thou art proclaimed.

Ajax. Ther. Thou art proclaimed.

Ajax. Ther. Do not, porcupine, do so.

Ajax. Ther. Would you do that; let him

Ajax. Ther. Thou wouldst, strike his

Ajax. Ther. Cobolof.

Ajax. Ther. Would you do this

Ajax. Ther. To sey, save thyself

Ajax. Ther. Thou wouldest save thyself.

Ajax. Ther. Thou wouldst save thyself.

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Ajax. Ther. Thou wouldest save thyself.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE H. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Prior. After so many hours, fives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
"On this Helicon, and all damage done—
As honour, loss of time, travel expense,
No leisure, friends, and what other dear that is consumed;
Not in digestion of this command now,
Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to't?"
Hector. Nay, no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet.
Dread Priam,
There is no tarry of more sorrowful souls,
More crazy to such in the sense of fear;
More ready to cry out—"'Tis he who safe shall live?"
That Hector is: The wound of peace is surely,
Surely secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searcheth
To the bottom of the word. Let Helen go!
Since the first sword was drawn in about this ques-
tion,
Every soul, amongst many thousands and more,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours;
If we have lost so many tens 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 denis
The yielding of her up?

Tros. Five, fye, my brother!

Hector. Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
No great as our dead father, in a scale
Of common creatures? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite
And hockle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive,
As men and reasons! fye, for godly shame!
Helen, no marvel, though you bite so sharp at
reason,
You are no empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of our affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?
Tros. You are for dreams and numbers, brother,
brother priest,
You for your globes with reason. Here are
your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword empoy'd at your base,
And reason flies the object of all harm;
Who melivels them, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do see
The very wings of reason to his heely;
And fly the children Mercury, to look short;
Or like a star discord—Nay, if we talk of
reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
Should have bare hearts, would they but see
their thoughts
With this crum'd reason; reason and respect
Make liuers pale and intolliuent delight.
Tros. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost
The holding.
Tros. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hector. But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 's precious of itself
As in the giver: 'tis mad idiocy
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will doth, that is attributive
To what uncertain itself affects
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tros. I take to-day a wife, and my cession
Is led off in the conduct of my will;
My will exalted by mine eyes and ears,
Two twined pilots (twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distain what it elects?
The wife I chose there can be no occasion.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

To be brief from this, and to stand firm by honour: We turn not back the skils upon the merchant. When we have sold' them; nor the remainder.

We do not throw in unserviceable goods. Because we now are full. It was thought meet. Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks: Your breath with full consent killed his sail; The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a trace; And did him service! He touch'd the ports desire; And, for an old saint, 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 here! the Grecians keep our saint! Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl; Whereas you hath launch'd above a thousand ships, And turn'd crowns to kings on merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—O, go, go,) If you'll confess, he bought home noble prizes. (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your eyes.)

And cry'd—'Unanswerable!' why do you now The issue of your proper wisdom rate? And disclaim that fortune never did, Begetter the estimation which you priz'd Richer than we and land! O theft most base: That we have stolen what we do not fear to keep! But, thieves, maworthly of a thing so stolen, That in their country did them that disgrace, We fear to warrant in our native place?

Cau. [Hic.] Cry, Trojans, cry! Pri. What noise! what shriek is this? Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice. Cau. [Hic.] Cry, Trojans! Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raging.

Cau. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes, And I will fill them with prophetick tears. Hec. Peace, sister, peace. Cau. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders, Soft images that nothing cast but cry, Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes A market for your lives with all the means to come. Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears! Troy must not be, nor goodly SSion stand; thou art not like the pride of Paris, buns at all. Cau. Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe; Cry, cry Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exeunt.]

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains Of divination in our sister work Some touches of remorse! or is your blood So warmly 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 defect the courage of our minds. Because Cassandra's mad: her brain's a raptures

Cannot suppose the goodness of a quarrel, Which hath our several honours all engag'd To make it gracious. For my private part, I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons; And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst Such things as might offend the weakest spleen. To fight for and maintain. Par. Else might the world convince of levy As well my undertakings, as your counsels; But to consent to such a meal, given your full consent; Gave wings to my propension, and cut off All those attending on our conclave. For what, alas! I cannot suppress. This present mixture is in our eyes. To stand out and be free. This quarrel would excite I shall. What shall I say to pass the rest? And had no sapple power as fast Paris should, or ever retraced what Nor faint in the pursuit. Pri. Pray, What Is one besotted on your mind? Have you the honey still, but that so to be valiant in no praise shall not. Per. Is it not a honey? the pleasures such a beauty hold. I would have none pass the day. Wip'd off, in honorable haste. What treason were it to the most disgrace in your country? You have to deliver yourselves. Pray, lie! Now to deliver peradventure the word in verse or proverbs. That so degenerate a snake as this should once set shooting in your bosoms? There's not the remotest spirit of a Without a heart, a life. When Helen is defend'd, cowards. Of whose life were ill us'd by your hand. Where Helen was not, where she was not. Well may we fight for her, when wherof the world was all. Hec. Paris, and Trojus, you shall well: And on the cause and question well. Have gloud,—but superciliously; Unlike young men, and so triumphant! Untill to hear moral philosophy. The reasons, you allege, do mean To the hot passion of dishonour it. Than to make up a free determination. Twist right and wrong; for pleasant verse. Have ears more deft than adders Is of any true decision. Raters grew All dies are render'd to their events. What sooner debt in all humanity. Than was his wife to the husband! side Of nature be corrupted through sin. And that great man looks like a fool. To their bensured wills, resist not. There is a new great world to claim. To curb those raging appetites that Most disobedient and refractory. I Helen is that wife to Phæbus' fire As it is known she is,—three most Of nature, and of nations, seek she To have her back again. There is a doing wrong; estuates not we But it makes much more heavy. Consideration Is this, the way of truth: yet, with my spirits bereafed, I proposed to (in resolution to keep Helen still; For 'tis a cause that hath no need. Upon our joint and several dispositions. Tro. Why, there you touch'd the design. Were it not glory that we more shew Than the performance of our hearts. I would not with a drop of Troy's I spent more in her defence. But, were she is a theme of honour and renown A spur to valiant and magnificent Whose present courage may best yet And fame, in time to come, cannot For, I presume, brave Hector would So rich advantage of a prominent ple As smiles upon the forehead of this. For the wide world's revenue. Hec. I am you valiant offspring of great Priam I have a voicing challenge sent and
and factions nobles of the Greeks, 

"axe a-sun, their great general set 

insulting in the army crest 

pressure, will wake him."

\[\text{Exeunt}\]

**SCENE III.**

**Greek Camp. Before Achilles Tent.**

**Enter Thersites.**

"How now, Thersites? what, lost in the list of those? Ha! shall the elephant Ajax 

thine? he beats me, and I rait at him: they satisfaction. I could, it were other 

that I could beat him, whilst he rait at me. 

\[\text{Exit}\]

**Enter Patroklos.**

"Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites in and rait. 

If I could have remember'd a gift 

than wouldn't not have slipped off 

in contemplation: it is no matter; Thyself 

be! The common curse of mankind, 

be, be it in great revenue! 

be! O, thou art a tutor, and discipline 

be! Let thy blood be thy di 

be! a-some, I'll be sworn upon't, she never showed any but 

Achilles. Where's Achilles? 

What, are thou devout? wast thou in 

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\[\text{Exit}\]
Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more genteel, 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 virtues the fairer. He that is proud, casts up himself; pride is his own glass, his own triumph, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed, deverts the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Next. 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, Uncast 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 itself; imagine'd worth Holds in his blood such awain and but discourse, That switct his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And bovets down himself? What should I say? He is so plagiary proud, that the death tokens of it 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.

Ajax. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles; Shall the proud lord,
—come knights from cast to
er, Ajax shall cope the beat. 
commit. Let Actius sleep;
though greater hulks draw

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

A Room in Priam's Palace.

Corydon and a herald.

Cor. pray you, a word! Do
young lord Paris? Then he goes before me. 
with you; I mean; I mean! 
upon the lord. send upon a noble gentleman; 
me. do you not? 
superficially, now me better. I am the lord 
all know your honour better. 
the state of grace.

[Music within. it so; friend; honour and lord.
—What music is this? 
I know it, sir; it is music
in the musicians. 
they for 
ter, pleasure, friend! 
and theirs that love music, 
i, I mean, friend. I command, sir consent not one another: and then art too cunning: At these men play! 
Indeed, sir; Marry, sir, at 
is, my lord, who is there in 
the central Venus; the heart-
love's invisible soul, 
could not the 
follow, that thou hast 
Cressida. I come to 
prince Troilus; I will 
assail utter upon him, for my 
sin? there's a strewed phrase.

Is and Helen attended.

you, my lord, and to all this 
comes, in all fair measure, 
respect, especially to you, fair queen! 
your fair pillow! 
you are full of fair words. 
your fair pleasure, sweet 
break it, consult: and, by 
whole again; yet shall 
you in a piece of your 

Ely, my dear
both; in good truth, very rude 
your lord! well, you say so in

in to my lord, dear queen— 
you challenge me a word? 
shall not hedge us out: we'll 
united 
queen, you are pleasant with 
thus, my lord. —My dear lord,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet 
—Pon, go to, sweet queen; go to——commends himself most affectionately to you. 
Helen. You shall not brook out of our melody; 
If you do, our melancholy upon your head! 
Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a 
And to make a sweet lady sad, is a 
Nay, that shall not serve your turn; 
that shall it not, in truth, is. 
I care not for such words; no, no. —And, my lord, he 
the king call for him at supper, you will make his exile. 
Helen. My lord Pandarus.

Pon. What says my sweet queen——my very 
very sweet queen? 
what exploit's in hand? where is 
Helen. Nay, my lord, my lord.

Pon. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know 
where she goes.

Pon. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cres-

Cressida.

Pon. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; 
comy, your disposer is sick.

Pon. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pon. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say 
Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Pon. Say! what do you say?—Come, 
give me an instrument. —Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done. 
My niece is horribly in love with a thing 
you have in your sweet queen. 
Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not 
my lord Paris.

Pon. She shall, she'll none of him: they two 
are twin.

Pon. Fall in, after falling out, may make 
them three.

Pon. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; 
I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ah, ay, ay, please you. Now by my 
truth, sweet love, thou hast a lock for head.

Pon. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will 
unto us all. O, Capri, Capri, Capri!

Pon. Love! ay, that it shall, I'faith.

Pon. A good row, love, love, nothing but 
love.

Pon. In good truth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

for, oh, love's down.

Shuts lock and doz

The shaft conformed,

Not that it soundeth,

But luckes still the sure.

These lovers cry—Oh! Oh! they die!
Yet that which seem to part,
That now oh! oh! ye ha' ha! ha! ha!
So dying love lies still:
Oh! oh! it smileth, he ha' ha' ha!' ha!
Oh! oh! greenes out for ha' ha' ha' ha' ha!

Hee ho!

Helen. In love, I'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Pon. He eats nothing but doves, love; and 
that breeds foul blood, and but blood begots hot 
thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and 
hot deeds is love.

Pon. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, 
hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are 
vipers; they are a generation of vipers! Sweet 
love, who's a child today?

Pon. Hector, Brionthos, Rhenius, Anemus, 
and all the gallantry of Troy, I would you were

S B 2
To help warm our Hector: his stubborn heels, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd.
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greckland's sway; you shall do more
Than all the inland kings, discern great Hector.
_Helen._ I'll make us proud to be his servant,
_Paris._ Yes, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Give us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yes, overshines us all.
_Por._ Sweet, above thought I love thee.

_SCENE II._ The same. Paris' Orchard.

_Enter Pandarus and a Servant._

_Por._ How now! where's thy master? at my
Consort Creidines's?
_Serv._ No, sir; he stays for you to conduct
him thither.

_Emerald._

_Por._ O here he comes—how now, how now!  
_Teo._ Sirrah, walk off.  

_Por._ Have you seen my cousin?

_Teo._ No; Pandarus: I talk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transmigrance to those revels,
Where I may wallow in the icy beds
Propor'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cepid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creastus.

_Por._ Walk here 'tis the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

_Emerald._

_Por._ Such giddy expectation whips me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it couches my woe; what will it be,
When that the wary palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar; death, I fear me;
Sooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, too'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rider 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._

_Por._ She's making her ready, she'll come again! Here's—In answer to
_Por._ Will you walk in?

_Teo._ O, Creidines, how me thus!

_Crei._ Wished, my lord! O my lord!

_Teo._ What should they this pretty interruption? I
Call my sweet lady thither.

_Crei._ More doors than o'eyes.

_Teo._ Fears make devils see truly.

_Crei._ Blind fear, that see safer soaring than blind on
out fear; To fear the worst.

_Teo._ O, let my lady app
_Crei._ No, sir; he stays for you to conduct
him thither.
Cressida then so hard to win
as won; but I was won, my
w that ever—Pardon me—
you will play the tyrant,
at not, till now, so much
it:—in faith, I lie;
e like unbridled children,
their mother; See, we foci!
If who shall be true to us,
accret to ourselves?
you well, I would you not;
I wish'd myself a man;
and men's privilege went,
but hold me full of tongue;
I shall surely speak
See, see, your silence,
or, from my weakness draws
Stop my mouth,
which sweet music issues
ofh,
for once you pardon me
see, then to beg a kiss;
even what have I done?
that my leave, my lord,
sweet Cressid
on take leave till to-morrow
content you.
What solemn words, lady! to
a company.
You cannot shun
and try;
I, for love with you;
that itself will leave,
I, I would be gone:
I know not what I speak;
what they speak, that they
my lord, I show more craft
in a large confession,
ought: But you are wise;
you, in so wise a way;
that; that delays with gods
ight it could be in a woman,
insist on love;
you in guilt and youth,
ward, with a mind
after than blood decays;
but what can convince
assure to you
with the match and weight;
parity in love;
shift it; but alas,
's simplicity,
'titude of truth,
earn with you.
As on the iron light,
hat wars who shall be most
shall, in the world to come,
y by Troilus: when their
and big compare,
h, they'd intermingle—
prize to the moon,
trice to her mate,
'to earth to the centre,
ion of truth,
'ther to be cleft,
'teen up your vein,
ker.
Prophet may you be!
rye a hair from truth,
hath forget itself,
ning the struts of Troy,
and blith oblivion swallow'd eludes it,
And mighty states characterless are grant
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to falser, among false moods in love,
Upheld my falsehood; when they have said—
As false as Cressid.
Pan. Cressid for a bargain made; seal it, seal it;
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand;
how can you do so. If ever you prove false one
another, since I have taken such pains to
you together, let all pitiful goers-between he
called to the world's end after my name, call
them all—Pandaris; let all constant men be
Troilus, all false women Cressid, and all
brokers between Pandar! say, amicis.
Amen.
Ode. 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 Capit cure all tongue-riding maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! Eamens.
SCENE III. The Grecian Camp.

Enter ACRIDAMON, ULEBES, DORIUS, NESTOR,
ALEX., MELANCUS, and CALIDUS.

Cas. 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 night I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Nestor's counsels cannot save: I expose myself,
From certain and possess'd advantages,
To doubtful fortunes; proceeding from me all
That time, a chance, a custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, most 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 regist'red in promise,
Whose you, live to come in my behalf;
Again, What would't then of us, Projei
make demand.

Cas. You have a Trojan prisoner, called Al
stead, yesterday lock; Troy holds him very dear.
Ott have you (often have you thanks therefore),
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Alcides,
I know, is such a threat in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must strike
Wanting his manage: and they will almost
Give in a prince of blood, a son of Pilar.
In change of him: let him be sent, great prince,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.
Again.

Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring is Cressid hither: Can I, without what
He requests of us—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange?
Withal, bring word—If Hector will tomorrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready,
This shall I undertake: and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Enter Diomedes and Calidus]

Enter ACRIDAMON and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands at the entrance of his tent.

Please is in our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and princes all,
Let negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come just: 'Tis likely, he's question you.
The unknown Ajax.

Heaven's what a man is to thing there are.

Most subject in regard, and

What things again most do

And poor in worth! Now all

An act that very chance

Ajax? exclaim'd. O heaven!

White some men leave to

How some men creep in

With the other play the id

How one man casts into

While pride is fasted in

To see these Greenan lords

They clap the flurer Ajax

As if his foot were on sea

And great Troy shrinking

Ajax. I do believe it:

As misers do by beggars.

Good word, nor look: Wha

Uliss. Time hath, my lie

Whostrin he puts an into

A great-sized monster of

Those scraps are good and

devour'd:

As fast as they are made,

As done: Perseverance,

Keeps honour bright: It

Quite out of fashion, like

in monumental mockery.

For honour travels in a

Where one but goes afar

For emulation hath the

That one by one pursue

Or hedge aside from the

Like to an entom'd tibe,

And leave you kindness

Or, like a gallant horse!

Like the storm-god, look

O'errun and trampled o

is present,

Though less than yours

For time is like a fashion

That slightly shakes his

And with his arms empty.

Grasp in the corner: W

And farewell goes out
ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, Kneess, and servant with a Torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomed, and Others, with Jourdas.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dis. ’Tis the lord, Kneess.

Are. Is the prince there in person?
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

_Or._ And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—Inhuman graciousness,
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 excelsently.
_Die._ We sympathize;—Jove, let Tneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine innumerable honour, let him die,
With every joint disjunct; and, that to-morrow!
_Ere._ We know each other well.

_Die._ We do; and long to know each other worse.

_Par._ This is the most despicable gentle greet-
ing.
The noblest hateful love, that ever I heard of:—
What business, lord, so early?

_Ere._ I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

_Par._ His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring
this Greek
To Cachass' house; and there to render him,
For the enfeebled Antenor, the fair Cressida:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Have there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain know-
ledge);
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Roast him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

_Ere._ That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressida borne from Troy.

_Par._ There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

_Ere._ Good morrow, all. [Exeunt.

_Par._ And tell me, noble Diomed; Yea, tell me true.

_Ere._ Even in the nest of sound good fellowship.—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Memnon?

_Die._ Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her solace),

He shall unbolt the gates.

_Tro._ To bed, to bed; Sleep kill
And give us soft attouchments.
As infants' empty of all the

_Cres._ Tro._ 'Pr'ythee now, to b

_Cres._ Are

_Cres._ O Cressid! but the
Wak'd by the bark, bath on
And dreaming night within;
I would not from that,

_Cres._ Night.

_Tro._ Behold the win-
wrights! she stays,
As telliously as hell; but if
With wings more momentous
You will catch cold, and

_Cres._ You men will never tarry
O foolish Cressid—I say,
And then you would have one up.

_Pax._ [Within.] What a

_Tro._ It is your uncle,

_Esther Pax._ 
_Cres._ A pestilence on me:
mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

_Pax._ How now, how

_Cres._ Here, you make

_Cres._ Go hang yourself,

_Pax._ You bring me to do, and

_Pax._ To do what to? to

_Cres._ Come, come, come; best

_Pax._ And what to?—Not suffer others.

_Pax._ Har, har! alas, po-

_Pax._ That dost not sleep in

_Cres._ Did I not tell y

_Pax._ Knock'd o'the bea
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III. The same. Before Pandarum’s House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Enias, Diomedes, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is a great morning; and the hour prefixed 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 Greek presently; And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to his own heart. [Exit.

Par. T’know what ’tis to love; And would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A Room in Pandarum’s House.

Enter Pandarum and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste; And violenteth in a sense so strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it? If I could temperize with my affection, Or knew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allowance could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dyes; No more my grief, in such a precious lost.

Enter Troilus.


Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is.

Cres. O heart, O heavy heart, Why sighst thou without breaking? where he answers again,

Became thou not one tace thy smart, My friendship, not by speaking.

Pan. There never was a truer grace.—Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of each other. come; we see it, we see it. How now, lamb’s? Cres. Cressida. I love thee in so strait’n’d a purity, That the least gods—as I say with thy faith. More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their duties—take thee from me.

Cres. Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay; ay; 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! Cres. From Troy, and from Troilus?

Pan. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave taking, justly roughly by All time of pause, readily beguiles our lips Of all rejoinder, forcibly prevents Our lock’d embraces, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breaths: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, most poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one, Injurious time now, with a robber’s haste, Crams his rich thievish up, he knows not how: As many forswears as he starts in horror, With distinct breach and consigned times to them.

He clasps up into a looseicolon; And scans us with a single famili’d kiss, Distant with the salt of broken tears.

Pan. [To Cress.] My lord! is the note ready? Tro. [Hark!] You are call’d. Some say, the Genius so
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Cries, Cressida! to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come again.

Cress. I must then to the Greeks.

Cres. A woeful Cressid! 'tis not the merry Greeks.

Tro. When shall we see again?

Cress. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I trust how now? what wicked deem
Is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly.

Cress. For it is parking from us:

Cres. I speak not false, true; or fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no man in thy heart;

Tro. To thee true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will make peace.

Cress. O, you shall be exceed my lord, my lord,
To danger.

Tro. As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Cress. And I'll grow with danger. Wear this, sir lord.

Cress. And you this glove. When shall we see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentiments,
To give thee nightly visitation.

Cress. But yet, be true.

Tro. O heavens! be true again?

Cress. Hear why I speak it, love;

Tro. The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well comported, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise.

Cress. How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.

Tro. 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 heer the high itavot, nor sweeten talk,
Nor mock at staple games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and great.

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-devouring devil;
The tempter most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cress. Do you think I will.

Cres. 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.

Tro. (Within.) Nay, good my lord;

Cress. (Within.) Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par (Within.) Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Eneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cress. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who is it alas, it is my vice, my fault;
Who aches with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Par. (Bearing Eneas, and the Grecian.) Here he is.

Cress. I grantéd you, and he is true.

Enter Eneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you.

At the port, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the word, possess thee what she is:
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greeks,
If ever thou stand at mercy of any of her,
Name Cressida, and thy kindred.

As Paris is to Ilion.

Par. Fair lady, so please you, save the thanks
That is to you.

Cress. I must go to the Greeks.

Do. As Paris is to Ilion,

Cress. To thee true, say I, to fashion in

Par. Troilus' fault: Come, with him.

Cress. Let us make ready stern.

Eneas, yea, with a bridewell.

Par. To the port!

This brave shall not make be worthless,
Lady, give me your hand; and,
To our own service bend our,
(Enter Troilus, Cressida, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.)
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ed argument for kissing once.
You argument for kissing now;
Paris in his hardment;
you and your argument.
fy gill, and theme of all our
or our heads; to gild his horn.
it was Menelaus’ kiss — this,
you.
o this is trifle!
of I, kiss evermore now.
your, sir, Lady, by your
guided you render or receive?
and give.
I’ll sum my match to live,
e is better than you give;
and on boot, I’ll give you three for
old man; give even, or give
man; lady ever man is odd,
that for you know; rufin;
and he is even with you.
me o’ the head.
No, I’ll be sworn.
so match, your nail against his
beg a kiss of you.
I do desire it.
Why, beg then.
no, for Venus’ sake, give me a
I must again, and his,
decree, claim it when its due.
your day, and then a kiss of you.
word— I’ll bring you to your
[Drowners leave our Characters.
ne quae.
Fye, fye upon her!
in her eye, fear check, her lip,
her wanest spirit, look out
at motive of her body,
been, so glib of tongue,
coming, to
in their of their thoughts.
consider; let them down.
to opportunity.
the game.
outrage.
Yonder comes the troop.
Axe, Troilus, and other
of the state of Greece! what shall
command! Do you know
by you, the knights
of all extremity?
or shall they be divided
in the field?
how would Hector have it?
not, he’ll obey conditions.
he: Hector; but securely
and great deal misprising.
If not Achilles, sir?
If not Achilles, nothing.
Achilles: But, whatever;
and great and little,
Hector in; in
infinite as any.
whip him well.
lis, is courtesy.
TROILUS is half made of Hector’s blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek.
This blessed knight, half Trojan, and half
Greek.
Achilles: A maiden battle then?— O, I perceive you.

He answered.

Achilles: Here is Sir Diomed; — Go, gentle knight.
Standing by our Ajax: as you and lord Eneas
Consult upon the order of their fight,
so be it. either to the uttermost.
Or else a breath: the combatants being knit,
Half slits their strife before their strokes begin.
[ Ajax and Hector enter the lists.
Upon: They are opposed already.
Achilles: What Trojan is that same that looks
so heavy.
Upon: The youngest son of Priam, a true
knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless: flam of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon
calm’d:
his heart and haim 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 impertinent thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of warlike passions,
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 Eneas, one that knows the youth.
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Troy thus translate him to me.
[Achilles, Ajax, and Ajax fight.

Achilles: They are in action.

New, Ajax, hold then things still.
Thus, Hector, thou sleep’st?
Achilles: No, the blows are well disposed—there.
Ajax: Do you no more.
[Trumpets cease.
Eneas: Prince, enough, so please you.
Ajax: I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

As, Hector pleases.

Hector: Why then, will I no more—
Then art, great lord, my father’s sister’s son,
A constable-german to great Priam’s seed.
The obligation of our blood forbids
A very obligation twist us as we.
Were the communion Greek, and Trojan so,
Then could’t it say— This hand is Greek arm,
And this is Trojan: the journey of this leg.
All Greek, and this all Troy: my mother’s blood.
Then on the deere head, and this sinster
Bend’d to my father’s:
By Jove multipliant,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Grecish
tormented.
Whence my sword had not impressed made
Of our rank feed; But the hot gods gallop.
That any drop from sorrow’s thy mother,
My sacred arm, and should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax;
By him that thunder, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him then;
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Achilles: I thank thee, Hector;
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hector, not Neoptolemus so mirabile
[On whose bright crest Fame with her loud
Cries, Achilles: This be he could promise to himself,
A thought of added honor turn from Hector.
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Agam. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and purit light.

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 barks
And forlornest ruin of oblivion.

But in this extant moment, faith and truth,
Strewn’d purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam’d lord of Troy, so less to you.

Tro. Let me confirm my princely brother’s greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hec. Whom must we answer? the noble Menelaus.

Men. O you, my lord! by Mars his guardian, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the unbidden oath;
Your queen’s wife swears still by Venus’ glove;
She’s well, but bade me not commit her to you.

Hec. Name her not now, sir; she’s a deadly theme.

O, pardon! I offend.

Hec. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee off,
Labouring for destiny, noise cruel way
Through ranks of Grecian youths: and I have seen thee,
As last as Venus, spur by Phrygian steed,
Drap’ring many fords and saddenments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin’d;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
‘Is, Jupiter be squire, lasting life?’

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Grecian horses’ hoofs
Like as Olympian wrestlers this lease I cast,
clouds,

Muss kiss their own feet.

Hec. Where they stand yet; and
The fall of every Phrygian
A drop of Grecian blood;
And that old common art
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So.

Most gentle, and most wise,
After the general, I bear
To feast with me, and are
Achill. I shall forestall them.

Now, Hector, I have fed.
I have with exact view p
And quoted joint by joint.

Hec. Achill. I am Achilles.

Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee.

Achill. Behold thy till.

Hec. Nay.

Achill. Thou art too late;
As I would boy thee, vie
Hec. O, like a book of o’er;
But there’s more in me than
Why dost thou so oppose
Achill. Tell me, you have
Hec. I shall destroy him if
That I may give the local
And make distinct the va
Achill’s great spirit flew.

Hec. It would disclose
A poised man.

To answer such a question
Thinkst thou to catch me
As to prenominate in
Where thou wilt hit me at
Achill, I tell thee, yes.

Hec. Wert thou an errand
I’d not believe thee.

For I’ll not kill thee there.

But, by the force that still
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

You peers of Greece, go to
survive me: afterwards,
your bounty shall
severally entreat him.
Gives, let the trumpets blow;
thus may his welcome know.
You see, noble Troilus and Ulysses:
you' r' e welcome, ye brave; you,
midst doth Cæcide keep?
ha' s tent, most princely Troilus!

ACT V.

scien Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter and Patroclus.

Zeus and blood with Greekish wine
miliar I'll cool to-morrow.—
or his to the height.

s' Thebians.

ow now, thos' corn of envy of nature, what's the news? picture of what then.
I wish them, here's a letter
now, fragment.

fall shal of fool, from Troy;
the feat now.

on's box, or the patient's

Adversity: and what need
be silent, boy; I profit not
art thought to be Achilles'?

y, you rogue! what's that
madam whom. Now the
the mouth, the pre-ogling,

jaws, raw eyes, distemper,
blister full of imposto-
rieholthe palm, incurable
rivet, the ke again such
preposterous

amusable box of envy, thou,
to curse thou.

or unroof'd house; you whose,

'ton then exasperate, then
in of death's silk; then green
sore eye, thou tassel of a
Ah, how the poor world

Ther. Finch egg!
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 taking me, and gaiing me to keep
An oath that I have sworn: I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks! fall, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thebians, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus. [Exit Achill and Patroclus.

Tho' 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 carer of madness.
Here's Agamemnon,—
an honest fellow enough, and one that loves
quails; but he has not so much brain as car-
 wax.
And the goody transformation of Jupiter
there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive sta-
ture, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thirly
shoeing-born in a chain, hanging at his brother's
leg,—to what form, but that the chain should
be larded with malice, and malice forced with
wit, turn him to? to an ass, were nothing:
both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he
is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mad, a cat,
a fitchew, or a toad, a lizard, an owl, a crow,
a herring without a rose, I would not care:
but to be Menelaus,—I would converse against
destroy. Ask me not what I would be, if I were
not Thebians; for I care not to be the horse of
a tower, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey day!
spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon,
Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomed, with
Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, tender sis;

Here, where we see the lights.

Hec. I trouble you.

Ons. No, not a whit.

Hec. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Ajax, Patroclus, and Hector.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome,
princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid
you good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks
in general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Thur. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'at sweet
sake, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night.

And welcome, both to those that go, and tarry.

Achil. Good night.

[Enter Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Achil. Old Nestor, Patroclus; and you, Diomed.

Keep Hector company an hour of two.

Dios. I cannot, lord; I have important business.
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great
Hector.

Hec. Give me your hand.

Thur. Follow his torch, he goes
to Cæcide's tent: I'll keep you company.

Achil. Good night;

And you, sir, you honour me.

Hec. And so good night.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Thur. following.

[Enter Hector, come, enter my tent.

Achil. Come, come, Thebians.

[Enter Achill, Hector, Ajax, and Nest.
Ugus. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

**Enter Creon.**

**Cre.** Now the pledge.

**Dio.** How now, my charge?

**Cre.** Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you.[Whispers.]

**Cre.** Yes, so familiar?

**Ugus.** She will sting any man at first sight.

**Thur.** And any man may sing her, if he can take her off; she's not so.

**Dio.** Will you remember?

**Cre.** Remember! yes.

**Dio.** Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

**Thur.** What should she remember?

**Ugus.** List! to folly.

**Cre.** Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more.

**Thur.** Rogers!

**Dio.** Nay, then—

**Cre.** I'll tell you what—

**Dio.** Pho! pho! come, tell a pin; You are forsworn.

**Cre.** In faith, I cannot; what would you have me do?

**Thur.** A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

**Dio.** What did you swear you would bestow on me?

**Cre.** I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath! But me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

**Dio.** Good sight.

**Thur.** Hold, patience!

**Ugus.** How now, Trojan!

**Dio.** No, no, good sight; I'll be your fool no more.

**Thur.** Thy better must.

**Cre.** Hark! one word in your ear.

**Dio.** O plague and madness!

**Ugus.** You are mov'd, prince; let us depart;

**Cre.** I pray you, let your displeasure should enlarge itself
to wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;—

**Thur.** The time right deadly; I beseech you, ge.

**Dio.** Behold, I pray you!

**Ugus.** Now, good my lord, go off;

**Thur.** You now to great destruction; come, my lord.

**Dio.** Pr'ythee, stay.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

...exes, most er; O then conclude, it by eyes, are full of turpitude.
[Exit Cassandra.]

...roof of strength she could not publicly
...afraid, my mind is now turnd where, woe, done, my lord.

...Why stay we then? take a recollection to my soul that here was spoke,
...how these two did co-act, in publish, as a truth! it is a credence in my heart, e so obstinately strong,
...so gams had decepions functions, to clamour. here? I cannot conjecture, Trojan, was not sure.
...Most sure she was. my negation hath no taste of madmen, mine, my lord; Creased is here
...not be believe'd for womanhood? at mothers; do not give advantage critics—art, without a theme, jun, to square the general sex rule; rather think this not Creased, at hath she done, prince, that can mothers
...up at all, unless that this were she, he swagger himself out on't own hat! no, this is Diomed's Cressida;
...as a soul, this is not she; y'vows, if y'vows be sanctimon, y'be the gods' delight, ne in only itself, she. O madness of discourse, it's up with and against itself! oh, through reason can revol lution, and lose assume all reason at: this is, and is not, Creased! erst, there did ensue a discourse in a fighte nature, that a thing inseparable is wider than the sky and earth; precious breadth of this division since for a point, as subtle a broken word, to enter, allsnage I strong as Pluto's gates; we, tied with the bands of heaven: assurc I strong as heaven itself; heaven's are shipp'd, dished, and other bow, five-finger-died, of her faith, acts of her love, s, sharps, the bits, and grecy re-
...sten faith, are bound to Diomed, worthy Troilus be half attached'ch hush, this passion doth express yeek; and that shall bedewed well as rest as Mars his heart
...men, that he'll bear on his helm; que compos'd by Vertue's skill, and bite it; not the dreadful spout, as do the hurricance call a man by the alightly sun, 9th more dangour Neptune's ear, than shall my promised sword proof.

TROILUS; I think it for your concup, said? O false Creased; false, false, Let all unsatursa stand by thy staine name, And they'll seem glorious.

...O, contain yourself; Your passion draws cars higher.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax: 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. 

Iz. Have with you, prince. — My countrox lord, advise;

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! 

Iz. I'll bring you to the gates.

...Accept distracted thanks. 

Enter Troilus, Enchus, and Ulysses. 

Then, 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would wroth like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroachs will give me any thing for the intelligence of this woe; the parent will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Leechery, leechery; still, wars and leechery; nothing else bolds fashion: A burning devil take them! [Exit.

SCENE III. TROY. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Hector and Anchiseus.

And. When was my lord so much urgently tempt? To stop his cars against admonishment! Unwarn, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hec. You train me to offend you; get you in: By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. 

And. My dreams will, sure, prove omen to the day.

Hec. No more, I say.

Exit Anchiseus.

Car. Where is my brother Hector? 

And. Here, sister Jamin, and bloody in intent; Consent with me in lordly Pertinence. Pursue we him on knives; for I have dreamd Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing behoov, but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Car. O, it is true. 

Hec. 

Car. No notes of tally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hec. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me a war. 

Car. The gods are deaf to hot and prevish vows; They are poiltid offerings, more abhorre Than toppid rivers 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.

Car. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow; But vows to every purpose must not hold: Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hec. Hold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the weather of my fete. Life every man holds dear; but the dear man Holds honour for more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? meanst thou to fight to-day? 

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade, [Exit Cassandra.

Hec. No, faith, young Troilus; dost thy heart serve, youth? 

I am today! the vein of chivalry: 
Let grow thy sinews till their knaps be strong, 
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war. 

Unim theee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy, 
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy. 

Tro. Brother, you have a voice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion than a man. 

3.C.2.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Harr. What view is that, good Troilus? I chide
me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the sun and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Harr. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector. Harr. How now! how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the battail. Play with my mother;
And when we have our armourns backe on
The venemov'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spare them to ruthless work, relash them from rath.

Harr. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, Cressida, I would not have you fight to

day.

Harr. Who should withheld me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Brockoning with savoy troops my retire;
Not Priames and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ercalled with recours of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruse.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, and PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;
He is thy crutch: now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him lassain, and all Troy on thee.
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath bad
visions.

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly erupt.
To take the part that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Harr. Tread is afire;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valor, to appear
This morning to them.

But thou shalt not go.

Harr. I must not break my faith.
You are my mother: therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Harr. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Cas. Farewell, dear Hector.

Look, how thy diest! look, how thy eyes turn
pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolorous forth
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like wildes anticks, one another meet.
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Cas. Farewell. —Yet, soft: —Hector, I take
thy leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Harr. You are amass'd, my liege, at her ex-
claim:
Go, I say, to the town: we'll forth, and light:
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at
night.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand
about thee!

Cas. Farewell, Priam, and Hector. Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,
believeth,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As Trounslow is galleying out, etc.

Scene IV.

Between Troy and the Grecians.

Altars.; Excusation. Harr.

Troy. Now they are at hand there; I'll go back on. That
godlike variety, Diomed, hast got the
doging footstepp; and they are overtaken there, in his helm; I would ask that
that same young Trojans that did
 whom, there might be met but the
masterly villains, with the most
dissembling luxuriant red, so
errant. O the other side, the
ugly, crafty swearing rascal,—that
old
denery, Hector; and the
Ulysses,—is not proves worth it?
They make up, in policy, and
Ajax, against that dog of a

Dios; and now is thecur Ajax for
our Achilles, and will not turn
upon the Grecians begin to press
and policy grows into an ill a
here comes sleeve, and other.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus.

Tro. Fly not; for, should the

I would swim after.

Dios. Thon dost not do fly; but advantage
Withdrew me from the odds of

Thoe. Hold thy whare, Grecus

[Excuses Troilus and Diomedes.

Enter Hector.

Harr. What art thou, Greek
Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Harr. No, no:—I am a rascal; a
knife; a very vile rogue.

Harr. I do believe thee:—by

Harr. God's mercy, that thou
But a plague beak thy neck, 

Scene V.

Enter Diomedes and Harr.

Dios. Go, go, my servant, tell
horse;

Present the fair sear to my

Fellow, command my disciples to
Tell her, I have charlott' the air
And am her knight by proof.

Rev. vs. my lord.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Enter Achill.

Achill. Now do I see thee; Hec!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hec. Pause, if thou wilt, Achill. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Achill. Be happy, that my arms are out of use.

Hec. Fare thee well—

Achill. I would have been much more a breaker man, Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath taken Eneas; Shall it be?

Hec. No, by the name of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him; I'll be taken, too; Or bring him off—Fat, hear me what I say! I rocked and rocked, though I and my end and

Enr. One in numerous Armour.

Hec. So stand, thou Greek; thou art a godlike mark.

Hec. No! wilt thou not—'tis like thy armour well; I'll finish it, and unlock the rivets all. But I'll be master of it—Wilt thou not, beast, abide? Why then, by me, I'll hunt thee for thy life.

Scene VII. The same.

Enter Achill, with Myrmidons.

Achill. 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, Eupate him with your weapons round about; In fellow manner execute your arms. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye; It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

Scene VIII. The same.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting; then

Thersites.

Thers. The encomb'd, and the cuckold-maker are at it; Now, bull! now, dog! 'Lo! Paris, 'tis I, and not a double-braced spoiler! 'Lo, Paris, 'Lo! The bull has the game—'ware born, ho!

Enr. Margareloon.

Men. Turn, slave, and fight.

Thers. What art thou?

Men. A bastard son of Priam's.

Thers. 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 quarter's most ominous to us; if the son of a whose fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Men. The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.

Scene IX. Another part of the Fields.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most partriied core, so fair without, Thy goodly body thus hath cost thee thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath.

Rust. Sworn; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Hec. Put off his helmet, and hung his shield behind him.

Enter Achill and Myrmidons.

Achill. 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.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. Act V.

Enter. I am unarm'd; I forego this vantage;
Achill. Strike, fellows; strike; this is the man
I seek.
So, Ilion, fall those next I know,Troy sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy shame, and thy hope.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[Drums sounded.
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Mep. The Trojan trumpets sound the like in my ear.
Achill. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, sticker like, the armies separate;
My half-sapped sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[Sheathes 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 Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and Others, marching. [Shouts within.
Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?—
Nest. [Within.] Achilles! Achilles! Helen's slave! 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.

SCENE XI. Another part of the field.

Enter Menelaus and Trojans.

Men. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here stay we out the night.

Exeunt Trojans.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector—the gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beauty 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 high pleasures be merry,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Men. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not, that tell me, I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all insurances, 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 be a bard,
Go in to Troy, and there show—Hector's soul;
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niches of the maidens sweetest,
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 wights,
Thus proudly plight upon our Phrygian plain.
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
Fill through and through you!—And then, proud sirr'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two host; I'll haunt these like a wicked conscience still.
That mouldeth a goblin with my evil thought—
Strike a free march to Troy—with commeats:
Hope of revenge shall hush our inward woe.
[Exeunt Menelaus and Trojans.

Pan. But hear ye, hear ye! Tro. Hence, broker lackey! I deny not shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

Pan. A goodly medicine for me and mine.
[Exit.

Troy. Oh! that this world were a cloudless sky.
O, what a consul is the great Philip! and the
Leviathan! and—
He that can laugh best
Must bear the worst; and he that laugheth best
Must bear the worst. And now we know
That the sweetest honey may be bad.
And being once subdued in armed soul,
Sweet honey, and sweet music, and sweet smell,
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your pocket.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's eye.
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groan;
Though not for you, yet for your mother and
Brother, and sisters, of the hold-outable
Some two months hence my will shall heart;
It should be now, but that my fear is
Some galled goose of Winchester would
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for you.
And, at that time, bequeath you my diners.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A noble Athenian.

APR. Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.

Cestr, a Merchant.

Arist. one of Timon’s false Friends.

Ceres, a church Philosopher.

Men, an Athenian General.

Servant to Timon.

Timon’s Friends.

Servant to Timon’s Creditors.

Servant to Timon’s Creditors.

ACT I.

SCENE—Athens; and the Words adjoining.


Petr. Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several Doors.

Good day, sir.

I am glad you are well.

I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

It wears, sir, as it grows.

Ay, that’s well known: but particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange. See, our bounty! all these spirits thy power enjoin’d to attend. I know the merchant.

A gentleman of my name.

The other’s a Jeweller, Sir. Or, Is’t a worthy lord?

Nay, that’s most fixed.

A most incomparable man, breath’d, as it were, not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange; not particular early what strange. See, our bounty! all these spirits thy power enjoin’d to attend. I know the merchant.

It wears, sir, as it grows.

To the great lord.

A thing slip’d idly from me.

Our power is as a gum, which oafs.

From whence ’ls nourisht! the fire in the flint.

Show’s not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Prove’st itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it leaves. What have you there?

A picture, sir. And when comes your book forth?

Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let’s see your piece.

’Tis a good piece.

To my picture, off well and excellent.

Indifferent.

Admirable: how this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mortal power

This eye shoots forth! how new imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Paint. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; let’s good! I’ll say of it,

It looks nature; artificial still.

Live in these touches, fleeter than life.

Enter certain Senators, and past ever.

Paint. How this lord’s follow, Sir?

Petr. The scotches of Athens:—Happy men! Paint. Look, more! Petr. You see this confidence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shed out a man.

Whom this beneath world doth encompass and hag.
To Apenante, 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.

Petr. I saw them speak together.
Peau. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Fouled Fortune to be throne'd; the base of the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand waiteth to her:
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Petr. This conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man hearken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the sleepy mount,
To climb his happiness, would be well expected
In our condition.

Petr. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows, but of late
(Some better than his value), on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill withreadance,
Rise sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Petr. Ay, marry, what of these?

Petr. When Fortune, in her shift and change
Spurred down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Petr. Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More precariously than words. Yet you do well,
To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant of Ventidius talking with him.

Tim. Sir, I personate to be your worship.

Old Ash. This fellow be thy creature.
By sight frequents my bosom.
That from my first have bared
And my estate deserves a
Than one which holds a

Tim. Old Ash. One only deep.
On whom I may safely
The maid is fair, e'the yea
And I have bred her at my
In qualities of the best.
Attempts her love: I pray
Join with me to forbid it.
Myself have spoke in vain

Tim. Old Ash. Therefore be his honest rewards him.
It must not bear my daugh-

Tim. Old Ash. She is young,
Our own precedent past
What lewdness is in youth.

Tim. To Lucullus. I
Luc. Ay, my good lord,
Old Ash. If in her name missing,
I call the gods to witness
Mine help from forth the
And discover her all.

Tim. How
If she be mated with any
Old Ash. Three taken
fortune, all,

Tim. This gentleman a
To build his fortune, I w
Fortune a bond in men, a
What you bestow, in him
And make him weigh wit
Old Ash. Pawn me to this your ho
Tim. My hand to thee

Luc. Humbly I thank
That state or fortune fail
Which is not owed to you
TIMON OF ATHENS.

More welcome, sir!  [They embrace.]

Enter Aesop, with his Company.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. Time that serves still.

Apem. The most ascendant then, that still
omit it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine
heat fools.

2 Lord. Fairest well, fairest well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus! Apem. Should I have kept one to thyself, for
I mean to give thou none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;
make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unspeakable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the
man.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in.

And taste Lord Timon's bounty! be out of
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
gold, is but his steward; no need, but he repays
Seventyfold above itself; no gift to him;
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All me of quietness.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exit.]
The scene. A room of those in Timon's house.

SCENE II.

Enter, playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCESTIS, LUCULLUS, LUCILIUS, SYMMELIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENUS, and Attendants. Then comes dropping after all, ARMANTUS, disconsolately.

Venus. Most honoured Timon, 'tis hath pleased the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone; I happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as a grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Dosed with, thanks, and services, from whose help
I gained liberty.

Timon. O, by no means, Honest Venustide: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely; and there's none Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our better play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich, are fair.

Venus. A noble spirit.

Timon. Nay, my lords, ceremony Was but device at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes. Recanting goodness, sorry are 'tis shown; But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sir: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me.

Timon. I. Lord. My lord, we always have confided in it. Apem. Ho, ho, confided it! hang'd it, have you not?

Timon. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

I. Lord. My lord, we have always confided in it.

Apem. For he does not affect company, Nor he be for it, indeed.

Timon. Let me stay at thine appetit, Timon; I come to observe, I give thee warning out. Timon. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself have no power; 'tis thyself, let thy meat make thee silent.

Apem. I am fond thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should

N'er statter thee.—O you gods: what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood, and all the madness is, He cheers them up too. I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't; the fellow, that Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and

The breath of him is a divided draught; Is the realest man to kill him; it has been proved.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at means; Let they should spy my windpipe's dangerous They say: Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Timon. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it bow this way, my good lord.

Apem. A brave fellow!—he keeps himself But those banquets will make them sit look ill.

Here's that, which is too wond'rously Honest water, which we've left our friends, This, and my food, are suiting my friends. Feasts are too strait, which makes them sit look ill.

Apemantus's Toast.

Imaginary gods, I curse to gods I ground I may never pass a post In the midst of the wine.

Or a harlot for me, or a dog, That wants a mind to go. Or a man, that wants a mind to go, Or my friends', if I should not be sad in all sorts.

Rich men, and women, and I set them out. Timon. Much good diet thy good heart.

I. Lord. Captain Alcibiades, your seat is held now.

Timon. My heart is ever as a paunch of lord.

I. Lord. You had rather be at a bani

Tun, than a dinner of friends.

Apem. So they were blandling you and there's no meat like meat, When I had best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those fine things emnace them? that then thou, & bid me to 'em.

I. Lord. Might we but have that best lord, that you would once eat out by we might express some part of us should think ourselves for ever pope.

Timon. O, no doubt, my good gods themselves have provided it much help from you: How had you friends else? why have you not thousand, did you not chide my heart? I have told more of you than you can with modesty speak in behalf; and thus far I confess you gods, think I, what need we have of it! we should never have need of it were the most needless creatures but we nor' have use for them; and a resemble sweet instruments hang it that keep their sounds to themselves and often wish'd myself power, as come nearer to you. We are best fita: and what better or poorer in our own, than the riches of our friend a precious comfort 'tis to have so brothers, commanding one another. 0 joy, 'tis made away ere it can Mine eyes cannot hold old water, I forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou wretch to make it Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conceit eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe spr.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think it bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord; me much.

Apem. Much! [To Timon. What means that trumpet?

Enter a servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there ladies must desire of admittance.

Timon. Ladies? What are their suits.

Serv. There comes with them a lady, my lord, which bears that office, to the pleasures.

Timon. I pray, let them be admitted.
TimoN of Athens.  

Sir, may it please your honour, the Lord Lucas,  
Out of thy free-love, hast presented to me  
Four mile-white horses, trap'd in silver.  
Tom. 'tis all but half your present, sir.  
You are welcome, sir; though it's cheaper  
Your honour's friendship.  

Enter another Servant.  

Now, what will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give  
Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer.  
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Bereft of power to make his wishes good;  
His promises fly so beyond his performance,  
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 hand's out to his debts.  
Well, 'twould I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd to go.  

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
And then as do even eumenes exceed.  
I bless myself for my lord.  

Exit.  

Tom. You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you have too much of your own merits:—  
Here, my lord, a tribe of our love.  

Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.  

Tom. O, he is the very soul of bounty!  

TimoN. 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.  

Tom. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,  
In that,  

Tom. You may take my word, my lord; I  
Know no man  
Can justly praise, but what he does accept;  
Me thinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friend,  
And tell you true, I'll call you on.  

Lord. My lord, you are so welcome.  

Tom. I take all your several visitsation  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Me thinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friend,  
And never be weary,—Alas!  

This art a soldier, therefore within rank;  
It comes in charity to thee: for charity living  
Is 'mongst the dead: and all the lands thou hast  
Lies in a pitch'd field.  

And so,  

TimoN. What ails you?  

Lord. My lord, you are so virtuously bound,  

And so  

Tom. I am so to you.  

And so infinitely endeared,—  

Tom. All to you.—Lights, more lights.  

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!  

Lord. The ready for his friends.  

[Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.  

Appian.  

Serving of beasts, and justling out of belly.  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the soles  
That are given for'em. Friendship's full of dregs:—
ACT II.

SCENE I.


Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to tildore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum.

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter Flavius, with many winter in his hand.

Flavi. No care, no stop! I am careless of expense.

Tim. No, I’ll neither know how to maintain it,

nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account

of what is to continue; Revers mind

Was to be so unmind of, to be so kind.

What shall be done? I will settle

I must be round with him in two

[Exit.

Tim. Nay, as you begin to rail on society case, I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Caphis. Farewell. and with better music. [Exeunt."

Tim. —there’s not here; —me now—then shall not then, —I’ll lock thy heaven from thee.

Sen. That too’s a ear should be

To connect death, but hot to flattery! [Exit.

Caphis. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon,

I importune him for my monies; be not soon with a ould, nor then silence, when—Commend me to your master—and the cap plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,

Tim. My owes cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out of mine own; his days and times are past, and my reliances on his fractured dates

Have smit my credit; I love, and honour him; but must not break my back, to heal his fingers

Immediate are my needs; and my relief

Must not be too’d and turn’d to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone;

Put on a most important 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.

Chaplin. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir;—take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt.

Caphis. I will sir.

Sen. [Exit.

[Exeunt.

Caphis. Good even, sir;

You come for money? — No not yet.

Caphis. It is — and your lord, he

Caphis. If we were all alike,

Var. Sir, —but repair to me next

Caphis. Nay, good my lord,

Var. Sir, — But repair to me next

Caphis. Please you, sir, — I have

To the reception of new days till

My master is wip’d by pen to call upon his own, and

That while your state shall be in giving him his right.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

Go to; —
Perchance, some simple vantage you too’d,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unsaviness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

How? — O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you had me
Return such a sum, I have shook my head, and
Wept;
Yes, against 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 lord’s
lord,
Though you hear now (too late!) yet now’s a
time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flas. ’Tis all e’er g’ud’d; some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes space!
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lachemon did my land extend.

Flas. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it not wise to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flas. Before you suspect my humanity, or fake
hood,
Call me before the earliest audience
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress’d
With riotous fetes: when our vassals have wept
With drunken spittle of wine; when every room
Hath blend’d with lights, and bray’d with minstrelies,
I have retire’d me to a wasteful cusk,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pray thee, no more.

Flas. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord?
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and paupers.
This night engulphed! Who is not Timon’s?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
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:
Earth-wax, fast-fall; one cloud of winter show-
ers,
These flies are couch’d.

Tim. Come, summon me no further;
No villainous bounty yet hath pass’d my heart;
Unwieldy, not ignoble, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would break the vessels of my friends,
And try the argument of base returning,
Men, and men’s fortunes, could I frankly me,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flas. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
arose not.
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! — Flaminia! Servilia!

Enter Flaminia, Servilia, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally. — You, to
Lord Lucas,
For that I knew it the most general way.
To them to use your signet, and your name:
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tom. Isn't true? Can it be true?

Flax. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at call, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are im-

An. But yet they could have wish'd—they know not
—you but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature:
May catch a wrench—would all were well—tis pity:
And so, involving other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tom. You gods, reward them—I

Pr'ythee, man, look elsewhere; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditarily:
Their blood is cack'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 bounty, fall, and heavy—

Go to Ventidius, [To a Serv.]-Pr'ythee, [To

Flavus], be not sad,
Then act true, and honest; impiously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee—[To Serv.] Ventidius

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I cear'd him with five talents; Greet him from

Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remem-

FF. Ans. I wonder! With those five talents—that had—[To

Tom. Is't instant due? Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortune among his friends can sink.

Flax. I would, I could not think it: That

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

Exeunt.
TIMON OF ATHENS. 581

Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation. And the best half should have returned to him, so much I love his heart; But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense; For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Room in Sempronius’s House.

Enter SERVILIUS, and a Servant of Timon’s.

Serv. Must he needs trouble me so? Humph! ’Bove all others? He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus; And now Venetius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem’d from prison: all these three Owe their estates to him. O my lord, They have all been touch’d, and found base metal; for They have all denied him.

Serv. How? have they denied him? Has Venetius and Lucullus deak’d him? And does he send to me? Three times I call’d It shows but little love or judgment in him. Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me? He has much discretion in me; I am angry at him. That might have known my place; I see no sense in’t.

But his instructions might have wound me first: For, in my conscience, I was the first man That ever received gift from him: And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I’ll require it last? No! So it may prove An argument of laughter to the rest, And I amongst the lords he thought a fool. I had rather the worth of thirty the sum. He had sent to me to-night, but for my mind’s sake; I had such a courage to do him good. But now return, And with their fault reply this answer join; Who hates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship’s a goodly villain! The devil knew not what he did, when he made a politician; he creased himself by’t: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villains of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear fool! takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that, under hot ardent zeal, set about whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love. This was my lord’s best hope: and all are fled, Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead, Doors, that were near acquainted with his wards.

Many a bounteous year, must he employ’d Now to guard sure their masters. And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his home. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The same. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants to Timon’s Creditor, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro, Lucius? What, do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and, I think, One business does command us all; for mine Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Euen Philippus.  
Luc. Ser.  
Philippus too!  
Luc. Ser.  
Good day at once.  
Phi.  
Luc. Ser.  
Welcome, good brother.  
What do you think the hour?  
Phi.  
Luc. Ser.  
So much! Labouring for mine.  
Phi.  
Luc. Ser.  
Is not my lord seen yet?  
Luc. Ser.  
Not yet.  
Phi.  
Luc. Ser.  
I wonder not; he was wont to shine at seven.  
Luc. Ser.  
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.  
Luc. Ser.  
I am of your fear for that.  
Tit.  
I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord's send now for money.  
Her.  
Most true, he does.  
Tit.  
And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which you wait for money.  
Her.  
It is against my heart.  
Luc. Ser.  
Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;  
And even as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.  
Her.  
I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than death.  
1 Var. Ser.  
Yes, mine three thousand crowns:  
What's yours?  
Luc. Ser.  
Five thousand mine.  
1 Var. Ser.  
'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sun,  
Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, he had equal'd.  
[Exit FLAVIUS.  
Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.  
Luc. Ser.  
Flavius! 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 FLAVIUS.  
Exit FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.  
Luc. Ser.  
Ha! not that he's steward muffled so.  
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.  
Tit. Do you hear, sir!  
1 Var. Ser.  
By your leave, sir.  
Flam.  
What do you ask of me, my friend?  
Tit.  
We wait for certain money here, sir.  
Flam.  
If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'st thou not  
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat  
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile and  
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest  
to their glutinous maws. You do yourselves  
To stir me up; let me pass quietly;  
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, to spend.  
Luc. Ser. Ay, but this answer will not serve.  
Flam.  
If 'twill not,  
'Tis not so base as you;  
for you serve knives.  
[Exit.  
1 Var. Ser.  
How! what does his cashier's  
worship matter?  
2 Var. Ser.  
No matter what; he's poor, and  
that's revenge enough. Who can speak wonder
TIMON OF ATHENS. 553

Take my deserts to his, and join them both: And, for I know your reverenced ages love Security, I'll pawn my victories, all My honours to you, upon his good returns. If by this crime he owes the law his life, Why, let the war receive’t in victorious gore: For law is strict, and war is nothing more. 1 Sen. We are for law, ho! ho! urge it no more. On height of our displeasures: Friend or brother, He forfeits his own blood, that spills another, Abst. Most I see! it must not be. My lords, I do beseech you, know me. 6 Sen. Abst. Call me to your remembrances. 3 Sen. What? Abst. I cannot think, but your age bade me get me; It could not else be, I should prove so base, To save, 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 burnish thee for ever. Abst. Banish me! 8 Sen. Banish your dotage: banish my lack, That makes the sense of you. 1 Sen. If, after two days since, Athens contain thee, Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit, He shall be executed presently. Senators. Abst. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live: Only in bone, that none may look on you! I am worse than mast: I have kept back their fores, 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 balance, that the surging senate Pours into captains' wounds? no punishment! It comes not ill; I hate not to be banished; 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. 'Eis honour, with most heads 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 honourable day but try at this other day. 1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts living, 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 briefing.
1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath confu-
2 Lord. Like manner was I in debt to my important 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?
2 Lord. He sent to me, sir.—Here he comes. [Exit Timon, and Attendants.}

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:— And how fare you?
2. Lord. My most honorable lord, I am even 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 ruine your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2. Lord. All covered dishes!

1. Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

2. Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season, can yield it.

1. Lord. How do you? What's the news?

2. Lord. Alcibiades is banished; Hear you of it?

1 & 2. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

2. 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?

2. Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2. Lord. This is the old man still.

2. Lord. Will't hold? will it hold?

2. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

1. 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 most 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 precept of a reserve still to give, lest your deities be deprived. Lead to each man enough, that one need not look to another: for, were your goodness to borrow of men, men would forake the gods. Make the meat he beloved, more than the men that give it. Let no competition of corners he without a score of table-servants: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—As they are. The rest of your feet. O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common age of people,—what it owes to them, you gods, make suitable for distinction. For these our present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and in nothing wish they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water. Some speak. What does his lordship mean?]

honour sways him. He's other day, and now he has:—Did you see my jest? Lord. Did you see my jest?

2. Lord. Here 'tis.

4. Lord. Here lies my guesse.

1. Lord. Let's make an end.

2. Lord. Lord Timon's mine.

5. Lord. I am.

4. Lord. One day he gives another stones.

ACT I. SCENE I. Without the Enter Tim.

Tim. Let me look back wall.

That gildest in these woods And fence not Athens! O tempes:

Obedience fail in children Pluck the grave wrinkled at

And minister in their stead Convert o' the instant, you Don't in your parents' eyes...

Rather than render back, and est your trustees' thou... steal!

Large tandale robbers you And fill by law: mad, to Thy mistress is o' the brook Pluck the land's crutch fou... hire.

With it beat out his brain Religion to the gods, peace

Domestic awe, night-rest instruction, manners, myst Degrees, observances, can... Decline to your confound And yet confusion fre... men.

Your potent and infections On Athens, rife for strokes Crippe our senators, that

As lately as their manner...
A Room in Timon's House.

Jupiter, the great Servant.

Timon, master steward, where's

it off? Nothing remaining? I

follows, what should I say

by the righteous gods,

Such a house broke! then! All gone! and not

his fortune by the air, an

As we do turn our backs

on, thrown into his grace; as

buried fortunes.

who taste vows with him, pick'd:

and his poor self, to

the air, all

abandoned poverty, alone.—More of our fel-

other Servants.

uponments of a rich's house,

hearts wear Timon's livery, etc.; we are fellows still.

row: Look it's our bark,

and on the flying deck, threat: we must all part

Good fellows all,

stith, I'll share amongst you.

Let's shake our heads, and

into our master's fortunes,

Let's each take some;

Giving short money, our hands.

Not one word

in a narrow, parting poor.

[Enter Servants.

servants, the

wish their friends to

be from wealthy exempt,

to misery and contempt;

't would shun I or to live

friendship;

and all what state compounds,

his virtuous friends, I

ought low by his own heart;

Sicarge, unusual blood,

it, he does too much good;

be half so kind again?

then gods, does still remain,

'st, to be most account,

pitched on—thy great fortunes

callitless. Alas, kind lord!

from this ungrateful bed

not has he with him to

thief that can command it.

mire him out;

with my best will;

I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.

III. The Woods.

nates Timon.

sounding man, draw from the

below the sister's orb

of brothers of one womb—

residence, and birth,

touch them with several

the lesser. Not nature,

till, since, can bear great for

of nature,

deny that lord; bear contempt hereditary;

The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,

The want that makes him lean. Who dare, who

in purity of manhood stand upright.

And say, This man's a flatterer? If one be,

So are they all; for every gibe of fortune

is smooth'd by that below; the learned pate

ducks to the golden foot; All is oblique;

There's nothing level in our curv'd nature.

But direct villainy. Therefore, he ascribed

All sorts, societies, and throns of men: His

semblable, yes, himself, Timon disdains:—

Destruction fan mankind! Earth, yield me

roots! —Digging—

Who seeks for better of thee, saucy be gone.

With thy most operant poison! What is here? Gold! yes, glittering, precious gold! No,

gold.

Is no idle votarist. Roots, you dear heavens! That much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.

Ha, you god! why this! What this, you god! Why this:

Will you your priests and servants from your side?

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; blast the acre's cow;

Make the bear lopryt adown; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the waggard widow wed again; She, whom the spital-house, and uncle's sore

Would eat the gorge at, this embolden and spites

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that part's odds.

Among the rest of nations, I will make thee

Do the right, nature.—[March 24 for o.]

Is a dream? Thou'rt quick.

But yet I'll curry thee: Thou'lt be so strong, thief,

Where gentle keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for cannon.

[Keeping some gold.

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fifes, in usual:

manners; Partenio and Timandrus.

Alcib.

What art thou there?

Speak.

Tim, a beast, as thou art. The conqueror gnaw

thy heart.

For show me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to

art thy self a man?

Tim. I am misanthropist, and hate mankind,

For thou part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlook'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, galls, guises:

Religious canons, civil laws are crom;—

Then what should war be? This fell whose of

thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Tim. The lips rot off!—

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

But they renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no sun to borrow of.
Timo. Is this the Athenian minion, whom
the world
Voil’d so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Tim. Yes.
Timo. Be a whore still? they love thee not,
that me thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their last.
Make one of thy salts hours; season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-checked youth
To the thighfast, and the diet.
Tim. Hang thee, monster!
Ach. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his
wife.
Are drown’d and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The Wear whereof doth daily make revolt
In my combers’ hands; 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.
Ach. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear
Timo.
Timo. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble? I had rather be alone.
Ach. Why, rare thee well:
Here’s some gold for thee.
Timo. Keep’t, I cannot eat it.
Ach. When I have laid proud Athens on a
heap,—
Timo. Warr’st thou against Athens?
Ach. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Timo. The gods confound them all! I know
quest; and
They after, when thou hast conquer’d?
Ach. Why me, Timon?—
Timo. That.
By killing villains, thou was 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 ace’d city hang his poison
In his sick air: Let not thy sword skip one;
Pity not honour’d are for his white beard.
Timo. Enough to make trade
And to make those, a slight,
Your aprons mountant; Yet
Although, I know, you’ll
Into strong shudders, and
The immortal gods that
sooth;
I’ll trust to your condition
And be where pious breath
Be strong in where, alms
Let your choice for probity
And be no turnips; Ye
months,
Be quite contrary; end
roofs
With harduc of the do
dang’d,
No matter;—went them
where still;
Paint till a horse may me
A pax of wrinkled!—
Play. & Timo. Well,
then?—
Believe’t, that we’ll do a
Timo. Consumptions so
In hollow boxes of man;
And near men’s spurring
voice,
That he may never more
Nor sound his quillets shrill
That scolds against the
And not believes himself
Down with it hat; take’t
Of him, that his particular
Smells from the general
rotten’ bald;
And let the unscar’d but
Derive some pain from;
That your activity may
The source of elevation
Do you damn others, and
And ditches grave you a
Play. & Timo. More o
ney, boundrous Timo
Timo. More where, now;
And gives you careest.
Ach. Strike up the
Farewell, Timon;
TITON OF ATHENS.

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The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless, Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldn't desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasped: but bred a dog.

Hast thou, like us, from our first swarth, proceed?

The sweet degrees that this brief world affordes To such as may the passive drugs of it Freely command, thou would'st have plunged thyself

In general riot: melted down thy youth In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of reason, but follow'd The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, Who had the world as my confectionary.

The mouth, the tongue, the eyes, and heart of men At duty, more than I could frame employment; That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's breath 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 suffrage, time Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate thee?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given? If thou will curse,—thy father, that poor rag, Must be thy subject: who, in spite, put stuff To some she beggar, and compoundeth thee Poor rogue hereditary. Henceforth be gone!— If thou hadst not been born the worst of men, Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. 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! Thou wouldst eat it.

[ Eating a root.

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feast,

[Offering him something.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself. [Of this Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack. Tim. Thus well mended, so, it is but botched.'

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldn't thou have to Athens Tim. Thou, flibber in a whirl, if thou wilt Tell them there I have gold, look, so I have. Apem. Here is no use for gold. Tim. The best, and trust: For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon? Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus? Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind.

Apem. Would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The nodule of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gift, and thy perfume, they mockery thee for too much curiosity; in thy rage they knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

[ On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. I, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hast 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 takest of, dist thou ever know beloved?
TIMON OF ATHENS.

Enter Flavius.

Flavius: God save you, my lord! How now, my lord? Is this the state you would have us keep in? Are you content with this? Have you no more care for your subjects than for your own safety? You are a fine king, indeed, if you can bear to see your subjects suffer and yourselves be secure. Do you not think it is your duty to take care of their welfare?

Enter Timon.

Timon: What is this? What do you mean by this? Are you out of your mind?

Flavius: No, my lord. But I think you are too lenient.

Timon: I am too lenient? I am too lenient? You mean I am too hard on them?

Flavius: Yes, my lord. But you must remember that your subjects will not take kindly to being treated with indifference.

Timon: I know what I am doing. I am doing it for the good of Athens. I am doing it for the good of Athens.

Flavius: But, my lord, you must consider the consequences of your actions. You are creating a great deal of discontent and dissatisfaction.

Timon: I know what I am doing. I am doing it for the good of Athens.

Flavius: But, my lord, you must remember that your actions will have far-reaching consequences. You are creating a great deal of discontent and dissatisfaction.

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Timon: I know what I am doing. I am doing it for the good of Athens. I am doing it for the good of Athens.
Phil. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Pier. What's to be thought of him! Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Phil. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynissia 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.

Pier. Then this breaking of his has been but a sport for his friends.

Phil. Nothing else; you shall see him a prince in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his; it will show honestly to us; and is very likely to lead our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Pier. What have you now to present unto him?

Phil. Nothing at this time but my devotion; only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Pier. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Phil. Good as the best. Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the dullest for his act; and, in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will 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 thyself.

Pier. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a perceiving of himself: a satire against the affectedness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and splendor.

Tim. Most thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work! Will thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Pier. Nay, let's seek him:

Tim. Nay, we'll sin against our own estate; When we may profit meet, and come too late,

Pain. True;

When the day serves before! ask corner'd night, Find what thou want'st by rye and offer'd light. Come.

Tim. Most honest men require you?

Can you eat roots, and drink of

Ead. What we can do

Tim. You are honest; that I have gold: I am sure you have: Speak men.

Phil. So it is said, my name not my friend, no Tim. Good honest men are

Tim. Best in all Athens; thou

Phil. Even so, sir, as fiction,

Why, thy voice swells smooth,

That thou art even main,

Tim. Doubt it not, we,

Tim. There's never a knife,

That mightily deceives

Tim. Ay, and you best

Know his gross pater

Keep in thy bosom;

That he's a made-up vil

Phil. I know none as

Tim. Look you, I do

Rid me these villains for

Hang them, or stab them

Confound them by some

I'll give you gold thus
TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Flavus and two Senators.

It is to vain that you would speak with
him; to set so silly to himself,
thou but himself, which looks so mean,
thy with thy.

Bring us to his cave;—
for, and promise to the Athenians;
th. with Timon.

At all times alike:
not still the same: Twice time, and
their.

Here is his cave,—
and come here! Lord Timon! Timon?

and speak to friends; The Athenians,
Their most reverend senate, greet thee:
to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

I saw none, that comfort, burn!—Speak,
and be hung'd:
true word, a blister; and each false
scarring to the root of the tongue,
sign it with speaking.

Worthy Timon—
Of none but such as you, and you
him.

The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

I thank them; and would send them
the plague,
but catch it for them.

O, forget
we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
their, with our country of love,
thee back to Athens; who have thought
that dignitary, which vacant lie
best me and wearing.

They confess,
thee, forgiveness too general, gross:
now the pestilence:—which doth
not encounter.—Sitting in itself
Timon's aid, hath sense wild:
fast, restraining aid to Timon: and
forth us, to make their sorrowed

or with a recom pense more fruitful
with?” woman's weep, when

I, through the figures of their
read them then.

You witch me in it;—
e to the very brink of tears:
at a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
these these comforts, worthy senators.
Therefore, so please thee to return with
our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
ship, thou shant be met with thanks;
with absolute power, and thy good
some
not—so soon we shall drive
scatter the approaches wild;
in a hoarse too savage, doth root up
his own

And shakes his threatening sword
the walls of Athens.

Therefore, Timon,—

Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;—

Their shall kill my countrymen,


Thou knows not. But if he seek fair
Athen, and take our goodly aged men by the beard,
Givng our holy virgins to the stain
Of continuations, beastly, mad-brained 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 take it at worst; for their knives

While you have threats to answer; for myself,
There's not a whiffle in the sunny camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend astonishment. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epistle,
It will be seen to-morrow; my long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his.
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common woe;
As common proof doth palp. it.

1 Sen. That's well spoken.

Tim. Command me to my loving countrymen.

2 Sen. These words become your lips as they

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great tri-

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command 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 sex! such sustains
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness

Pitiful touch 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 same own me invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I tell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From much to love throughout, that whose please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Consider, ever my faith felt the axe,

And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, than you still
shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; hasty to Athens.
Timon hath made his evening of salvation
Upon the bonched verge of the salt flood.

Which once a day with his embargoed broth.
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let your words go by, and language end;
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their

Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reigns.

1 Sen. His discourses are unprovokingly
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

SCENE III. The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and Messengers.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his fies
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least: 
The enemies’ drum is heard, and fearful scowling
Both choke the air with dust; in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.
[Enter.]

SCENE IV.
The Woods. Timon’s Cave, and a Tombstone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place
Who’s here I speak, hot!—No answer! What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch’d his span;
Some beast rear’d this; there does not live a man,
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What’s on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I’ll take with wax;

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he’s set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V. Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpet sound. Enter Alexander and Forces.

Alich. Sound to this coward and licentious town
Our terrible approach. [A peal sounded.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and still’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 tranced’rd arms, and

breath’d

Our suffurance vainly: Now the time is fresh,
When crowning narrows, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself. No more; now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And percy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

Sol. Noble and young,

When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hasted power, or we had cause of fear:
We sent to thee; to give thy rage a balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above the quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo

Transformed Timon to our city’s love,

With those that have offered

Approach the fold, and call

But kill not all together.

2 Sen. Thou rather shalt enforce it

This hour to ‘t with thy sword

1 Sen. Against our ramp’rd gates,

So thou wilt send thy men

To say, thou’lt enter friend,

2 Sen. Or any token of thine heart

That thou wilt use the war

And not as our conclusion,

Shall make their harbour a

Have seed’d thy fall design

Alich. The

Descend, and open your eyes;

Those enemies of Timon’s,

Whom you yourself shall set a

Fall, and no more; and, to

With my more noble mean

Shall pass his quarter, or

Of regular justice in your

But shall be remedied to ye

At heaviest answer.

Alich. The

Alich. Descend, and keep

The Senators descend, on

Enter a Sol.

Sol. My noble general, Ti Eutomb’d upon the very hea

And on his gravestone, this

With wax I brought away, w

Interprets for my poor ignorance

Alich. [Reads.] Here lies

his

put

herself,

Seek not my name: A plague

: she

Here lies T Timon; who, also,

But thy, and ever the till; it

hers he gay.

These well express in thee

Though thou abhorrest in a

Scorn’d in our brain’s flour, i

lets which
ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Give care for us!—true, indeed—they never cared for us yet. Suffer us to fan our, and their store-houses crammed with grain: make edicts for many, to support many; 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 cut us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Mrs. Either you must
Confuse yourselves wondrous maliciously,
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 state it, a little more.

1 Crit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not
think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but
and I protest, I'll deliver.

Mrs. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebel'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:
That only like a calf it did remain
I' the midst of the body, rude and inactive.
Still capboarding the visual, never hearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other ins
Intricats
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,

1 Crit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Mrs. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of
smile,
Which we're come from the lungs, but even this
(Eor, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak.) it sagittably replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so must slyly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Crit. Your belly's answer. What?

Mrs. The high crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The connellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our shield and spears, the tongue our trumpeter
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

1 Crit. What then?

Mrs. If one, or this fellow speak, what

1 Crit. It was an answer;

Mrs. The senators of Rome
And you the mutinous men
Their counsellors, and their

1 Crit. The wise rebellion
Thou see'st, that art worst
Lead'st first, to win some
But make you ready your
Rome and her rats are at
The one side must have his

Enter Calp"n.

Mar. Thanks,—What's

1 Crit. We have

Mar. He that will give
will flatter

Beneath abasing.—What

Mrs. That like nor peace nor
your

The other makes you prom
Where he should, and you
Where for ever gose. You
Than is the coal of fire up.
Or hairstone in the sun.
To make him worthy, with
him,
And earn that justice of
greatness,
Deserves your hate: and

A sick man's appetite, which
Which would increase his
Upon your bravery, sworn
And knews down oaks with
Trust ye!

With every minute you do
And call your own.
CORIOLANUS.

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O. Noble Lartius!

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

2 Sen. Nay, let them follow:

The Voices have much said; take these rates thither,

To graze their generals:—Worshipful multitudes,

Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.


Sir, Was ever man so proud as this Marcus?

Brut. He has no equal.

Sir. Where we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Brut. Mark’d you his lip, and eyes?

Sir. Nay, but his talents.

Brut. Being mov’d, he will not spare to gird

the gods.

Sir. Be-mock the nodest moon.

Brut. The punish’d was denouncing: he is grown

too proud to be so valiant.

Sir. Such a nature,

TICKLED with good success, discloses the shadow

Which it treads on at noon: But I do wonder,

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

Brut. True, at the which he aims,—

In whom already he is well grudg’d;—cannot

Better be held, but more attain’d, than by

A place below the first: for that mine instance

Shall be the general’s fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man; and public censure

Will then cry out of Marcus, O, if he

Had borne the business.

Sir. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcus, shall

Of his derelicts rob Cominius.

Brut. Come,

Half all Cominius’ honors are to Marcus,

Though Marcus earn’d them not; and all his faults

To Marcus shall be honours, though, indeed,

In sight he merit not.

Sir. Let’s hence, and hear,

How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,

More than in singularity, he goes

Upon his present action.

Brut. Let’s along: [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So your opinion is had, and known,

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 circumvallation! ’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 great a power, but it is not known

Whether for east, or west; the death is great;

The people mutinous: and it is renown’d.

Cominius, Marcus, your old enemy.

(Who as of Rome worst hated of them all),

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,

These three bear on this preparation.

Whether it be best: most likely, let for you:

Consider this.

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 vital, till when

They need must show themselves; which in

the halting,

It seem’d, appeared to Rome. By the discovery,

We shall be short’d in our aim; which was,

To take in many towns, er Thence, after Rome

Should know we were about.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius.
SCENE III.

ROME. An Apartment in Marcia's House.

Exit VOLUMNIA, and VIRGINIA; they sit down on two low stools, and weep.

Val. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freer rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embroilments 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 spangled all gave his way; when, for a day of kings' entertain, a mother should not tell 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 oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprung 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?

Val. 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 alke, and none lesse dear than thine and my good Marcia,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously snuff out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

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

Vir. "Beshrew you, give me leave to retire with me.

Val. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hallo your husband's drum; See him plaunt Audenius 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 mouth hard then wide, forth he went.
Coriolanus

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcus? (Shall, sir, doubtless.)

1. Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters: who, upon the sudden, Corpse'd to their gates; he is himself alone, To answer all the city.

2. Lart. O noble fellow! Who, sensitive, outdarest his senslessness, And, when it bows, stands up! Thon art left, Marcus! A carbuncle entire, so big as thou art, Were not so rich a jewel. Thon wast a soldier Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks, and The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcus bleeding, attended by the trump- ers. Look sir, Tis Marcus! Let's fetch him off, or make remain ailes. [They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V. Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spears.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And this.

3. Rom. A errant one! I took this for silver.[[Alarum continues still off.]]

Enter Marcus, and Titus Lartius, and a Trumpeter.

Mar. See here these mowers, that do prize their horns At a crack'd dracon; Cushions, laden spoons, Irons of a doz, doubts that hangmen would Dry with those that wore them, these base slaves.

Ere ye 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, And this, Piercing our Romans! Then, call hard times, take Convenient members to make good fortune. Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominians.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleedst; Thy exercise hath been too violent for a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not; My work hath yet not war'd me: Fare you well.

The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me; To Andros thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Miss guide thy opponents' swords? Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcus! 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 Cominians.

Enter Cominians and Forces, retreating.

Coxen. Breathe you, my friends; we are come off Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retreat: believe me, sirs, We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck, By intermissions, and conveying pasts, we have heard The charges of our friends;—The Roman gods,
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, and bring thy news so late? 

Men. 

Spies of the Voices, held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel three or four miles about; and thus I came. 

Hal, an hour since brought me this report. 

Enter Marches. 

Com. Who's yonder? 

That does appear as he were thy's? O gods! 

He has the stamp of Marcia; and I have before-time seen him thus. 

Marc. Come I too late? 

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a thorn, 

More than I know the sound of Marcus's tongue, from every manner man's. 

Marc. Come I too late? 

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, 

But manfully in your own. 

Marc. O! let me clip you in arms at sound, as when I would, in heart. 

As merry, as when our capital day was done, and hours hurried to bedward. 

Com. Flower of warriors, 

How is't with Titus Lartius? 

Marc. As with a man buried about decrees; 

Condemning some to death, and some to exile; 

Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other; 

Holding Coriolanus in the name of Rome, 

Even like a howling greyhound in the leash, 

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. He did inform the truth; 

But for our gentlemen, 

The common tie (A plague!—tribesmen for them!) 

The mouse ne'er shamed the cat, as they did the dog. 

From rascals worse than they. 

Com. But how prevail'd you? 

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

Where is the enemy? Are you lords of the field? 

Wave thee, [raising his hand] 

And follow Marcia. 

[They all cheer, and a banner up in their arms. 

O me, alone! Make you; if these should be not our men. 

But is four Voices? None able to bear against the 

A shield as hard as his. 

Though thanks to all, me the rest. 

Shall bear the business in 

As causal will be obey'd. 

And four shall quickly do. 

Which men are best inch. 

Com. 

Make good this ostentation 

Divide in all with us. 

SCENE VII. The Titus Lartius, having given up a drum and signal to Caesar Marius, our Portia of soldiers, and a 

Lett. So, let the ports of duties, 

As I have set them down. 

Those centuries to our arms. 

For a short holding, if we cannot keep the town. 

Lett. Hence, and shoo. 

Our guard, come to the 

SCENE 

A Field of Battle amongst the 

Enter Mar. 

Marc. I'll fight with no more. 

Worse than a promise-bait. 

Not Africa owns a serp. 

More than thy fame and 

Marc. Let the first shock.
CORIOLANUS.

X. The Roman Camp.
...The Roman Camp.

Fie! O a morsel of this feast, ed before.

Fie, with his Power, from the garrisons.

O general, we the capti0n:

...now no more: my mother, if to exalt her blood, praise me, grieves me. I have

...that's what I can; induc'd a; that's for my country: affected his good will,

...You shall not be despising; Rome must know own: 'twere a coincidence, nO, no less than a transference, negs; and to silence that, ice and top of prouces vouch'd, modest. Therefore, they beseech you are, not to reward now, before our army hear me, one wound upon my body, and they

...Should they not, feeter 'gainst ingratitude, rewithal death. Of all the horses so taken good, and good store, this field achieved; and city, city,

...Should I speak of future, opposite, at

...I thank you, general; if my heart consent to take my sword: I do refuse it; my comment part with those if the doing.

...They all cry, Marcus! I cast up their caps and lances: and Lavinus stand here, the same instruments, which you re: When drums and trumpets

...lattresses, let cornets and citres be a-fea'd nothings: When steel

...It's silk, let him be made the wars! No more, I say, not wear'd my nose that bled, able: wretch, which, without

...have done, you shott me forth hyperbolical; I may: and there might be distemped with lies.

...You modest are you; or good report, than gratitude

...To that you give truly: by your patience, If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you (Like one that means his proper harm) in

...Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marius: 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 Coriolanus, call him,

...With all the applause and clamours of the host.

...bear the addition nobly ever?

...[Flourish. Trompeets sound, and Dress.]

...All: Caius Marius Coriolanus. Cor. I will go wash:

...When my face is fair, you shall perceive Whether think, or not: How boil, I thank you: I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times, To underset your good addition, To the fairness of my power.

...So, we are do repose we, we write To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lavinus, Must to Coriolanus: read us to Rome.

...The best with whom we may articulate

...For their own good, and ours.

...Larg. Why, say Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I find now

...Reuel'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord general.

...Take it: 'tis yours.— What is it? Cor. I sometime lay, here in Coriolanus. A poor man's house: he said me kindly: He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;

...But then Antenatus was within my view, And wrath of revenge'd my pity: I request you To give my poor host freedom.

...O, well begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should

...Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Tires. Larg. Marcius, his name? Cor. By Jupiter, forgot.— I am weary; yea, my memory is short.— Have we no wine here? 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 Voices.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with some of these Soldiers.

Auf. The town is taken. I sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition? I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot, Being a Volsc, be that I am.— Condition.— What good condition can a treaty find? If the part that is in mercy? Five times, Marcius, I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me.

And would't would so, I think, should we encounter As often as we eat.— By the elements, If ever again I meet him heard to hear, He is mine, or I am his! Mine emulation Hath not that honour in it; it bold; for where I thought to crush him in an equal force (True sword to sword); I'll poach at him some way.

Or wrath, or craft, may get him. I sol. Auf. Bold, though not sudden! My valour's poison'd.

With only suffering stain by him; for him Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary, Being asked, sick: nor fame, nor Capitol. The prayers of priests, no time of sacrifice, Embarrassments all of fury, shall lift up Their rotten privilege and custom against My hate to Marcius: where I find him, where
Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bra. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcus.

Scr. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Scr. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry pibe-
betans would the noble Marcus.

Bra. He's a lamb indeed, that bays 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.

Bact Thud. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bra. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Scr. Especially, in pride.

Bra. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are esteemed here in the city; I mean of us o'the right hand side? Do you?

Bact Thud. Why, how are we esteemed?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — will you not be angry?

Bact Thud. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis a 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 Marcus for being proud.

Bra. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone: for in the time of Marcus, you and your successors would grow wonderless single; your abilities are too inimitable, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bra. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a grace of unassuming, proud, violent, lusty magistrates

Prose. Yet with the veneration of meumers; set up the last patience; and, in reading dismiss the controversy he tangled by your hearing; all in their cause, is calling but you are a pair of strange

Bra. Come, come, you to be a perfecter gibes for

cessary banker in the Cap.

Men. Our very priests if they shall encounter are

as you are. When you spe-
poxe, it is not worth the un

and your beardt deserve

gave, as to stuff a bocche

enlambed in an asp's pack

be saying, Marcus is pro

estimation, is worth all yon

Dedication; though perhaps

best of them were hired en

c on to your worship; - en

tion would infect my brain

of the beauty plebeians;

my leave of you.

[Bec. and Scr. retire.

Enter VOLUNTA, VENUS.

How now, my so fair as.

moon, were she earthly, n

you follow your eyes as

Fed. Honourable Venus

approaches; for the love of

Fed. Ay, worthy Venus

prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jewi.

—Hoo! Marcus coming!

The Lover. Me, sir?

Fed. Let's, here's a hand

back another, his wife as

they're one at home for ye

Men. I will make my ven-
a letter for you

Fed. You, certainly, there

Men. A letter for me? of seven years health, I

Ellen Smith, 291, E. W. 128.
CORIOLANUS.

We have some old crabtrees here at home, that will not
Be grated to your relish. Yet welcome, war-
riors:
We call a mattock, but a mattock; and
The faults of gools, but holy.

Cor. Morning, ever, every. Ever right.

Cres. 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 patriarchs must be visited;
From whom I have received aid only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vid. 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.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Cres. On to the Capitol.
[Flourish. Coriolanus. Exeunt to wait as before. The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
lights
Are spectated to see him: Your prattling merr
Into a rapture lets her babby cry;
While she cates him: the kitchen maidskin pins
Her richest teckram about her very neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stools, bulks, windows,
Are another'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hom'd
With variable complacencies; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: subdued flanneus
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; on void'd dance
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawdled cheeks, to the wanting spoil
Of Phalaris' burning kisses; such a panderer,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him grateful posture.

Sec. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sec. He cannot temperament transport his ho-

nours
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Loss those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sec. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new ho-

nours,
Which that he'll give them, make as little ques-

tion
As he is good to do.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would be
Appear'd the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vertue of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their sticking breaths.

Sec. His right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would shame it, rather
Than carry, bashly these of the gouty to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sec. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.
Sec. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A mere destruction.

Sec. So must it fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred

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Enter a Messenger.

Mrs. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought, that Marcus shall be consul: I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and the blind To hear him speak: The natrons flung their gloves, Ladiess and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs, Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended, As to Juno's stater; and the commons made A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Mrs. Let's to the Capitol; And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, But hearts for the event. Have with you. 

SCENE II. The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to say Consul.

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 flatter'd the people, who've or loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that if they love them they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see.
1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferentl'y twist 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 fairly discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to molest them for their love.

1 Sen. Speak Leave nothing out for breath, Rather our state's defective Then we to stretch't it out. If We do request your kindness Your loving motion toward To yield what passes here. 

Sic. Upon a pleasing treaty; as Inclined to honour and to The theme of our assembly 

Mrs. We shall be bless'd to do, A kinder value of the people He hath hereto prefix'd them 

Men. I would you rather had been To hear Cominius speak! 

Mrs. But yet my caution was in Then the rebuke you give! 

Men. He But tic him not to be their Worthy Cominius, speak place. [Com. rises.

1 Sen. Sitt Corioliannes: What you have nobly done 

Car. Yes I had rather have my wounds Than hear say how I got them. 

1 Sen. My words dishonour'd you: Car. When blows have made a man words. You sooth'd not, therefore I love them as they weigh. 

Men. Cor. I had rather have it 'tis the man, When the alarms were stir To hear my nothings mean. 

1 Sen. Your multiplying spoils is That's the same to one at a time now. 

Car. He had rather venture all his One of his own men to him.
Coriolanus.

1 Sic. May they perceive his intent? He will require them.
As if he did content what he requested
Should be in them to give.

2 Men. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us.

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
feuds, 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. Ingratulate is monstrous:
and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to
make a monster of the multitude: of which,
we being members, should not dare to be
monstrous members.

4 Cit. And to make us no better thought of,
our voices will serve; for once we stood up
about the corn, be himself stuck not to call us
the many-headed multitude.
5 Cit. We have been called so many; and
that our heads are some brown, some black, some
auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so dis-
versely coloured; and truly I think, if all our
wits were to issue out of one scull, they would
fly east, west, north, south; and their consent
of one direct way should beat once to all points
o'clock.
6 Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you
judge, my wit would fly?
7 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as
another man's will; 'tis strongly wrought up in
a blackhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould
sure, southward.
8 Cit. Why that way?
9 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 there a wife.
10 Cit. You are never without your tricks:
You may, you may.
11 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 alo-
gether, but to come by him where he stands, by
ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make
his requests by particular: 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.

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

Cit. What must I say?
I pray, sir,—Plague upon it! 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 roared, and ran
From the noise of our own din.

Men. O me, the gods! You must not speak of that:
you must begiven
To think upon you.

Cit. Think upon me? Hagh! o' me!
I would they would forget me, like the victims,
Which our divines lose by them.
1 Cor. How not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

1 Cor. I was never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cor. You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the con-
subration?

1 Cor. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me have it: I have wounds to show
you,

Which shall be yours in private.—Your good
voice, sir;

What say you?

2 Cor. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A mark of, sir —

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd;

1 Cor. But this is something odd.

2 Cor. An 'twere to give again.—But 'tis no
matter.

[Enter two Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. *Pray you now, if it may stand with the
voice of your voices, that I may be consul, I
have here the customary gown.

3 Cor. You have deserved nobly of your coun-
try, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma!

3 Cor. You have been a scourge to her ene-

mies, you have been a rod to her friends; you
have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtu-
cous, 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 con-
dition they account grateful; and since the wis-
dom of their choice is rather to have my hat
than my heart, I will practice the insinuating
and, be off to them most counterfeitiy: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment
of some popular man, and give it bootlessly to the dealers. Therefore, beseech you, I may
be consul.

4 Cor. We hope to find you our friend; and
therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cor. You have received many wounds for

people:

Adj. Amen, Amen—

God save thee, noble cort.

Recruit MENEUS, sée.

Men. You have stood
the tribunes.

Endure you with the pro-
That, is the official man
Amen do meet the senate.

Cor. Sir. The custom of
charg'd;

The people do admit ye
To meet anu, upon you.

Cor. Where is the seat
at the s

Cor. May I change the
Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight
self again,

Repair to the senate-his
Men. I'll keep you con

Bren. We stay here for
Sir.

[Enter
He has it now; and by
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bren. With
His humble weeds; Will

Recruit.

Sir. How now, my m
this man?

1 Cor. He has our vo
Bren. We pray the god
loves.

2 Cor. Amen, sir: To

He mock'd us, when he

3 Cor. He fomented us downright,

1 Cor. No, 'tis his kind
mock us.

2 Cor. Not one among

He used us wondrously; he
His marks of merit, w
CORIOLANUS.

605

That Aeneas 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 Consuerns darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Stc.

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,
Seating his present bearing with his past,
That he is your fixed enemy, and invoke
Your sudden approbation.

Brut. You say, you ne'er had done
(Heep on that still), but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cor. We will so: almost all [Spared speech,
Repet in their election...]
[Execution Citizens.

Bun. Let them go on;

This mutiny were better put in hazard,
That stay, post doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Cor. To the Capitol;
Come; we'll be there before the stream of the people
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have golded onward. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same. A Street.

Coriol. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
Titus Larticius, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Titus Larticius, then had not wisdom head? Lart.
He had, my lord; and that it was, which cannot
Our awite composition.

Cor. So then the Volscs stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

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

Cor. Saw you Andinius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volscs, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town; he is retired 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 restitutions, so be might
Be called your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium, Cor.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hated fally.—Welcome home.

[To Larticius.

Enter Seniors and Senators.

Beloved! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues of the common mouth. I do despise
For they do pranks in authority,
Against all noble succurrance.

Sir. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that? Sen. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?

Cam. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the

Com. ministers?

Bru. Corinna, no.

Cor. Have I heard children's voices? Give way; he shall to the marketplace.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sir. Or will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your heralds? Must these have voices, that can yield them now, And straight denounce their tongues?—What are your offices?

You should speak laws; why rule you not their Have you not set them on?—[Teeth]

Bru. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a perjured thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility—

Bru. Calm it not a plot: The people cry, you must dethrone them: and, of late,

Cam. When corn was given them gratis, you repro'd them; Chastised the suppliants for the people; called them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Cam. Have you informed them since? Not to them all.

Bru. Have you informed them since? Not to them.

Cor. You are like to do such business. Not unlike, Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consulted? By your

Sir. Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

Cam. The people are absurd:—Set on:—This is mutiny.

Cor. Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus deserved this so disdaining rub, laid falsely 1st the plain way of his act. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak again. Men. Not now, not now.

Cor. Men. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My noble friends, I crave your pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-acquainted many, let them Regard me as I do not flatter, and Therein behold themselves:—I say again. In sooth ing them, we nourish against our senate The cockle of rebellion, insurrection, sedition, Which we ourselves have ploog'd for, sowed

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number; Who had not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more, I see. No more words, we beseech you, no, nor more, but that How, no more!

Cor. How, no more!

Men. In my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall I laugh Coin words till their decay, against those means Which we disdain should forget us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Cor. You speak o' the people, As if you were a god to punish, not A man of their infancy.

Sir. We let the people know.'
CARIOLUS. 607

The people's magistrates.

Oth. You 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.

Sec. This deservest death.

Brv. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part of the people, in whose power
We were elected therewith; Marcus is worthy
Of present death.

Sec. Therefore lay hold of him;

Brv. Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Brv. Edicles, seize him.

Cor. Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Sec. Seize you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Edi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that ye seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently resist.

Cor. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent deeds, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Men. No; 'tis here.

Cor. [Drawing his Sword.]

There's some among you who have beheld me fight
in the field;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
Men. Down with that sword:—Tribunes, withdraw
away.

Brv. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcus! help,
You that be noble: help him, young and old!
Cor. Down with him, down with him!

[In this Morning, the Tribunes, the Edicles,
and the People, are all beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
All will be taught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast.

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to the test?

Cor. The gods forbid! I pray thee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this case.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself; Begoine, henceforth you
Cor. Come, sir, along with me.

Cor. I would they were barbarians as they are, Though in Rome lettered, not Romans as they are not,
Though call'd 't the porch of the Capitol.—

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will cure another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; you, the two tribunes.

Cor. But now 'tis added beyond arithmetic; And mankind is call'd foolery, when it stands Against a falling fabric. Will you hence, Before the tag return whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters, and a' bear What they are used to bear.

Men. 'Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old will be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Cor. Nay, come away.  

[Exit Cons. Vox, and Others.
CORIOLANUS.

1 Pat. This man has merited his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world; he would not bathe Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's in his mouth:
What his breast forgives, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He had the name of death. [A man siden. Here's goodly work!]
2 Pat. I would they were shed! Men. I would they were in Tyberv—What, the
vengcence,
Could be not speak them fair?
Ex-enter BACCHUS and SEXTUS, with the Rabble.
Bac. Where is this viper, that would depropogate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Sext. You worthy tribunes—
Bac. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock.
With vigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scour him further still
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
Sext. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Bac. He shall, sure on.' [Sneer spoke together]
Men. Sir—
Sext. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but have it.
With modest warrant.
Sext. Sir, how comes it that you have help to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak—
Sext. As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults—
Bac. He a consul?
Sext. 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 premptory, to despatch
This vicious 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 from our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enrolled
In Jove's own book, like an annual dam; Should now cut up her own.
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.
Bac. Merely away: when he did love his country,
It honourn'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
But before it was.
Bac. We'll bear no more:
Purse him to his home, and pluck him thence;
Let his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread farther.
Men. One word more, one word.

This signified rap, when that
The harm of some one's death;
The loss of some one's life,
The measure of his
Lost partie (as he is bounty he)
And such great losses with such
Sic. What do ye talk?
Bac. Have we not had a taste of blood?
Our Allies alone! enemies!
Men. Consider that;—He has his war
Since he could draw a sword, and
In booted language; vassal and
He throws without distinction.
I'll go to him, and undertake it
Where he shall answer, by blood
To his utmost pull.
1 Sen. In
It is the humane way: the other
Will prove too bloody; and the
Unknown to the beginning.
Bac. Be you then as the people's elders:
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Sext. Meet on the market-place, you there:
Where, if you bring not Marsus
In our first way,
Men. I'll bring his
Let me desire your company. W
He must
Or what is worst will follow.
1 Sen. Pray ye

SCENE II. A Room in Cori.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and F
Cor. Let them pull all about
Death on the wheel, or at wild
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeii
That the precipitation might be
Below the beam of sight, yet
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLERNUS.

1 Pat. You do the
Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further,
To call them woollen vassals,
To buy and sell with graces;
To in congregations, to yawn, be
When one bet of my ordinance
To speak of peace, or war. I
Why did you wish me milder?
False to my nature! Rather as
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put you
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. You might have been
you are,
With strivings less to be so:
Le
The thwartin's of your dispos'd
You had not show'd them how;
Ere they lack'd power to cross
Cor. Vol. Ay, and braw too.

Enter MENENCIUS, and S
Men. Come, come, you have
something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.
1 Sen. The
The Unex, by not so doing, our
crave in the midst, and peril

CORIOLANUS

Pray be counsel'd: Be not so jurt, leads my use of anger.

Well said, noble woman: stoop to the herd, but that time overrules it as physic would put mine armour on, or hear.

To return to the tribune. Well, I sent what you have spoken: coming to do it to the gods; hence?

You are too absolute: can you be too noble, my noble friends, and of them by th' other lose, and the rain.

Tush, tush! A good demand. is in your wars, to seem (which, for your best ends, y) how is it losses or worse, upon the senate in peace or since that to both,

Why force you this? now it lies on you to speak by your own instruction, which your heart prompts

that are left roved in but bastards, and syllables our bosom's truth.

shames you at all, with gentle words, to you to your fortune, and blood.

thy nature, where friends, at stake, require, and; I am in this, how these senators, the nobles; now our general lows they send a fawn upon their loves, and safeguard right rain.

Noble lady!— ask fair, you may advise so, a present, but the less

Prythee now, my son, banquet in thy hand; stretch'd it (here be with tones (for in such business of the eyes of the ignorant ears), waving thy head, casting thy heart, light mirth, handling: Or, say to them, and being bred in brands, which, then dost confers, as, or they to claim, ever; but those wit frame Rather theirs, so far

In this but done, why, their hearts were being ask'd, as free.

Prythee now, tough, I know, thou hast

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,

Than flatter him in a bow'ry. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been at the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit

You might have a strong party, or defend yourself

By calamity, or by absence; all's in anger.

Mon. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his spirit.

Fad. He must, and will.

Prythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my usher's discourse? Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart A lie, that it must hear? Well, I will do't: Yet were the other but this single plot to lose. This monst of Marcus, they to dust should grind it... place—And throw it against the wind. — To the market. You have put me new to seek a part, which never I shall discharge to the life.

Come. Come, come, we'll prompt you. Fad. I prythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so.

To have my praise for this, performs a part Than hast not done before.

Cor. Away, my disposition, and possess me. Some harlot's spirit! My threat of war be tem'd, Which quailed with my drum, into a pipe Small as an earthen, or the virgin voice That tastes all sweet! The smiles of knives That stuck in their cheeks; and schoolboy's tears take up The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue Make motion through my lips; and my arm's knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his That hath receiv'd an arm's— I will not do't: Let I secure my own true paths, and, and by my belly's action, teach my mind A most inherent baseness.

Fad. At thy choice then: To heg of thee, it is my more dishonour, Than then of them. Come all to rain; let Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list. Thy valiantess was mine; then stuck it from me:

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content; Mother, I am going to the market-place;

Chide me no more. I'll unumbuck their loves, Cog their hearts from them, and come home before.

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going: Commend me to my wife. I'll return anon; Or never trust to what my tongue can do I the way of flattery, further.

Fad. Do your will. [Exit. A way, the tribune do attend you, and yourself. To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd With accusations, as I hear, more strong Than are upon you yet.

Cor. Thou art, is, mildly— Pray, let us go! Let them accuse me by invention, I will answer in mine honour.

Mon. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The same. The Forum. Enter SIMONUS and BIBULLUS. Bib. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannical power: If he evade us there, Enforce him with his envy to the people;
He every man himself?  You worthy tribune.—
Men. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock.
With rigorous hand; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
I Cor. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cæs. He shall, sure on't.
[Several speak together.
Men. Sir,—
I Cor. Peace.
Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should
With modest warrant.
I Cor. Sir, how comes it that you
Have beth to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthlessness,
So can I name his fault:—
I Cor. Consult!—What consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
I Cor. He a consul!
I Cor. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'll crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
I Cor. Speak briefly then:
For we are peremptory, to dispatch.
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger: and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies tonight.
Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enrol'd
In Tovey's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now cut up her own!
I Cor. 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.
CORIOLANUS.

Pray be counsel'd; I take my oath of you:
I lead my men by my anger,

Well said, noble woman! sit up to the head, but that
time ever as it is physic, I was not to you;
I would put mine armour on, I bear:

Do? Return to the tribunes. We

'What is that you have spoke? I cannot do it to the gods; then throw:
I am too absolute; can never be too noble; is speech. I have heard it
like unsewed friends, together; thank God, and

of them by th' other rope, not there:

Tush, tush! A good demand.

ar, in your ears, to seem (which, for your best ends, y), how is it worse, we observe more
for you in peace as peace

War; since that to both:

Why force you this? now give your ears to speak by your own instruction,
which your heart prompts

that are but ratted in
but hastards, and syllables
sea's truth; honours you at all,
are with gentle words, to you to your fortune, and

for your nature, where friends, at stake, require, son,
I am in this, these senators, the nobles; show our general bows
then spend a fawn upon
their love, and safeguard
right sure. Noble lady! -

rake fair; you may savour so, as present, but the loss

'Yet this now, my son, a sonnet in thy hand;
stretch'd in (here be with
stones (for in such business (all the eyes of the ignorant
ears), waving the head, how is the most heat:
ripen mulberry;

beating; Or, say to them, and being beat in broils,
which, then dost confess, w, as they to claim,
these; but thou wilt frame
after thee, so far

This but done, why, their hearts were

as, being ask'd, as free

Ps. Yet this now, though, I know, thou hast

Follow thine enemy in a tyrify gul

Then flatter him in a bowler. Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and,
sir, 'tis fit

You make a party, or defend yourself
By custom, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his spirit.

Pet. He must, and will!

Pet. Yet this now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbowed'scourage?

Com. With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that may keep her? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This would of Marcus, they to dust should
And through it against the wind.—To the market.

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the:

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you now.

Ps. I pray thee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Then hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't: Away,

my disposition, and possess me:

Some hard-soule'd spirit! My throat of war be
Which quiled with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an unsew, or the virgin voice
That babies full safely; The smiles of knowne
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glass of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm's

Who bow'd but in my strapp, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I succour to honour mine own trust,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseless.

At thy choice then:

Pet. To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather flay thy gait, less than
Thy dangerous stameness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as theirs. Do as thou wilt.

The valiantest was mine, then such did it from me
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content; Mother, I am going to the market-place:
Chide me no more; I'll mount bank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home before.

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;

Command me to my wife. I'll return comel; Or never trust to what my tongue can do.

I' the way of flattery, further.

Pet. 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 at this time.

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. mildly be it then; —mildly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. - The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. In this point charge him home, that he

Enforce him with his envy to the people;
CORIOLANUS.

And that the spell, not on the Aventine,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Edile.

What, will be come?

Ed. He's coming.

Rat. How accompanied?

Ed. With old Memmius, and those senators
That always favoured him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Ed. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Ed. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people: and
And very early, too, my say, It shall be as
'Tis right and sufficient to the cause, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment; then let them,
If I say, die, cry die; if death, cry death;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power, 'tis the truth of the cause
I shall inform them.

Brus. And when such time they have begun
to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confound
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Ed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
bliss,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Brus. Go about it.—

Enter Edile.

[Exit Edile.

Put him into choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once shaft; he cannot
Be riv'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that's there, which
looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINUS,
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 knife by the volume.—The ho-
nor'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among
us
Through our large temples with the shows of
peace,
And not our streets with war!

Sic. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ed. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Hoth Yt. Well, say,—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Most 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.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds this body bears, which show
Like graves 'tis the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers, scars to move laughter only.

Sic. 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 in human words
Rather than your eyes.

Cor. Well, only.

Sic. What is the matter.

That being past, we shall have with us
I am so dissuaded, that the way
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer you.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I know it.

Sic. We charge you, that you put to take
From Rome all saison'd alleys, and
Yourself into a power tyrannical:
For which, you are a traitor to the

Bar. I charge you.

Men. Nay; temporarily

Sic. The ho- nor'd gods

Cor. Call me their traitor!—Thus said
Within three eyes are twenty times
In thy hands charmed' as many of
Thy lying tongue by both actions,
These lines, that meet with this sub
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you.

Cor. To the rock; to the wall

Sic. We need not put new matter
What you have seen him do, a

Brus. Beating your officers, cursing ye
Opposing laws with straights, and
Subverting laws to commit

Cor. Serv'd well for Rome.

Cor. What do you p

Brus. I talk of that known

Sic. The promise that you made

Cor. I pray you,—

Cor. I'll now no

Sic. Let him pronounce the steep
Vagabond exile, saying:—

Bar. But with a grain a day, I saw
That that do distribute it; in the a
And in the power of the a
Even from this instant, bank

Cor. In peril of precipitation

Brus. Enter our Rome gates: l

Sic. It shall be so, it shall be

Cor. He's banish'd, and it shall be

Cor. Hear me, my masters

Men. I have been consul, and can
Her enemies' marks upon me
My country's good, with a re
More holy, and profound; in
My dear wife's estimate, her

Sic. We know your d

Bar. There's no more to

Sic. As enemy to the people, an

Sic. Shall be so.
CORIOLANUS. 611

Il be so, it shall be so. O of care! whose breath of tens, whose love I prize, as unarmed men sir, I banish you; for your uncertainty! our shame you so well; till at length, as you find not till it feels, on all believers, as most one nation, it blows! Despairing, as I turn my back: where are my enemies, my enemies, and my Patriarchs. money is gone, is gone! I found he is gone! Howe out, and throw up the Capitol gates, and follow him, on, with all despite: here is no city. Let a guard ever see him out at gate; for noble tribunes!—Come. [Exit.

IV.

Before a Gate of the City.

Sicinius, Virginia, Menenius, and Patricians. Your tears: a brief respite is the way. Nay, mother, in courage you were not as the tiver of spirits; a common man could bear you calm, all boats alike a floating; fortune's frowns, I, being gentle wounded, I was were nought to load me would make invincible to them. Heavens! say, I pray thee, woman, peculiarity strike all tradesmen! What, what! I am lack'd. Nay, mother, then you were not to say, wife of Hercules, you'd have done, and say'd children, Farewell, me my old and true Menenius, may young man's, wise eyes. My sometime, and then hast oft beheld at thea! tell these sad woes, and as a stroke, em. Mother, you were you so sole; and (though I go alone good, that his face is'd of more than seen),

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught With cautious baits and practice. [Exit.

Vol. My first son, Wilt thou then go? Take good Companions With thee a while: Determine on some course, More than a man's expatute to each chance That starts; in the way before thee. Cor. No further. O the gods! Sic. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us. And we of thee: so, if the time thrust for a cause for thy repley, we shall not send Over the vast world, to seek a single man; And lose advantage, which doth ever cool the absence of the needer. Cor. Fare ye well; Than hast years upon thee; and then art too full Of the wars' straits, to go over the sea. That's yet unbourn'd: bring me but out at gate. Cor. Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and my friends of noble touch, while 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 an 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'll with thee every foot. Cor. Give me thy hand;—Come. [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no more of the wars' straits, to go over the sea. The nobility we ex'd, who, we see, have sided In his behalf. Bruc. Now we have shown our power, let us seem humbler after it is done, Than when it was a doing. Sic. Bid them home; Say, their great enemy is gone, and they Stand in their ancient strength. Bruc. Dismiss them home. [Exit Edile.

Br. Pray, let us go.

Fol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Are 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.
Brn. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Fol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curse! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclaw my heart:
Of what lies heavy to 't.

M. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Fol. Augur's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint pulling, and lament as I do.
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Eye, eye, eye.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.
A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Voice, off.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Fol. 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?

Fol. None at all, sir.

Rom. The same, sir.

Fol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appayed by your tongue.

Rom. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Vatican state, to find you out there: you have well sav'd me a day's journey.

Fol. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Rom. 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 and am the man, I think present action. So, sir, most glad of your come. Fol. You take my in the most cause to be gone. Rom. Well, let us go.

SCENE IV. Antium.

Enter Coriolanus, se and 
Cor. A goodly city is 'Tis I that made thy is of these fair edifices? Have I heard grown a not; lest that thy wives w stones.

Fol. In pay battle slay me
Cor. And you.

Fol. Where great Andrus Cor. He is, and fear.

Cor. At his house this night
Fol. Which is 
Cor. This, here, but

O, world, thy slipper
O, world, thy slipper
Sworn, whose double bosom
Whose double bosom, whose
Are still together, who's
On a dissertation of a
To bitterness company.
Whose passionate and
their sleep.
To take the one the other's
Some trick not worth
And interjoin their is.
My birth-place hate! this enemy to,
He does fair justice.
I'll do my country ser.
CORIOLANUS

613

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Wooed 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, at all the gain of the world
I would have avoided thee: but in mere spite,
To shew my worth, my shame, my misery,
I stand before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Things that are particular wrongs, and stop these
mains
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful service may prove
As benefits to thee: for I will fight
Against my enemy's country with the spicew
Of all the sufferings. Behold, if so be thou
Dost not this, and that to prove more
conquests
Thou art thine, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most wearily, and present
Thy want to thee, and thy poor dame: Which not to eat, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever followed thee with hate.
Drawn from blood of out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unites
It be to thy service.
A UF. O, Marcus, Maelos.
Each word then hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from you cloud speak divine things, and

tell,
'Tis true,' I'll not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcus. O, I live in friendship,
Mine arms about that body, where against
My wristed arm an hundred times hath brooked;
And scarce the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The scabbard of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in adventures strength I did,
Contest against thy vantage. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more doth move my rapt heart,
Than when I first my weldred mistress saw
Beatrice my threshold. Why, thou Marcus! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to heave the target from thy brow;
Or lose mine arm for't: Then hast bent me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters: twice twixt usself, and me.
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unsuckling hence, freezing each other's throat.
And walk'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcus,
To be full quit of those my banishes,
That had no other quarter else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy: and our war
Into the hovels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood over-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hand;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
That I prepared against our territories,
Though not for Rome itself. Come,
Y ou bless me, gods! At.
Therefore, most noble sir, if it shall
have
The blessing of thine own revenge, take
The one half of my commotion; and set down,
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy strength and weakness in thine own
ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rather let them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in;
Let me commend thee first to the vacant
seat.
Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

1 Serv. I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wit one.

2 Serv. Who is 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 excelled.

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.

2 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 went to th'wack our general—Caesar Marcus.

1 Serv. Why do you say, th'wack our general?

3 Serv. I do not say, th'wack our general; but 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 Coriolanus, he threatened him as he was hanged like a carbuncle.

2 Serv. An he had been candidly given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news!

3 Serv. Why, he is so made an here within,
as if he were one and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bare before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sometimes himself with his hand, and turns up the white of his eye to his discourse. Bet the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and we have half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the treaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sole the porter of Rome gates by the case: He will

one another. The worst
to see Romans so up
rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

SCENE VI. Roman Senators.

Sat. We hear not of his
him:

His remedies are tame if
And quietness o'the peace
Were in wild hurry. Her
Blush, that the world see
Though they themselves
Discussions numbers per
Our tradesmen singing in
About their functions on

Enter M.

Dra. We stood not
Menetius?

Sat. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O
Of late.—Hail, still

M. Ha.

Sat. Your Coriolanus,
But with his friends: it
And so would do, were
Men. All's well; and
better,
If he could have temper:

Sat. Hear nothing from him

Enter Three or
Ct. The gods preserve

Sat. Good even to you
1 Ct. Ourselves, our

Ct. Are bound to pray for

Sat. Farewell, kind

Ct. Coriolanus

Sat. Had I our
as we all

Ct. In

Back. Farewell.
CORIOLANUS

Enter Enobarbus. 

Worthy tribunes, whom we have put in prison, 

place with two several powers 

on Roman territories; 

repeal malice of the war 

before them. 

'Tis Andullus, 

our Marcus' banishment, 

horns again into the world: 

clear, when Marcus stood for 

our peep out. 

Come, what talk you 

at Romans?—It can 

break with us. 

Canst he? 

that very well it can; 

side of the like have been. 

But reason with the fellow, 

him, where he heard this: 

chance to whip your informer. 

Wrong who bids beware 

dreaded. 

Tell me: not be. 

Not possible. 

ter a Messenger. 

ites, in great earnestness, are 

house: some news is come, 

countenances. 

'Tis this slave; 

the people's eyes;—his report! 

Yes, worthy sir, 

it is seconded; and more, 

ever'd. 

What more fearful! 

freely out of many mouths 

do not know, that Marcus, 

Andullus, ragus 

ries; and have already, 

was, consum'd with fire, and 


Now the Comedians. 

have made good work! 

What news? what news! 

help to ravish your own 

leads upon your gates; 

dishonour'd to your noses;— 

no news! what's the news? 

ites burned in their cel flea; 

whereon you stood, confin'd 

core. 

Pray now, your news!— 

work, I fear me:—Pray, 

join'd with Volscians,—

Com. 

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, 

Boys pursuing summer butterflies, 

Or butchers killing fies. 

Men. 

You have made good work, 

you and your appoint men; you that stood so 

Upon the voice of occupation, and 

The breath of garlic-enters. 

Com. 

He will shake 

Your Rome about your ears. 

As Hercules 

Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made 

fair work? 

Bnt. But is this true, sir? 

Com. 

Ay; and you'll look pale 

Before you find it other. All the regions 

Do smilingly revolt, and, who resists, 

Are only mock'd for vainful ignorance, 

And perish constant fools. Who isn't can blame 

him? 

Your enemies, and him, had something in him. 

Men. 

We are all undone, my lord. 

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 shepherd: 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 should 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, 7' should come, you see:—You have made fair 

hands, 

Your, and your crafts: you have crafted fair? 

Com. 

You have brought 

A tempest upon Rome, such as was never 

So incapable of help. 

Triv. 

Say not, we brought it. 

Men. 

How! Was it so? We fo'th'd him; but 

like beasts, 

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters, 

Who did hot him out of the city: 

Com. 

But, I fear 

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Andullus. 

The second name of men, obeys his points 

as if he were his officer—Desperation 

Is all the policy, strength, and defence, 

That Rome can make against them. 

Enter a Troop of Citizens. 

Men. 

Here come the clusters:—

And is Andullus with him?—You are they 

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast 

Your stinking, grayish eggs, in shooting at 

Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming; 

And not a hair upon a soldier's head, 

Which will not prove a whip: as many coax 

combs, 

As you three caps up will be 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. 'Tis faith, we hear fearful news. 

1 Cit. For my 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!—Shall we to the 

Capitol?
CORNELIANUS.

Cas. O, ay; what else?

Sir. Go, master, get you home, he be not dis-

May'd:

These are a side, that would be glad to have

This tree, which they so seem to fear.

Go home, and show no sign of fear.

Cas. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's go home. I ever said, we were the wrongs when we banished him.

Sir. No, we did.

Cas. So did we all. But come, let's go home.

Pray, let us.

SCENE VII.

A Camp: at a small distance from Rome.

Enter a Young Roman, and his Lieutenant.

Lyt. Do they still fly to the Roman Lord? No, they do not know what witchcraft's in him: but your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meet, that he has not been out of the tent, and their thanks at end, and you are darkness in this action, sir, ever by your own. I cannot help it now; unless by using means, I pam the foot of our design. He bears himself more provident even to my person, than I thought he would. When first I did embrace him, yet his nature in that's no changelijg; and I must excuse what cannot be amended. Lord. Yet I wish, sir, (I mean for your particular), you had not join'd in commision with him; but either had borne the action of yourself, or else to him had lent it solely.

Cas. Do not look out well; and thine own, when he shall come to his account, he knows not what he can stage against him. Although it seems, and so it is, and so it seems, and so it is apparent, to the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, and so good-humouredly for the Volscani 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, whence'er we come to our account.

Cas. Alas, beaseech you, think you he'll carry Rome!

Lyt. All places yield to him ere he sits down; and no one sits down 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, 'll be to Rome, as is the apsrey 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't was pride, which out of daily fortune ever taunts the happy man; whether defect of judgment, to fall 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 command-
ing peace. Even with the same austerity and garb as he covin'd'd the war: but, one of these (as he hath spices of them all, not all, for I dare so far free him), made him fear'd, so hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit, to choke it in the utterance. So our virtues lie in the interpretation of the time: And God's unto itself most commendable, hath not a tomb so evident as a hair to exalt what it hath done.

CORNELIANUS.

One eye drives out two eyes blind:
Rights by rights follow, straightforward still.
Come let's away. Whom, O Otho, see:
These are powers of all the Claudian line.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. A Palace.

Enter a Young Roman, a Commoner, a serv.

Men. No, I'll not go: you have said,

Which was sometime his property, in a most dearest part of... But what o' time? Go, you tell the

Cas. A mile before his tent fell down. The way into his house was

To hear Contaminus speak, I'll come. Cas. He would not seem to be in

Men. Yet one time he did differ, and I urg'd him exceedingly. That we have bled together. Cas. He would not answer it: I beg you. He was a man of utmost trouble. Till he had forg'd himself a name Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so? for you have such a pair of tribunes that have stood To make coals cheap: A noble

Cas. I disliked his manner: When it was less expected: he set It was a bare petition of a state. To one whom they had punished.

Men. Could be say less?

Cas. I offer'd to awake him For his private friends: His name He could not say to pick them! Of soi'mose, musty chief: He set For one poor grain or two, to be In and still to sose the offence. For.

Or two! I am one of those; his Child, and this brave fellow Grain: You are the money chief: and you Above the moon: We must be Cas. Sir, pray, be patient: If the

In this so never-hedged help, ye Upbrath us with our distress. If would be your country's peace tongue. More than the instant army we Might stop our countrymen.


Well, and return me, as Contaminus is return Unheard; what then? But as a discontented friend, if With his unkindness? Say's he Sir. Yet must have thanks from that, since 8 measure As you intended well.

Men. I'll say I think, he'll hear me. Yet to And burn at good Contaminus, so He was not taken well: he had The veins unfurl'd, our blood is: We post o'er the morning, are To give or to forgive: but when These those times and these conveyan
one and feeding, we have supply souls
your priest-like face; therefore I'll watch
be elected to my request; [him
you'll set upon him.
You know the very road into his kind-
ment lose your way.
Good faith, I'll prove him, know it will. I shall ere long have know-

[Exit.]

He'll never hear him.
Nay, not so.
I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
was born Rome; and his injury
his pity. I knew'd before him; he
family be saith, Rome; distant'st me
in his speechless hand; What he would
in writing after me; what he would not,
with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
all hope to vain,
'pon the head of my wife's;
I hear, mean to solicit her
of the country. Therefore, let's hence,
so my fair captives haste them on.

[Enter.]

SCENE II.

Ameran Past of the Vatican Camp before
Come, The Guard of their Stations.

Enter to them, Menenius.

Stay, whence are you?

Stand, and go back.
You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by
officer of state, and come.

[With Coriolanus.]

From whence?
[From Rome.]
You may not pass, you must return:
ageneral
more loose from thence.
You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
w, before
by the Coriolenians.

Good my friends, have heard your general talk of Rome, his friends there, it is lots to blanks, what touch'd your cars: it is Menenius, it is so: go back, the virtue of your name
are possible.

I tell thee, fellow,

is my lover: I have been a
of his good acts, when men have read
be committed, happily, magnified; I've ever verified my friends
is he's chief: I'll tell it be the size that verity without lapsing suffer: say, sometimes, a
bowl upon a single ground, gathered past the tree; and in his praise
amongst, stamp'd the leading; Therefore, love,

have leave to pass.
Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies
and his uttering words in your
should not pass here: no, though it
virtues to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore,

Prythee, fellow, remember my name
always factious on the party of
Noblesse: you have been his liar (as
you have), I am one that, telling true
must say, you cannot pass. There-

Has he dined, canst thou tell for
I speak with him till after dinner.
You are a Roman, are you?
I am thy general.

Then you shall hate Rome as he does,
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 revenge with the
groans of old women, the virginal palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of
such a decayed clan as you seem to be. Do you
think to blow out the intrenched fire your
city is ready to kindle in, with such weak
breath as this? No, you are decoy'd; therefore,
back to Rome, and prepare for your execution:
you are condemned, our general has sworn you
out of reprimand and pardon.

Methinks, if the captain knew I were here,
he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

I G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say,
You lost your half pint of blood:
—back,—that's the might of your having—
back.

Mrs. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus and Aemilus.

Cur. What's the matter?

Mne. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand
for you; you shall know now that I am in esti-
mation: you shall perceive that a jack guardant
cannot suffice me from my son Coriolanus; guess,
but by my entertainment with him, if thou
stand'dst not the state of hanging, or of some
death more long in spectators; being crueler
in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon
for what to come anon. — The glorious gods
sit in hourly synod about thy particular pros-
perity, and love thee more than thy old
father Menenius does! O, my son! my son;
then art preparing fire for us; look thee here's
where he wants for the quench it. I vow I
would stood to come to thee; but being assured, none but my
self could move thee, I have been blown out
of thy gates with sighs, and conjure thee to
pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen.
The great gods assemble, and some miracle of it upon this evertile; this, who, like a
block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cur. Away!

Mne. How! away!

[flour.

How, my life, mother, child, I know no My
Are serenaded to others: Though I love
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In your breasts. That is familiar, Ingrate forgiveness shall possess, rather
Than pity note how much— Therefore gone,
Menaces against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I love'st

Take this along; I writ for thy safe—

And would have sent it. Another word, Men-

neus.

I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aemilus,
Warmly beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Away. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aemilus.

G. O, now, sir, is your name Menenius?

G. 'Tis a spell, ye see, of much power
You know the way home again.

G. Do you hear how we are splendour for keep
in the greatness back?

G. What came you out? I think, you have to warn?
Mne. I neither care for the word, nor your
general: for such as you, I can scarce
think there's any, you are so slight. He
that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from
another. Let your general do his worst. For you,
be that you are, long, and your misery
increase with your age! I say to you, as I was
said so, Away!

[Exeunt.]

[As 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.]}
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 surliness 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 to: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Has what shott is this?
[Shots within.]
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time my side? I will not.—
Entr. to morning habit, Virginia, Volcmena,
Leading young Marcus, Valeria, and Attendant.
My wife comes foremost: then the hono'rd
mould
Wherein this frank was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affections!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obtinate.—
What is that court'ly worth; or those dree'ns' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn I—I melt, and
am out
Of strange'rs earth than others.—My mother
bows;
As if Olympia to a molehill should
In supplication nod, and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, long afar.—Let the Voices
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a going to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kind. —
Cor. My lord and husband! —
Vir. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.
Cor. The sorrow, that delivers us that chang'd,
Mak's you think so.
Cor. Like a dull stoker 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 Rome. — O, a kiss
Long as mine exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear: and my true lip
And saying those that eye
St. Pas. That's my brave k
Fad. Even so, your wife;
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I see,
Or, if you'd ask, remember
The things, I have forsworn:
Be held by you denials. Dismiss my soldiers, or e:
Again with Rome's uncle
Wherein I seemanswer,
To assuage my rage and returm
Your corder reneunt. —
St. Pas. O,
You have said, you will.
For we have nothing else
When you deny already.
That, if you fail in our re
May hang my honor
Cor. Anthony, and you,
Hear sought from Rome quiet?
St. Pas. Should we be sole
remitment,
And state of bodies, word.
We have led since thy exit
How more unfortunate to
Are we come bither; shie
should
Make our eyes flow with
conforts,
Contrains them weep, a
sorrow;
Making the mother, wife
The son, the husband, as
His country's bonds on
Thine country's most cap
Our prayens to the gods,
That all here enjoy: —
Alas! how can we for o
Where we are bound to
story,
Whereto we are bound?
The country, our dear an
Our comfort in the coum
An evident calamity, the
Our wish, which side shou
Must, as a foreign receiv
CORIOLANUS.

[Enter Volscius and Versilia, &c.]

Vol. Nay, go not out of doors thus.

[Enter Coriolanus, attended by volunteers.

Cor. Nay, go not from us thus.

Vol. That our request did tend

[Enter Damascus, attended by volunteers.

Dac. Our business is to comfort

[Enter Obi. I, tell you, man; you were:

Obi. Just do not. Nay, go not out of doors thus.

[Enter Volscius, Versilia, &c.

Vers. The Ladies make sign to Corinthians.

Cor. Nay, by and by.

Vol. [To Volscius, Versilia, &c. But we will drink together; and you shall bear a better witness back than words, which we, On the conditions which we, That come enter with us. Ladies, you desire.

Cor. To have a temple built you; all the swords I in Italy, and her confederate arms.

Vol. Could not have made peace.

Dac. Could not have made peace.

Scene IV. Rome. A public Place.

Enter Menenius and Sicilia.

Men. Sic, you women! erin go the Capitol! You're corner stone!

Sic. Why, what of that

Men. If he be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies in Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope; our threats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Isn't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man.

Men. There is difference between a grab and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grab. This Mars is grown from man to god; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. We loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he too; and no one remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tawny of his face stings ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like a cormorant, and the ground shrinks before his tread. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talk like a knell, and his hand is a battery. He sits in his staff, as a thing made for Alexander, and what he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throb 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; 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, being 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 as him up and die, and come to the Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news—The ladies have prevail'd.

Vol. The voices are discord'd, and Marcus gone.

Mess. 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?

Men. As certain as I know the sun is.
CORIOLANUS.

When he did stand for council, which is but
By lack of stomping—
Agr. Than I would have you,
Being bashful'd from, he could not answer.
Presented to my knife his threat: I laid
Made him joint avasg'vst my hand by
In all his own defense in city, let them
Out of my sites, his project to execute,
My best and freest men, to my sentiments
In mine own person, help to persuade
Which he did end all his acts, and was ready
To do myself this wrong: till, at last,
I second'd his followers, not patron; nor
He w'rd me with his commands, as
I had been mercenary.
Agr. And the army assembled at it.
Agr. When he had me so much to
For no less spoil, than glory.
Agr. For which my sivers shall be ransomed
At a few slopes of their country's
As cheap as lives, he did the blood
Of our great action: therefore
And I'll renew me in his fall. Boy, and
[Drums and Trumpets cease.
1 Com. Your native town you visit such a
post,
And had no welcome home; but twice
Splitting the air with mine.
1 Com. And then
Whose children he hath slain, their despair,
With giving him your
3 Com. Therefore, at my
Ev'ry he expresses himself, or more the more.
With what he would say, let him foretell
Which we will second. When he
After your way his tale pronounced shall be,
His reasons with his body.
Agr. Here come the lords.

Enter The Lords of the City.
Lords. You are most welcome, Agricola.
But, worthy lords, have you with bent knee
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
Lords. And griev'd to see
What faults he made before the last, I might
Have found easy to do the service where
He was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, and according
With our own charge: making a breach
There was a yielding: This admits me.
Agr. He approaches, you shall know.

Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colors.
Crowd of Citizens with him.
Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd: no
No more infected with my country's
Than when I parted hence, but still sall
Under your great command. You ask
That prosperously I have attempted,
With bloody passage, led your wars, and
The gates of Rome. Our spoil's we have
home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full slide
The charges of the action. We have and
With no less honour to the Ancients,
Than shame to the Romans: And we our
Liver.
Subserv'd by the consols and patricians
Together with the seat of the senate,
We have compounded on.
Agr. Read it not, noble
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
The gods abhor'd your powers.
How now! Ay, traitor Marcius. Marcius! Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost thou

thou that robbery, thy stol'n name orio7—

such of the state, perfidiously thy business, and given up,

e of salt, thy city Rome

to his wife and mother: thy and resolution, like

skill: never admitting

but at his nurse's tears

I'd at him, and men of heart

He o'ert then, Mars? Is it the gods, those boys of tears—

no! Do I rashly hast made my heart

it contains it. Boy! O slave!—
didst the first time that ever

his judgments, my grave

the lie: and his own notion

stripes impressed on him; that

shall join to thrust

ease, both, and bear me speak:

pieces, Volesse: men and falls:

ler on me.—Boy! False-bound

yea, my true. 'Tis there

in a devourer, I

voices in Coriolis!—

Boy! Why, noble lords, in

mind of his blind fortune, shame, by this unholy braggettes

die not! [Soused speak at ease, etc.|—Tear him to

sently. He killed my son;

He killed my cousin Marcus;—

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his name folds in

this orb of the earth. His last offence to us

shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Antinius,

And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,

With six Antiniuses, or more, his tribe,

to use my lawful sword! Insolent villain!

Com. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[Antinius and the conspirators draw, and

kill Coriolanus, who falls, and Antinius

stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold.

[Ant. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullius!—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed wherein valour

will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be

quiet;

Put up your swords.

[Ant. My lords, when you shall know (as in

this rage,

provok't 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 sense, I'll deliver

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.

2 Lord. His own impatience

Takes from Antinius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

[Ant. My rage is gone, and I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:

Help, three of the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—

Bear thou the drum that it speak mournfully:

Trall your steel siles.—Though in this city be

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,

Which in this hour bewail the injury,

yet he shall have a noble memory.—

[Exit, bearing the body of Coriolanus.

[Exit, March sounded.]
JULIUS CAESAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FLAVIUS and BRUTUS, Tribunes.

AUGUSTUS CAESAR, Emperor.

ANTONIUS AUGUSTUS, a Senator.

AARON, a Moor, Another Poet.

CINNA, a Poet, Another Poet.

LOCIUS, TITURIUS, MERULLUS, Gentlemen.

Volumnius, Tribunus, a Senator.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, Senators, Senators.

DANTE, TITURIUS, MERULLUS, Senators.

PINARUS, Servus to Cinna.

CALPURNIA, Wife to Caesar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants.

Scene—during a great part of the Play, at Rome; Afterwards at Baalbec; and now Fulham.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.

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

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

1 Cit. You, sir; what trade are you?

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


2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use
With a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a
Mender of bad soles.

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

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'th thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow.

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobbler you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the
Swell; I meddle with no tradesman's matters.

nor women's matters, but with swell's, sir. A
Deed, sir, a surgon to old shoes; who are
In great danger, I recover them. A
man as ever trod upon neat's leather, but
Upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop?

Why dost thou lead these men about the city?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes,
And get myself into more work. But, since
We make holidays, to see Caesar, and witness
In his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest
he hath?

What tributaries follow him to Rome?

To grace in captive bonds his chariot of
You blocks, you stones, you worse than
less things.

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements
To towers and windlasses, yes, to choose
Your infants in your arms, and there be
The live-long day, with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of

And when you saw his chariot but open holy:
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled under-neath her bed?

To hear the repetition of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now call out a holiday?

That comes in triumph over Pompey!

Be gone; I

Wan to your houses, fall upon your ha
in intermingle the plague
light on this ingratitude,
and conspiracy; and, for this
poor men of your sort;
her looks, and keep your tears
still the lowest stream
excited shores of all.

[Exit Citizens.

Messiah metal be not more
replaced in their gulliness.
It way towards the Capitol;
Dispose the images
in deck'd with ceremonies,
to set
in heart of Laceran;
that, let no images
nor's trophies. I'll about,
the valour from the streets;
here you perceive them thick.
either pitch'd from Caesar's
by an ordinary pitch;
sure above the view of men,
men aspire fearlessness.

[Exit.

The same. A public Place.

[Music. Caesar, Antony, Calphurnius, Portia, Decius, Cassius, and Cæsar's guests arming them a Soutbey.

"Peace, ho! Caesar speaks."

[Music cease. Calphurnia,

lord.
directly in Antonius' way.

—Antonius,
ylord,
in your stead. Antonius,
for our citizens say,
his holy cloth,
with ease.

I shall remember:

Do this, it is performed;
all leave no ceremony out.

[Music.

calls?
ry noise be still! — Peace yet
in the press, that calls on me?
more than all the music
Caesar is born to hear.
the isle of March;
what man is that
yer, bids you beware the isle
before me, let me see his face,
one from the throng: Look
at him to me now! Speak
the isle of March;
summer; let us leave him:—pass
and, can
see the order of the course?

ay, doe;
alone; I'll lack some part
that is in Antony,
your desires;
do observe you now of late;
from keen greatness,
by, as I was wont to have;
esth a strange hand
that loves you.
Cassius,

merely upon myself. Vexed am I,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some solace, perhaps, to my beha-

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one).
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poor Bonder, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cæsar, these virtues, I have much mistook your
passion.
By means whereby, this breed of mine hath
buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy vagitations.
Tell old Brutus, can you see your face?

[Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself.
by reflection, by some other things.

Cæsar. That it is.

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such masters, we shall turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best repose in Rome
(Except immortal Caesar), speaking of Brutus,
And grinning under which this age's yoke,
With wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

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

Cæsar. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear:

and, when you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself.
That of yourself which you yet know not.
And be not jealous of, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common listener, or did me
To steel with ordinary oats my love
To every new visitor: if you knew
That I do favours on men, and buy them hard,
And after slander them; or if you knew
That I profess myself in banquetting
To all the rest, then hold me dangerous.

[Flavius and Silent. Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear
the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cæsar. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I do not, Cassius: yet I love him
well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would import to me?
If he be right toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and shame in the other.
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cæsar. I know that virtue be in you, Brutus.
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story:
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life: but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
in awe of such a thing as myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well: and we can both
Entire the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cæsar, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And meet to ponder there? Upon the word,
Accosted as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent rose: and we did buffet it
With lusty strokes, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar died.' Help me, Cassius, or I die.
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books.
Alas! it cried, Give me some drink, Titinius.

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestick world,
And bear the pain alone. \(\text{Shout, Storick.}\)


Bra. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these audiences are
For some new honours; that are heap'd on Caesar.

Car. Why, man, he doth beside the narrow
world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Caesar: What should be in that
Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.


Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great! Ay, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of

That her wise walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
\(\text{The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,}\)
As easily as a king.

Bra. That you do love me, I am nothing jea-
orous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov'd. What you have said,

Car. Fear him not, Car. He's a noble Roman,

He's a noble Roman, a

Car. 'Would be we not:
Yet if my name were but
I do not know the man
So soon as that spare C
He is a great observer,
Quite through the dive
plays,
As those dost, Antony:
Seldom he smiles; and
As if he mock'd himself
That could be mov'd to
Such men as he be new
While they behold a g
And therefore are they
I rather tell thee what
Than what I fear, for a
Come on my right hand

Car. Thou, Antony, you shall speak with me?
Bra. Ay, Cæsar; tell

to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad,
Cæsar. Why you we

Bra. I should not the

Cæsar. Why, there was
and being offer'd him, now
of his hand, thus; and

Bra. What was the w
Cæsar. Why, for that
Cæsar. They shotest th

cry for!
Cæsar. Why, for that
Bra. Was the crown
Cæsar. Ay, marry, w
thrice, every time gone

Bra. Tell us the man

Car. Who offered him
Cæsar. Why, Antony,

Bra. Tell us the man
Julius Caesar

Scene III. The same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cæcina.

Cæc. Good even, Cæcina: Brought you Caesar home?

Cas. Why are you breathless? and why stare you not?

Cæc. Are you not you madd’st, when all the sway

of earth

Shakes, like a thing unseen? O Cæcina,
I have seen tempests, when the scowling winds
Have rive’st the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The tempests great as ocean, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the thundering clouds;
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too angry with the gods,
Incenthes them to send destruction.

Cæc. Why, say you anything more wonderful?

Cas. Hold not back this hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joint’d; and yet it burn’d
Not sensible of fire, remitt’d unscorch’d;
Besides I have not since put up my sword,
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without so much as a heart; but I have drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Tranquill’d with their fear: who, aware they saw
Men, all is fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place.

Cæc. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Speak word to him, he would be there to-morrow.
Cæc. Good night then, Cæcina: this disturbed
sky

Is not to walk in.

Cas. Farewell, Cæcina. [Exit Cæcina.
Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who’s there?

Cas. A Roman.

Cas. Cæcina, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasant night to honest men.
Cæc. Who ever knew the heavens more calm? or
Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full

of faults.

For which, I have walk’d about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, as I thrum’d, I pass’d, I hear’d, I
Have heard my bosom to the thunder stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning scented’t

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
ever the aim and voyce of it.

Cæc. But wherefore did you so much tempt

the heavens?
It is the case of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such deathful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Cæcina: and these sparks of life
That would be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you see not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To make strange things strange. But here he enters:
But if you would considere the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these living Quarks,

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Cas. A very pleasant night to honest men.
Cæc. Who ever knew the heavens more calm? or
Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full

of faults.

For which, I have walk’d about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, as I thrum’d, I pass’d, I hear’d, I
Have heard my bosom to the thunder stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning scented’t

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
ever the aim and voyce of it.

Cæc. But wherefore did you so much tempt

the heavens?
It is the case of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such deathful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Cæcina: and these sparks of life
That would be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you see not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To make strange things strange. But here he enters:
But if you would considere the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these living Quarks,
JULIUS CAESAR

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; Why old men, fools, and children calculate; Why all these things change, from their ordainance. Their natures, and performed faculties, To monstrous quality: why, you shall find, That heaven hath infused them with these spirits, To make them instruments of fear and woe, Unto some monstrous state. Now, could I, Caes., Namo the man most like this dreadful night; That thunder, lightens, opens graves, and roars As doth the lion in the Capitol: A man no mightier than thyself, or me, In personal action; yet prodigiously grown And most unaccountable. These strange eruptions are. Caes., 'Tis Caesar that you mean: Is it not, Caes.?

Caes. Let it be who it is: for Romans now Have thebes and limbs like to their ancestors; In every one of these; our fathers’ minds are dead, And we are govern’d with our mothers’ spirits; Our yoke and suffrance show us womanish. Caes. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow Mean to establish Caesar as a king: And he shall wear his crown by sea and land, In every place, save here in Italy. Caes. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Caes. When this book shall deliver Caesars; Thereto, ye gods, you make the weak most strong; Thereto, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat; Not stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass, Nor armed dagger, nor strong links of iron, Can be restrictive to the strength of spirit; But life, being weary of these worldly bars, Never lacks power to dismiss itself. If I know this, know all the world besides, That part of fancy, that I do bear, I can shake off at pleasure.

Caes., So can I.

So every bondman In his own hand bears The power to cancel his captivity. Caes. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then? For man is the noblest work of God: But that he sees the Romans are but sheep; Therefore, to thine own mind, thou wasst not Romans bred. Those that with haste will make a mighty fire, Begin it with weak straw: What trash is Rome, What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves For the base matter to illuminate No vile a thing as Caesar! But, O, grief! Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this Before a willing bondman: then I know My power must be made: But I am arm’d, And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caes. You speak to Caes.; and to such a man, That is no fleering talkie-tale. Hold my hand: Be factions for redress of all these griefs; And I will set this foot of mine as far, As who goes farthest.

Caes. There’s a bargain made. Now know you, Caes., I have mov’d already Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans, To under, with me, an enterprise Of honourable-dangerous consequence: And I do know, by this, they stay for me. In Pompey’s porch; for now, this fearful night, There is no stir, or walking in the streets: And the composition of the element, In favour’s, like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, very, and most terrible.

Emperor Claudio. Caesar. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Caes., ’Tis Claudio, I do know him by his gait: He is a friend.—Claudio, where hast thou so? Claudio. To find out you: Who’s that Metellus Cimber!

Caes. Are, No, it is Caes; our manifest To our attempts. An I set and no, Claudio, I can speak with you. There’s two or three of us here now.

Caes. A man not staid for, Claudio. The night. You are, O, Caesars, if you could but The noble Brutus to our purpose.

Caes. Oh, you content; Good God, paper, And look you lay it is in the pocket. Where Brutus may be found: and, mark me, Upon old Brutus’ state: at this it may happen Pompey’s party do this.

In Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, the Clus. All but Marcus Cimber; and To seek you at your house. I bid, And no ill name’s in young ambit. Caesar. That done, repair to Pompey.

Come, Caesars, you and I will, we See Brutus at his house: then haste in our steady: What we have done, we have in hand. Upon the next encounter, yield him, Caes., O, be staid to all intents. And that, which would appear, Is compliance, like richest gold Will change to viln, and to worth. Caes., Him, and his worth, and us of him, You have right well conceived. Is For it is after midnight; and we Will awake him, and be more

ACT II

SCENE I. The same. Brutus. Enter Brutus. Brutus. What, Lucius! ho! I cannot, by the progress of the moon, go near to-day. And I would it were my fault to see When, Lucius, when! Awake, Lucius! Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call’d you, my lord! Brutus. Yes, give me a taper in my hand When it is lighted, come to me. Luc. I will, my lord. Brutus. It must be by his death: I know no personal cause to spare him, But for the general. He would How that might change his own question, It is the bright day that brings And that crave walking. And then, I grant, we put a stick That at his will he may do dan The abuse of greatness is, when Remorse from power: And so Caesar, I have not known when his aff More than his reason. But ‘tis a That lowly is his noblest friend. He is, and the ladder; or that Looks in the clouds, seeking by which he did ascend. So Caesar, first, lest he may, prevent. Brutus. Will bear no colour for the thin Fashion it thus; that what he WOULD run to these, and these
 JULIUS CAESAR.  

Drum.  He is welcome hither.
Gaius. This Decius Brutus.
Brutus. He is welcome too.
Caesar. This, Caesar; this, Cinna; And this, Metellus Cimber.
Brutus. They are all welcome.
Caesar. Shall I entertain a word? [They whisper.]
Decius. Here lies the east; Doth not the day break here?
Cinna. No.
Cinna. O, Caesar, sir, it doth; and you give lines, That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
Caesar. You shall confess, that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north.
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Brutus. Give me your hands all over one by one.
Caesar. And let us swear our resolution.
Brutus. Now, not as oath; if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off at once, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyrannous range on Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we say more but our own cause,
To prick us to retrench what other hand,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word.
And will not gather 2 and what other oath,
Than honesty to honest ends.
That this shall be, ye will fall for it.
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious,
Old feeble carriiers, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insupportable merit of our spirits.
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and noble bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy.
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cinna. But what of Cleopatra? Shall we confound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us,
Caesar. Let us not leave him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.

er. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to command our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruleth our hands;
Our youths, and widows, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Q. Mar. O, pardon him not; let us not break with him:
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caesar. Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Caesar?
Cicero. Well said! I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well believ'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: We shall foul him
A shrewd counsellor; and, you know, his men,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far.
As to our army, which to prevent
Let Antony, and Caesar, fall together.

er. Q. Our course will seem too bloody, Calpurnia,
When so appearing to the common eye,
We shall be call'd parricides, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm,
When Caesar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in the ingratitude he bears to Caesar,—
Bru. Also, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should do; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die:
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[Clock strikes.
Bru. Peace, count the clock.
Car. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Who's Caesar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Duc. Never fear that: if he be so resolve'd,
I can over-wear him: for he loves to hear,
Thatunicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glories, elephants with hoofs,
Lions with tails, and men with counterfeit:
But, when I tell him, he hates counterfeit,:
He says, he does; being then most counterfeit.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?
Cas. Be that the uttermost, and fall not then.
Met. Calm Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who extails him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him rea-
sions;
Send him but thither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. I will accompany you. [Exeunt.
Met. What's this? you are not going?
Bru. I am not well in heart; for I am afraid
Of the dunk morning! I will and will,
And will be gone out of this place:
To dare the vile contagion,
And tempt the rumour, at
To add unto his sickness;
You have some sick cares
Which, by the right and
I ought to know of: And,
I shall see you, by my once
By all your vows of love,
Which did incorporate as
That you unfold to me,
Why you are heavy; and
Have had resort to you;
Some six or seven, who
Even from darkness.
Cas. Ka.
Per. I should not now
Bru. Within the bond of mar-
Is it expected, I should be
That appertain to you? But,
To keep with you at main:
And talk of something sometimes
Of your good pleasure? Or
Peria's in Brutus' basket.
Bru. You are my true;
As dear to me, as are the
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

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

Sce. A servant.

Cæs. What say the angurers?  They would not have you to sit forth today.

Sce. They would not have you to sit forth today.

Cæs. Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

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

Cæs. Alas, my lord.

Cæs. What is it, my Calpurnia, as we are going to the store?

Sce. I follow you, sir; it is but sufficient.

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

Sce. Enter Decius. Here’s Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Cæs. Decius, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

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

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

Cæs. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause.

Sce. I laugh’d at, when I tell them so. Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these she apply for warnings, portents.
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg’d, that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate;
Your statue spewing blood in many places,
In which so many smiling Romans bath’d.
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia’s dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well penetrated it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say...
Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cassius, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And by a little where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Welcome, Publius.

Met. What, Brutus, are you staid so early too?

Cass. Good morrow, Cassius.—Caius Ligarius.

Cassius was ever so much your enemy.

As that same age which hailed you lean.

What is’t o’clock?

Brut. Cassius, his speeches right.

Cinna. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

Ant. See, Antony, that revels long o’ nights.

It is notwithstanding up:

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to meet noble Caesar.

Cinna. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cænas:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius?

I have an hour’s talk in store for you:

That your best friends shall wish I had been

Cinna. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine

Brut. That every like is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

SCENE III.

The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Antisthenes, reading a Paper.

Antisthenes, house of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Cinna; have an eye to Cænas; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus less thou not; thou hast sworn good Cassius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cænas. If thou be’st not tamimedit, look about thee: Seventeen streets near to thee have their doors open for thee.
JULIUS CESAR.

Car. O Caesar,—

Car. Hence! Will thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,—

Dec. Doth not Brutus boastless kneel?

Cæs. Speak, speak, hands, for see, Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then enabled to strike off his head by Marcus Brutus.

Cæs. Lo, en, Brutus,—then, fall, Cæsar.

[Deus. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cæs. Liberty! Freedom! Trancy is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets. Come. Some to the common pulpit, and cry out, Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!—

Bro. People, and senators: be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still: ambition's racket is paid. Cæs. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bro. Where's Publius?

Cass. Here, quite confounded with this matter. Me! Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's should chance.

Bro. Talk not of standing—Publius, good cheer; I wish you here. Let us hold our hands, and no man abide this deed, but we the doers.

Remember TERENCE.

Car. Where's Antony?

Ter. Fleed to his house among:—

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run, as we were thundersday.

Bro. Fates: we will know your pleasure:—

That we shall die, we know: 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon. Car. Why, he that cut off twenty years of life, Cuts off so many years of terror death. Bro. Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death. Men then foment, stop.

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords: Then walk we forth, even to the market-place: And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and liberty! Car. Steep them, and wash. How many ages hence, Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bro. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport; That now on Pompey's brazen lists along, No worshipther than the dust?

Car. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be calleth Men that gave our country liberty. Dec. What, shall we forth? Car. Ay, every man away: Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his hands With the most holiest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

Ter. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me; But I had made him stumble in his course.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest: Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will you save, that Antony

Cæs. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Will thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Dec. Doth not Brutus boastless kneel?

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Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will you save, that Antony
Falst would try to the purpose.

BRUTUS AND ANTONY.

Brutus. But there comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. I am not come to praise Caesar. No. I came not, to set him low. Art it not possible, for honor's sake, triumphant, to boast

Brutus. For that, not so. I know, indeed, that you are wise, gentlemen, what you intend. Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: If I myself, there is no name so rich As Caesar's death's hour! nor so instrument Of half that worth, as those you swords, made rich With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech you, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reck and smoke, Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die: No peace will please me so, no scene or death, As here by Caesar, and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age. 

Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As, by our hands, and this our present act, You see we do; yet see you but our hands, And this the bleeding business they have done: Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome (As fire driven out fire, so pity, pity). Ha! hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part, To you our swords have tender points, Mark Antony: Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts, Of brethren's temper, do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence. Caesar's voice shall be as strong as any man's, In the disposing of new dignities. Brutus. Only be patient, till we have appeal'd The cause of what we have done ourselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause, Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand: First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:— Or shall we go, and not die?

Brutus. Therefore I took you indeed, Sway'd from the point, by

Caesar. 

Friends, am I with you all: (I pray this hope, that you in

Brutus. Or else were we this:

Our reasons are so full of g:

That were you, Antony, the

You should be satisfied. 

Antony. And am moreover master, to

Prevent his body to the

And in the pulpit, as breath

Speak in the order of his

Caesars. You shall, much as

Brutus. You know not what you do.

That Antony speaks in his

Know you never such the

By that which he will

Brutus. I will myself into the pulpit,

And show the reason of

What Antony shall speak. He speaks by leave and by

And that we are continu'd

Have all true rites, and he

It shall advantage more, if

Caesars. I know not what we

Brutus. Mark Antony, he

body. You shall not in your

But speak all good you can

And say, you don't by our;

Else shall you not have no

About his funeral: and we

In the same pulpit where we

After my speech is ended.

Antony. I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body: I

Antony. O, pardon me, the
Julius Caesar.

ACT I.

Scene i.

The Senate House.

Enter Octavius Caesar, do you not?
I do, Mark Antony.

What is the news?
I am glad you come to Rome; you shall hear the news.

What news, Mark Antony?
I have received letters, and I am coming to you to say to you by word of mouth.

[Enter the Body of Julius Caesar.]

The heart is big, get thee apart and weep. I see, is crying; for mine eyes, to those heaps of sorrow stand in thine, a water. Is thy master coming? He is come within seven leagues of one. Not back with speed, and tell him what shall chance.

A mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, a Rome unserved, and tell him so. Yet stay a while; hot back, till I have borne this curse which shall I try, how the people take news of these bloody men to the which, they shall discover the state of the things of us, hand. [Exit with Caesar’s Body.]

II. The same. The Forum.

[Enter Antony and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.]

If I be satisfied; let us be satisfied, follow me, and give me audience.

on the other side, numbers—will speak, let them stay will follow Cassius, go with him; in weeks shall be rendered death.

I will hear Brutus speak.

will hear Cassius; and compare their own.

by we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.]

[Enter the Senators and the Body of Caesar, the noble Brutus ascends: Silence! at the last; be silent! be silent! you may hear: na for mine honour; and have respect to you, who may believe: careless our wisdom; and awake your senses, may the better judge. If there be any assembly, any dear friend of Caesar’s, say, that Brutus’ love to Caesar was no less. If then that friend demand, who was against Caesar, this is my answer: I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome, had you rather Caesar were living, and save the state? if Caesar were dead, to see then? As Caesar loved me, I weep as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as villain, I honour him: but, as he was so, I slew him; there is tears, for his sake; for his fortune; for his valour, for his ambition. Who is here that would be a bondman? If any, be him have I offended, Who is here that would not be a Roman? If any, be him have I offended. Who is here that would not be a Roman? If any, be him have I offended. I passe for a man, Brutus, none.

Speak we, speech at once. Then none have offended. I leave done no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extinguished, where, in he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death, the publick chair; which is Caesar’s better part.

Shall now be crown’d in Brutus. I will bring him to his house with shouts and claps.

Have my countrymen.

Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

Peace, ho! The good countrymen, let us depart alone, and for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Caesar’s corpse, and grace his speech. Tending to Caesar’s glory; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow’d to make. Do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

Stay, but let us hear Mark Antony.

[Enter Antony, with some of the Senators.]

We will hear him—Nobles Antony, go up. 
For Brutus’ sake, I am beholden to you.

What does he say of Brutus?

He says, for Brutus’ sake, he bears himself behind the speech, so all.

[Enter the body of Julius Caesar.]

This Caesar was a tyrant.

Nay, that’s certain; we are bless’d, that Rome is rid of him.

Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

You gentle Romans. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil, that men do, lives after them; The good man’s interred with his bones. So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious; If it were so, it was a grievous fault; And grievously hath Caesar answer’d it. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest 
(For Brutus is an honorable man; so are they all; all honorable men, Come I speak in Caesar’s funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says, he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honorable man.

Hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ranks did the general coffers fill: Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Capitol, I there presented him a kingly crown; Which he did refuse. Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; And sure, he is an honorable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, But he was true, to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause; What cause withholdeth you then to move for him?
O judgment, thou art fated to blissful heavens,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must needs come till it come back to me.
1 Cæ. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.
2 Cæ. As you consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar had great wrong.
3 Cæ. But, sir, there will a worse come in his place.
4 Cæ. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take no more crowes;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 Cæ. If it be found so, some will deale abit. 2 Cæ. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping:
2 Cæ. And, in his mantle rolling up his bands,
Even at the very look of the grave.
O, O what a fall was there, my lord!
Then a stony stillness; and all did stand.
Whilst bloody treason frown'd on O, now it was peace; and, I Suppose
The dint of pity; these are gods.
Kind souls, what, weep you, poor heart!
Our Caesar's venture wounded me,
Here hear the will, my Antony.
1 Cæ. O piteous spectacles!
2 Cæ. O noble Cæsar!
3 Cæ. O noble Cæsar!
4 Cæ. O traitor, villain!
1 Cæ. O most bloody sight!
2 Cæ. We will be reveng'd—so seek, born, fire, kill, day trai'r live.
A. Stay, countrymen.
1 Cæ. Peace there;—Hear the will.
2 Cæ. We'll bear him, we'll bear him with friends, sweet frien's.
Sir you ap
To such a sudden flood of death.
I hear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stab'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
4 Cæ. They were traitors: Honourable men! 1 Cæ. The will! the testament!
2 Cæ. They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!
A. You will complie me then to read the will
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
1 Cæ. Come down.
2 Cæ. Descend. (He comes down from the pulpit.)
A. He is come down; is he come down?
1 Cæ. I see no brake.
4 Cæ. A ring; stand round.
A. O Cæsar! from the hearse, stand from the body.
1 Cæ. From the body; stand from the hearse.
2 Cæ. Room for Antony—most noble Antony.
A. Nay, press not upon me; stand far off.
1 Cæ. Stand back! stand back! the will.
A. If I have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
Julius Caesar.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Antony's House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

Ant. They are met; then shall I die; their names are prick't.

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

Lep. I do consent.

Ant. Prick him down, Antony.

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

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house: Fetch the willifter, and we will determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Lep. This is a slight unhonorable man.

Meet to be sent on errands; Is it fit

The beneficent world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;

And took his voice which he should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Oct. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads.

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way;

And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him on,

Like to the empty assay, to shake his ears,

And grace in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that, I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on;

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;

He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth:

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations;

Which, out of use, and staid by other men,

Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,

But as a property. And now, Octavius,

Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers: we must straight make

head.

Therefore, let our alliance he combin'd,

Our best friends made, and our best means

stretch'd out.

And let us presently go sit in council,

How covert matters may be best disclos'd,

And open perils straight answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies;

And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,

Millions of mischiefs.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Breathe not too fast, sir; your master, Pin-

darus, is come to do you salutation from his master.

Lep. Pin. Comes, Lepidus!—your good master, Pin-

darus.

In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Enter the Ghost.

GHOST. How ill believ'd art thou! I think, it is the weariest That makes thee thus. This same It comes upon me:— Art thou some god, or That mak'st all my blood; Speak to me, what tis Ghast. Thy evil spirits. Br. Ghast. To tell thee, lips. Br. Well; Then I shall see thee Ghast.

BR. Why, will no
Now I have taken the Eul, spirit, I would be Buy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!
Luc. The strings, m. Br. He thinks, he a
Luc. Ake, Lucius, awake, Lucius, awake.
If you dare fight today, come to the field; If not, when you have stomachs. 

"Brutus, Caesar, Antony, and their Army. 

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

Brut: Ho! 

Lucius; bark, a wood with you. 

Luc: My lord. 

Caes: [Brutus and Lucilius converse apart. 

Marc: What says my general? 

Caes: This is my birthday: as this day very 

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala; 

He then my worthy, that against my bitter foe, 

As Pompey was, am I compelled to set 

Upon one battle all our liberties. 

You know, that I hold Epicurne strong, 

And his opinion: now I change my mind, 

And partly credit things that do appear. 

Coming from Sardis, on our former design 

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched, 

Gorging and feasting from our soldiers' hands; 

Who to Phreopia here conducted us: 

This morning, they fled away apace; 

And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites, 

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us, 

As we were straightly by; their shadows look 

A canopy most fatal, under which 

Our arms lie, ready to give up the ghost. 

Marc: Believe not so, 

Caes: But I believe it partly; 

For I am fresh of spirit, and very well 

To meet all perils very constantly. 

Brut: Even so, Lucilius. 

Caes: Now, most noble Brutus, 

The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may, 

Lovers in peace, beat on our ears to sing 

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, 

Let's reason with the will that may befall; 

If we do lose this battle, then in this 

The very last time we shall speak together: 

What are you then determined to do? 

Brut: Even by the rule of that philosophy, 

By which I did blame Cato for the death Which he did give himself— I know not how, 

But I do find it cowardly and vile, For fear of what might fall, so to prevent 

The time of life—arming myself with patience, 

To stay the providence of some high powers, 

That govern us below. 

Caes: Then, if we lose this battle, 

You are contented to be led in triumph 

Thro' the streets of Rome? 

Brut: No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble 

Cassius, that ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; 

He bears too great a mind. But this same day 

Must end that work, the tale of March began; 

And whither we shall meet again, I know not. 

Therefore our everlasting farewell take: 

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius! 

If we do meet again, we'll smile no more. 

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made. 

Brut: Why, then, lead on—O, that a man 

Might end so joyfully! 

The end of this day's business, ere it come! 

But it shall be known, that the day will cherish 

And then the end is known. —Come, hot away! 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE II. The same. The field of Battle. 

Alarum. 

Caes: Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA. 

Brut: Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these 

Unto the legions on the other side: 

[Exit Alarum. 

Let them set on at once; for I perceive 

Julius Caesar.
Whilst we by Antony are all enslaved.

Enter Pindarus.

Pun. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius!

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spear in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And hear again: that I may rest assured,
Whether good' troops are friends or enemy.

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

[Exit.]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou dost not about the field.

[Exit Pindarus.

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his course, mirrhor, what news?

Pun. [Aside.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pun. Titinius is enroiled round about
With bowmen, that make him on the spur,—
Yet be spares on.—Now they are almost on him;
Near, Titinius!—now some light;—Oh, he
'lights too;—he's taken!—
And hark! [Aside] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold me more,—O, reward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend in it before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah;—
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst perform; it come now, keep this thing oath!

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilt;
Trants, and my country's friend:
son of Marcus Cato, ho! [Chorus the Enemy.
I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus; I am
your country's friend: know me for Brutus.
[Exit, charging the Enemy. Cato is
overpowered, and falls.
young and noble Cato, act thou down;
then diest as bravely as Titinius;
at be honour'd being Cato's son.
yield, or thou diest.
Only I yield to die—
much, that thou wilt kill me straight!
[Offering money,
and be honour'd in his death.
We must not;—a noble prisoner?—
so, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en,
tell the news.—Here comes the rascal.—
E X E N T. ANTONY.

Aven, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
yere is he?

is, Antony: Brutus is safe enough:
she there, that no enemy
take alive the noble Brutus:
with him from so great a shame!
do him, or alive or dead,
found like Brutus, like himself.
is not Brutus, friend; but I assure
less in worth: keep this man safe,
kindness; I had rather have
friends, than enemies. Go on,
's Brutus be alive, or dead;
as wood, must Octavius' tent,
it thing is change'd.

E X E N T. ANTONY.

P. V. Another Part of the Field.
His, DARDANELL, CLCIT, STRATO, and VOLUNCIANS,
poor remains of friends, rack on rock.
this show'd the torch-light: but, my
or back: he is ta'en or plain
then down, Clitus: Staying is the
in fashion. Mark thee, Clitus.—

to me, Clitus. [Whispering.
I, my lord! No, no, not for all the
then, no words.
'll rather kill myself.
the, Dardanellus! [Whispering. He?
I do such a deed?

E X E N T. CLITU.

ill request did Brutus make to thee?
him, Clitus: Look, he meditates
is that noble vessel full of grief,
era, even at his eyes.
then bitter, good Voluntins: list a

I say my lord?

Why, this, Voluntius,
Cæsar hath appear'd to me
times by night; at Sardis once;
it might, here in Philippi's fields,
hour is come.
Not so, my lord.

I am sure it is, Voluntius:
be world, Voluntius, how it goes;
you have act to the pit; on
thirty to leap in ourselves.

Than tarry till they push us. Good Voluntius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school to
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold till my sword lifts; whilst I run on it,
[Aside. This is not an office for a friend, my lord.

C R. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying

E W. Farewell to you—and you;—and you,

V O L U N T I U S. Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep.
Farewell to thee then, Strato.—Countrymen:
My heart both joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
With thee will glory by thy brave,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By thee conquest shall be mine.
So fare you well, at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history;
Might hang upon mine ear. Voluntins would rest,
That have but frown'd to attain this hour.

C R. Fly, my lord, fly.

V O L U N T I U S. Hence! Thall follow.

E X E N T. CLITUS, DARDANELL, and VOLUNCIANS.
I pray thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
That are a fellow of a good respect.
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Will thou, Strato?
Strato. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my

B R A T O. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[Dies on his Sword and dier.

A R U M. Retire. Emry OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALIA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.
O v. What man is this?

M r. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy

S u s. Free from the bondage you are in, Mess-

l a i s. The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself; and
Man else hath honor by his death.

L o e. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus;
That thou hast prov'd Lucullus' saying true.

O v. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

S u s. Ay, if Messalina will permit me to you.

O v. Do so, Messala.

M r. How died my master, Strato? See,
I held the sword, and he did run on it.

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

J u s t. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did deeds of的伟大 in this Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good all to, made one of them.
His life save guilty: and the clearest
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say in all the world, shall stand amaze!

O c t. Accordingly to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
With his seat his bones in death shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So, exit the field to rest; and let's away.

To part the glories of this happy day.

E X E N T.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ARBUTT
OCTAVIA CLEOPATRA
M. REX
LEPIDUS
SEXTUS POMPEIUS
DOMITIA HERODIAS
VESTRONIA
ONE
SCENE
DIRECTOR
REHEARSALS
PHILIP
MRS. MASON
AGRA
DOLABELLA
PERSAUD
TITUS
GALLUS

SCENE—dispersed in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.


Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this potion of our general's O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes, That o'er the bill and master of the war Have glow'd like plaited Mars, now bend, now turn, The office and devotion of their view Upon a twain front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, ranges all temper: And is become the bellows, and the fan, To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come! Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, and their Trains; Rosancha fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd into a strumpet's foot; behold and see. Clo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much. Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Clo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd. Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.


Clo. Nay, hear them, Antony: Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who has If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have set out His powerful mandate to you, Do this, or Take in that kingdom, and confine those that Perform'd, or else we wage their necks. Ant. How, my... Clo. Perchance,—nay, and more like. You must not stay here longer; your days are come from Caesar; therefore hark, and Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I say!—Both!—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's Thou blackest, Antony; and that blooded In Caesar's homagier: else so thy chest shamed. When shrill-tong'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers. Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and its arch Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my Kingdoms are clay; our dryg earth all Needs heat as man; the nobleness of ill Is, to do that; when such a matchless soul And such a twin can do't, in which, I On pain of punishment, the world to us We stand up peerless. Clo. Excellent thoughts! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love I' th' mean the food I am not; Antony Will be himself.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

643

But stir'd by Cleopatra,—

a love of Love, and her soft hours,
on'round the time with conference

a minute of our lives should stretch
me pleasure now; What spot to

the ambassadors.

Eye, wrangling queen! qu

thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
whose every passion fully strives
self; in thee, fair and admirable?
yer; but thine and all alone,
'll wander through the streets, and

a of people. Come, my queen; you did desire it.—Speak not to us,
unto ANT. and CL. with their train.

ear with Antonius prize'd so slight?
sometimes, when he is not Antony,
so short of that great property
shoud go with Antony.

I'm full sorry,

reves the common ears, who

t of him at Rome: But I will hope
to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[Exeunt.

11. The same. Anchor Room.

FLAV. IRAS, AXELIA, and a Soothsayer.

it AXELIA, sweet AXELIA, most any

almost most absolute AXELIA,

that you praised so to

that I know this husband, which,

right his town with garland.

...as with

this the man?—Is't you, sir, that

...nature's infinite book of secrecy,

read.

Show him your hand.

Enter. ENSEMBLE.

ing in the bouquet quickly; wine

health to drink.

air, give me good fortune.

me not, but foresee.

me, foresee one more.

shall be yet far fairest than you are.

me, in she.

you, you, a paint when you are old,

indi, forbid?

not his grescience? be attentive.

in, shall be more believing, than be.

d other heat my liver with drinking.

bear him.

now, some excellent fortune!

served to three kings in a forenoon,

all; let me have a child at

an Herod of Jewry may do homage:

me with Octavius Caesar, and me

with my mistress.

shall outlive the lady whom you

excellent? I love long life better than

have seen and proved a fairest;

that is, approach.

in, belike, my children shall have

they, how many boys and

at I have?

very of your wishes had a womb,

very, a million.

foot? I forgive thee for a witch.

think none but your sheets are

,... come, tell trash her.

Also. We'll know all our fortunes.

Ent. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,

shall be—drunk to bed.

Ent. There's a palm presages chastity, if no-

thing else.

Ent. Even as the overflowing Niles presageth

Ent. Go, you wild bedfellows, you cannot

Ent. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful

Ent. Pr'ythee, tell her but a worthy-day fortune.

Ent. Your fortunes are alike.

Ent. But how, but how I give me particular

Ent. I have said.

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

Ent. If, were you but an inch of fortune

better than I, where would you choose it?

I'm not in my husband's nose.

Ent. One wiser thoughts heavens mend?

AXELIA, come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let

harm a woman that cannot go, sweet Iasa,

beath thee? And let her die the, and give

him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till

the worst of all follow him laughing to his

fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Iasa, hear me this

prayer, though thy deny me a matter of more

weight; good Iasa, I beseech thee!

AXELIA. Dear goddess, hear that prayer

of the people? for, as it is a heart-breaking

to see a handsome man loose.wnted, so it is a

deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave unscrup-

of; therefore, hear him, keep decorum, and

Fortuny accordingly!

Ent. Amen.

Ent. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to

make me a cuckold, they would make them-

selves whores, but they'd do

Ent. Back! Here comes Antony.

Ent. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cloe. Saw you my lord?

Ent. No, lady.

Cloe. Was he not here?

Cloe. No, madam.

Cloe. He was disposed to mirth; but on the

sudden

A B O U T  a thought hath struck him. — Exeunt

but.

Ent. Meditations.

Cloe. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's

AXELIA?

AXEL. Here, madam, at your service.—My

lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.

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

[Exeunt CLOE, ENO, AXEL, IASA, CL. SOOTHESEY, and Attendants.

Mess. Pulvisfry we first came into the field.

Pray, aught my brother Laceda?

Mess. Ay.

But soon the war had end, and the time's state

created friends of them, joining their force against

Caesar.

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,

Upon the first encounter, drove them.

But, Wut worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ent. When it concerns the fool or coward.—

On:

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—Tis

that;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I heard him as he satterd.

Mess. Labienus.

Mess. This is stuff news; hath, with his Parthian force,

Extended Asia from Euphrates.

His conquering banner shook, from Sylla.
1 Act. The man from Scyrus.—Is there such a one?

2 Act. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break.

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dodage.—What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where did she die?

2 Mess. In Scyrus:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. (Gives a letter.)

Forbear me.

[Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone; Thus did I desire it:

What our contempt do often has from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revulsion lowering, does become

The opposite of itself; she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that should'rt she

on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My ill will doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Ant. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

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

Ant. I must be gone.

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

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir; no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears, late her great storms and tempests then

And get her love to put the death of Fulvia, will Do strongly speak to sit; Of many our courting Petition us at home; See Haul the given dare to C. The empire of the sea: (Whose love is never ill Yet his deserts are just)

Pompey the Great, and

Upon his son; who, high Higher than both in his For the main soldier: we

The sides of the world: breeding.

Which, like the counter's And not a serpent's joke To such whose place is.

Our quick remove from Eno. I shall do't.

SCENE

Enter Cleopatra, Clytemn.

Cly. Where is he?

Cle. I

Cly. See where he is, he does:

I did not send you;—If I say, I am dancing; if I say, That I am sullen sick

Char. Madam, methinks

You do not hold the mo The like from him.

Cly. What

Char. In each thing;

Cly. Thou teachest me.

Char. Tempt him not

be

in time we hate that we

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cly. I am sorry to give

now.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cleopatra.—

think you can be mine, 

or shake the throned gods, 

to Fanilia! Pious madmen, 

those mouth-made vows, 

say in swearing! 

Most sweet queen, 

seek no colour for your 

joy; when you meditate 

words—No going then— 

in and eyes: 

one part so poor, 

weep for to still, 

soldier of the world, 

Cleopatra.

How now, lady! 

thy inches; thou shouldst 

Egypt.

Hear me, queen, 

of time commands 

not my full heart 

the your 

warily: Sextus Pompeius 

in the port of Rome: 

power: The hated, grown 

the demand'd Pompeius, 

mourn, creeps space 

have not thrived 

whose numbers threat. 

sick of rot, would purge 

more particular, 

with you safe my 

you could not give 

Can Fanilia die? 

sovereign leisure, read 

at the last, best, 

she died. 

O must live love! 

so those should't ill. 

I see, I see, 

mine receiv'd shall be, 

be prepared to know 

what are, or cease, 

drive; by the eye, 

time, I go from hence, 

making peace, or war, 

see, Charmian, come, 

sickly ill, and well; 

precious queen, forbear; 

to his love, which stands 

so Fanilia told me, 

and weep for her; 

and say, the torn 

doom, play one scene 

and let it look, 

eat my blood; no more, 

er, yet; but this wastefully 

or target,—still he mean'd; 

Look, pr'ythee, Charmian 

do glasses become thee. 

I'll leave you, lady, 

one word, 

—but that's not it: 

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it; 

That you know well: Something it is I would,— 

my obligation is a very Antony, 

And I am all forgotten. 

But that your royalty 

holds indissolubly your subject, I should take you 

For indissolubly itself. 

Cleopatra. 

But I do hear such indissolubly so near the heart. 

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me; 

Since my becoming kill me, when they do not 

Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence; 

Therefore be deaf to my supplie folly, 

And all the gods go with you! I am your sword 

for laurel'd victory! and smooth success 

Be streary'd before your feet! 

Not us go. Come; 

Our separation so abides, and flies, 

That then, reading here, go at yet with me, 

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. 

Away.

SCENE IV. 


Enter Octavius Caesar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cas. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth 

know, 

It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate 

Our great competitor: From Acrabasia 

This is the news: He takes, drinks, and wastes 

The lamps of night in revel; not more manlike 

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy 

More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or 

Vouch'd I'd think he had partners: You shall 

find there 

A man, who is the abstract of all faults 

That all men follow. 

Lep. 

I must not think, there are 

Evils enough to daun't all his goodness: 

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven, 

More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary, 

Rather than purchased, what he cannot change, 

Than what he chooses. 

Cas. You are too indulgent: Let us grant it 

is not 

Amuse to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy; 

To give a kingdom for a month; to sit 

And keep the turn of piping with a slave; 

To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet 

With knives that smell of sweat; say, this becomes 

him, 

(As his company must be rare indeed, 

Whom these things cannot blink, yet must Antony.) 

No way excuse his souls, when we do bear 

So great weight in his lightness. If he fulfill 

His vacancy with his voluptuaries, 

At sports, and the dryness of his bones, 

Call on him for't; but to confound such time, 

That drains him from his sport, and speaks as loud 

As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid 

As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-

ledge, 

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure, 

And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Here's more news. 

Mass. Thy biddings have been done: and 

every hour. 

Most noble Caesar, shall thou have report 

How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea; 

And it appears, he is behind of those 

That only have fear'd Caesar: to the parts 

The dispatches repair, and men's reports 

Give him much wrong'd. 

Cæs. 

I should have known no less: 

It hath been taught me from the grinal state, 

That he, which is, was widow'd, and he wove,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

And the old man never loved, till ever more
love
Comes dead, by being lack'd. This common
like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Go to, and look, lackeying the vailing tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Ces. Caesar, I bring thee word, memos
Of things of note, some famous pirates
Make the sea serve them: which they ear and
wound
With heels of every kind: Many hot invades
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lend to this think out; and, fresh youth revolt;
No vessel can keep forth, but 'tis so soon
Taken as seen for Pompey's name strikes more,
Though that his war resisted.

Ces. Antony,
Lays thy lascivious waness. Where then once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slewest
Nerissus and Panza, consol'd, at thy best
Died vanquish'd; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thus didst drink
The state of horses, and the gilded paddle
Which beasts would coah at; thy paddle then
Did design
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yes, like the stag, when saw the pastures shears,
The banks of trees thou brownest't; on the Alp
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(If wounds thine honor, that I speak it now),
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

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

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

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

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

Ces. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.
Alexander. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAMILLION, IAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Cham. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha! Give me to drink mandragora.
Cham. Why, madam? I
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
My Antony is away.

Cham. You think of him
Too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Cham. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, ennuch, Mardian!—
Mard. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cham. Not now to hear thee speak; I take no
pleasure
In such a speech has; 'Tis well for thee,
That thou hast no affection to me.

Cleo. Madam; for I can do no

the...
ACT II,

SCENE I.

A Room in Pompey's House.

POMP.

DESPAIR, MINEERAFIS, and MENAS.

great gods be just, they shall assist
If justified men.

KNOW, worthy Pompey, they do delay, they do not deny.

Desp. Are we not as victors to their throne, to see for.

We, ignorant of ourselves, own harms; which wepowers over good; so find we profit, our prayers.

I shall do well:

love me, and the sea is mine; a creascent, and my aspiring hope come to the full.

Mark Antony is at dinner, and will make, without doors.

Pom. Cæsar gets money, Desp. Lepidus matters both, attend'd, but he neither loves, cares for him.

Antony and Lepidus eat: a mighty strength they carry, have you this? its fate.

From Syracuse, sir, descries: I know, they are in Rome.

Ant. But all the charms of love, soften thy wan'd lip! do join with beauty, last with both! hast time in a field of feasts, an hour: Epicurean cooks, a cloyster sauce his appetite; of feeding may provoke his honour,

Lod's delicacy.-Now, how, Var.,

Enter Varries.

Calling certain that I shall deliver; is every hour in Rome, since he went from Egypt, 'tis better they travel.

I could have given less matter to Messrs. I did not think, as surfeiter would have don't his entry was: his soldiership other swain: but let us hear the opinion, that our staring a lap of Egypt's widow pleck arrear'd Antony.

I cannot hope, Antony shall well go together: go's dead, did trespass on Cæsar; dart will upon him, although, I think, y Antony.

I know not, Messrs. unavoidly may give way to greater, we stand up against them all, want they should square between foes: the entertained cause enough swords; but how the fear of us their divisions, and blind supereck, we yet not know, gods will have it. It only stands on, to use our strongest hands.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Lepidus.

ENDARFIS and LEPIDUS.

Endarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, come you well, to correct your cap-
gentle speech?

I shall entreat him.

To answer like himself: If Cæsar move him, let Antony look over Cæsar's head, and speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter, were I the weaver of Antonius's beard, I would not shav't to-day. Tis not a time for private stomaching.

End. Every time serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But must to greater matters must give

End. Not if the small come first.

Then, your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

End. And yonder, Cæsar.

Cæsar.

Cæsar.

Cæsar.

MENAS, and AGrippa.

End. If we compose well here, to Parthia:

Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæsar.

I do not know.

Menas; ask Agrippa.

Lep.

Agrippa.

Cæsar.

Thou which combin'd us was most great, and set not.

A lesser action read on us. What's amiss, may't be greatly heard: When we debate,

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder, healing wounds: Then, noble partners (The rather, for I earnestly beare),

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest words, nor curtness grow to the matter.

End. I've spoken well: Were we before our armies, and to fight, I should do take.

Cæsar. Welcome to Rome.

End. Thank you.

Cæsar.

Cæsar. Sir, sir!

Cæsar.

Cæsar. Nay.

End.

End. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so,

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæsar.

Cæsar. If, or for nothing, a little, I should say myself offended; and with you Chissy 'tis the world: more haught'y at, that I should.

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name

It not concern'd me, End.

Cæsar. What's the world to you?

Cæsar. No more than my residing here at Rome. Might I be to you in Egypt? Yet, if you there

Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt

Might be my question.

End.

End. How stead you, practic'd Cæsar. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine

End. By what did here befell me. Your wife, and brother,

Made wars upon me; and their contention

Was theme for you, you were the word of war. As you do make your business: my bro-

ther never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it:

And have my hearing from some true reports,

That drew their swords with you. Did he not

Discredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause? Or this, my letters

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As matter while you have not to make it with,

It must want be with the Cæsar.

Cæsar.

Cæsar. You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgment to me; but

You patch'd up your excuses.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

And the ebb'd man never lord, till never worth
love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common bond
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes on, and beck, Foleying the tory tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Cæsar, I bring thee word, Wonders and men, famous pirates
Make the sea serve them: which they eat and
waste
With keels of every kind: Many hot invades
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack to think on't, and flash youth revolt;
No vessel can perpet, but 'tis 's soon
Taken in sight! for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæsar, Antony,
Leaving my lascivious wains. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou sliwst
Hurtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Didst thou vouch follow to whom thou foughtst against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than a gudgeon suffer: Those diest drink
The state of horses, and the glided paddle
Which beasts would coag at: thy paint then first
The roughest berry on the roughest budge;
Like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets.
The banks of trees thou browsedst on; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh.
When some did die to look on: And all this
(Thou wounds thine honour, that I speak it now),
Wast born so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as look'd not.

Lep., Thy pity of him.

Cæsar,
It is my business too. Farewell.

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

Cæsar,
I knew it for my bond. [Ereunt.

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Char. Give me to drink mandragora.

Cleo. Why, madam! I am free, not so.

Char. Thee, ennoch, Machian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Mar. That I might sleep out this great gap
of time.

My Antony is away. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, ennoch, Machian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Mar. Not now to bear thee sing; I take no
pleasure
In any speech has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseason'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Of a gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do no
thing
But what in deed is honest to be done:

CLEOPATRA.

Yet I have thy affection, and;
What Venus did with Mars, I

Char. Where think'st thou he is made?

Or does he wish it? or can he be

O happy house, to hear the voice
Do bravely, honor! for word's sake.

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the
And negligent of men.—Let's up
Or murmuring. Where's my son?
For so he calls me: Now I shall
With Petticoat's consent—That am with Plebeus' consent
And wrinkled deep in thee! and

Cæsar,
When thou wast bare above this
A mere foot for modesty's sake
Would stand, and make his spout
brow;
Thou didst recauch his steps

With looking on his life.

Antony.

Char. How much and more?

Yet, coming from him, that great—
With him the word is bested.
How goes it with my house here?
Char. Last thing he did, dea,
He heard,—the loss of many deal
This orient pearl:—He spake
Char. Mine ear must pluck it to

Alex. Good fri
Say, The firm Roman to great Egy
This treasure of an empery; at when
To such the petty presents, I will pli
Her spoken threat with kingdoms;—
Say thou, shall call her mistress.
Char. And soberly did mount a terrac
Who neigh'd so high, that what

Cleo. What, was he:

Char. Like to the time o' the

Of heat and cold; he was nor

Cleo. O well-divided dispos.
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis

He was not; for he would
That make their looks by his; he
Which second'd to tell them, his re
In Egypt with his joy; but betw
O heavenly mingle!—be't's thon
The violence of chider thee bec
So does it no mast else.—Mest'st thou
Char. A, ay, madam, twenty seven
Why do you send so thick

Cleo. Who's

When I forget to send to Antony
Shall dies a beggar.—Ink and pape
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Do
Ever love Caesar so?

Char. O that be
Cleo. Be chok'd with such an
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The va

Cleo. By Isla, I will give thee
If thou with Caesar paragon
My man of men;

Char. By your most gr
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad

When I was green in judgment.—
To say, as I said then!—But, co
Get me ink and paper; he shall

A several greeting, or I'll unpeo
ACT II.

MESSALIA. A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, MENÆCENAS, and Menas.

Men. If the gods be just, they shall assist your deeds of justest men.

Pom. Know, worthy Pompey, if what they do delay, they do not deny:

Men. Who art thou, and with what do thou approach me thus?

Pom. Menæcus and Lepidus in the field; a mighty strength they carry on.

Men. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Pom. From Silvius, sir; no man knows him.

Men. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together.

Pom. Looking for Antony; but all the charms of love, Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd'ring spirit.

Men. Thou art a jocund boy, mixest with beauty, last with both:

Pom. In his brain tumbling: Epicurian cooks, when with cloying spice his appetite,

Men. In sleep and feeding may provoke his honour,

Pom. I'll let Pytho prophesy.--How now, Verus!

EXEUNT.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Ant. Antony is every hour in Rome,

Men. since he went from Egypt, 'tis

Ant. I could have given less matter;

Men. Antony, I do not think;

Ant. It was his military,

Men. 18 was his soldier;

Ant. But let us rear our opinion, that our staring

Men. is the lap of Egypt's widow puck,

Ant. I cannot hope

Men. Antony shall well greeter;

Ant. That's dead, did trespasses to Caesar;

Men. I was upon him; although, I think,

Ant. By Antony.

Men. I know not, Menæcus;

Ant. All manner of things may give way;

Men. what we stand up against them all,

Men. brain, they should square between

Men. enough, our swords; but how the fear of us

Ant. it only stands, upon; to use our strongest

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Eno. O Lepidus, 'is a worthy deed,

Lep. I shall entreat him.

To answer like himself; if Caesar move him,

Ant. Let Antony look over Caesar's head,

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Ant. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion; but, pray, sit, sir; do not expose yourself.

Ant. Go, Antony and Verus.

Lep. And Antony.

Enter Casus, Menæcus, and Agrippa.

Cas. If we compose well here, to Part. Hark you, Verus:

Men. I do not know.

Agrippa. Noble friends, which comend us to the interest of this seat, and let not

Cas. A letter sent near us, What's amiss,

Men. May it be gently heard; when we debate

Agrippa. Noble friends, I'll speak to you. I am Antony, and

Cas. I will not, and shall not, and will not.

Lep. Were we before our armies, and to fight,

Ant. I should do thus.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit, sir!

Men. Nay, I will not.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not.

Cas. Being, concern you not.

Ant. I must be laughed at,

Men. For nothing, or a little;

Lep. Should say myself offended; and with you

Cas. I the world; more laughed at, that I

Men. Once name you derogate, when to sound your

Cas. What name?

Men. I do not concern me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar,

Men. What was to you?

Cas. More than my residing here at Rome:

Ant. Did I make my repose in your state, your being in Egypt

Men. This was the theme for you, the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my broth

Cas. Did urge me in his act; I did inquire it.

Ant. And have my learning from some true reports,

Cas. That drew their swords with you. Did he do it?

Men. You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment on me; but

Cas. You patched up your excuses.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Ant. Not so, not so. I know you could not lack, I am certain sure; Yet necessity of this thought, that,
Your partner in this cause (argent which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own face. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third of the world is yours; which with a
Smile,
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eun. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women.
Sir, this much accession, her garb, her gait,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving did,
Did you too much disdain: for that you must
But say, I could not help it. Arranged
I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with bastards
Did you ensnare me, and to me thus out of patience.

Sir. He fell upon me, erie admitted; then
Three kings I had newly treated, and did want
Of what I was like manners; but, next day,
I told him of myself: which was as much,
As to have safe him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we continued,
Out of our question wip him. Cause.

You have broken
This article of your oath; which you never
Have tongues to charge me with.

Ant. Soft, Caesar.

Eun. No, Lepidus, let him speak; The honour's sacred which he talks on, Now.
Supposing that I lack'd it: But no, Caesar;
The article of my oath—

Caesar. To lend me arms, and aids, when I required;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather.

And then, when poison'd hours have bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may;
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power. Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which, in case I be ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour.
To stoop in such a case. 

Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no more
The griefs between ye; to forget them quite,
We do remember that the present need
Speaks to stone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecenas. Eun. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more worth of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Though a soldier only; speak no more. Eun. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgotten.

Ant. You wrong his presence, therefore speak no more.

Eun. On your considerate state. Caesar. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall stay in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What hope should hold us stanch, from edge to edge.

Caesar. What of the world I would purge it.

Ant. Give me leave, Caesar.

Eun. Speak, Agrippa. Agrippa. Thus hast thou shown by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Say not so, Agrippa; 

If Cleopatra beard you, when She were well deserving of repose.

Ant. I am not married, thou Agrippa. Agr. To hold you in peace. With an understanding, which Octavia to his wife; whom I will
With him understand. With whom his Whose virtues, and whose good
That which none else can with
Rage.

All little jealousies, which mid amongst Countless numbers, what all dangers.

Would these be nothing; truth Where now with my friend, And
Would, catch each other, and, And
For this a studied, not a proses Blowing triumphant.

Caesar. Not till he knows the plot
With what is spoke already.

Caesar. What mean
If I would say, Agrippa, to do To make this good?

Caesar. The sworn power unto Octavius,

Mec. To this good purpose, that so in The dream of it I am to act me Farther this act of grace; and,

The heart of brothers governs it And away our great designs.

Caesar. A sister I bequeath you, whom Did ever love so dearly: Let her To join our kingdom, and our
Fly off our loves again in

Lep. I did not think to draw in

Pompey:

For he hath laid strange'st craft: Of late upon me: I must thee Let my remembrance suffer it At need of that, defrey him.

Lep. The of us must Pompey presently Or else he seeks out us.

Caesar. A bout the Mount Mount

Caesar. By land?

Caesar. Great, and increases He is an absolute master.

Yes. We Would, we had spoke together! Yet, ere we put ourselves in our The business we have talked of

With and do invite you to my sister: Whither straight I will lead ye

Caesar. Not your company.

Lep. Not nobly.

Caesar. Welcome from Egypt. Mec. Half the heart of Caesar was—my honourable friend, A

Agr. Good Escoebourn! Mec. We have cause to be glad; we are so well digested. You stay Egypt.

Eun. Ay, sir; we did sleep late, and made the night light

Eun. Eight wild bears rose breakfast, and but twelve person

Eun. This was but as a fly by a much more monstrous matter: a 

Agr. This was the word. a
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Ant. Good night, sir—My Octavia, Read not my blemishes in the world's report; I have not kept my square: but that to come Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Oct. Good night, sir.

Cas. Good night. [Exit Cas. and Octv.

Ant. Now, sirrah! do you wish yourself in Egypt?

Soc. 'Would, I had never come from thence, nor you.

Thlber. If you can, your reason?

Soc. I see't in My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet He is you again to Egypt. Say to me,

Ant. Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's, or mine?

Soc. Caesar's. Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side: Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unspeakable, Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore Make space enough between you. Speak this no more. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee. If thou dost play with him at any game, Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck, He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens. When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him; But, he away, his noble.

Get thee gone:

Say to Venustus, I would speak with him:
He shall to Parthia.—Be it ari or hap, He hath spoken true: The very die obey him: And, in our sports, my better cunning finds Under his chance: If we draw lots, he speeds; His cocks do win the battle still of mine, When it is all to nought; and his quails ever Beat mine, leghorn'd, or old, I will to Egypt: And though I make this marriage for my peace, Enter VENUSTUS.

I' the cast my pleasure lies:—O, come, Veni-

Dius, You must to Parthia; your commission's reads: Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. A Street.

Enter LAPIDUS, MERCAZ, and APHRODIPHA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten.

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will even but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow. Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress, Which will become you both, farewell. We shall, As I conceive the journey, be at mount;


Mep. Your way is shorter,

Lep. My purposes do draw me much about;

You'll win two days upon me.


SCENE V. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cle. Give me some musick; musick, mostly food

Of us that trade in love. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Mep. Let it alone; let us to biliards:

Come, Charmian. 3 K. 
Cleopatra.

Cleop. Good madam, postema, madam.

Ces. What will you have?

Cleop. Horrible villains! I or I'll give you more
Like bolts before me; I'll scorch you with fire and
Thou shalt be whipped with what it
Shall make thy peace, for needs
And may thee fortune pursue,
Thy modesty can beg.

Ces. Rogues, thou hast said.

Cleop. What mean you, madam? I know

Ces. Good madam, keep you;

Cleop. The man is honest.

Ces. Some remorse must be

Cleop. Melt Egypt into Nile I and

Ces. Turn all to serpents! Corrupt

Cleop. Though I am mad, I will not bite

Ces. He is afraid to come.

Cleop. He will not.

Ces. These hands do lack nobility, to

Cleop. A meaner than myself; since I have

Ces. He is married!

Cleop. I cannot hate thee worse than if

Ces. He is mad.

Cleop. The gods confound thee! there all!

Ces. Should I lie, madam?

Cleop. O, I woule

Ces. So half my Egypt were submerged.

Cleop. A vessel for ascal'd snakes! Go,

Ces. Hast thou Narcissus in thy face

Cleop. Thou wilt appear most ugly.

Ces. I crave your highness'

Ces. Take no offence, that I w

Cleop. To punish me for what you make

Ces. I cannot think so much unequal.

Cleop. That is not!

Ces. The merchandise which thou hast

Ces. Are all too dear for me; lie they:

Ces. Good your highness.


Ces. Many times, madam.

Cleop. I am g

Ces. Lead me hence,

Ces. I faint; O me! Cleopatra. O

Ces. Go to the fellow, good Alexas; I report

Ces. For the feature of Octavia, her

Ces. The colour of her hair:—bring me

Ces. Let him for ever go:—Let him as
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Well, I know not
What moves harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vessel.

Well met here.
I hope so, Lepidus—Thus we are agreed;
I crave, if it be possible, that your composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
That's the next to do.
We'll feast each other, ere we part;
And let us
Draw lots who shall begin.
That will I, Pompey.
No, Antony, take the lot; but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Grew fat with feasting there.
You have heard much.
I have fair meanings, sir.
And fair words to them.
Then so much have I heard—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
No more of that;—be he did so.
What, pray you?—
A certain queen to Caesar in a majestic,
I know thee now;—How far hast thou,
soldier?
Well; and well am I like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Let me shake thy hand;—
I never hated thee; I have seen thee tight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Sir, I never lov'd you much; but I praise you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much.
As I have said you.
Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

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Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

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Pom.

Cleop.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.

Cleop.

Pom.

Cleop.
Enter Not be, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sights of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here. 

_Ext._ 

_Ant._ With the health else he is a very epicus 

_Pom._ (To Menex and Tell me of that! Do as I bid you.—Wha_ 

_Men._ If for thee, I rise from thy stool. 

_Pom._ I think, th_ 

_Men._ I have ever he_ 

_Pom._ Thou hast seen _What's else to as_ 

_Men._ Be jolly, lords. _Then_ 

_Pom._ Keep off them, for you _Men._ Will thou be fo_ 

_Pom._ That's twice, _Men._ How should I _Men._ Although thou think it will give thee all the w_ 

_Pom._ _Men._ No, Pompey, I _Men._ These three will _ _Men._ These three were _Petitor._ 

_Ant._ Are in thy vessel: _Let_ 

_Pom._ And when we are put _Pom._ Ah, this is _And not have spoke so_ 

_In thee, it had been good_ 

_Tis not my profit that Muc honorum, it. Re_ 

_Hath so betray'd this_ 

_I should have found it_ 

_But must condemn it_ 

_Men._ For this, _I'll never follow thy_
VIII.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 633

Lcss. Come.

Cam. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast, lady. It elicits towards it—Strike the vessels, no more! It is to Caesar.

Lcss. I could well forbear it. It monstrates labour when I wash my brain, and it grows fonder. Be a child o'th' time.

Cam. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast

eat my four days, than drink so much in one. Come. Has he my brave emperor? To Antony, all we dance now the Egyptian Bacchantes, at celebrate our drink!

Lcss. Let's in, good soldier. Cam. Let us as all take hands; that the conquering wise hath steep'd our sense

soft and delicate Lothe. All take hands.

Cam. Let the drums to our carth with loud music at while, I'll sing! Then the boy shall sing;

so holding every man shall bear, as loud his strong sides can voyce.

[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand to hand.

SONG.

Come, then, maun pure of the wine,
Plotte Baccache, with pint cup:
In the crows our cares be drown'd;
With the groves our hours be crown'd;
Cup us, tell the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round.

Cam. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.

Ant. If you request us, our graver business comes at this levity—Gentle lords, let's part; and, sure, we have burnt our cheeks: strong

Enobarbus having drunk the wine; and mine own tongue bring forth what it speaks: the wind disguiseth almost

all we, what. What needs more words? Good night.

Ant. Your hand.

Cam. And shall, sir; give your hand.

O, Antony, try thy father's house; But what we are done down into the boat.

[Enter Pom. Cas. Ant. and Attendants.

Now, I'll try you o' the shore. And shall, sir; give your hand.

[Enter Pom. Cas. Ant. and Attendants.

O, Antony, try thy father's house; But what we are done down into the boat.

Take heed you fall not.

[Enter Pom. Cas. Ant. and Attendants. I'll not on shore.

No, to my cabin—

Enobarbus these trumpets, stater what!Farewell! Here bid a loud farewell to great fellows Sound, and be hang'd, round about.

[Exit Fortell of Trumpets, with Drum. Ant. says 'Aye—There's my man!—No noble captain! [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.

ENTRANT, as after Conway, with SILNUS, the Roman, Officers, and Soldiers: the Body of Ptolemus's, and for Marcus Crassus's death revenge.—Bear the king's son's body our army—They Ptolemus, Gredes, and

Noble Venticula.

Whilst yet with Ptolemy blood thy sword is warm, The captive Ptolemes follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the sheltereth whither The routed By: so thy grand captain Antony Shall see thee on triumphant charlots, and Put garments on thy head.

[Enter O Silinus, Silinus; I have done enough: A lower place, note well, May make to great an act: For learn this, Silinus; Better to leave undone, than by our deed Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.

Cam. A car, and Antony, have ever won More in their officer, than person; Sossins, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accomplishment of renown, Which heach'ted by the minute, lost his favour. Who does it the worse than his captain can, Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss, Than gain, which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'tis not my nght; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Venditius, that Without the which a soldier; and his sword, Grants scarce distinct. Then, thou wilt write to Antony.

Cam. I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effected; Howe, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks, The me'yet-broken horse of Ptolemes We have fende out of the field.

Sil. Where is he now? Cam. He purposeth to Athens; with what haste the weight we muscle convey with us will permit, We shall appear before him. —On, there; pass along.

[Exit.

SCENE II.


Enter Arrap, and Enobarbus, meeting.

Arr. What, are the brothers parted?

Cam. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone.

Arr. The other three are scaling. Octavia weeps.

Part to Rome: Caesar is sad; and lepidus, since Pompey's feat, as Menas says, is troubled With the green sickness.

Cam. Is a noble Lepidus.

Arr. A very fine one: O, love he loves Caesar! Arr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony.


Arr. Indeed, he ply's them both with excellent praises.

Cam. But he loves Caesar best:—Yet he loves Antony: [poes, cannot He his heart, tongues, figures, scribbs, mouth speak, cast, without number, ho, his love To Antony. But as for Caesar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Arr. Both they loves. They are his shards, and he their beating. So,— [Trumptet.

This is to know.—Alien, noble Arrapica. Arr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, lepidus, and Octavia. The further, sir. Cas. You take me from a great part of myself, 2 3 2.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
hand
Shall press upon thy approbation.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is not
Betwixt us, on the utmost of our love,
To keep it builded, be the same, to better
The fortune of it: for better might we
Have loved without this means, if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Ant. Make me notoffended
In your distrust.

Cas. I have said,
You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: be, the gods keep you.
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cas. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Oct. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's hawkeyes: it is love's spring.
And through the showers to bring it on.—Be
cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house;

Cas. What, Octavia? I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Esu. Will Caesar weep? [Aside to Octavius.

Cas. He has a cloud in's face.
Esu. He were the worse for that, were he a
horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus! When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Esu. That year, indeed, he was troubled with
a rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wold't:
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cas. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Oust my thinking on you.
Esu. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus let I you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cas. Adieu; be happy!

Let, Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cas. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavius.

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, AND AEAXIS.

Cle. Where is the fellow?

Agr. Half afoot to come.
Cle. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Cle. Good majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleased.

Agr. That Herod's head I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through me I might command it.—Come then near.

Cle. Most gracious majesty,—

Octavia! Didst thou behold

Mest. Any grand queen.
Cle. If I look'd her in the face, I did.
Between her brother and I had
Cleo. Is she as tall as we?
Mest. Cleo. Did not her spirit
Mest. Madam, I bend her a

Cleo. That's not so good—

Mest. Like her, or I fool'd thee.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian:
Agr. What majesty is in her gait? if ever thou look'st on majest.
Mest. Her motion and her station:
Cleo. For the most part too
Cleo. Or I have no observ

Mest. Cannot make better coats.
Cleo. I do perceive '2;—There's not
The fellow has good judgments.
Oct. Cleo. Guess at her years, I,
Mest. She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow—
Mest. And I do think, she's
Cleo. Bear'a thou her face is
Mest. Round eyes to fashions.
Cleo. For the most part too
Cleo. That are so.

Mest. Her hair, what colour?
Mest. Brown, madam: As
Cleo. As low as she would wish it.
Mest. Thou must not take my forms
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I re
That I so happy'd him.
Cleo. This creature's no such thing.
Cleo. The man hath seen
Cleo. Hath he been majesty

At 's no matter; thou shal

Cleo. I have one thing not
Char. good Charmian:—
Cleo. But 'ts no matter; thou shal
Where I will write: All may
Char. I warrant you, madam

SCENE IV. Athens. A Room.

Enter ANTONY and CLE.

Ant. Nay, say, Octavia, so
That were excusable, that, an
Of sensible import,—but he
New wars' gainst Pompæus: a

To publish say:—
Spoke scantily of me; when pe
But pay me terms of honour.
He ventured them: most narrow
When the best hint was given b
Or did it from his teeth.
Oes. Believe not all: or, if you me
A more an
If this division chance, ne'er
Praying for both parts: the god

me presently,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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Nail pray, O my lord and husband! No prayer, by crying out so loud, is heard! Husband, wise, wiser brother, did destroy the prayer; no midway seas extremities at all.

Gentle Octavius. 'tis best love draw to that point, which day reserve it: If I lose mine honour, rash; better I were not yours, sea; begging made use of him, you requested, shall go between us; The mean time; the preparation of a war in your brother; Make your soonest to

learn are yours.

Thanks to my lord. of power make me most weak, most Sea. Warr twice in twice would world should cleave, and that slate men rider up the rift. seen it appear to you where this begins, to displace that way; for our fate x be so equal, that your love the move with them. Provide your our company, and command what you has mind to.

[Exeunt.

V. The same. Another Room in the same.

We ENSARUS and ERAS, meeting.
low now, friend Eros!
here's strange news come sir, that, man! Caesar and Lepidus have made war upon
his is old; What is the success? me, having made use of him in the last Pompey, presently denied him would not let him partake in the glory less; and not resting here, accuses him; he had formerly wrote to Pompey; own appeal, seizeth him; So the good p, till death enrage his confine. any, world, thou hast a pair of caps, more; between them all the food thou hast, rid the one the other. Where's a

ye? he walking in the garden—thus; and

starts before him; cries, Fear, Lepidus; my threats, I have no more of that his officers, der Pompey.

Our great navy's rigged in Italy, and Caesar. More, Doniullus; lest you presently: my news are told elsewhere. But twill be sought; be, bring me to Antony.

[Exeunt.

VII. Rome, A Room in Caesar's House.

to Caesar, Abruptus, and MENENIUS.

Introducing Rome, he has done all this: A more;Virginia, here's the manner of it, place, on a tribunal silver'd, and himself in chains of gold swiftly enthrone'd: at the feet, sat to whom they call my father's son; be unlawful issue, that their last hath made between them. unto her, she Stablishment of Egypt; made her Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, queen.

This in the publick eye.

Caes. I the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons the he-proculian, The kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia. He gave to Alexander; to Pompey he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She the headliners of the goddess' isis That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience As 'tis reported, so.

Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, curious with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Caes. The people know it; and have now receiv'd it.

His accusers.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Caes. Caesar; and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part of the isle: then does he say, he left me Rome shipping unwatch'd; lastly, he frea, That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should depose'd; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Caes. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That his high authority absolv'd;

And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd, I grant him part; but then, in his Armenis, And other of his conquer'd kingdom, I demand the like.

Let it never yield to that.

Caes. Nor must not then be yielded in this.

Enter OCTAVIUS.

Oct. Hall, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar!

Caes. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you come not.

Caes. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You like Caesar's sister: The wife of Antony should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach, Long could he appear; the trees by the way, Should have borne men; and expectation fainted, Longing for what it had not: may, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rain'd upon your populous troops: But you are come.

A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented The ostentation of our love, which, tell unknown is often left unlovd: we should have met you By sea, and land; supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord, To come thus was not constraining, but did it On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I beg'd his pardon for return.

Oct. Which soon he granted, Being an obstinate 'twixt his lust and him. Oct. Do not say so, my lord. Caes. I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now? Oct. My lord, in Athens. Caes. No, my most wrung sister; Cleopatra Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire Up to a whore; who now are levyng The kings o' the earth for war; He hath assemblied Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus, Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king Of Phaphigonia; the Thracian king, Adalats; King Matchus of Arabia; king of Poecis.
HEROES OF JEWRY: Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amastris, The kings of Mede, and Lycosorus, with a More larger list of successes.

Cae. Ah me, most wretched, That have my heart parted betwixt two friends, That do inflict each other! Cae. Welcome bitter! Your letters did withhold our breaking forth: Till we perceive'd, both how you were wrong'd, And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart: Be you not troubled with the time, which drives O'er your content these strong necessities: But let determin'd things to destiny Hold unfavour'd their way. Welcome to Rome: Nothing more dear to me. You are absent Beyond the mark of light; and the high gods, To do you justice, make them ministers Often, and choose that love you. Best of comfort! And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady. Cae. Welcome, dear madam. Each heart in Rome does love and play you: Only the odious Antony, most large In his abominations, turns you off: And gives his potent regiment to a trait, That stands against us.

Cae. Is it so, sir? Cae. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you, Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [Exit Cae.]

SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S CAMP, near to the Proernomy of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cae. I will be even with thee, doubt it not. Eno. But why, why, why? Cae. Thos hast foreseen my being in these And say'st, it is not fit. Well, is it? Cae. It's not denounc'd against us? Why should not we Be there in person? Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply:— If we should serve with horse and mares togeth', The horse were merely lost; the mares would best A soldier, and his horse.

Cae. What is't you say? Eno. Your presence needs must pacify Antony.

Cae. Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time, What should not then be tard'd. He is already Tended for levity; and 'tis said in Rome, That Phocion, a laison, and your maid, Manage this war.

Cae. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot, That speak against us! A charge we bear! the war, And, as the president of my kingdom, will appear there for a man. Speak not against it: I will not stay behind.

Cae. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANDIDES.

Ant. This is not strange, Candides, That from Tarentum, and Brundisium, He could so quickly cut the Ionian seas, And take in Tyrus—You have heard on't, sweet Cae. The same day is more admirable Than by the negligent. Ant. A good rebuke, Which might have well become the best of men, To taunt at slackness—Candides, we must make with him by sea.

Cae. By sea! What else? Cae. Why will my lord do so? For that he dares as well.
the prescription of this scroll upon this jump. [Eremit.]

Eremit and ENobarbus.

Our squadrons on you side o’ the

sea’s battle; from which place number of the ships beheld.

I accordingly. [Eremit.]

marching with his Land Army on Stages, and TAVERNS, the Louisiana, where Hanover, their going in, one of a Sea-fights.

E. Re-enter ENobarbus.

O, naught! naught! I can be

outrage; the Egyptian admiral, lusty, fly, and turn the rudder; eyes are blasted.

Eremit Scares.

Gods and goddesses, ye gods of them!

What’s thy passion? everlastic of the world is lost

rancie; we have kiss’d away

province.

How appears the fight? side like the token’d pestilence, a sure. You’ribund bag of

victims? t’the midst o’the

like a pair of twins appear’d,

me, or rather over the elder,—

her, like a cow in June, did flies.

That I beheld:

sticken at the sight, and could not

waver.

She one being loo’d,

of her majesty, Antonio,

sharpe and like en doing martial,

ght in height, flies after her;

action of such shame;

inwound, honour, never before itself.

Alack, alack!

Eremit Caneuse.

His pride on the sea is out of breath, is lamentable. Had our general

knew himself, it had gone well; an example for our flight;

by his own;

re you thereabout? Why then,

[Aside.]

Pepomans are the red,

yes yet; and there I will attend

comes.

To Caesar will I render

of my heart; six kings already way of yielding.

I’ll yet follow

I chance of Antonio, though my

self against me. [Eremit.]

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

ANTONY and Attendants.

the land bids me tread no more

hear me.—Friends, come hither.

in the world, that I

way for ever?—i have a ship old;

take that, divide it; fly;

peace with Caesar.

Fly not we;

sted myself; and have instructed

to run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be

gone;

I have myself resolve’d upon a cruise,

which has no need of you; be gone;

My treasurer’s in the harbour, take it.—O,

I follow’d that I blush to look upon;

My very hair do mutiny; for the white

beaten the row for rancie, and they them

For fear and doing.—Friends, be gone; you

shall

have letters from me to some friends, that will

Sweep your way for you. —Pray you, look not

sad,

Nor make replies of lostness; take the hint

Which my despair proclaims: let that be

Which leaves itself to the wits straightway:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,

Therefore I pray you.—I’ll see you by and by.

[Exit down.]

Eremit Enos, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHAIRMAN and GALLUS.

Enos. Nay, gentle madam, to him;—Comfort him.

Chair. Do, most dear queen.

Enos. Do! why, what else?

Cle. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Enos. See you here, sir?

Ant. O ye, O ye, O ye.

Chair. Madam?

Enos. Madam; O good empress!—

Chair. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippis, Kept

His sword even like a dancer; while I struck

The leas and winded Caesar; and I was I,

That the mad Brutus ended: he alone

Dealt on RTCANcry, and no practice had

In the brave squares of war; yet now—No

matter.

Cle. Ah, stand by.

Enos. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Chair. Go to him, madam, speak to him;

He is qualified with very shame.

Cle. Well then.—Sustain me;—Oh!

Enos. Most noble sir, arise; the queen appoints;

her head’s declin’d, and death will seize her;

but your comfort makes the reverse.

Ant. Your offended repetition:

A most amiable swerving.

Enos. Sir, the queen.

Chair. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes.

By looking back on what I have left behind;

Stony’d in dishonour.

Cle. O my lord, my lord!

Chair. Forgive my fearful soliloquy! little thought,

You would have follow’d.

Ant. Egypt, th’knows’t too well,

My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,

and thou shouldst tow me after; over my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou know’st; and that

Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Conform me.

Chair. O, my pardon.

Cle. O, my pardon.

Chair. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, Gogd

and Gander in the shifts of fowls; who

With half the bulk of the world play’d as I

please’d,

Making and making fortunes. You did know,

How much you were my conqueror; and that

My sword, made weak by my affection, was

Worthy it on all cause.

Cle. O, my pardon, pardon.

Chair. Fall not a tear, I say; once more erect.

All that is won and lost; give me a kiss.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Even this repairs me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of fear;
Some time, when you shall have gone, and our friends—
Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

**Note.**

**SCENE X. Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.**

**Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Tyndarus, and Others.**

**Cas.** Let him appear that's come from Antony.

**Know you him?**

**Dol.** Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster: An argument that he is pick'd out, when hither He sends us such a platoon of his wing, Which bears him wings for messengers, Not many moons gone by.

**Enter Euphorbus.**

**Cas.** Approach, and speak. 

**Eup.** Such as I am, I come from Antony: I bring you tidings to his ends.

As is the more-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cas. Be it so; Declare thine office.

**Eup.** Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted; He signs his requests; and to thee sent To let him breathe between the heavens and earth.

A private man in Athens: This for him.

Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves The circle of the Prolemus for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace.

**Cas.** For Antony, I have no ear to his request. The queen Of audience, nor desire, shall fall: so she From Egypt drive her all-disprisèd friend, Or take his life there: This if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

**Eup.** Fortune pursue thee!

**Cas.** Bring him through the bands.

**Enter Euphorbus.**

**To try thine eloquence, now 'tis the time:** 

**Dispatch** 

**From Antony win Cleopatra: promise.**

**[To Tyndarus.**

And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers: women are not, In their best fortunes, strong: but want will perjure.

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy conning.

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we Will answer as a law.

**Thy.**

**Cæsar,** I go.

**Observe how Antony becomes his flaw:
And what then think'd his very action speaks In every power that moves.

**Thy.**

**Cæsar, I shall.** [Exeunt.

**SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**

**Enter Cleopatra, Euphorbus, Charmian, and Iras.**

**Cles.** What shall we do, Euphorbus? 

**Eup.** Think, and die.

**Cles.** Is Antony, or we, in fault for this? 

**Eum.** Antony only; that would make his will Lord of his reason. What though you fled From that great face of war, whose several range Frighted each other? Why should he follow? The lie of his affection should not then Have stripp'd his capstainment; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, he being The moved question: 'Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing

**Cles.** Pr'ythee, peace.

**Ant.** Is this his answer?

**Thy.** Ay, my lord.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

What's your name?
Thersites. Most kind messenger, his being disputation, and tell him to prompt six feet; and there to kneel: dooby-breath I hear it.

'Tis your noblest course, combating together, in what it can, and me, to give me grace to lay off. Your Caesar's father of taking kingdoms in, that unworthy place, but I know not.

Thersites. I, by Jove that thunders!—One, that but performs slight man, and worthless boy'd. You will be whip'd here;—Ay, you kite;—Now sir:

Antony. Of late, when I cried, as kings would start forth, have you no ears? I am Attendants since this Jack, and whip a dying lion's whip, or dying. Moon and stars! twenty of the greatest trio, or Caesar, should I find them and of the house (What's her name?)—Whip him, fellows, see him cringe his face, see mercy: Take him hence, or let him away: being whip'd, this Jack of Caesar's shall 

Thersites (to Antony).—Attendants and Thersites, there let I know you;—Ha! last supper'd in Rome; of a lawful race, mean, to be about no fedders. Good my lord, is it. O, is it to come this; as a morsel, cold upon a spear; may you were a frag besides what hotter hours, as I, you have not. For, I am sure, as what temperance should it is. Wherefore is this I will take rewards, and be familiar with a hand; this king's seal hearts.—O, that I were an, to ostracize or I have savage cause; they will be like, which does the hangman thank a him. Is he whip'd? 

Re-enter Attendants with Thersites.

Antony. Soundly, my lord.

Thersites. Crieff he! and begg'd he be pardon'd? I hate. He did ask favour. If that thy father live, let him report they wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry. To follow Caesar in his triumph, since thou hast been whip'd for following him: braceforth, the white hand of a lady fever thee, shake thou to look on.—Get thee back to Caesar.

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say, He makes me angry with him: for he seems Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am; Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry; and at this time most easy 'is to do it; When my good stars, that were my former guides, Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires into the abism of hell. If he mistake My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has Hipparchus, my unfortunate handmaid, whom He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, as he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou: Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[Exeunt Thersites.

Antony. Have you done yet?

Cleopatra. Alack, our terrace moon is now eclips'd; and it portends alone The fall of Antony!

Antony. I must stay his time.

Cleopatra. To shatter Caesar would you mingle eyes With one that ties his points?

Antony. Not know me yet?

Cleopatra. Cold-hearted toward me?

Antony. Ah, dear, if I be so, from my cold heart let heaven encumber hail, and poison it in the source; and the first stone Drop in my neck: as it determines, so Dissolve my life. The next Caesarion smile! Till, by degrees, the memory of my woe, together with my brave Egyptians all, By the discarding of this peevish storm, Lie Greeceless; till the firs and goats of Nile Have buried them for prey!

Cleopatra. I am satisfied. Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where I will oppose his fate. Our force by land Has nobly held; our several navy too Have knave again, and fleet, threatening most seaward. Where seat thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady? If from the field I shall return once more To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood; and I my sword will earn our chronicle; There is hope in it yet.

Cleopatra. That's my brave lord! Antony. I will be trouble-al'red, hearted, breath'd, and light maliciously: for when mine honors Were nice and lucky, men did ramose lives Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth, and send to darkness all that stop me. Come, Let's have one other goodly night: call to me All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more, Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleopatra. It is my birthday; I had thought, to have held it poor, but, since my lord is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra. We'll yet do well.

Cleopatra. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Antony. Do; we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force The wine peep through their scars. Come on my spear; There's say in't yet.—The next time I do fight, I'll make both with love me; for I will contend Even with his petition scythe.

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.]
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Eun. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious, Is, to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood The beast would pitch the encounter: and I see still A diminution in our captain's brain Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason, It eate the sword it fights with. I will seek Some way to leave him. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Caesar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Caesar, reading a Letter; AGrippa, MECENAS, and Others.

Caes. He calls me boy; and christen, as he had power To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger He hath whip'd with rods; dooms me to personal combat;

CAESAR to ANTONY: Let the old ruffian know, I can not die the way to die; mean time, Laugh at his challenge.

Caes. Caesar must think. When one so great begins to rage, he's hasted Even to killing. Give him no breath, but now Make all the ease of his distraction: Never anger Made good guard for itself.

Caes. Let our best hands know, that to-morrow the last of many battles We mean to fight:—Within our walls there are Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late, Enough to fetch him in. See it be done; And we will make the prey: we have store to do't, And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [Enrages.

SCENE II. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, CLEOPATRA, ENobarbus, CHARIUS, IPRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, Or bath my dying honour in the blood Shalt make it live again. Wont' thon fight well? Eno. I'll strike; and cry, Take all.

Well said; come on.— Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bonamates at our meal.—Give me thy hand, Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou; And thou,-and thou,-and thou:-you have serv'd me well, And kings have been your fellows.

Cles. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which swear shoots [Aside. Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. I wish, I could be made so many men; And all of you clap'd up together in An Antony, that I might do you service, So good as you have done. Sure.

Ant. My good fellows, wait upon me to-night; Scorn not my ears; and make as much of me, As I have made mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command. Cles. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep. Read me to-night; Make it in the period of your duty; I'll not, you shall not see me more; or it, A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow You'll serve another master.

At once that takes his lands; In those you set away; and set yourself In thy good word; Tread me to-morrow; And the gods yield you dust.

Eno. To give them this discontent I'll, in an hour, Transform us not to worms. How the witch take you, U! Grace grow where thou dost. I speak to you for your own To burn this night with sighs, to-morrow: Where rather I'll expect the Than death and honours. Let And drawn consideration.

SCENE III. The same. Enter Two Soldiers, &c.

1 Sol. Brother, good night.


Enter Two others &c.

Have careful watch. 1 Sol. And you; Good night, &c. [The two go out. 4 Sol. Here we are: They are to-morrow.

Our naval army, I have an Our landmen will stand up. 3 Sol. And full of purpose. [The two go out. 4 Sol. Shave of Ham. 1 Sol. Peace, &c. 2 Sol. Hark! 1 Sol. Musick &c. 2 Sol. Unde. 4 Sol. Does't not?


SCENE IV. The same. A Hall. Enter Antony and Cleopatra. Others attend.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Cles. No, my chuck.—Ere

most, &c.
CLEOPATRA. 651

Gold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Enos, send his treasure after; do it.

Cle. No jot, I charge thee: write to him (I will subscribe) gentle adains, and greetings:

Say, that I wish by myself and more cause To change a master,—O, my fortunes have Corrupted honest men!—Despatch,—Enobar-

Enobarbus. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flaminia. Enter Caesar, with Agrippa, Enobar-

Enobarbus, and Others.

Ca. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is, Antony be took alive; Make him so known.

Ag. Caesar, I will. [Exit Agrippa.

Ca. The time of universal peace is near: Prove this a prosperous day, the three-fock'd world Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Ca. is come into the field. Go, charge Agrippa, Plant those that have revolted in the van, That Antony may seem to spend his fury Upon himself. [Exit Agrippa and his Train.

Eno. Alexo did revolt; and went to Jeryw. On affairs of Antony; there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar, And leave his master Antony; for his pains, Caesar hath hang'd him. Candides, and the rest That fell away, have entertainment, but No honorable trust. I have done ill, Of which I do repent me so sorely, That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold. Antony Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with his bounty overplus: The messenger Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now, Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you. Mock me not, Enobarbus. I tell you true: Best that you send the bringer Out of the host; I must attend mine office, Or would have don't myself. Your emperor Continues still a love. [Exit Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, And feel I am so most. O Antony, Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid My better service, when my turpitude Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart;

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean Sall outstrate thought: but thought will not, I feel.

I fight against thee!—No! I will go seek Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul's best hit My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Field of Battle between the Camps.

Harmon. Drum and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and Others.

Ag. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far; Caesar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Harmon. Enter Antony and Scævola, wounded. Scæv. O my brave emperor, this is fought, in deed! Had we done so at first, we had driven them home With close assault on their heads.

Ant. Thou blest'st apace lone. I, I had a wound here that was like a T, But now 'tis made an H. They go retive.
ANTE AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VIII. Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Enter Antony, charging, Marching, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before, [messenger. And let the queen know of our gaining. To—Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood That has its inward gore. I thank you all: For dothy-header are you: and have fought Not as you served the cause, but as it hath been Each man's like mine; you have shown all eyes, Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful heart Wash the congregation from your wounds, and kiss The honours' gashes whole. —Give me thy hand; [To SCENE Cleopatra attended.

To this great fair I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'the world, Chaim mine arm's neck; leap thou, sitre, and all, Through proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the paws triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! I com'th smiling from The world's great snare uncouht.

Ant. My nightingsale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though gray Do something mingling with our younger brown; — Get out, and let me talk with a brain that nourishes our nerves, and can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man: Command unto his lips thy favouring hand;— Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day, As if a god, in hast, in hand, in mind, had Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend, An armor all of gold: It was a king's. Ant. He has deserv'd it: were it carbuncled Like ho'ly Phœbus' ear.—Give me thy hand; Through Alexandria make a jolly march; Beat our back'd targets like the men that owe them: Had our great palace the capacity To camp this host, we all would hop together; And drink carouses to the next day's fate, Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters, With brazen din blast you the city's ear; Make mingling with our rattling tabourins; That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together.

Appraising our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Caesar's Camp.

Sentinels at first. Post. Enter Enobarbus.

1 Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour, We must return to the court of guard: The night Is ntary; and, they say, we shall embattel By the second hour if the morn. [Exit. 2 Sold. This last day was A shrewd one to us.

Enter. O, hear me, my witnesses, night 3 Sold. What man is this? 2 Sold. Stand close, and let it be 1 Sold. Be witness to me, O thou blessed man When men revolted shall upon record Bear hard my name, and, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repeat—

1 Sold. Enobarbus! [Exit 2 Sold. Hark further.

Enter. O sovereign mistress of true confound The polonous damp of night dispregans That life, a very rebel to my will, May hang no longer on my hands Against the flint and hardness of my body Which, being dried with grief, will melt the powder, And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony, None other than my revels please: the Forgive me in those own particular; But let the world rush me in regular A master-leaver, and a fugitive!—

O Antony! O Antony! Let's speak To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things hope May concern Caesar.

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he has

Wherever yet for sleep.

3 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to him. 1 Sold. The hand of death hath ramp'd Hark, the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us To the court of guard; be is of note: we Will shortly meet. —Come on them; He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the Enobarbus.

SCENE X. Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scare, with Forces, and

Ant. Their preparation is today by day, We please them not by land.

Scare. For both, my lord; I would, they'd fight high for air; We'd fight there too. But this it is: Upon the hills adjoining to the city, Shall stay with us: order for sea is great. They have put forth the haven: Where their appointment we may best And look on their endeavour.

Enter Caesar and his Forces, and

Cez. But being charg'd, we will be land, Which, as it taketh, we shall have; for his foot Is forth to man his galleys. To the morn, And hold our best advantage.

Enter Antony and Scare.

Ant. Yet they're not jo'ied: wind doth pine does stand. I shall discover all: I'll bring thee all. Straight, how 'tis like to go. Scare. Swallows here In Cleopatra's sails their traitor heads. Say, they know not;—they cannot fly grey, And dare not speak their knowledge. In valiant, and detected; and, by mark, Their fretted formes give him hope, me Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum off, as at a Sue-Fight. Enter Antony.

Ant. All this foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: My feet best yielded to the foe; and
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

At this moment, Antony was in Egypt, and Cleopatra was in Alexandria. Antony had left Egypt to return to Rome, but he was caught in a storm and forced to return to Egypt. Cleopatra had arrived in Alexandria to meet with Antony and to try to convince him to stay with her. However, Antony was determined to return to Rome and continue his political career.

"Antony," Cleopatra said, "I implore you to stay with me. I will do everything in my power to make you happy and content."

Antony was torn between his love for Cleopatra and his duty to Rome. He knew that if he stayed, he would be siding against the Roman Republic and risking his political career. But he also knew that if he left, he would be leaving the woman he loved.

"Cleopatra," Antony said, "I cannot stay. I must return to Rome and face the consequences of my actions."

Cleopatra was heartbroken. She had sacrificed everything for Antony, and now he was abandoning her. She knew that she had to let him go, but she could not help but feel a sense of betrayal.

"Antony," she said, "you are my life. I cannot live without you."

Antony looked at Cleopatra with love and regret. He knew that he would always love her, but he knew that he had to follow his destiny.

"My love," he said, "I shall always love you."

Cleopatra embraced him tightly, tears streaming down her face. She knew that this was the end of their relationship, but she also knew that it was the only way.

"Antony," she said, "I will miss you more than you know."

Antony kissed her one last time, and then he turned and left. Cleopatra watched him go, her heart breaking into a million pieces.

End of the scene.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Ant. The gods withhold me! I shall do that, which all the Punican dare.

Though enemy, lest aim, and could not meet.

Ant. Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome? I

And thy master thee with pleasantries, beasting

His corrigible neck, his face unabused?

To preserve his shame, whilst the wheel's seat.

If fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded

His baselessness that swayed? I would not see 't.

Ant. I would not see 't.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast

Most useful for thy country.

Ant. O, sir, pardon me.

When I did make thee free, sir, thou wost not

Not then.

To do this when I hate thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpursu'd. Draw, and come.

Do to me this then, as noble constance

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.

Thy sword is drawn.

Then let it do at once.

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

My dear master, sir, my patron, and my emperor let me say,

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Ant. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now? I

Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, then there:—[Falls on his sword.] Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and

Eros, have, by their true invention, got upon me

A nobleness in record: But I will be

A bridgework in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy tenant: to do thus

[Putting on his sword. I learnt of thee. How I not dead! I not dead—

The guard!—ho! O, despatch me.

Enter Dicanthus and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise? I have done my work ill, friends; o make

Of what thou have begun. [an end

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

Ant. Alas, and woe!

Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Ereuns Guard.

Dre. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This word but shewn to Caesar; with this

Shall enter me with him. [tiding.

Enter Dicanthus.

Dre. Where's Antony? I

Dre. Where, Diomed, there.

Dre. Live he! I

Will thou not answer, man? [Ereuns Dicanthus.

Ant. There thou, Diomed! I draw thy

Sword, and give me

Sufficient forces for death.

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

When did she send thee? I

Now, my lord.

Where is she? I

Lock'd in her monument. She had a

Prophecying fear.

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw

Which never shall be found] pop.

She had disarmed with Caesar's side,

Would not be purged; she was not to

But, fearing shame, her face is closed

To proclaim the truth; and so I

Dras. What, he i the emperor's company, proceed to end.

Ereuns some of the Guards.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, with me.

Tis the last service that I shall I

Gray, woo are we thy, 

All your true followers out.

Ant. All.

May, good my fellows, stand

To grace it with your sorrow; which comes to punish us, and we

Seem to be in straits: Yet, I have led you; carry me now;

And have my thanks for all.

Ereuns, how

SCENE XIII. The same. A I

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHIRON. O, Charman, I will never go

Char. Be comforted, dear maid. To

All strange and terrible events we

But comforts we despair; see we

Proportion'd to our cause, must be

Enter Diomedes. I

As that which makes me, how now? I

Dre. His death's upon him, but I

Look out o' the other side your eye; his

His guard have brought him thither.

[Enter Antony, borne by the G

Enter the great sphere thou movest! I

The varying shore o' the world; O

Help, Charman; help, help! Beneath,

Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Pe I

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown

But Antony's bath triumph'd on! Char. So it should be, that mine; I

Should conquer Antony: but we, I

Am dying. I am; but I

Here importune death a while, as

Of many thousand kisses the poor

I lay upon thy lips.—

Char. I I

Dre. Dear my lord, pardon, I dare no

Least I be taken: but the imperfection

Of the full-fortune'd Caesar ever shall

Be brood'd with me; if knife, den

Edge, sting, or operation, I am

Your wife Octavia, with her mode

And still conclusion, shall acquire

Demurring upon me.—But come, I

Why, my women,—we must do

Ant. O, quick, or

Char. Here's sports, indeed!—I

Weighs my forlorn! Our strength is all gone into head;

That makes the weight: I

Hesper, and Mercury should I

And set thee by Jove's side; Yet we

Wishers were ever fools:—O, e

[Die. They die.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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Enter DERCETES, with the Sword of Antony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st

Der. I am call'd Dercetes; Mark Antony I serve'd; who best was worthy

Ces. Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,

Der. He was my master; and I wore my life,

Ces. To spend upon his haters: If thou please to

Der. I will be to Caesar; if thou please not,

Ces. I yield thee up my life.

Der. What is't thou say'st? I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Ces. The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack: The round world should have

Lions into civil streets, And citizens to th'plague:-The death of Antony

Is not a single drop; in the name lay

A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar; Not by a publick minister, but by a private man:

Der. Not by a bough'd knife; but that self hand,

Which in his honour in the sect did dwell,

Hath, with the courage which his heart did lend it,

Split't the heart:-This is his sword, I rob'd him of his wound of it; behold it stain'd

With his most noble blood.

Ces. Look you sad, friends? The gods rebuke me, but it is tended

To wash the eyes of kings.

Ces. And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament

Our most desired dead.

Mce. His tints and honours

Wiped equal with him.

Ces. A bitter spirit never

Died steed humbly: but you, gods, will give us

Some faints to make us men: Caesar is touch'd.

Ces. When such a spacious mirror's set before

He needs must see himself.

Ces. O Antony! I have follow'd thee to this:-But we do loathe

Diseases in our bodies: I must perfuse

Have shown to thee such a declining day,

Or look on things we could not stand together

In the whole world: But yet let me lament,

With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts.

That these, my brother, my competitor

In top of all design, my mate in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,

The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle:-that our

Concernments should divide

Our equalness of birth.-Hear me, good friends: But I will tell you at some better season;

Cesar's Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,

We'll hear him what he says:-Whence are you?

Mer. A poor Egyptian yeoman. The azure, my

Mistress, Confind in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desire instruction; That the prepared may frame herself

To the way she's forc'd to.

Ces. Did her have good heart; She soon shall know of us, by some of ours.

Mce. How honourable and how kindly we

Determine for her: Cesar cannot live

To be unsag'd.

Mer. So the gods preserve thee! Ces. Come hither, Precious one: Go, and say,

We purpose her no shame; give her what comfort The quality of her passion shall require; Less, in her greatness, he would not have stroke She do defeat us: for her life in Rome

Would be eternal in our triumph: Go, And, with unspeakable, being with what says, And how you find of her.

Cesar, I shall. [Exit}
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Oth. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dotellia, To second Procleius? [Exit GALLUS.


Cat. Let him alone, for I remember now How he's employed; he shall be in time he ready. Go with me to my tent; where you shall see How hardly I was drawn into this war; How calm and gentle I proceeded still In all my other wars; here spring up with me, and see What I can show in this. [Enter Catarius.

SCENE II. Alexandria. A Room in the Monastery.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CURSEW, and lace. CLEP. Cleopatra does begin to make A better life: 'Tis policy to be Caesar; But not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave, A minister of her will: And it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds; Which shaketh accidents, and hurls up change; Which sleeps, and never parsers more the day; That beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

CUR. To the Gates of the Monastery, Procleius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pre. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands The gods have given him grant thee. [Exit. CLEP. [Exit. What's thy name? Pre. My name is Procleius. CLEP. Antony Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but I do not greatly think he's deceiv'd.
That he has no use for trustings. If your master Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell That majesty, to keep devotions, must [him, No less beg than a kingdom: if he please To give me conqueror Egypt for my son, He gives me as much of mine own, as I Will help to him with thanks. Pre. Be of good cheer; You are fallen into a princely hand, for nothing: Make your full reference freely to my lord, Who is so full of grace, that it flows over On all that need. Let me report to him Your servant's dependancy; and you shall find A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness, Where he for grace is kneell'd to. CLEP. Pray you, tell them I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him This present that can't be got. O God, you see how easily she may be surpriz'd. [Here PROCLEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the Monastery by a ladder placed against a Window, and having descended, come behind CLEP. Some of the Guard enter and open the Gates. Guard her till Caesar come. [Exit PROCLEIUS and the Guard. [Exit. CLEP. Tis Royal queen! CLEP. Do you think these are taken, queen? [Exit. CLEP. Quick, quick, good hands. [Drawing a Dagger. Hold, worthy lady, hold! Clenches, and usurps her. Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Reller'd, but not betray'd. CLEP. What, of death too? CLEP. That rides our dogs of language? [Exit Cleopatra. CLEP. Do not the master's haughtiness, by The undeniing of yourself; let the world see His nobleness well us'd, which your death Will never let us forget. CLEP. Where art thou, Stearn? CLEP. One hither, come hence, come, come, and take a Worth many hundreds of pounds! [Queen

Pre. O, Stearn, I will eat no more. Peace! (If hide talk will come to my ears) I will not sleep neither! This is not Caesar what he was. Know, Stearn, We will not wake piper's at your back. Newcomer he's charmed with the nectar Of sweet Octavia. Shall they be deaf and show me to the shooting world Of envying Rome? Rather's flint the gentle grave to me I rather on it Lay me stark naked, and let the sun Blow me into abhorring! I'll remove My country's high pyramids my! And hang me up by chains! Pre. These thoughts of horror forbode the End came in Caesar. [Exit DELILAH.

Del. Procles, What hast thou done that Caesar Pre. And he hath sent for thee: as far As to take her to my guard. Del. So, Stearn, It shall content me best: be gentle: To Caesar I will speak what shall knowing. [Exit. CLEP. If you'll employ me to him. [Exit CLEP. Del. Must noble sounds address you, then? Cleopatra. Del. I cannot tell. CLEP. Assuredly, yet. Del. No matter, sir, what I hear known. You laugh, when boys, or women Is't not your trick? Del. I understand a CLEP. I dream'd there was an O, such another sleep, that I might: But such another man Del. If he might CLEP. His face was as the heavens, sweet. Del. A moon, and moon; which kept their lighted The little O, the earth. Del. Must sovereigns Del. His legs beard slippery to the ground. CLEP. Ye bear no winter in't; so much That grew the more by reposing: If were Dolphin-like; they should be The element they liv'd in. In his Walk'd crown's and crown; and realms were As plates dropp'd from his pocket. Del. CLEP. Think you, there was, or as a man As this I dream'd of. Del. Gentle and CLEP. You lie, up to the hearing, Del. But, if there be, or ever were one: It's past the size of dreaming: Natu To vie strange forms with fancy; ye An Antony, were Antony's piece's Condemning shadows quite. CLEP. Your loss is as yourself, great; as As answering to the weight: 'We never Overtake parent's success, but I do By the rebound of yours, a grief to Very heart at root. Del. I thank you CLEP. Know you, what Caesar would.
ANOTN AND CLEOPATRA

Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady's rites have reserved
Immortal toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler taken; I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it strikes
Rencath the fall. I have, 'Pray thee, go hence;'
Or I shall show the clusters of my spirits
Through the aisles of my chance.—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cae. Forbear, Selenus.

Slo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are
Misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in one name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cae. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledge,
Put we the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Beatow it at your pleasure; and believe
Cesar's no merchant, to make prise with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheerful,
Make not your thoughts your prison: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us command. Feed, and sleep,
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

Cae. My master, and my lord.

Slo. Not so; Adieu.

Cae. He words me, girls; he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself; but hark thee, Chor.:

Chor. If it's no more, Caesar.

Ian. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cae. Hie thee again: I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, give it to the heart. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Whence is the queen?

Cae. Behold, sir. [Exit Chor.]

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey.
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You wish your children will be send before;
Make your best use of this: I have performed
Your pleasure, and your promise.

Dolabella. I shall remain your debtor.

Cae. Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

Cae. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.] Now,
What thought's this fair? Thou, an Egyptian puppet,
Shall be shows in Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy sponges, rollers, and hennings, shall
Up lift to the view, in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross dirt, shall we be enclosed,
And forced to drink their vapours.

Ian. The gods forbid!
Cae. Nay, 'tis most certain, Ian; so many victors
Will catch at us, like stumps; and said
Ballad as out o' tune: the quick comedian
Exasperously will strike us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall we.
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all:
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit Bass. A Noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow, That will not be denied your highness' presence; He brings you figs.

Clo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! I bring you liberty,
My resolution's spent, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot I am marble constant; now the setting moon No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Clo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Niobe there, That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Clo. Remember'st thou any that have died out?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie: as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty:—how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report of the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an old worm.

Clo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Clo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the Basket.

Clown. But think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Clo. Ay, my; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Clo. Take thou no care: it shall be needed.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick’s trail: and these
fleshy leaves
Have shine upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the coves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable, That so she died: for her physician tells me,
She hath purg’d conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die:—Take up her bed;
And hear her women from the monument—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall chip it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
So low in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome,—Come, Bolsibella, see
High order in this great solemnity. (Exit.

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Scene, King of Britain.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Enter The Gentleman.

ACT I.

E. I. Britain; The Garden behind Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

That late he married, hath referred herself Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She’s wedded; Her husband banish’d; she imprison’d; all is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king Be touch’d at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king! 1 Gent. He, that hath lost her; too: so is the queen.

That most desired the match: But not a country,

Although they wear their faces to the heart Of the king’s looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?
1. Gov. He that hath mind's the prince, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!)
And therefore banish'd is a creature such
As, to go through the regions of the earth.
For once his like, there would be something falling
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So far an outcast, and such stuff within,
Enough to close him. 2. Gent. You speak him fair.
1. Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than undo
His measure duty.
3. Gent. What's his name, and birth?
1. Gent. I cannot delive the root to his
His father
Was call'd Stella, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with Cymbeline;
But had his titles by Trismegistus, whom
He serve'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars of the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of love) took such sorrow
That he quit his wife, and his gentle lady.
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd:
She was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his breast, and makes him of his bed chamber;
Breeds him, and makes of him his bed chamber;
Put him to all the learning that time could
Make him the receiver of: which he took
So far, as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature:
A glass that test'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guide'st divine; to his mistress,
For whom he bore is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.
2. Gent. I honour him
Even of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is the sole child to the king?
1. Gent. His only child.
He had two sons (If this be worth your hearing,
Mark it!), the eldest of them at three years old,
I) the vesting cloaths the other, from their
Nursery.
Weep, weep, and to this hour, so gross in knowledge
Which way they went.
2. Gent. How long is this ago?
1. Gent. Some twenty years.
2. Gent. That a king's children should be so convoy'd.
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them.
1. Gent. How-er, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be taugh't at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2. Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the
Queen and princess.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Iachimo.
Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me,
daughter;
From the slander of most step-mothers,
Evlaced by you; you are my prisoner, but
Your grace shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The dire of rage in him: and 'twere good,
You love'd not unwise contemplation
Your wisdom may be trusted.
Post. I will from hence to-day:
Queen. Ythoo.
Post. I'll pitch a tare about the
Pamela of courtiers,
Hath charg'd you should not at
Iach. I dissemble courteously: I have
Can tickle where she woulde/d have
I something for my father's wish:
(Always reserv'd my holy day;
And I shall here abide the
Of angry eyes: and am grudg'd
But that there is such a man in
That I may see again.
Post. How comes that,
My guest: 0, lady, weep no more; but let
To be suspected of more:
Than doth become a man! I say
The loyal husband that did
My residence in Rome, as we
Who to my father was a friend,
Known but by letters: think'st thou
And with these eyes I'll be grind'd,
Though ink be made of gall.

Enter Posthumus.
Post. I know my fate, and
If the king come, I shall
How much of his displeasures:
To walk this way: I never do
But he does try my patience,
Pays dear for my offenses.
Post. Should we
As long a term as we yet have
The inconstancy to depart would
Iach. Nay, stay a little;
Were you not riding forth to
Such parting were too petty.
This diamond was my mother's
But keep it till you see
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! You gentle gods, give me
And seal up my embracements
With bonds of death!—Re-enter
P. While she can keep it! As I my poor self,
To your so infinite loss; so,
I still win yet of you; for my as
It is a masterpiece of love; Put a
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Exeunt.]
Iach. When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline. an
Post. A Cym. Thou basest thing, as
In my sight!
If, after this command, thou:
With the unworthiness, thou
Thou art poison to my
Post. The
And bless the good remembrance
I am gone. There cannot

Cym. O old
That should repair my you
A, and.
Iach. I beseech
Harm not yourself with your
Am senseless of your wrath;
When, I say, all yerga, all scars.
Cymbeline.

Post grace! obedience! and in despair, that way, I'm not have had the sole son of that I might not! I choose an attack; a beggar? would't have some ease. No; I rather added 

iron viole one! Sir, I have love'd Porthos: my playfellow; and he is woman: overbears me pays. What is art thou mad? Sir: Heaven restore me: give me life! and my Leontes' elder son! Queen. Thou foolish thing—gether: you have done—The Queen. man. Away with her, seek your patience: Peace, peace; sweet sovereign, see; and make yourself some device. Nay, let her languish day; and, being aged, 

Exit. 

Enter PHANEO. Bye!—you must give way: not. How now, sir! What is my son drew on my master. He is done? There might have been, or rather played than fought, for anger; they were parted and. I am very glad on't, my father's friend: he takes exile!—O brave sir!—in Africk both together; needle, that I might prick Why cause you from your hand: He would not suffer me be hauen: let these notes is I should be subject to, or to employ me. This hath been apt: I dare lay mine honour, humbly thank your highness, ask a while. About some half hour hence, with me; you shall, at least, tard: for this time, leave me. [Exit. 

11. A public Place. 

Enter, and Two Lords, that advise you to shift a shirt; how hath made you reck as a air comes out: air comes in: it so wholesome as that you were bloody, then to shift it—

2 Lord, No, faith; not so much as his patience. [Aside. 

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcase, if be be not hurt: it is a threshing-flail for steel, if it be not hurt. 2 Lord. His steel was in debt: it went of the backside the town. [Aside. 

Clo. The villain would not stand me. 2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. 1 Lord. Stand you! you have land enough of your own: but he added to your having: gave you some ground. 2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppets! Clo. I would, they did not come between us. 2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a foot you were upon the ground. [Aside. 

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and return me? 2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [Aside. 

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her heart go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit. 

2 Lord. She shines not upon feet, but the reflection should hurt her. [Aside. 

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had some hurt done! 2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside. 

Clo. You'll go with us? 1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. 


SCENE IV. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace. Enter IODEIS and PISANIO. 

Iode. I would thou growest unto the shores of the haven; And question'st every sail: if he should write, and I have not it, 'twere a paper lost As offer'd mercy is. What was the last that he spake to thee? 

Pis. Thus. [Iode. His Queen, his Queen! Iode. Then waw'd his handkerchief! Pis. And kiss'd it, madam. Iode. Senseless! I happy there! than I— And that was all! Pis. No, madam; for so long As he could make me with this eye or ear Distinguish him from others, he did keep The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, Still waving, as the fit and stir of his mind Could better less nor slow his soul still'd on, How swift his ship. 

Iode. Thou shouldst have made him as little as a crow, or less, ere left To after-eye him. Pis. Madam, so I did. Iode. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but To look upon him: till the diminution Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle: Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from The smallness of a gnat to air; and then Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio, When shall we hear from him? 

Pis. Be assign'd, madam, with his next vantage. Iode. I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him, How I would think on him, at certain hours, Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him away. The shes of Italy should not betray Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him At the sixth hour of morrow, at noon, at midnight To encounter me with orisons, for them.
Enter Philaro, Iachino, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir; I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crestfallen note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of illumination; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Piar. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

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

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

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you! How creeps acquaintance?

Piar. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Piar. Let us leave her. Sir, with all a signior, I thank him, as we are familiar at first. Iach. With five times I should go round of it, her go back, even to his tabor, and opportunity.

Piar. No, no. Iach. I dare, thereupon my estate, with your ring o'values it something rather against your con- tention; and, to her you shant attempt it against.
Cymbeline

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.

Besides, the seeing these effects will be both noisome and infectious.

Enter PHALM. Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

Will I first work: he's for his master, and errory to my son. Now, Phalmo, Doctor, your service for this time, take your own way.

Cort. [Aside.] I do suspect you, madam; but you shall do no harm.

[Aside.]

Cort. [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think she has Strange lingering poison; I do know her spirit, and will not trust one of her medicine with A draught of such dam'd unwholesome stuff. She will extort and dull the sense awhile; Whose as in perilance, she'll prove on canes, and dogs;

Then afterward a higher; but there is No danger in what she has so much in it, More than the looking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She doth feel good With a most false effect; and I the true, So to be false with her.

Queen. 

Cort. [Aside.] I cannot take her.

Desp. 

[Exit.]

Cort. [Aside.] I shall not meddle.

Cort. [Aside.] He weeps she still, say' th' son? Don't thou think she will not meddle; and let instruction enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work; When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son.

Cort. [Aside.] I shall not meddle.

Desp. [Aside.] I do not know her spirit, and will not trust one of her medicine with A draught of such dam'd unwholesome stuff. She will extort and dull the sense awhile; Whose as in perilance, she'll prove on canes, and dogs;

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Queen. 

Cort. [Aside.] I cannot take her.
And shall I do; I'll prove nature, there's all I'll do for you.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IAGO.

IAGO. A father swarthy, and a step-dame false; A foolish man; That hath her husband, and bastard'd—O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief: and those repeated
Vexations of it! [Had I been thief-stolen,
Beggary, or otherwise unhappy! but most miserable
Is the desire that; that have their honest wills,
While seasons comfort,—Who may this be? Fy e!

Enter PANDRO and LEONE.

PANDRO. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

LEONE. Change you, madam! The worthy Leonato is in safety,
And grieves his highest deainty.

PANDRO. Friends to Leonato.

LEONE. Good sirs, in Rome,
That is out of door, most rich!

PANDRO. Leonato!

LEONE. [Reads.]—He is one of the noblest men, to whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly; as you value your trust.

So far I read aloud;

But the second half of my middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I,
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

THOMAS. Thanks, fairest lady.

LEONE. What are men mad? Hath nature given them
To see this vasted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish twist
The duty obras above, and the twin'd stones
Upon the number'darch; and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
Twist fair and foul? What makes your admiration?

THOMAS. It cannot be eye; for ages and
Monkeys 'Twixt two such steaks, would chitter this way, and

Contemns with mows the other; Nor I'ke judge;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely decided: Nor I'ke appetite;
Sluttery to seek not excellence appro'd.

Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so much food.

LEONE. What is the matter, tow?

THOMAS. [The city]

Iago.

And the city

[That satiate un satisfied, despairing,
That tub both ill'd and running, ravens first
The lamb, longs after for the garls.

LEONE. What, dear sir,

THOMAS. Thus rage you? Are you well?

LEONE. [To PANDRO]

THOMAS. Dear Pandro, madam, well!—Beareth you,
sir, desire.

[To Leonato]

My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and servile.

PIUS. To give him welcome.

LEONE. [To PANDRO]

PIUS. Well my lord! His health,

[To Leonato]

Jack. Well, madam.
that] doth make me sick. A lady I fain'd to an empress, and the great King double! to be and, eyes, hired with that self-exhibition I even coffers yield! with disd'n tree, with all inferences for gold; easiest can tend nature; such boil'd light poison poison! Be reveng'd! I bore you, was no queen, and you a great stock. Reveng'd! I I be reveng'd? If this be true such a heart, that half mine ears I have abuse), if it be true, I I be reveng'd! Should be make he know's priest, bratric cold sheets; a vandling variable range, quite, upon your purse! Revenge it. my self to; mix sweet pleasure; then that ruanget to your rod;大纲 fast to your affectation, as sure.

What ho, Pilgrims! I me your service tender on your lips.

by I!—I do condemn in line ears, that ended thee.—Ethos very honourable, first have told this tale for virtue, not lim' then well! as base, as strange, get a gentleman, who is as fast sport, as from honour; and a lady, that dissimulation or devil alike.—What ho, Pilgrims!—say father shall be made acquainted with; if he shall thin it fit, anger, in his court, to mix much sorrow, and to expend mind to us; be hath a court man for, and a daughter whom specs at all.—What ho, Pilgrims!—happy Leontes! I may say; think the lady bath of thee, say truth! and thy most perfect good.

I credit!—Blessed live you too! he worthiest sir, that ever sit in lust, and yet his mistress; only it worthiest fit! Give me your pardon, be this, to know if your affiance is certain, and shall your lord, he is, new over? And he is one man's, such as a holy wife, such as sisters unto him, esp's hearts are his.

You make amends.

[Aside. the 'mongst men, like a descended

Kind of honour sets him off, a mortal seeming. Be not angry, my gracious, that I have advantaged, o taking of a false report; which hath with confirmation your great judg-

ction of a sir so rare.

a know, cannot err. The love I bear to fan you thus; but the gods made others, chaffice. 'Pray your pardon, ye; very, take my power I the for years.

inhabitants, I had almost forget your grace but in a small request, if moment too, for it concerns me, and other noble friends, ours in the business.

[Pray, what isn't I one dozen Romans of and, your lord

(The best feather of our wing), have mingled

rums,

To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done

In France: 'The plate, of rare device; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form; their values great; And I am something curious, being strange, To have them in safety; May it please you To take them in protection.

Willingly; And pawn mine honour for their safety; since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them in my best chamber.

They are in a trunk, attended by men; I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night; I must absent to-morrow.

[Aside. O no, no. Jack, Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By length'ning my return. From Gallia I crossed the seas on purpose, and so promise To see your grace.

I thank you for your pains; But not away to-morrow. Jack. O, I must, madam; Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, don't tonight; I have outstayed my time; which is material To the tender of your present.

I will write. Send your trunk to me; it shall be safe kept, And truly yielded you: You are very welcome, [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Court before Cymbeline's Palace. Enter Cloten, and Two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound out! And then a whorsen jackasses must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oats of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

Le. What got he by that? You broke his peace with your head.

Clo. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [Aside. Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers by to curtail his oath: Ha! Ha!

Lod. No, my lord; nor [aside] crop the ears of them.

Cloten: Whereas dog! I give him satisfaction! 'Would, he had been one of my rank! Clo. To have smell like a fool. [Aside. Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth.—A pox on! I had rather be so noble as I am, they did not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack, slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Lod. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cack, with your comb on. [Aside. Clo. Sayest thou? Clo. Lod. It is not fit, your lordship should underrate every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit, I should omit offence to my inferiors.

Lod. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. Clo. Why, so I say.

Lod. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night? Clo. A stranger! and I know not on.

Lod. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

Clo. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leontes's friends.

Clo. Leontes! a bawdishascal; and he's
another, whatever be he. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Cla. Is it so? I went to look upon him if there was no derogation in't.

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Cla. Not easily, I think.

1 Lord. You are a tall giant; therefore your lasses being foolish, do not derogate. [Aside.]

Cla. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-morrow of him. Come, go.

2 Lord, I'll attend your lordship.

[Erebus CLOVES and first Lord.

That such a crafty devil as he is my brother Should see the world this day! a woman, that bears all down with her brain; and this her son

Cann not take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Ah, poor prince: Thou divine image, what thou stand'st! Bewitch a woman by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly costing plots; a wiser, More hateful than the base expulsion of Thy dear laurel, than that beastly set Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold him; The walls of thy dear honour: keep winds, that Tempe, thy fair mind; that thee may'st stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Erin.]

SCENE II.

A Bake-chamber; in one Part of it a Tent.

IMONG reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Ias. Who's there? my woman Helen? [Helen, you madam.

Ias. What hour is it? [Almost midnight, madam.

Ias. I have read three hours thence; mine eyes are dry.

Fold down the leaf where I have left to Bed: Take not away the taper, leave it burning; And if thou canst awake by four o'clock, I pray thee, call me. Sleep hath set me wholly.

[Erin Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods! From fairies, and the tempters of the night, Get me, berthe ye! [Sleep. [Aschino, from the Tent.

Jack. The cricket sings, and men's o'er-dressed boord be sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tentin thus Did pry over the rushes, ere he wake we'd: The chastity he wounded—Cayheren, How couldst thou becom'd thy bed? fresh fily! And whiter than the swallows? That I might touch! But kiss; one kiss!—Rabies unaproval'd, How dearly they do'—Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame of the taper.

Bows toward her; and would undeep her lids.

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these windows: White and score, lace'd With bliss of heaven's own thoughts.—But my design.

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—Such

The emblem of her bed:—The arms, figures, Why, such a speech:—And thecontents of the story:—

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard:—Tis mine; and this will witness owreously, As strongly as the evidence.

To the making of her bed, I'll find it: Tis the bottom of a cussing stronger than ever her soul. Will force him, I think he'll understand it:—Ove:—

The treasure of her beauty.

Why should I write this? a mind so very:—A mind so acute, so poetical, so deep,

The talk of Tebuso; here the bin Where Philemon goes upon his:—To the truth again, and what Swift, swift, you dreamer of—

May bear the ithe's eyes: If through them, should I—Ove, one, two, three—Time, then! [Enter into the Tent.

SCENE III.

An Anti-Chamber adjoining from

Erebus CLOVES and

1 Lord. Your lordship is in the loss, the most colder of ev'ry Cla. It would make any man 1 Lord. But not every man noble temper of your lordship hot, and furious, when you Cla. Winning would put vitrage: If I could get this foolish Not have gold enough: It's almost 1 Lord. Day, my lord. Cla. This music: and advised to give her musick so say, it will penetrate.

Musician.

Come on; twas: if you can see your fingering, so; we'll try a if none will do, let her resume give o'er. First, a very excellent thing; after, a wonderful sweet SONG.

Har, har! har! the last in a line And Pluto; 'gin arise, His weight to nature at those eyes On shock'd story that has And wailing Mary-Jane begin To one of their golden eyes: With every thing that pretty has My lady sweet, arise;—

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penitent solere your musicke the better a vice in her ears, which horse guts, nor the voice of unpaved can never amend. [E

Enter Cymbeline and

2 Lord Here comes the king Cla. I am glad, I was up so the reason I was up so early: it but take this service I have a Good morrow to your majesty Cymb. Attend you here the daughter

Will she not forth? Cla. I have unmended her with vouchsafe no notice.

Cymb. The exile of her misfortune: She hath not yet forgot him: a Must wear the print of his rem And then she's yours. Queen.

Queen. You are most but
Cymbeline

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vantage, that may
daughter; frame yourself
and be friend;
be season: make denials
so seem, as if
I to do those duties which
that you in all obey her,
and to your disposition tend,
are senseless.

Are you not
or a Messenger.

you, sir, ambassadors from
Lucius.

A worthy fellow,
in angry purpose now;
for him. We must receive him
honour of his sender;
self his goodness foreseen in
our notice.—Our dear son,
given good morning to your
and us; we shall have need
towards this Roman.—Come,

HE Queen, Lords, and Mess.
y, I'll speak with her; if not,
dream.—By your leave!—

[Kneels,]

Who are about her; What
their hands? To gold
change; sell it dross; yes, and
else themselves, yield up
instead of the stealer; and this
tree man kill'd, and saves the
ranges both thief and true man:
undone! I will make
my lawyer to me; for
and the case myself.

[Enter a Lady.]—

Here, that knocks! —
A gentleman.

No more:

A gentlewoman's son.

That's more
vailors are as dear as yours;
and: What's your lordship's
person? Is she ready?

Ay, and

for you; sell me your good

name for to report of you
is good!—The prince—

[Enter a man;]

now, fair lady: Your sweet

brow, sir: You lay out too

in trouble: the thanks I give,
at I am poor of thanks,
spare them?

This is, I swear, I love you
said so, were as deep with me:

this is your recompense is still

not

If I would lose it for a reason
Of any king's in Europe. To think,
I saw this morning: Consider I am,
Last night two or three times;
I kiss'd it; I hope, it be not gone; to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he;

Twill not be lost,

If you will, I hope so: go, and search.

[Exit Pisario.]

Cly.

Your arrow: I am spirited with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse!—Go, bid my woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'twas mine

If I would lose it for a reason
Of any king's in Europe. To think,
I saw this morning: Consider I am,
Last night two or three times;
I kiss'd it; I hope, it be not gone; to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he;

Twill not be lost,

If you will, I hope so: go, and search.

[Exit Pisario.]

Cly.

You have abounds me;—
His meanest garment?

Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make an action, call witness to it.

I will inform your father.

Your mother too;—She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worse of one. So I have you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.

If his meanest garment!—Well,
When my commission brought me: and then
He'll grant the tribute, send the scourge,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is set fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia, soonst landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Sigh'd at their lack of skill, but found their
courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courage) will make
known
To their approvers, they are people, seek
That mend upon the world.

Enter Lachesis.

Phiz. See! lascivious!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
hand:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel stumble.

Phiz. Welcome, sir.  Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The swiftness of your return.

Lach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or it be beauty
Look through a window to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Lach. Here are letters for you.

Phiz. Their tender good, I trust.

Lach. 'Tis very like.

Phiz. Was Cæsar Lexenus in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Lach. He was expected, but not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sometimes this season as it was wanton or lascivious.
To do deeds of your good wearing?

Lach. If I have lost it, I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second sight of such sweet shortness, which

The press of heirs, or great
So bravely done, so rich
In workmanship, and vast
Could be so rarely said.
Since the true life isn't
Post. And this you might have
Or by some other.

Lach. Now justify my knowing,

Post. Or do your honour justify me?

Lach. Is south the chamber; a
Chaste Blush, bathing: a
So likely to report them
Was as another muse, in
Music and breast left a
Post. Which you might from
Being, as it is, much up
Lach. With golden cherubins
(I had forgot them), was
Of silver, such an one?

Post. Depending on their best
Lach. Let it be granted; you
praise
So given to your removal
Of what is in her chamber.
The wager you have laid.

Lach. So pity, I beg humble,
And now tie it up again:
To that your diamond.

Post. Once more let me behold
Which I left with her.

Lach. She strapp'd it, from her
Hair pretty pattern, did so
And patercold'd it too; it
Her grief'd it some.

Post. To send it me.
Cymbeline

[Act III, Scene 1]

Briton A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cymbeline. Now say, what would Augustus Cesar order with me?

Queen. When Julius Cesar (whose remembrance yet lives in men's eyes) and will to ears, and tongues, and hearing even, was in this Briton, And conquered it, Cymbeline, thine uncle (Famous in Cymbeline's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it), for him, And his successor, granted Rome a tribune, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee Is left untendered.

And, to kill the marvel,遂為所不欲

Shall be so ever.

Cymbeline. Do such another Julia. Briton Is such a world by itself; and we will have nothing pay,

Queen. That opportunity, That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again. Remember, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your line; which stands As Neptune's parr, ribbed and paled in With rocks unsailable, and roaring waters; With sauns, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But such them up to the top-most. A kind of conquest Cesar made here; but made not here his brag Of, come, and so, and so; with shame The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping, (Poor ignorant) on our terrible seas, Like egg shells now'd upon their surge, crack'd Ar easily against your rocks: for joy whereof, The fam'd Cæsarian, who was once at point (O, glint fortiss!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lucius's town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons stand with courage: none, Cymbeline. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cymbeline. Queen, let your mother end.

Oth. We have yet many among us who can gripe as hard as Cæsarian: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? if Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or peck the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pay you now.

Cymbeline. You must know,
Till the injuries Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were five: Caesar's ambassadours
(Which we'll do so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides of the world), against all causes, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a wondrous people, whom we resolve
Ourselves to be. We do say them to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Helmius, which
Oredius our laws; whose son the word of Caesar
Had too much mangled; whose repair, and
franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
(Though Rome be therefore angry) Helmius, whom
was to first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar

(Cesar, that hath ever kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers), thine enemy;
Receive it from me, then;—War, and confusion,
Is Caesar's name pronounce I'll gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted;—Thus defied,
I think thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Cales.

Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Masquing, nodding with him I gather'd honour;
Which be, to seek of me again, performe;
Behoves me keep at utterance; I am parcell
That, the Panosiolae and Dalmatiarch, for
These liberties are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons
could
So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Ces. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer; if you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find none
that will face you; girdle: if you beat us out of
it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure,
our crown shall fare the better for you; and
there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
thinks—

All the remain is, welcome. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another Room in the same.

CASSIUS FLAVIUS.

PIUS. How! do I see your master!—where write you
not
What master's his accuser,—Leonatus! 0,
master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As you yourselves have heard, and hasted) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing.—Disaylaf! No;
She's panisht for her truth; and undergoes
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would be in some virtue.—0, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How that I should murder her!
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command,—I, her,—her bloody

If it be not so, do good service,
Let me be counted servicable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to! Del! 'Tis: (Reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.—O damn'd paper!
Black sateen that's out! Senseless babbler,
Art thou a fardley for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Leonatus.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Leon. How now, Pius? Cassius?

Pius. Master, here is a letter from my lord.

Leon. Whose thy lord? that is my lord! Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were such statesmen
That know the story, so I do; come, look
He'll try the future event.—Let
Know what is here contained: it may
Of my lord's health, of his command,
That we two, are necessary; lest their
(jerne go 

For it both playeth love—of life
To this same blessed Milford: and,

You know, that makes these Isacs
Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pit.
Though fourteen men you sent in pious
You deep young Caudius's tender

...Jove...

Luc. And sue thy father's will; in
his dominion, could not be so secure
With his eyes. Take notice, that I am
at Milford-Hamn. What mean's this,
which you send with this note, that remains loyal to his law,
and so in

O, for a horse with wings—Jove maje-

...He is at

...But, but

...Tell me how Wales was made so
To inherit such a haven: But, but
How we may steal from heaven; am
That we shall make in time, true going.
And our return, to excuse; but

...Why should excuse be born or'
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee,
How many score of miles may we
Twist hour and hour?

...One score, 'twixt
...Maidam, 's enough for you: and
Are.

Leon. Why, one that rode to his end
Could not ride so slow: I have be
Waggoner,
Where horses have been tumble.
That run T the clock's behalf;—for

...Go,

...She'll home to her father: and pre

...A rising suit; no costlier than
A franklin's housewife.

...Maidam, you're

...I see before me, man, nor
Nor what ensure; but have a fog
That I cannot look through. Awa
Do as I bid thee: There's no more
Accessible is none but Milford wa

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountaneous Country; Enter Belarius, Guericke, and
But. A goodly day we spent in yonder
Whose root's as low as ours! ...gate
Instructs you how to adore the
pows you
Cymbeline.

'a holy office: The gates of mo-

high; that giants may jet through

a high; that giants may jet through

the rock, yet use thee nor so hardly

Hail! Heaven!

Hail, heaven!

for our mountain sport; Up to you

thou recollected the tales I have told

princes, of the tricks in war:

is not service, so being done,

I allow'd: To apprehend thus

profit from all things we see:

I consent shall we find

beetle in a safer hold

full-wing'd ergie. O, this life

was attending for a check:

doing nothing for a bane;

was in running in unaid'd for sick;

was cap of him, that makes him fine,

is book uncor'd: no life to ears

of your proof you speak: we, poor

wing'd from view o' the next; nor

would not.

home. Happily, this life is best,

is best; sweeter to you,

harrow'd: well corresponding on age;

and, unto us, it is

is uncerne: travelling abed;

is a doctor, that doth not dare

limit.

What should we speak of,

cold as you will when we shall bear

wind was dead December; how

insinching cave, shall we discover

hours away? We have seen nothing:

thy subtle as the fox, for prey;

is as the wolf, for what we eat;

is a heavy shame;

are: our cage

happily doth, doth the prison bird,

happily doth.

How you speak! know the city's stories.

in knowingly: the art o' the court,

have, as keep; whose top to climb

lifting, or so slippery, that

bad as falling: the toll of the war,

only seems to seek out danger

of fame, and honour; which does

off a thunderous epigraph,

fair art; say, many times,

save by doing well; what's worse,

ey at the corner—O, boys, this

say read in me: My bodily mark'd

writing, the sword; and my report was once

best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;

soldier was the theme, my name

off: Then was I as a tree,

in bind head with fruit: but in one

robbery, call it what you will,

may have to weather.

Uncertain favour! not being nothing (as I have told

whites, whose false oathes prevait'd

great honour, swore to Cymbeline,

breath with the Romans; so,

follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty

This rock, and these desmenes, have been my

world:

Where have I liv'd at honest freedom; paid

more great debts to heaven, than in all.

the fore-end of my time. But, up to the moun-

This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes

the venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;

To him the other two shall minister;

and we will fear no poison, which attends

in place of greater state. I'll manage in the

valleys.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little, they are new to the King;

O Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think, they are mine: and, though train'd

up thus meanly

the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do

the roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,

air, and in low things.

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,

the heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom

the king his father call'd Gildertob,—love!

When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The wanton feats I have done, his spirits run

Into my story: say,—Then mine enemy fail;

And thus I sat my foot on his neck; even then

The privately blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in

That acts my words. The younger brother,

Cadwal. (Once Arviragus, as in a sort of figure,

Strikes life into my speech, and shows much

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is round—

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience,

knows. Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,

As three, and two years old, I stole these babes;

Thinking to bar the way of supernal love,

Thou wert't at my hands. Enrapture,

Thus was their nurse; they took them for their

mother.

And every day do honour her grave.

Myself, heatter, that sun in morning call'd,

They take for natural father. The game is up.

Scene IV. Near Milford Haven.

Enter Piranes and Imogen.

Imo. Thrice didst thou tell me, when we came from

horse, the place

Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so

To see me first, as I have now;—Piranes! Man!

Where is Posthumus? Is that in thy mind,

That makes they state thus? Wherefore breaks

that sighs

from the inward of thee! One, but thought

that, Would be interpreted a thing people'd,

Beyond self-explication: Put thyself

into a humour of less fear, ere withness

Vanhush! my tender senses. What's the matter?

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with

A look quandary'! If it be summer news,

Smile to 't before: if winterner, thou need'st

But keep that countenance still.—My husband's

hand!

That drug-damned truly hath out-crafted him.

And have at some hard point?—Speak, man; thy

foigns

May take off some extremity; which to read

Would be even mortal to me.

Pir. Please you, read!

And you shall find me, writ as man may,

The most disdainful of fortune.

Imo. (Aside.) Thymeriades, Piranes, hath played the

strumpet in my bed; the testimonies which he
Maid, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enteres.—What cheer, madam?

I. Asse. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him!
To weep 'twixt clock and clock! if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake! that's false to his bed
Is it?

Pit. Alas, good lady!

I. Ass. I false! Thy conscience witness:—Is
when.
Thou didst accuse him of inconstancy;
Thou then took that like a villain; now, methinks;
Thy favour's good enough.—Some ray of light,
Whose mother was her palatious, hath betray'd
him;
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Man's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bane for ladies.

Pit. Good madam, hear me.

I. Ass. True honest men being heard, like false
Eneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear: took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Post
themus;
Will lay the leaves on all proper men;
Greedily, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fall.—Come, fellow, be thou
honest.
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou servest
him.
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and bid
The innocent passion of my love, my heart:
Fear not: 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The richer of it: Do his bidding: strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;

Pit. I have not slept one wink

I. Ass. Pit, I'll wake mine eye.

I. Ass. Didst undertake it? Wh
No many miles with a p
Mine action, and shine on
The time inviting thee?
For my being absent; a
Purpose return? Why?
To be unbest, when the
The elected deer before

Pit. To lose so sad employ
I have consider'd of a
Hear me with patience.

I. Ass. Talk thy
I have heard, I am a sin
Theresea false stroke, can
Nor tend to bottom that.

Pit. I thought you would not

I. Ass. Bringing me here to kill

Pit. But if I were as wise as
My purpose would grow
But that my master is of
Some villains, ay, and an
Hath done you both this

I. Ass. Some Roman cun

Pit. I'll give but notice you;
Some bloody sign of it;
I should do so: You see
And that will well enough;

I. Ass. What shall I do the wild
live? Or in my life what came
Bend to my husband?

Pit. If you

I. Ass. No court, no suit
With that harsh, noble,;
That Choten, whose love
As fearful as a sile.
Cymbeline.

him bowly to your ear.

"O, for such mean? -

Elderly, not death on't.

If then, here's the point:

A woman; change

One; fear and wickedness

Women, or, more truly,

'Into a waggesth courage;

Answer'd, Antony, and

Cease; now you must

Care of your cheeks,

Harder heart;

The greedy touch

Him; and forget

Dainty time, wherein

Angry;

Nay, be brief:

I am nearly

Sake yourself but like one,

Save already fit

Doubt, but, base, all:

Would you, in their

All, you can borrow

Scene, all noble Lucius

In his service, tell him

Which you'll make him

In music, doubtless,

And for his honour

Most holy. Your means

And I will never fail

Theat all the comfort

With. Pr'ythee, away;

Maiden'd, but we'll even

It give us: This attempt

Will abide it with

Away. Pr'ythee,

We must take a short fare

Be suspected of

My noble mistress,

It from the queen;

As, if you are sick at

Itland, a drum of this

To some shade,

On? - May the gods,

Amen: I thank thee.

Elizabeth: Are you in Cymbeline's

Son, Claudius, Lucius, and

Sirs, no fair well.

We, masters, royal Sirs,

I must from hence;

But I must report ye;

Our subjects, sir,

Or, thou dost desire of

To Milford Haven.

Your grace, and you;

Are appointed for that

No point omit;

Anions.

Your hand, my lord,

Nilly; but from this time

My.

Sir, the event

Leader, Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my

lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[Exit Lucius, and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it hon-

ours him that we have given him cause.

Cla. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor

How it goes here. It sin us therefore, richly.

Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;

The powers that he already hath in Galia

Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleeply business;

But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,

Hast made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd

Before the Roman, nor to us hath confeder'd

The duty of the day; She looks us like

A thing more made of matter, than of duty;

We have noted it.—Call her before us;

For we have been too slight to suffer

[Exit an Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd

Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,

I'm sure, the time must do. (Beveit your majesty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady;

So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,

And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How

Can her contempt be answer'd? Please you, sir;

Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no

That will be given to the lord'st of noise we

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her;

She pr'yed me to excuse her keeping close;

Whereas constrain'd by her infamy;

She should that duty leve unpaid to you;

Which daily she was bound to perform; this

She wish'd me to make known; but our great

Court made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which

That prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Cla. That man of others, Pisanio, her old servant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after—

[Exit Cloten.

Pisanio, than that stand'st so for Posthumus:-

He hath a drag of mine: I pray, his absence

Proceed by swallowing that: for he believes

It is a thing most precious; But for her, Where is she gone? Happily, yet she hath scen her;

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown

To her desert? Posthumus: Gone she is to
dearth, or to dishonour; and my end

Can make good use of either; She be down, I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son! —

Cla. "This certain, she is fled; —

Go in, and cheer the king; he sees; no

Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May

This night forestall him of the coming day?

[Exit Queen.

Cla. I love, and hate her; for she's fit and

Royal; And that she hath all county parts more expedite

'Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one.
I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus? From whose so many weights of baseness cannot A dram of worth be drawn. 

Pol. Alas, my lord, How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? He is in Rome. 

Cle. Where is she, sir? Come nearer; No further bating; satisfy me home, What is become of her? 

Pol. O, my all-worthy lord! 

Cle. All-worthy villain! Discover where thy mistress is, at once, At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,— Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death. 

Pol. Then, sir, this paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight. [Presenting a Letter. 

Cle. Let's see 't—I will pursue her Even to Augustus' throne. 

Pol. Or this, or perish, She's far enough; and what he learns by this, May prove his travel, not her danger. 

Cle. Triump! Pol. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O imogen, Safe may't thee wander, safe return again! 

Cle. Silvius, is this letter true? 

Pol. Sir, as I think. 

Cle. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't,—Silvius, if you would not be a villain, if you do me true service: undergo these employments, wherein I should have done to use thee, with a serious importance to it: what villainy or'st I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy profession. 

Sil. Well, my good lord. 

Cle. wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stood on the bare fortunes of that beggar Posthumus, thou couldst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower and minst. Wilt thou serve me? 

Pol. Sir, I will.
Cymbeline

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Forest, near the Camp.

Col. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therin I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vaunting, for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his: no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, more convenient in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this impossible thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumous, thy head, which now is growing anybody should dawd, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced: thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of her testace, shall turn all into my recommendations. My horse is tied up safe; out, sword, and to a more purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of the meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

SCENE II. Before the Camp.

Bel. You are not well! [To Iachus]: remain here in the case;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arc. Brother, stay here! [To Iachus.

Are we not brothers?

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt—Fair youth, come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,

We'll merrily demand thee of thy story.

So far as thou wilt speak it.

Ost. Pray draw near.

Arc. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome,

Juno, Thanks to thee.

Arc. I pray, draw near. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter, The Senators and Tribunes.

Sen. This is the signal of the emperor's writ:

That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians; And that the legions now in Gallia are

Full weak to undertake our wars against The fallen off Britons: that we do invite

The general to this business: He creates

Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he commands.

His absolute commission. Long live Caesar! Tris. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sen. Ay.

Tris. Remaining now in Gallia?

Sen. With those legions Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy Must be supplying: The words of your commission Will tie you to the numbers, and the time Or their despatch.

Tris. We will discharge our duty. [Exit.

Bel. I'll make thy comfort, as he my brother— I'd give to him, if he is yours:—Most well all friends;—Anio's
tailor-ballasting wrings at some distress, free!

Orry: or 'ccept it be, at danger! God's}
tark, boys. [Whispering,

rather than this cave, ever, and had the virtue hence seal'd them (by living multitude) one twain. Pardon me,

my companion with them,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What! how! how? I
Sir. If it be sin to say so, sir, I vowe me
In my good brother's fault; I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the hier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble strain! [Aside.
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things are
Nature hath meal, and brass; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father: yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, love'd before me.—
Tis the ninth hour of the morn.
Arr. I wish ye sport.
Arr. You health.—So please you, sir.
Arr. [Aside.] There are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard! Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disparv't report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers: as sweet fish,
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Plausible,
I'll now taste of thy drug.
Gu. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arr. Thus did he answer me: yet said, here
after
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time: go in, and rest.
Arr. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick.
Arr. For we must be our housewife.
Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And so shall be ever. [Exit two.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath
Good ancestors.
Arr. How angel-like he sings!
Gu. Bet his next cookery! He cut our roots
More slavish did I ween
A slayer, without a sword!
Oh. A law-breaker, a villain
Gu. To whom to thee not I
An arm as big as thine?
Thy words, I grant, are
My dagger in my mouth
Why should I yield to thee?
Bel. Know'st me not by my
Gu. No
Who is thy grandfather?
Which, as it seems, makh
Gu. My tailor made them at
Bel. The man that gave them I
I am bound to beat thee.
Bel. Hear but my name, and
Bel. Clestron, thou villain
Gu. Clestron, thou dost
I cannot tremble at it;
Gu. To would move me soon.
Bel. Nay, to thy mere confus
I'm son to the queen.
Gu. I'm at
So worthy as thy birth.
Bel. Those that I re
At once I laugh, not fear
Bel. When I have slain thee:
I'll follow them that are And on the gates of Lad
Field, rustic mountain
Ears BEARCLIPS:
Bel. No company's at
Arr. None in the wo
Bel. I cannot tell: O
Cymbeline

That by the top doth take the mountain pile,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty ancient; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd? Yet still it's strange
What Cymbeline's being here or pretends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Here's my brother? I have sent Cloten's elop'd down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solomon music.]
But. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 Hath Cordelia now to give it motion? Hark!
Glo. Is he at home?
But. He went hence even now.
Glo. What does he mean? since death of my

damit.
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter
Triumphs for nothing, and thy toy, joy,
is jollity for aye, and grief for boys.
Is Cordelia mad?

Re-enter ANDRONICO, bearing IMENGEN, as dead,
in his arms.

But. Look, here he comes, and
Brings the dire occasion in his arms.
Or what we blame him for?
Glo. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd six from thirteen-care of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Glo. O sweetest, fairest fly!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou gavest thy self.

But. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? and
The ope, to show what come thy sluggish crust,
May easiest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made me,
but I.
Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

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

Ars. Where?

Glo. O the floor:
His arms thus leag'd: I thought, he slept: and
Put my closest brogues from off my feet, whose
Rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Ars. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female thirsts will his tomb be haunted,
And women will not come to thee.

Glo. With fairest flowers.
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose;
or
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of celandine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the roodlock

With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming)
Those rich-left heirs; that let their fathers lie
Without a monument: I bring near all this;
Yea, and farri'd moss besides, when flowers are
none
To winter-ground thy corps.

Glo. To-night, that how you have done:
And do not play in wench like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty,  
rotting  
Together, have one dust: yet reverence  
That angel of the world, both make distinction  
Of place 'twixt heaven and hell. Our foe was  
princely;  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gai.  
Pray you, fetch him hither.

There's his body as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive.

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

[Enter Belarius.]

Gai. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to  
the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arr.  
'Tis true.

Gai. Come on them, and remove him.

Arr.  
So,—begin.

SONG.

Gai. Four no more the heat of the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rage;

Thou the worthy task hast done,  
Home art gone, and is't now the wages:

Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Four no more the freedom of the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Cure no more to check, and cut;  
To thee the road is to the tomb:

The specious, learning, youth, must  
All fall to this, and come to dust.

Gai. Four no more the lightning-flash,  
Arr. Nor the all-destroyed thunder-quake;

Gai. Four no more the storm come;  
Arr. Then heat should'd joy and mean;

Both. All lavers young; all lavers must  
Come to that, and come to dust.

Gai. No survivor here that!  
Arr. Nor no wittcrorf glory that!  
Gai. Ghosts formed forever that!  
Arr. Nothing till some hour that!  
Both. Quiet consummation here;
Cymbeline

Dream often so, alas.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here, up? The roof speaks; that sometime rocky building. How! a page? sleeping on him! But dead, rather: thou art to make his bed fune, or sleep upon the dead.—
boy's face.
He is alive, my lord. If then instruct us of his body,—
one, thy fortune: for it seems, to be demanded: who is this, thy bloody pillow? or who was he, wise than noble nature did, that good picture? What's thy interest? How came it? Who is it? so?
I am nothing: or if not, were better. This was my master, in Britton, and a good man; of mountains, and wise. Alas! more such masters! I may wander an accident, cry out for service, all good, serve truly, never nobler master.
Lack, good youth! no less with thy complaining, than in bleeding: Say his name, good lord du Champ. If I do lie, and do ill, though the gods fore, I hope for it. Say you, sir?

Thy name! Fidelis, sir, I do profess thyself the very same: well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy chance with me. I will not say, so well master'd, but, be sure, well. The Roman emperor's letters, read to me, should not sooner own worth prefer thee. Go with me, fellow, sir. But first, art not the master from the files, as deep or pickaxes can dig; and when committed seeds I have sworn to save.
A century of prayers, in, twice over; I'll weep, and sigh; go his service, follow you, entertain me.
Ay, good youth; father thee, than master thee.
Thou taught upon duties: Let us a prudent disposal plot we can, with our pikes and partizans one, arm him. Boy, he is prefer'd so; and he shall be inter'd, and be cheerful; wise thine eyes: we mean the happier to wise.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.
in; and bring me word, how this.
If the absence of her son,
Of which her life is danger'd
you at once do touch me! Imogen, art of my comfort, gone; my queen secure best; and in a time it wars point at me; her son gone, for this present; It strikes me, past comfort.—But for their fellow, must know of her departure, and
Not seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from them.
By a sharp fortune.
Sir, my life is yours, humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress, I nothing know where she remains, why gone, nor when she purposes return. 'Beready your lightness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
Our, my liege.
The day that she was missing, he was here: I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform all parts of his subjection fairly.

For Cymbeline.
There wants no diligence in seeking him, and will, no doubt, be found.
Cymb. The time's troublesome: We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy does yet depend. Scare. No please your majesty, The Roman legions, all from Galia drawn, are landed on your coast; with a supply Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen.
I am amaz'd with matter.
Our, my liege.
Your preparation can afford no less Than what you hear of: come more, for you've never ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion, That long to move.

Cymb. I thank you! Let's withdraw: And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not what can from Italy annoy us; but we grieve at chances here.—Away.

Pisan. I heard no letter from my master, since I wrote him, Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange: Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise To give me certain things: Neither know I What is befell to Cymbeline; but cannot Perceive it in all. The heavens still must work: Wherein am I false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country, Even to the note of the king, or I'll fall in them. All other doubts, by time let them be cleared; Fortune brings in those boons, that are not steer'd.

Scene IV. Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius,Guiderius, and Antemachus.

Bel. The noise is round about us.
Ant. What pleasure, sir, and we in haste, to lock it
From action and adventure! Our, Nay, what hope Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans Must or for Britton stay us; or receive us For barbarous and anacritic revolts During their arms, and slay us after.
Ant. We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
Bel. Of Cymbeline's death (we being known, not master'd) Among the bands may drive us to a reader Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us That which we've done, whose answer would be death.

Drawn on with torture.
This is, sir, a doubt: In such a time, nothing becoming you, nor satisfying us.

Ant. It is not likely, That when they hear the Roman horse neigh, Behold their quarter'd lances, have both their eyes And ears so cloys'd importance as now. That they will want their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known.
CYMBELINE.

Of many is the army; many years,
Though Ciestra then but young, you see, not

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
What need it be, the want of breeching.
The certainty of this hard life; eye hopeless
To have the courtesy your credle promised;
But to be still hot summer's teasings, and
The shrieking slaves of winter.

Ouat. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so unworung,
Cannot be question'd.

By this 'an that shales, I'll thirst: What thing is it, that I never
Searc'd over look'd on blood
But that of coward hearts, hot gusts, and resolution
I ne'er heard a horse, have one, that had
A riter like myself, who never wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am auburn'd

To have the benefit of his blond' head, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gra. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll go: For I cannot bear; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Ar. So say I; Amen.

Bat. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cruch'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys,
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Leas you end your time seems long; their blood

Till it be out, and show them princes born.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. Yes, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives must better than themselves,
For w'rying but a little—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
But God's not to do just one—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faiths, I

Had live't to put on this; so had you saved
The noble images to repent; and struck
Me, worm, more worth your vengeance. But

You snatch some hense for little faults; that's

To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second illa with illa, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the door's shrift.
But images is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I
'll give so wound to thee. Therefore, good

Heavens know my purpose: I'll discourse me
Of those Italian weeds, and suit myself
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And make them dread it to the door's shrift.
But images is your own: Do your best wills,
the passage; cry'd to those that fled:
'ts har'st the lyng, not our men:
flint, soul that flyeth backwards? Stand!
Bruins, and will give you that
which you then beauty; and may next,
back to Peas; stand, stand. These
and confederat, in act as many
performers are the file, when all
nothing, with this word, stand, stood,
shone by the place, more charming,
ock nobleman (which could have
a lance); gilded pale looks,
part, spirit renounc'd; that some,
steer a pile (O, a sin in war,
the first beginners!) can to look
at they did, and to grin like lions
are the hunters. Then began
cachet, a retire; anon, more
foe. For thereby they fly
way which they stoop'd eagles;
they victors made: and now our
students in hard voyages), because
need; having found the back-door
swarded hearts, Heavens, how they
before; some, dying; some, their
former wave: ten, char'd by one,
done the slaughter-man of twenty:
would die; or the resist, are grown
bogs of the field.
This was strange chance;
me! an old man, and two boys:
do not wonder it: You are made
other at the things you hear,
and. Will you rhyme upon't,
for a mockery! Here is one;
seven times she is a lady.
Britons, was the Romans' home,
be not angry, sir.
Lock, to what end?
at stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
to be, as he is made to do,
quickly fly my friendship too.
me into rhyming. Farewell, you are angry, sir.
This is a lord! O noble
and ask, what news, of me! I
monkeys would have given their
their carcasses: I took heed to do
too! I, in mine own woe char'd,
death, where did he bear his groan;
where he struck: Being an ugly
a hide him in fresh cups, soft beds,
or have more ministers than we
knives I the war. — Well, I will
iaw a favourer to the Roman
ritual, I have round'd again
me in: Fight I will no more,
to the vulture'; that shall
be shoulder. Great the slaughter is
the Roman; great the answer be
for me, my cannony's death;
I come to spend my breath;
there I'll keep, nor hear again,
some means for Imogen.
British Captains, and Soldiers.
at Jupiter be prai'd! Lucius is
the old man and his sons were

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a chilly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1 Cap. But no one of them can be found.—Stand! who is
there?
Port. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crowns have perk'd them here. He brag's
his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.
Enter Cymbeline, attended: Belarius, Gide
Lucius, Arthurn, Pisanio, and Roman Cap
tives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Guard:
after which, all go out.

SCENE IV. A Prison.
Enter Posthumus, and Two Guards.
1 Guard. You shall not now be stowen, you have
locks upon you;
So guards you, as you find patience.
2 Guard. Ay, or a stomach.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thus art a
I think, to liberty; Yet am I better
Than one that's sick of the gout: since he had rather
Groot sin perpetuity, than be cur'd.
By the sure physician, death; who is the key.
To number these locks. My conscience! there art
fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists; You good
gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry! So
children temporal fathers do appear;
Gods are more full of mercy, More I repent;
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desire, more than constraint: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more cleaves than vile men,
Who of their broken dectors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, let them thrive again
On that their destitute: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis no so clear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Twixt man and man they weigh not every arrow.
Though light, take pieces for the figure sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great
powerless,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleep.
Solemn Museick. Enter, as an Appearance, SCELIC
Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man,
noticed like a Warrior; leading in his hand an
ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to Post
humus, with Attouch before them. Then, after
other Museick, follow the Two young Leonats,
Brothers to Posthumus, with wounds, as they died
in the Wars. They circle Posthumus round, as
he lies sleeping.
Sir. No more, then thunder-master, show
Thy spirit on mortal fires:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adoratories
Rate and revenge.
Hath my poor boy done slight so well;
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as new report,
Thou envious' father art).
Shouldn't have been born, and abduced him
From this earth-vexingsmart.
CYMELINE.

Meth. Lucian lest me tell her ald,
But took me in my thrives;
That from me was Posthumous' right,
Came crying 'mooped' his face,
As much as any pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moufed the staff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise of the world,
As greatollect's heir.

1. O the other's majesty,
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of images, that best
Deny his dignity!

Meth. With marriage wherefor was
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leocatis' seat, and cast
From her dearest one,
Sweet images!

Sici. Why you suffer fashion,
Blight thing of Italy,
To taint his sober heart and brain
With such jealousy;
And to become the gook and scorn
O the other's villany!

2. Boo. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and as twain,
That might in our country's case,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our faulty, and T outlook's right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Boo. Like hardiest Posthumus hath
To Cymeline perform'd;
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
As hast thou this adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being sit to doours tornd!
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant face, thy harsh
And potent injuries;
Meth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep the through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining symon of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Boo. Hark! Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting
Upon his Eagle: he throw a Thunder-bolt. The
Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, no petty spirits of region low,
Offered in bearing; bash!—How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling clouds?
Poor shadows of Ellyium, hence; and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is, you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low laid son our godhead will split;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!

He shall be lord of lady image.
And happier much by his satisfaction made.
The tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
End with impatience, lest you stir me up.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoops his feathers so as: his narration in
More sweet than our bless'd heads; his royal bird
Praises the immortal wishand as
As when his god is pleased:—

Sici. The thunderbolt is the
Roughest rod. —Away, and let
As with care perform his

Post. [Washing.] Sleep, thou
side, and wake
A father to me; and thou hast
A mother and two brethren:—
Gone! they want hence so long.

And so I am made. —Fourrots
On gloriou's favours; dreams, 
Wake, and find nothing. —The
Many dream not to find
And yet are awake in favours
That have this golden chave with
What furies hasten this great cure one!
Be not, as in our fanged wear
Robber than that it cov'ret; be
So follow, to be
As good as promises.

[Reads.]—When we a thing's unk
undoubtedly, without seeking find,
A piece of tender air; and when
shall be impregnated by
poor, shall after ruines, he fall
And, finding your
against all my figures, Britain be fortunate, and
plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else no
Tongue, and brain not; either
Or senseless speaking, or a
As sense cannot unite. Be
The action of my life is like I
'll keep, if but for sympathy

Goes. Come, sir, are you
Post. Over-coasted, rather:
Goes. Hanging is the word, for that, you are well cooked
Post. So, if I prove a good
tators, the dish pays the shot
Goes. A heavy reckoning to comfort is, you know;
ments, fear no more tavern
the sadness of parting, mirth; you come in faint I
depart reeling with too much
have paid too much, and
pars and brain brain the heavier for being too
high, being drawn of sea
contradiction you shall have
Charity of a penny cord! it is in a truce: you have no true
but it is; of what's past, in, am charge:—Your neck, sir, is per

ters; so the acquittance fools
Post. I am merrier to die, sir
Goes. Indeed, sir, he that
tooth-ach; But a man that
sleep, and a hangman to him, he
think, he would change place for, look you sir, you kne
you shall go.
Post. You, indeed, do I, fe
Goes. Your death has eyes
have not seen him so picture
be directed by some that
know; or take upon yourself
care you do not know; or press
on your own peril; and how
your journey's end, I think

to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, th
eyes to direct the way I
as well, and will not use the
an infinite mock is this, that so
the best use of eyes, to see the
end. I am sure, hanging's the way
Elixir a Messenger.
off his manacles; bring your
king.
strange good news; I am called or
changed then,
that be then freer than a gasier;
be dead.
Senior Posthumus and Messenger;
man would marry a gallows,
gauging, I never saw one so
my conscience, there are verier
to live, for all he be a Roman;
conceive you with her alone; yet, and in time
(When he had fitted you with her craft;) to work
Her sons into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by the strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repeated
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so,
Disparing, died.

Cymb. Heard you all this, her women? 
Lady. We did, so please your highness.
Cymb. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautifull;
Mine ears, that heard her flutter; no, my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,
To have mistreated her; yet, O my daughter! 
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling; Hence, hence, and all!
Elixir Legius, Ligia, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded, Posthumus behind,
and Iphigenia.

Those are not, Caius, now for tributes; that
The Britons have ranc'd twits, with the lost
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
shift,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with
shameful
Of you these captives, which only ourselfs
grant,
So, think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; but it is ours.
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May call'd ransome, let it come: sufficient,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer;
Augustus lives to think on't; And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only I
will interest; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed; never master had
A pace so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So soft, so MLAlike; let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold, your
highness.
Cannot deny; he hath done no Britton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman; save him, sir,
And spare no blood besides.
Cymb. I have sorely seen him
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor
wherefor.
To say, love, boy, nor thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Pitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou dost demand a prisoner,
The noblest on't.
Luc. I humbly thank your highness; 
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.
To give me bearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Iago. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[Enter CLAUDIUS and ROBESON CONFIDANT.]

But is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arc. One sand another
Not more resembles; That sweet rose lad,
Who died, and was Fidele: —What think you?

Guili. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! I see further; be eyes as not; forbear.
Creatures may be alike: were 't be, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guili. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Per. It is my mistress: [Aside.
Sincere she is living, let the time run on, To good, or bad. [Cym. and Iago come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side; Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To Lache] stop you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winsome the truth from falsehood.—O, speak to him.

Iago. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Per. What's that to him?

[Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Jack. Thou wilt torture me to leave unspoken
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How met I

Jack. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst hush; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
Twixt sky and round. Wilt thou hear more.

He was as calm as virtus
His mistress picture; whi made,
And then a mind put in
Were crack'd of kitchente
Prov'd us un-speaking now.

Nag. Jack. Your daughter's
He spoke of her as Dian
And she alone were cold
Madestrup of his praise
Picses of gold, 'gainst th
Upon his honour'd stags
In suit the place of his by
By her and mine advice.
No lesser of her honour.
Than I did truly find her
And would so, had it be;
Of Phoebus' wheel; and
Of been all the worth of his
Post I in this design:
Remember me at coast,
Of Twixt amorous and
was
Queene's
Of hope, not longing, we ('Gian in your dailey Brit
Most vilitly; for say was
And, to be brief, my pra
That I return'd with sim
To make the noble Leon
By wronging his belief
With tobes thus, and th
Of chamber-hanging, that,
(O, causing, how I got)
Of secret on her person.
But think her bond of ch
I having ta'en the forfeit
Methinks, I see him not
Per. Ay, se those

Italian head!—Ah me,
A egregious murderer, th
That's due to all the wit
To come!—O give me or
Some upright justicer! I

For torturers incursions:
tress:—O, my lord Posthumus!

pentill now:—Help, help!—

Does the world go round? These strange things on me?

Wake, my mistress! The gods do mean to strike

at joy.

How fares my mistress from my sight;

So dangerous fellow, hence! princes are.

The time of Imogen!

ner of sulphur on me, if

a was not thought by me

I must it from the queen.

It poison'd me.

O gods! which the queen command'd, in the house: If Pimio

his mistress that confection

a of a cordial; she is very'd

n't.

What's this, Cornell? sir, very oft important me

for her; still pretending her knowledge, only

vile, as cats and dogs

realizing that her purpose,

id compound for her

ch, being ta'en, would cease of life; but, in short time, I

should again

one of the apparatus of it

id, for I was dead.

My boys, sir. This is sure, Fidelio.

throw your wedded lady

up on a rock; and now

[Embracing him.

er, like fruit, my soul,

ow, my flesh, my child! I

me a dolliard in this act?

to me?— Our blessing, sir. [Kneeling,

id love this youth; I blame

't. [To桂. and Arv.

My tears that fell,

me! Imogen.

I am sorry for't, my lord;

ought; and long of her it

so strangely: But her son

not how, nor where.

My lord,

I'll speak truth. Lord

ing, came to me

am, round at the mouth,

which way she was gone,

deth: By accident

ter of my master's;

; which directed him

mountains near to Milford;

my master's garments;

me, away he posts

ose, and with oaths to violate

what became of him.

Let me end the story:

Marry, the gods foreordain'd

ad vents should from my lips

Puck a hard sentence: przythee, valiant youth,

Doe't again.

He was a prince.

A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me

were nothing princely; for he did provoke me

with language that would make me spurn the

sea.

If it could so eav to me: I cut off's head;

And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this tale of mine.

I am sorry for thee: By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and

must

Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Inne, That headless man I thought had been my lord.

Bind the offender, and take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king: This man is better than the man he slew, As well descended as himself, and hath

More of thee merit it, than a band of Catores Had ever scar:—Let his arms alone.

They were not born for bondage.

We will die all three; But I will prove, that two of us are as good As I have given out him.—My sons, I must For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech, Though, haply, well for you.

Your danger is.

Guil. And our good horse.

Have it at thee.— By leave:—Thou badst, great king, a subject, who

Was call'd Belarius. 

What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath

assum'd this age; indeed, a banish'd man; I know not how, a traitor. 

Cygn. Take him hence; The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. He is not hot; First pay me for the nursing of thy sons; 

And let it be confiscate all, so soon As I have receiv'd it. 

Nurging of my sons! 

Cyp. I son too blunt and stately: Here's my knee; 

 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons: Then, spare not the old father, Mighty sir, These two young gentlemen, that call me father, and think they are my sons, are none of mine; They are the issue of your toils, my liege; 

And blood of your begettings. How! my issue? 

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd; Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish- 

ment, and all my treason: that I suffer'd,

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes (for such, and so they are) these twenty years Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as Your highness knows, their nurse, Euriphile; Whom for the theft I wedded; stole these children Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; 

Having receiv'd the punishment before. For that which I did then; Beaten for loyalty, Excited to treason; Their dear lost. 

The more of you 'twas fell, the more...
I can with ease produce.

Cyn. \quad Guidervias had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

But, this is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature’s end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cyn. \quad O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! Never mother
Rejoiced deliverance more: Bless’d may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now;—O Imogyn,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Laur. \quad No, my lord;
I have got two words by’t.—O my gentle bro-
there.

Have we thus met? O never my heart even,
But I am trusty speaker: you call’d me brother;
When I was but your sister; if you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cyn. \quad Did you ever meet?
Laur. \quad Ay, my good lord,
And at first meeting low’d;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cyn. \quad By the queen’s drum she swallowed’d.

Laur. \quad O rare instance!
Cyn. \quad When shall I hear all through? This fierce
obdignation!
Hath to its sacramental branches, which
Dissection should be rich in.—Where, how
lived you?

Cyn. \quad And when came you to serve our Roman
empire?
Laur. \quad How joined with your brothers! how first met
them?

Cyn. \quad Why fed you from the court, and whither?
There,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;
And all the other by-dependences,
From chance to chance; but not the time, nor
place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumous anchor upon imogyn;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brother: me her master, hittin—

We’ll hear our freemasons of
Pardon’s the word to all.

Laur. \quad As you did mean indeed! Joy’d are we, that you are
Pest. Your servant, prince
of Rome.

Call forth your soothing thought,
Great Jupiter, upon his en-
Appeared to me, with oth-
Or mine own kindred: we
This label on my bosom;
Is so from sense in bird’s-eye
Make no collection of it;
His skill in the constraining
Law.

Laur. \quad Seek, here, my good lord;
Read, and—

Cyn. \quad South, [Reads.] If I am
himself avowed, without sin
lighted by a piece of tender
steely cedar shall be tripled; and
many years shall after old stock, and
and his miseries, Britain be
peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonians, art the lin-
The fit and apt constructive
To the cedars of Lebanon, cloth
The pieces of tender air, the

Which we call mole are; a
We term it mole: which is
Is this most constant with
Answering the letter of
With this most tender air.

Cyn. \quad This.

Laur. \quad The lofty cedar, re-
Personate thee: and thy
My two sons forth: who, for
To the malacious cedar joint;
promotes Britain peace
Cyn. \quad My peace we will begin—
Although the soldier we cut
A SONG.

If virtues and merits own Fidelis,
Supposed to be dead.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

O Fidelis' grave tomb;
It stands in pleasant hill;
It stands in pleasant hill.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EMILIAN, a noble Roman.
ALARCON, a Moor, selected by Tamora.
A SENATOR, a Wolf, Tamora's Messenger.
GOATS, and ROMANS.
TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVENIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.
KINSMEN of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene—Rome; and the Country near it.

ACT I.

EXT I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

EMILIAN. Rome, the Capitol.

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EMILIAN. Rome, the Capitol.

EMILIAN. Rome, the Capitol.

EMILIAN. Rome, the Capitol.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

To justice, continuance, and nobility: Beware! desert in pure election shine; And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aged, with the Crown. Mar. Friends—those that strive by factions, by friends, Ambitious for rule and empire,—stand Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we A special party, have, by common voice, In election for the Roman empress, Chosen Andronica, armed with Flies, For many good and great deserts to Rome; A nobler man, a braver warrior, Lives not this day within the city walls: By the word of his hand his sacred home, From weary wars against the barbarous Goths; That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath you'd a nation strong, trained up in arms. Ten years are spent, since first you undertook Your battle, and charged with arms Our enemies' pride; Fivetimes hath he return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In safety; And now at last, laden with honours's spoils, Has he return'd, with some of his consuls, To Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entertain,—by honour of his name. Then mark you, whether you would now succeed, 'Tis in the Capitol and senate's right, To whom you're then, to whom you're more, That you withdraw you, and abate your strength; Dismiss your followers, and, as editors, Plead your desires in peace and humbleness. See. How fair the tribunes speak to calm my thoughts!—

Bar. Marcus Andronica, so I do say In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy nobler brother Titus, and his son, Her to whom my thoughts are humbled all, So ancient Lividia, Robespierre's rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends; And to my fortunes, and the people's favour, Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus. Sen. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right, I thank you, gentlemen, and here dismiss you all; And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person, and the cause. [Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus. Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, As I am confident and kind to thee.—Open the gates, and let me in. Bar. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor. [Exeunt.] ScenE II. The same. Enter a Captain, and Others. Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus, Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, Successful in the battle that he fights, With honour and with fortune return'd, From where he circumcised with his sword, And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome. Fourth of Trumpets, &c. Enter MUCIUS and MARTIUS; after them Two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black: the Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMENTIUS, And omnes, en omnes, the Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Banners set down the Capitol, and exit in a crowd. Tit. Hall, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeps! Lo, as the bark that hath discharge'd her freight, Returns with precious laden to the bay, From whence at first she weigh'd her anchor, Cometh Andronicus, bound with

To resolve his country with his tears Of true joy for his return to Those great defender of this Capital Stand gracefully to the rights that a Roman, of five and twenty vols Half of the number that king Titus Behold the poor remains alive, as Those, that I bring unto their late With burial amongst their ancestors. Here Goths have given me leave annexed. Titus, ashamed, and out of this Wrath suffer'n, till they come, unto the heavens, Make way to lay them by their dead. There greet in silence, as in former times, And sleep in peace, since in years gone Where the softest or the sweetest name, The sweet call of virtue and glory, How many sons of mine hast that Hold that they will never render to Luc. Give as the president put

That we may know his limbs, and, As namo furs creditus sacrifice his life Before this city, and this people, The soft shadow be not open to disturbed wit. 1. I give him the hand. The eldest son of this distinguished nation. Rom. Stays, Romans brethren— He is my heart and my life. Victorious Titus, rae the tears I At a mother's tears; and thine be And, if thy sons were ever dear to 0, think my son to be so dear to be scarce not, that we are brought To beauty thy triumphs, and to captive to thee, and to thy Romans But must my sons be slaughtered But shall not be disquieted without a present. 1. If to fight for king and common were pretty in thine, it is to them. Andronicus, slain not thy sons, Whik thou draw near the nature of their death to them in being us. My sweet mercy is nobility's true heir Thrice-noble Titus, spare my son. Tit. Peace to myself, madam, as These are their brethren, whom 0, I alive, and dead; and for their religiously they ask a sacrifice: To this your son is mark'd; and I To oppress their groaning shadows Luc. Away with him! and madam And with our swords, upon a pike Let's hew his limbs, till they be clear. [Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, MUCIUS, with all. Tam. O cruel, irreparable pity Oh, was ever sly this half so Dem. Oppose not scylla to this Alarbus goes to rest; and we our To tremble under Titus' threatens Then, madam, stand resolved; be The selfsame gods that arm'd us With opportunity of sharp revenge Upon the Thracian tyrant in his May favour Tamora, the queen's queen When Goths were Goths, and queen To quit the bloody wrongs upon Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIN With their scourges blood Luc. See, lord and father, how form'd. Out Roman states. Alarbus' limbs
Tyt. Context thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts; and wean them from themselves.
Bar. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthenst with thy friends,
I will most thankfully be: and thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honourable merit.

Tyt. People of Rome, and people's tribunes hear,
I ask your voices, and your sufferages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. Tyt. I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titus's rank and nobility,
And ripen justice in this commonwealth;
Then if you will eject, by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—Long live our emperor!

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we prostrate
Lord Saturnine, Rome's great emperor; and
Say, Long live our emperor Saturnine.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds require thy gentleness;
And, for an answer, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will make my empresses,
Rome's royal mistresses, mistress of thy heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her spouse;—
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tyt. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace;
And hence, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonwealth,
The wide world's emperor.—do I discourse
My words, my good and my princely lord,
Present'st with worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's stately, stung'st at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud am I of thee, and of thy gift,
Rome shall reward; and, when I do forget
The least of these unappreciable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tyt. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor?
To Tamos.

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use me nobly, and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the house
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
That I would not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage everywhere.
Rest on me, and, let not thy speeches
Discount all your hopes: Madam, he comports you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goth;
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?
Lav. Not, Titus, my lord; with true Laetitia,
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.

Tyt. Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with triumph and
discourse.

Bar. Lord Titus, by your leave, this mad man
Is seized of people's life?—[Seeing Lavinia]

Tyt. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
Mar. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy! Bear'st me my way in Rome?


Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust: and, more than so,
In wrongfull quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Levitans to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but set not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, so; the emperor needs her not.
Nor he, nor she, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by jealousy, him that mocks me once;
These never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all, to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a state of,
But Saturnine? Foul well, Andromira,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I beg'd the empire at thy bands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that dost abate for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To rule in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are rancors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phoenix, 'mongst her affable airs,
Dost overdo the gallant'd dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And knowing priest by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near—

Luc. There lie thy 1 the friends.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty;
Let, We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Teaching our sister's honour, and our own.
Mark, That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sic. Away, and talk not to trouble us more.
Tit. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends;
The tribute and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be deni'd; Sweet heart, look back,
Sic. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreaty,
I do return these young men's heinous
faults.
Stand up, Lavinia, though you left me like a
churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can bear two
bachelors,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends;
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace
here.
Sic. Be it so, Titus, and granum too.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aec. Now Elizabeth Tamora Olympias' top,
Safe out of fortune's slot; and sit aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advise of above pale coming on.
As when the golden sun slates the morn,
And, beaving gift the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glittering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peeking hills;
So Tamora,
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And boast her pitch; whom thou in triumph
long
Hast prison held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And latter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Cananea.
Away with stately vessels, and stile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wandon with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,
This, that will charm Rome's Saturnia,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonwealth's
Hollin! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, bearing.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grace'd;
And may, for ought thou know'st, affect be,
Chas. Demonstris, thou dost not see in all:
And in this to bear me down with arrows;
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thou more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And set my sword upon thee shall approve;
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aec. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, undes
pli'd,
Gave you a dancing-paper by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your
friends?

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That he hath breath'd in my disheavour here,
Cle. For that I am prepar'd and full resolve'd—
Foul spoken coward! that thinne'st'rt with thy
tongue.
And with thy weapon nothing dare'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goth adore,
This petty brabbie will undo us all—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jun upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Basanamus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be breed'd,
Without controllment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress
Know
This discord's ground, the malick would not
please.
Cle. I care not, I, know she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thee to make some
meaner choice;
Lavinia in thine elder brother's hope.
Aur. Why, art ye mad! or know ye not, in
Rome
How furious and impudent they be,
And cannot break companions in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Cle. Aaros, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.
Aur. To achieve her!—How?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wroth;
She is a woman, therefore may be wean;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water gildeth by the mill
Then was the miner of; and easy it is
Of a glass to seal a glass, we know;
Though Basanamus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Valone's badge.
Aur. Ay, and as good as naturall men may.
(Aside.)
Dem. Then why should be despair, that knows
to court it
With such fierce, fair looks, and libertie?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
When we sequacious were?
And she shall file our eare on
That will not suffer you
But to your wishes' belt
The emperor's court is
The palace full of tones.
The woods are ruthless,
There speak, and strike
Your turns:
There set ye out to sauce,
To cool this heat, a glass
For graces, for reasons and

SCEN
A Forum near Rome. A
Hear, and cry a
Enter Tyrus, Ambassadours,
Lucius, Guri
Tu. The bust is up, the
The fields are fragrant, in
Unacco's, here; and let
And make the emperor
And raise the prince; in
That all the court may
Some, let it be your aim
To lead the emperor's
I have been troub'd in
But dangering day now a
Hear wind a Peal. Eun
Ambassadors, Lavinia,
Attendants.
Tu. Many good mean
Malan, to ye so many
I promised your grace a
Sat. And ye have
Somewhat turner's for
Bas, Lavinia, how se;
Lani.
I have been breed away
Sat. Come on them, b
And to our sport:— Mad
Our Roman hunting.
Titus Andronicus

Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Sputted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequent? from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor.
If foul desire had not conducted you?
Lau. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that no noble lord be rated.
For accordance—pray you, let us hence,
And let her. "Joy her raven-colour'd love;"
This valley fits the purpose pouring well.
But the king, my brother, shall have none of this.
Lau. Ay, for these slips have made him note it.
Good king! to be so mightily about!
Tit. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Constable and Dernhurst.

Lau. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tit. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tie'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The way, though summer, yet frosty and lean,
Overcome with moss, and haleful mistreader.
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds.
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal evening.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred plot,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand biting snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many archers,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal hearing, it
Should straight tall stand, or else die suddenly.
And so had they told this hellish tale.
But straight they told me, they would bind me here.
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foes unmerciful,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That thus our ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed;
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I say so.

Stede Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, strike home to show
A breach of strength.

Lau. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy pension; thou shall know,
My boys.
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;—
First, there is the corn, then after burn the straw;
This mission stood upon her chastity.
Upon her raptorial vow, her loyalty.
And with that palmed hope brave's your mirthness.
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were a crane,
Dread hir'd her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our seat.
Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let me no more entice me, or both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure;
Come, mistress, now, perform, we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lau. O Tamora! thou heart, a woman's face—

Seduced by Strymon, and by the Moor, her husband, she is led to kill her own son. The scene is set in the forest of Saxony, where the queen and her followers are pursued by the Moor. The queen's character is depicted as one of strength and determination, and her actions are driven by a desire for revenge. The scene is a powerful example of Shakespeare's exploration of themes of love, hatred, and violence.
Yet I have heard (O could I find it now?)
The lion mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paw past all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds perish in their nests;
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful [her].

Levi. I know not what it means; away with
That gave thee life, when well he might have
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tann. Had those in person never offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiful;
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Androcles would not release,
Therefore away with her, and bear her so you will;
The worse to her, the better love of me.

Levi. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begged so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassanias died.

Tann. What begg'dst thou then? fond woman,
Let me go.

Levi. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lash,
And tamble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tann. No should I rob my sweet sons of their
lot for;
No, let them satisfy their last on thee.

Levi. A way, for then hast staid us here too long.

Tann. We grieve no womanhood? Ah, beastly creatures!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fell—

Old. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth;—Bring
him to his husband! (Draging of Senecio.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Erroneous.

Tann. Farewell, my sons; see that you make
her sure:
A chilling sweat overs My heart suspect me
Mecr. To prove thou
Aaron and thou look a
And see a fearful sight.

Quin. Aaron is gone
heart
Will not permit mine,
The thing, whereas it
O, tell me how it is;—
Was I a child, to fear.
Mecr. Lord Bassanias
All on a heap like to a
In this detested, dark,
Clown. If I be dark, he
Mecr. Upon his bosom
A precious ring, that means,
Which, like a Gayer in
Doth shine upon the d
And shows the ragged
So pale did shine the
When he by night say
O brother, help me we,
If fear hath made thee
Out of this fell devotion
As hailest an Coesus?
Omen. Reach me the
they out;
Or, wanting strength to
I may be plac'd into
Of this deep pit, poor;
I have no strength to go
Mecr. Nor I nor streng
Omen. Thy hand overs
Till these art here shed.
Thou canst not come th

End. Satterly
Set. Along with me
Peter.
And what he is, that as
may, who art thou, that
Into this gaping hollow
Merc. The unhappy...
Brought hither in a
To find the brother [re.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I too late I bring this fatal writ,
This timely tidings:
Why is man's face can fold
His monstrous tyranny?
As if an edge to sever him.

Blasphemous 'tre gu enemys,
So dig the grave for him.

Meaning: Look for the reward
You have bought to sever him.
But lord, there is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it
to them],[25,112] Tell them of it.

If my brother of his life,
From the pit unto the prison;

Tell them of it.

Oh! wondrous
discovery is discovered!
Ah, upon my noble knee
With my left hand upon the lighted shield
Of my accursed sons,
Most I will go to them.

I have seen it, it is apparent:
No, Titus, was it you:
I, my good self, did take it up:
Yet let me be his bail:
Saves the world, my lord.
I see, thou dost
Understand it:

A word, the guilt is plain:
I, were there worse end

Then he should be executed.
For, I will cut the king:

The son shall do well enough,
Saw, and stay not to talk.

[Exit severally.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome: A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice,

With Marcus and Quintus, bound, passing on to

The Place of Execution: They going before, reading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes,

Stay not:

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securest alive:
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which now yet
Piling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Despair'd of your condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as tis thought
For two and twenty sons I never wept;
Because they died in honour's holy bed.
I could have done with them,

For good tribunes, in the duct I write:

[Throwing himself on the Ground.

My heart's deep anguish, and my soul's and tears.
Let my tears wash the earth's dry appetite.
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[Exit Senators and Tribunes; &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall dilate these two ancient arms.
Than youthful April shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still:
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow.
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face.
So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.

Have hopp'd, and hev'd, and made thy body bare.
Of her two branches? those sweet ornamentson,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Ah, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ris'd with wind,
Doubt rise and fall between thy rose-lined lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Trevis hath deliver'd thee;
And, lest them should not detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'dst away thy face for shame:
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three using spouts,
Yet did the ebbing check look red and swelling,
Doubt hear the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomel, the but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious slumber saw her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
Cleaver Trevis, cousin, here, here, here,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better said than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen that thou hadst
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silly strings delight to them;
He would not have been touch'd for his life;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cepheus at the Phœbus poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown a foggy morn;
What will whole months of tears by father's eye.
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
Could our mourning ease tis misery?
[Exit.

...
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offends not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

*Time.*
To rescue my two brothers from their death:

*Enter Marcos and Levina.*

*Mrs. Titus.* Prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy tender heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Titus.* Will it consume me? let me see it then.

*Mrs. Titus.* This was thy daughter.

*Titus.* Why, Marcos, so she is.

*Marcos.* Ah me! this object kills me!

*Titus.* Faist-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:

*Marcos.* What, my Levina, what accursed hand
Has made thee handleless in thy father's sight?

*Titus.* What food hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou came'st,
And now, like Stiles, it downwards bounds.—
Gives me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have bought her Rome, and all in vain:
And they have made this war, in feeding life;
In useless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use;
Now, all the service I require of them

When I did name her I stood on her cheeks;
Upon a gather'd lily at
Mars, Porcincule, she had
Her husband;
Porchance, because she
Tut. If they did kill
Joyful
Because the law hath
No, no, they would no Witness the sorrow that
Gentle Levina, let me
Or make some sign to her:
Shall thy good uncle, a
And thou, and I, sit run
Looking all downward
How they are stand'rd I'll
With mirth alike left on
And in the fountain she:
Till the fresh taste be us
And made a brine pie
Or shall we eat away a
Or shall we bite our own
Past the remainder of
What shall we do? let
Pist some device of us
To make us wondrous

*Enter Sweat father, o
your grief.

See, how my wretched

*Mrs. Patience, dear
these eyes.

*Titus.* Ah, Marcos, Marcos
They supplicate death
For thou, poor man, thy

*Marcos.* Ah, my Levina
*Titus.* Mark, Marcos, thy

Had she a tongue to speak
That to her brother, with
His cupola with his tr
Can do no service on
Or, what a satisfaction
As far from help as him

*Exit.*
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

...utter spare my blood than you; now shall leave my brother's life. Your hands hath not defended the bloody battleaxe, Ton on the enemy's castle! But are of high defense: on but little let it serve two nephews from their death; if it to a worthy end, we agree, whose hand shall go before their pardon come. I shall go. In heaven, it shall not go; no more; each wert idle be sicking up, and therefore mine. If I shall be thought thy son, son, from death, our father's sake, and mother's a brother's love to thee, even you; I shall spare my hand, I go freely. But I will use the axe. [Enter Lucius and Marcus. Is it true? 

...I shall overcome thee, and I will give thee mine, I shall be broken; at live, deceive men; say, ere half an hour can pass. O, his exit of Titus's hand. 

Marcus and Lucius. 

...your strike: what shall be, is his majesty my hand; a hand that wanted him lancers; let him buy it; cited, that it is love; say, I account of them and at an easy price; a, because I bought mine own, from thee; and for thy hand, no have thy sons with thee;—O, how this villany 

...the very thoughts of it? or, and fair men call for grace, his soul black like his face. 

[Exit. Lift this one hand up to heaven, that it rains to the earth; 

...wretched tears, What, will thou kneel with me? 

Lucius. 

...for heaven shall bear our 

...we breathe the welkin dim, a with fog, as sometime clouds, to him in their melting bosoms, let, speak with possibilities, a into these deep extremes, a sorrow deep, having no bottom? alone bottomless with them, 

...reason for these miseries, would I have my own death, 

...with the earth, doth not the sea wax mad, welkin with his exoath face? we are reason for this coil! oh, how her sighs do blow against the earth; as be twined with her sighs; with her continual tears, overflow'd and destor'd; clouds cannot hide her woers; 

But like a drunkard must I vomit them. Then give me leave; for lovers will have leave To ease their stomachs with their latter tongues, Enter a Messenger, with Titus and a Hand. 

...Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor. Here are the heads of thy two noble sons! And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back; Thy great'st sport, thy resolution mock'd! That woe is me to think upon thy woe, More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exeunt. 

Marc. Now let hot winces cool in Sicily, And be thy heart an ever-growing fire! 

...these miseries are more than may be borne! 

...to weep with them that weep dost ease some 

...but sorrow frown'd at is double death. 

...that this sight should make so deep a wound. 

...and yet destitute ifc not shrink thereat! 

...where life hath no interest but to breathe! 

...Marc. Alas, poor heart, that this is comfortless, 

...as soon water to a starved snake. 

...will this fearful slander have an end! 

...Marc. Now, farewell, daughter; Die, Andronicus! Thou dost not slander; see, thy two sons' heads! Thy warlike hand, thy ensanguined daughter here! Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I, Even as a stone image, cold and numb. Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs! Head off thy silver hair, thy other hand. Gazing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight The closing up of our most wretched eyes! Now is our sight to storm; why art thou still? 

...Marc. Why dost thou laugh? If fits not with this hour. 

...Thrice, why have I not another tear to shed: Besides this sorrow is an other joy, 

...and would snap upon my wary eyes, and make them blind with tributary tears: 

...is which way shall I send revenge's case! For these two heads do seem to speak to me; 

...And when I shall never come to bite, 

...or coldness, or coldness, or coldness, or 

...so cold, and swear unto my soul to right your wrongs. The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head; 

...in the hand the other will I bear, 

...Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things; 

...bear those thy hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth. As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight; 

...Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay: 

...be to the Gods, and raise an army there: 

...and, if you love me, as I think you do, 

...Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. 

...Enter Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia. 

...Lucius, farewell, Andronicus, my noble father; 

...The wou'd not man that ever liv'd in Rome! 

...thou art an exile, and thou must not stay: 

...He to the Gods, and raise an army there: 

...be to the Gods, and raise an army there: 

...Lucius, thou shalt be employed in these things; 

...bear those thy hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth. As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight; 

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...Marcus, and Lavinia. 

...Lucius, farewell, Andronicus, my noble father; 

...in the hand the other will I bear, 

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...Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay: 

...be to the Gods, and raise an army there: 

...And, if you love me, as I think you do, 

...Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing; girl; kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thee a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eye let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drawn the lamenting pool in sea-salt tears.

Mer. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tr. How now! I have sorrow made thee dote
already! Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?

To bid Marcus tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how strangely I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let’s fall to: and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says:—

I can interpret all her Martyr’s signs,
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew’d with her sorrows, mesh’d upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainor, I will learn thy thought:
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermit’s in their holy prayers:
Then shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stump to heaven,
Nor wish, nor moan, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wring an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Tr. Good grandam, leave these bitter deep
delusions:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mer. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov’d,
Doth with his name his grandam’s heaviness.

Tr. Peace, tender sapling: thou art made of

He takes false shadows;

Tr. Come, take away
Thy to thy closet; and

And stories, chancred in
Come, boy, and go with
And thou shalt read, wh
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these had boon-mem'ries to the yoke of Rome.
Mes. Ay, that's my boy! I by father both half cut
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, as I live.
Mes. Come, come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll furbish; and wish'd, my boy.
Shall carry from me to the emperor's sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Boy. come, come; 'tis not thy message, wilt thou not?
Mes. Ay, with my daggers in their bosoms,
Boy. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lucius. Here comes—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sire; and we'll be waited on.
(Enter Titus, Lucinius, and Boys.
Mes. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not repent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his Antony;
That he may have some marks upon his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [(Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A Room in the Palace.
Exeunt Aaron, Chirom, and Demetrius, at one Door, at another Door, Young Lucinius, and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Figures given upon them.
Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He's sent some message to deliver to us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad
Grandfather.
For bores, with all the humblest I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus:
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.
(Aside.

Dem. Gracious, lovely Lucius; What's the
Boy. That you are both decide'd, that's the
For villains mark'd with rape. [(Aside. May it please you,
My grandfather, well adviz'd, hath sent me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury.
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Our ship-shaps, that whenever you have need
You may be armed and appointed well:
And I gave you both, ere I gave you both,
(Inigo Boy and Attendant.
Dem. What's here? A Scroll; and written upon it about:
Let's see; Interea, quibusque spectacula venia.
Non egit Manuศาล, vel iuxta, vel aequo.
Chi. Q., 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well;
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace—right,
Boy. Nay, boy it is.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest but the old man hath
Found their guilt; and sends the weapons wrapp'd about
With lines.
(Aside.
That wound beyond their feeling to the

But were our witty empress well a foot,
She would applaud Andronicus's council.
But had I rest in her assistent—
And now, young lords, was not a happy star
Led on to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captive, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate.
To brave the tribute in his brother's hearing.
Chi. Beike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft: who comes here?

* Nurse, with a black-a-moor Child in her Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords: O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all.
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone! Now help, or we beside thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
Nur. What dost thou wrap and tumble in these arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye.
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace:
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out, ye whore! Is black so base a hue?
Sweet blossom, you are a beastious blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. Done! that which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Then hast undone our mother.
Villain, I have done thy mother.
Aar. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her who to her chance, and dam'd her loathed son.
Aar. The offering of so foul a seed.
Chi. It shall not live. It shall not die.
TITUS ANDRONICUS. 711

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrack with wrongs, more than our backs can bear;
And sithe there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to, this gear. You are a good archer,
[He gives them the arrows.]
Ad Fates, that's for you.——Ad Apolline——
Ad Manto, that's for myself——
Here, boy, to Pallass——Here, to Mercury——
To Saturn, Ceres, not to Saturnine——
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy. Marcus, looke you when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicite.
Mar. Kissmen, shoot all your shafts into the air.

We will afflic the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw, [They shoot.] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Vicio's tap; give it Pallass,
Marcus is lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon.
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
Tit. Ha! Pallass, Pallass, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Troius' horns.
Me? This was the spring, let my lord; when
Pallass shot,
The bull being begold, gave tripes such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the corn;
And who should find them but the emperor's villain?
She laugh'd, and told the mow, she should not
But give them to his master for a present.
Tit. Why, there it goes; God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Chosen, with a Basket, and two Pigeons.
News from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah. What tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?
Cla. Hie! the gibbet maker? he says, that he hath
them down above the ignome: the man must
not be hang'd till the next week.
Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
Cla. Sir, I know not; I never drank with him in all my life.
Tit. Why, sir, villain, art thou not the carrier?
Cla. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.
Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
Cla. I never came from heaven, sir, I never came there; God forbid, I should be so bold to press to hear it; my young lord going with my pigeons to the tribunal pale, to take
up a manner of trawl between my uncle and one of the emperor's men.
Mac. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.
Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?
Cla. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.
Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?
Cla. Ay, sir.
Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach,
you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look on your reward.
I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.
Cla. I warrant you, sir, I will do all you command.
Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration.
my honors, you know, as no use magistrates, gods, However these disorders of our peace Box in the people's ears, there sought bath pass'd.'

But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Annions. And what an if
His servants have so overawe'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wraiths,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrool's to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but rebellions against the senate,
And blazoning our unjustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, he stain'd cataracts
Shall be no abler to those outrages;
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud and conspirator that lives.

Tom. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and hear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant son,
Whose lasp hath pier'd his heart deep and scar'd
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanness, or the best.
For these contempts. Why, then it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gliss with all: [Aside.
Eh, ha, ha, ha! She's got it with the quick,
Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port."

Eun. Clowns.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak
with us?

Cla. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be im-
perial.

[peror.

Tom. Emprass I am, but youder site the em-
Cla. "Tom. Emprass I am, but youder site the em-

Tom. Why should you strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizen

And will revolt from me.

Tom. King, be thy thy name.

In the sun dimm'd, that

The eagle suffers little by

And is not careful what

Knowing that, with the

He can at pleasure slay,

Even so may'st thou the

Then cheer thy spirits; for

I will exhort the old As

With words more sweet,

Persious,

Then to fish, or best

When as the one is more

The other rodded with the

Sat. But he will not our

Tom. If Tamora enpves

For I can smooth and fill

With golden promises; if

Almost imperceptive, his

Yet should both ear and eye

Go thence before, he see no

Say, that the emperor yet

Of warlike Lucius, and a

Even at his bedside:

"Sat. Hehitting do this us

And if he stand on behing

Bid him demand what p best.

Empl. Your bidding sh

Tom. Now will I to the

And temper him with all

To piece math Luciassu:

And now your famed Saint Stephen; give

And buy all they fear in a

Sat. Then go successful
TITUS ANDRONICUS. 713

And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty gosship tricks and ceremonials,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe.
Therefore I urge thee on:
For that, I know, an idiot holds his hands for a good,
And keep to the oath, which by that god I swear;
That thou wilt urge him:
Therefore, thou shalt not
By that same god, what god seere it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish 'and bring him up:
Or else I will discover noth't to thee.
LUC. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.
AAR. First know thou, I begot him on the emperor.
LUC. Most insatiable, luxurious woman!
AAR. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of passion.
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon:
Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
I gave her my sister's lover to her heart,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
LUC. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that
AAR. Why, she was wan'd, and cat, and drunk;
And 'twas her time, and 'twas her will.
Trimm sport for them that had the doing of it.
LUC. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
AAR. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
The building guilt had they from their mother.
As sure a word is ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me.
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Wit, let thy deed's be witness of my worth.
I trained 'em to that griffel' lust,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I won the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue.
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it.
I played the cherisher for thy father (trimming')
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laugh-
ery.
I pray'd me through the crevice of a wall.
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
I belch'd his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were r caus'd to run.
And when I told the emperor of this,
She wond'red almost at my pleasing tale,
And play'd at my tidings, gave the boy twenty.
God! what canst thou say all this, and never blush?
AAR. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
LUC. Art thou not sorry for these helions deeds?
AAR. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse).
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;
As he a man, or else a dog, his dying girt,
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forewear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their hearts.
Or I have digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them uprighl at their dear friends' doors;
Even when their sorrow was so deep for life,
And on their skin, as on the bark of trees.
Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,
Let not your sorest foe, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly:
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
LUC. Bring down the devil; for he must not die.
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.
AAR. If'the be devil, 3 P 2
TITUS ANDROICUS.

To live and love in everlasting fire;
And then I'll come, and be thy friend along with thee. Provide thee proper garments, To save thy wasted strength And fasten such necessities on thee I will destroy. Give thyself to pleasures. And when thy eyes are tender'd To taste the sweet rays of Revenge. And day by day I'll do this he so thou destroyest Rape, and I. And his eyes are open. But we are miserable, and wretched. O sweet Revenge, now do I see And, if one arrow embraces thee, I will embrace thee in it on


Enter Tamora, Choruses, and Demetrius, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habitation, I will encounter with Andronicus; And, say, I am Revenge, sent from below, To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs. Knock at his study, where, they, say, he keeps, To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge; Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him, And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.]

Tit. Who dost molest my contemplation? Is it thy trick, to make me ope the door? That so my sad decrees may fly away, And all my study be to no effect! You are deceived: for what I mean to do, Be sure in his profound plots I have set down; And what is written shall be executed.

Tit. I came to talk with thee. Tit. No, I said a word: How can I grace my talk, Wanting a hand to give it action? I have the right of me, therefore no more. Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me. Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough, Witness this wretched stom, these crimson tresses, Witness these trenched, made by grief and care: Witness the tiring day, and heavy night; Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well For our proud empress, mighty Tamora: Is not thy cunning for my other hand? Tam. Know thou, and man, I am not Tamora; She is thy enemy, and I thy friend: I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom, To ease the gnawing torture of thy mind, By working wretched vengeance on thy foes. Come down, and welcome me to this world's light. Confer with me of murder and of death: There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place, No vast obscurity, or misty vale, Where bloody murder, or detested rape, Can couch for fear, but I will find them out: And in their ears tell them my dreadful name, Revenge, which makes the fool offender quake. To live, in Revenge; and art thou sent to me, To be a torment to mine enemies? Tit. Do me some service, are I come to thee, Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand; Now give some bane there that art Revenge, Stab them, or tear them to they And then I'll come, and be thy friend among with thee. Provide thee proper garments, To save thy wasted strength And fasten such necessities on thee I will destroy. Give thyself to pleasures. And when thy eyes are tender'd To taste the sweet rays of Revenge. And day by day I'll do this he so thou destroyest Rape, and I. And his eyes are open. But we are miserable, and wretched. O sweet Revenge, now do I see And, if one arrow embraces thee, I will embrace thee in it on

Tam. This closing with thee: Whate'er I forge, to feed he be Do you spoil and maintain it For now he firmly takes me fast, And, being credulous in this as I'll make him send for Lucius. And, whilst I at a banquet hold I'll find some cunning practice To scatter and disperse the gods Or, at the least, make them his Set, here be come, and I mass Long have I been forsworn. Welcome, dear fury to my woe How like the empress and her Well are you fitted, had you not Could not all hell had you not For, well I wot, the empress set in her company there these And, would you represent one it were convenient you had me But welcome, as you are. Who Tam. What wouldst thou have nices? Dom. Show me a murderer, I'll Chur, show me a villain that he And I am sent to be reveng'd on Tam. Show me a thousand, and I will be revenged on them Tit. Look round about the world Rome: And when thou find'st a man that Good Murder, stab him; he's a Go thou with him; and when it To find another that is like to it Good Rape, stab him; he is a Go thou with them; and in thee There is a queen, attended by a well may'st thou know her by it thou, For up and down she doth resound I pray thee, do on them some tit They have been violent to me as Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd we do But would it please thee, good A To send for Lucius, thy thrite who leads towards Rome a be goth, And bid him come and banquet when he is come, even at thy side I will bring in the empress and
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear.
Than hands or tongue, her apostles chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and tor'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to mart you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Laetitia between her arms doth hold
The banner, which receives your guilty blood;
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls here/for revenge, and think and mad.
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear.
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads;
And bid that straupet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you may daughter,
And worse than Prague I will be revenge;
And now prepare your throats.—Laetitia, come,
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one afflic't.
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother come.

SCENE III.

The name. A Parilion with Tables, &c.

Enter Lucius, Aaron, and Gotha, with AARON, Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am contented
To Goth. And ours with thine, betake what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor.
This ravenous tiger, this accurs'd devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the Ambassadors of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.
Mar. Some devil whispering cries in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous notice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, intemperate dog! unshaken' slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in—

Enter Gotha, and Aaron, in Trimmes, and Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hath the triumvirs' more song than one?
Luc. What boost it thee, to call thyself a son?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the truth.
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus hath ordain'd to an honourable end.
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
Please you, therefore, draw near, and take your seat, Marcus, we will,

[Humours ended. The Company sit down at Table.

Enter Titus, dressed like a Cook, Laetitia, veiled, young Lucius, and OTHERS. Thus places the Dishes on the Table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen.
Welcome, ye warlike Gotha; welcome, Lucius.

SCENE IV.

The name. A Parilion with Tables, &c.

Enter Aaron, Gotha, and Lucius, with AARON, Prisoner.

Luc. What hast thou done, that art so much despised
By fortune? Art thou so much tor'd by fortune?
No, so much tor'd by fortune.

Luc. Have you not at last a heart to love?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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50, all thy foes;
if they stoop and kneel, on ease thy angry heart.
so to this device, I, as a' other.—tis and Titus calls
55, MARCUS.
t of thy nephew Lucius; a cut among the Goths;
and bring with him princes of the Goths;
so the empress too
50, herself with them, over; and so let him, father's life,
and soon return again. [Exit. So much about thy business.
60, with me. I and Murder stay with you other back again, age but Lucius,
65, boy! will you abide
60, of the emperor, nor determin'd'lest I
70, be broken him: [Exit. If I come again
75, though they suppose
70, in their own devices,
minds, and their dam.
[Exit. It at pleasure, leave us
70, revenge:
80, of these two?
Th' empress' sons,
85, Demetrius,
and those art too much
80, is the other's name;
90, gentle Publius;
95, hands on them;
such for such an hour; there bind them sure;
when they begin to cry;
90, citizen, look, thy foes are
95, let them not speak to
100, scarce words I utter—tempters!
when you have stain'd
100, with your winter mixt'd,
and for that vile fault,
I constrain'd to death; do a merry jest:
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, prevalent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee.

He kills Lavinia.

And, with thy shame, thy father’s sorrow die.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill’d her, for whom my tears have made

me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish’d I tell, who did

the deed.

Tit. Will’t please you eat I will’t please your

bigness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou stain thine only daugh-
ter thus?

Tit. Not I, ‘twas Chiron, and Demetrius;
They ravish’d her, and cut away her tongue,
And they ‘twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that

pie.

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
‘Tis true, ’tis true; witness my knife’s sharp
point.

[ Killing Tamora.]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed
deed.

[ Killing Titus.]

Luc. Can the son’s eye behold his father bleed?

There’s need for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[ Killing Aaron.]

[ A great Tamora. The

People in confusion dispersed. Marduc, Lu-

cius, and their Partition stand on the steps

before Titus’ house.]

Mar. You sad-fac’d men, people and sons of

Rome,

By unrep’serd’t, like a flight of fowl
Scatter’d by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Or, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter’d corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Last Rome herself be hane unto herself,
And she, whom mighty kingdoms courtely to,

Like a true and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Who drownd’t their own

And op’d their arms to

And I am the tardy-for

That have prevent’d her

And from her bosom to

Sheathing the steel in

Als? you know, I am:

My scars can witness, d

That my report is just.

But, soft; methinks, I

Citing my worthless pre

For when no friends ar

severe.

Mar. Now is my i

[ Pointing to titus.]

Of this was Tamora due

The issue of an infirm

Chief architect and plot

The villain is alive in?

Damn’d as he is, to win

Now judge, what cause

These wrongs, unspeak-

Or more than any livin

Now you have heard t

Romans! We have done aught an

And, from the piece wh

The poor remainder of

Will, hand in hand, all i

And on the ragged stone

And make a martial clo

Speak. Roman, speak;

Lo, hand in hand, Loch

End. Court, court,

Rome,

And bring our empero

Lucius, our emperor; in

The common voice do e

Rome. [Several speak.] A

royal emperor!

Lucius. &

Mar. Go, go into old’

And bitt’r hate that mil

To be adjudge’d a shame di

As manslaughter for his
TITUS ANDRONICUS. 717

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieve or pitiful him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten’d in the earth.

Luc. Why should we weep him, and bury him?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repeat the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did.

Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence.

Enter Attendants, with Aaron.

You and Andronici, have done with wounds;
Sentence on this execrable wretch,
Fair to be bearer of these dire events,
Set him breast-deep in earth, and furnish him:

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Pendr, and his Wife. BOYLT, their Servant. GOWEN, or Clorns. The Daughter of Antiochus. DIANA. Wife to Cleon. THAIS. Daughter to Simonides. MARINA. Daughter to Pericles and Thais. LACOBBA, Sister to Marina. DIANA. Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

A song of old was sung;
A whose ancient Gower is come;
Sing, men’s inimitable,
And your ear, and please your eyes.
Are born sung at festivals,
Under-eyes, and holy ales;

And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et tamam quam antiquum, so melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wits are more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May in your wishes pleasure bring,
I wish you the same, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light—
This city then, Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chieftest seat.

Scene—especially in various Countries.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what names authors say:) This kingdom saw him take a pleasure,
Who died and left a female heir,
So beautiful, lovely, and full of face,
A father and a brother, and last her grace;
With whom the father lying took,
And her to lowest depth provoke;
Bad father! to垄ry his own
To evil, would be done by some.
By custom, what they did begin.
Wax, with long use, account so thin.
The spring of that sad scene
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a god below,
In marriage-pleasures play-above;
Which to prevent, he made a law
(To keep a wife and men in view).
That whose ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life;
So for many a year a wight did die,
As you grim looks do testify.
Submit your eyes to the judgment of your eye
I give, my case who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. And, Antiochus, with a soul
Embroider'd with the glory of her praise,
Thou think death so hazard, in this enterprise.
[Music.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride.
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (till Lucina rogu'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence),
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfection.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparel'd like the
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men.
Enter the other, the harp of prayers, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Vitae were ever read, and livest.was;
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and love in love;
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of you celestial tree,
Or in the blossom of your beauteous face,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,--

Per. That was son to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here afflict thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, culprit thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole head must die.
Yet sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventur'd by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semi-

That without covering, save you field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead checks advise thee to desist.
For going on death's art, whom none resist.
Ant. (I know,) I must learn to die.
For on death's art, whom none resist.
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Which tells us, life's past breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Grasp not at earthly joys, to extoll
Souls by me, that happy peace to ye
And all good men, and all men good,
My riches to the earth from whence
But my conspicious sign of love to ye.
[To the Daughter]

Thy will and order, and, farewell,
The sooner after death's approach,
In all, were that, I wish thee happy
Per. Like a bold champion, I am
Nor ask advice of any other tongue
But faithful sense, and courage.
[Exit.

Per. I am no vigour, yet I feel
On soul and body, it did me no
I sought a husband, in which sense
I found that kindness in a father;
I've father, one, and husband none.
I'm neither wife, nor get his child.
Now shall many be, and yet is one,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Per. Be calm, my son; this is the
That give heaven countless eyes to
But, being play'd upon before your
As dangerous as the rest. Your time
Either envenom'd, or receive ye
Per. Great king,
Froward to hear the sins they love;
I would bow you to,
Per. 'Tis true, who has a book of all that
Monarch of all the world's creation
For vice repeated, is like the wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spare
And yet the end of all in both the
The breath is gone, and the sense
To stop the air would hurt them.
Waste
Copp'd little towards heaven, to tell
By man's oppression; and the poor
Kings are earth's gods: in vice they
And if I strive, who dares say,
It is enough you know; and it is
What being more known grows

Per. Heaven, that I had thy
But I will close with him. [Aside]

Of Tyre.

Though by the tenor of our strict
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel you
Yet hope, succeeding from so far
As you fairest self, done none of

718
time our secret be undone,

show, we'll joy in such a son;

eat, your entertain shall be;

our honour, and your worth.

Aye, for Daughter, and Attendants;

courteous would seem to cover sin;

is done, like a hydra's

is good in nothing but in sight.

that I interpret false,

certain, you were not so bad,

incest to abuse your soul;

you're both a father and a son,

lovingly clasping with your child

one fits a husband, not a fater);

in her mother's flesh,

of her parent's bed;

as serpents, all though they feed

flowers, yet they poison breed.

well! for wisdom sees, those men

actions blacker than the night,

come to keep them from the light.

now another doth provoke;

near to last, as flame to smoke.

reason are the hands of sin,

takes off of the shame;

life be crop'd? to keep you clear,

than the danger which I fear.

Re-enter Antiochus.

th found the meaning, for the which an

head. How to trumpet forth my infancy,

world, Antiochus doth aim the

museur; instantly this prince must die;

if my honour must keep high.

or, there?

Enter Thasius.

Doth your highness call?

and, ye're of our chamber, and our

private actions to your secrecy;

faithfulness we will advance you,

sold, here's poison, and here's gold;

prince of Tyre, and thou must kill

to ask the reason why,

but it. Say, is it done?

My lord,

gh.

th, cool yourself, telling your haste.

lord, Prince Pericles is not.

-Messenger. As thou

after: and, as an arrow, shot

experience'd arrow, hits the mark.

level at, so ne'er return,

say, Prince Pericles is dead,

lord, it

once within my pistol's length,

sure; so farewell to your highness.

and, alas! till Pericles be dead,

a hand no successor to his head.

-Exeunt. TYRE. A Room in the Palace.

CHIILCIJANNH, and other Lords.

one: Why should this

of thought?

potion, dulcey'd melancholy,

d's great, it is, not an hour,

glorious walk, or peaceful night

here grief should sleep), can breed

let us course mine eyes, and mine eyes

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch.

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me,

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,

That have their first conception by misconduct,

Have after-nourishment and life by care;

And what was that but fear what might be done,

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me;—the great Antiochus;

(Quain whom I am too little to contend,

since he's so great, can make his will his act),

Will think me speaking of things to which I have no

sense.

Nor think I meen to say, I honour him,

If he suspect I may dishonour him;

And what may make him blush in being known;

He'll stop the course by which it might be

known;

With what forces he'll overthrow the land,

And with the extent of war will look so huge.

Amusement shall drive courage from the state;

Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,

And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought of

force;

Which care of them, not pity of myself

Who do more but an unjust tree,

Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend

them;

Make both his body Mine, and soul to languish,

And punish that before that he would punish.

And joy, and all comfort in your sacred

breath!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us.

Peaceful and comfortable!

Here are peace, peace, my lords, and give expec-

tence tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:

For flattery is the bane of all true state.

The thing which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To woe that breath gives heat and stronger

glowing;

Whereas reproach, obedient, and in order,

Fits kings, as they are used, for they may serv.

When Sigerud South here doth proclaim a peace,

He flatters you; makes war upon your life;

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. If I leave us else; but let your care's ove-

look;

What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,

And then return to us. [Eden Lords Lord. Hel-

Oansas, thou

Hast mov'd us: what seest thou in our looks?

Het. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. There be such a death, and such a secrecy,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Het. How dare the plants look up to heaven,

From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'rt I have power

To take thy life.

Het. [Knocking] I have ground the axe myself;

Do ye but strike the blow, though I swear...

Per. Rise, rise, thy base rise;

Six down, sit down; thou art no flatterer;

I thank thee for it, and high heaven forbid,

That kings should let their care hear their faults

it.

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,

Who by title forces must a prince's thy servent,

What would'st thou have me do? Het.

With patience bear

Such griefs as you do lay upon yourselves.

Per. Thou speak'rt like a physician, Heilcanus;

Who ministr'd a potion unto me,

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attending on thee, I went for thee,

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,
2 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belly.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the belly, that he should never have left till he cast belly, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

2 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the sunny subject of the sea, These fishes tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect— Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fit you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tenant-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never said to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg! here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?—

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure: for here's nothing to be got nowadays, unless thou canst catch and for.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold; my veins are chill, And have no more of life than may suffice To give any tongue that heat, to ask thy help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, store me, a handsome fellow! Come then shalt an home, and we'll have flesh and tourney for her loss.

Per. Were my fortune could wish to make one.

1 Fish. O, air, things and what a man cannot deal for—his wife's son.

Re-enter the Two Fishes.

2 Fish. Help, master, in the net, like a poor twill hardly come out, at last, and 'tis tar'd.

Per. An armour, frie see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, th
Thus go'vest me somewhat And, though it was in heritage, Which my dead father With this strict charge (Keep it, my Percelle, it) I twist up and down (and For that it now'd me, keep The which the gods protect thee.

It kept where I kept, I Till the rough sean, that Took it in rage, though again. I thank thee for't; my Since I have here my fit. 1 Fish. What means ye, Per. To beg of you, it's worth, For it was sometimes to I know it by this mark. And for his sake, I win. And that you're guide; court, Where with 't I may ag. And if that ever my love I'll say your bounties; if 1 Fish. Why, will the Per. I'll show the vice! 1 Fish. Why, do you t See good on 't?

2 Fish. Ay, but barb

Per. Were that made on this see.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

SCENE II.

Beck Wag, or Platform, leading to a Pavilion by the side of it, for the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

THESAURUS, Lords, and Attendants.

knights ready to begin the i

are, my liege; to present themselves. We are ready; and our

one birth these triumphs are, youth's child, whom nature reared and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.

e you, my father, to express that grace, whose merit's less. As his fortune still for princes are

heaven makes like to itself; beauteous, if neglected,
genious, if not respected.

so, daughter, to explain that horrid, when he

device, to preserve mine honour, I'll

he promises to the Siege, and his

his shield up, reaching at the sun:

now I would, that holds his life up.

[The second Knight passes,

and, that presents himself?

e of Macedon, my royal father: he hears upon his shield

great, that's conquered by a lady; in Spanish, Per se duele que

[The third Knight passes.

it's the third!

The third, of Antioch; a wreath of chivalry:

[The fourth Knight passes.

fourth, interpreting that, is turned upside

me all, me allus.

tows that beauty hath his power

d, that's by the touchstone tried;

[The fifth Knight passes.

an hand environed with

d, that's by the touchstone tried: Six spartan ladies.

[The sixth Knight passes.

it's the sixth and last, which the

staff, useful courtesy deliver'd?

be a stranger; but his pre-

that's only green at top;

for we o'er

coral;

part where he is, where he shall thrive, or may flourish, I need mean better than his out-

speak in his just commend: you, you, he appears

ill or worse, than the hills

ill may be stranger, for he comes

triunphant, strangely

set purpose let his armour rust

in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes as seen

outward habit by the inward man.

Bustay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw

 into the gallery.

[Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!]

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

ESNES SIMONIDES, THESAURUS, LORDS, KNIGHTS, AND

ATTENDANTS.

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a little-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit.

Since every word in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are my guests.

That,

To whom this wreath of victory, I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. Tis more by fortune, lady than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing plots, are hath the deed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen of the feast.

[For, daughter, so you are, here take your place;

Marsh. The rest, as they deserve their grace.

KNIGHTS. We are honored much by good Simonides;

we love,

Sim. They that are present glad our days; honour

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sit, yeo'd your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

I Knight. I avouch not, sir: for we are gentle-

men,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,

Envying the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts.

These cases exact me, be not thought upon.

That. By June, that is queen.

Of marriage, all the vows that I eat

Do seem unavailing, wishing him my meat;

Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. But a country gentleman.

He has done no more than other knights have done:

Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

That. To me he seems like a sand to glass.

Per. You king's to me, like to my father's picture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was;

Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that besehd him; but, like lesser lights,

Dau their crown to his supremacy.

Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;

Whereby I see that time's the king of men,

For he is their parent, and he is their crown,

And gives them what he will, not what they care.

Sim. What, are you merry knights?

I Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's not'st on the brim.

[As do you love, fill to your mistress' lips,

We drink this health to you.]

Kings! We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while.

You knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might counterbalance his worth.

Note it not you, Thes.


To me, my father!  
To my father!  
Oh, attend, my daughter;  
To princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honor them; and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to guests, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Away all appetite.  
Therefore to make'st an entrance more sweet  
Here say, we drink the standing-bowl of wine  
to him.  
Thal. Also, my father, it betides not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;  
He may my Father take for an offender,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.  
Thal. How do I bid you, or you will move me else.  
Thal. Now by the gods, he could not bear me better. [Aside.]  
Saw. And further tell him, we desire to know,  
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.  
Thal. The king, my father, sir, has drank to  
Per. I thank him.  
Thal. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.  
Per. I thank him, and you, and pledge him freely.  
Thal. And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.  
Pw. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles.)  
My education being in arms and arts)—  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas taken of ships and men,  
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.  
Thal. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the seas has been here.  
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.  
Saw. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trierès,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revells.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will have you excise, with saying, this  
Lord musick is too harsh for ladies' heads;  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.  
[The Knights dance.]  
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd:  
Come, sir;  
Here is a lady that wants breathing too;  
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies' trip;  
And that their measures are as excellent.  
Pw. In that I sake them, they are, my lord.  
Saw. O, that's as much, as you would be den'd  
[The Knights and Ladies dance.]  
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp,  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;  
But you the best. [To Pericles.] Pages and  
Lights, conduct these knights unto their several lodgings: Youn's,  
Sir,  
We have given order to be next our own.  
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.  
Saw. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
For that's the mark I know you level at;  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.  
[Exeunt.]  
SCENE IV.  
Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.  
Enter Helicanus and Eclessis.  
Hel. No, no, my Eclessis; know this of me,—  
Antiochus from hence liv'd not free;  
For which, the most high gods not willing longer  
To withhold the vengeance that  
Due to this haughty capital collect  
Lives in his heart, and envious soul  
When he was scolded, more as  
In a chariot of insensible wheels,  
A fire from heaven came,  
Their bodies, even to breaking;  
That all those eyes which did see  
A scorn upon their head should give  
Ere, 'Twas very strange.  
Hel. And yet but just  
This king were great, his greatness  
To her heavens's shunt; but sit he  
Ere, 'Tis very true.  
Enter Three Lords.  
1 Lord. See, not a man in private  
Can stand close,  
And our law greatest  
2 Lord. It shall no longer give  
proof.  
3 Lord. And cannot be he that will  
1 Lord. Follow me then: Lord ward.  
Hel. With me? and welcome:  
my lords.  
1 Lord. Know, that our griefs are  
And now at length they overflow it  
Hel. Your grief, for what? I prince you  
love.  
2 Lord. Wrong not yourself then,  
causes;  
But if the prince do live, let us  
Say it  
And be resolved, he lives to govern  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn him  
And leaves us to our free election.  
3 Lord. Whose death as, indeed, it  
in our censure:  
And knowing this kingdom, if with  
Like goodly buildings left without  
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble  
That best know 't, how to rule, and  
We thus submit unto,—our severely  
All. Live, noble Helicane!  
Hel. Try, if it's not a cause, he's  
frages:  
If that you love prince Pericles,  
Take I your wish, I leap into the  
Where's your trouble for a minute  
A twelvemonth longer, let me then  
To forbear choice i'the absence of;  
If in which time expired, be settle  
I shall with aged patience bear you  
But if I cannot win you to this love  
To sear like noblemen, like not  
And in your search spend your worth  
Whom if you find, and win unto  
You shall like diamonds at about  
1 Lord. To wisdom he's a foot  
yield:  
And, since Lord Helicane enjoined  
We with our travels will endears  
Hel. Then you love us, we yet  
clasp hand, a cause must arise.  
When perus thus knit, a kingdom  

SCENE V. Pentapolis. A Room.  
Enter Simonides, reading a Last;  
meet him.  
1 Knight. Good morrow to the  
Saw. Knight, from my daughter  
That for this twelvemonth, she'll  
and marries life.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

That. Why, sir, say if you had
Who take offence at that would make me glad! 395
Sie. Yes, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [Aside.] I'll
But what is impossible;
As more she'll wear Diana's
Cynthia hath: she vow'd, she speak not.
Not break it.
O faith to bid farewell, we vee.
[Exit.
You, sir, the stranger knight, by the hand:
'you have promised to depart.
'that I dissemble.
How I resemble it.
She'll wed the stranger knight,
She won't have it be delay'd.
'we will not let her
to miss the meeting.
much, sir. I am beholden to
this last night: my ears,
'mother, peace. Together.
'thing. What do you
of a most virtuous princess.
her name in summer; wondrous fair,
you think very well of you;
that you must be her master,
I am beholden to
'she loves the knight of Tyre? (Aside.
'ty, to have my life. [Aside.
'stressed gentleman;
'that you love your daughter,
to honor her.
'writ him of his daughter,
'that I am not, sir.
'my levy officer; actions
yet commencement
her love, or your displeasure,
on foot.
'Ay, traitor, sir, by the king,
the gods, I do appeal his con-
[Aside.
'they are as noble as my thoughts,
of a base descent;
court, for honour's sake,
to her state;
what accounts of me,
come he's honour's enemy.
'she can witness it;
'Thessals.
'that she was as virtuous as fair,
your love, and may have
'The reason of the detraction of the
'she made false, the house of 
'she is peremptory,
'that you are so peremptory?
She'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, you not having my consent, below
Your love and your affections on a stranger
Who, for ought I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.
Hear therefore, mistress: frame your will to
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rated by me,
Or I will make you—man and woman.
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy:
And for another grief—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?
Yes, if you love me, sir. Per.
Even as my life, my blood that sustains it.
Sio. What, are you both agreed?
Yes, please your majesty.
Yes, it please me so well, I'll see you well;
Then, what haste you can, get you to bed.
[Exit.]

ACT III.

Enter Gawen.

Gawen. Now sleep y'ahlnoth hath the roast;
No dink at snares, the house of Tyre
Made foster by the o'er-fed breast.
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The eat, with syne of burning coal,
Now conchis 'fore the mouse hole:
And cricketcs sing at the oven's mouth,
As the bider for their dish;
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed
Where, by the loss of main blood,
A babe is made:
Be attendant,
And time that is so briefly spent.
With your fine features slightly cloe;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dundit Sheer.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with
Attendants: a Messenger makes them, kiss, and
and gives Pericles a Letter. Pericles shews it
to Simonides; the Lords hand to the former.
Then enter Thaisia with child, and Lychoria,
Simonides shows his Daughter's Letter; the
receipt: she and Pericles take leave of her Fa-
ther, and depart. Then Simonides, &c. retire.
Gawen. By many a dour and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search.
By the four opposing congers,
Which the world together joint,
Is made, with all the diligence,
That horse, and sail, and ship, and expence,
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought: the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter's death;
The men of Tyre, on the head
Of Helicians would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastens ' oppress;
Says to them, if King Pericles
Come not home, in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
T-Yrishivd the region round,
And every one with claps (gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who doesn't, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her before

A 4. 2
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

(Which who shall come!) alone to go (God with all their souls and souls); Lychnorha, her name, she takes. At Neptune's bower; half the flood Hath her keen cut; but Pericles' mood Varies again; the placid mouth Discharges, such a tempest forths. They are called the ship's that drive, So up and down the poor ship drives. The lady shrinks, and, well-a-ter! Dost fail in work in work their feet.
That grace comes in this fell storm, Shall, for itself, itself perform. I still relate: action may
Consequently the vast convey: Without a name, no one is told. In your imagination bold! To the sea, the ship upon whose deck
The sea's lost prince appears to speak. [Exit.}

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. This God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and then,
That hast
Upon the wind command, blind them in brass,
Have runn'd us from the deep! 0 still thy sea
Using,
Thy dreadful strangers; gently quench thy limbs
Sulphurous flames!—O how, Lychnorha! How does my queen!—Then storm, then! we
see

Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle Is as a whisper in the ear of death,
'Unheard.—Lychnorha!—Lucina, O
Divine patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travels!—Now, Lychnorha.—

Enter LYCHNORHA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had Conceiv'd would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How!—How!—How!—Lychnorha!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods! Why do you make us love your godly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Win honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blest-rosen child had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the most beloved with'st to this world,
That ever was prince's child. Happy what ful
ows!
Though hatch as chirping a nativity,
At fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
The time is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter The Sailors.


Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the wave: It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-brew sea-farer, I would, it would be quiet.

2. Sign. Black the bolts there; thou wilt not—

3. Sign. But now, and o'er the bow:

4. Sign. This, if ever I sue you;

5. Sign. Away! go not of the lord—

6. Sign. Sir, a long speech up the

7. Sign. That is the cause we have

8. Sign. O, you say—

9. Sign. But much marvel that you having

Per. Be it as you think meet.—The queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hath best the door,
No light, no air; the unfeigned air
Forget not our eyes and ears. To give thee balance'd to thy gaze,
Bear me this curse, it, so gently collected, is
Where, for a command upon thy lip
And eye, remaining lamp, the blind
Are standing in the corner; the lamp
Lying with simple shroud. Lychnorha, blind
Or indeed seeing no space, here, thy
My casket and my jewels; and, if I
Bring me the same cedar: be grafted upon the
Our happy, gentle nursing. Go thy way, go,
I bring the body presently.

[Exit.]

2. Sign. Sir, we have a chest of gold

3. Sign. By break of day, if the win

4. Sign. For make for Tharsus.

5. Per. There will I visit Cleon, for the sake

6. Per. It cannot hold out to Tyrus; there'll

7. Per. Careful nursing. Go thy way, go,

8. Per. You shall bring the body presently.

SCENE II.

Ephesus. A Room inCRMIDON'S
Enter CHEMIDON, a Servant, and two
here been ship-wrecked. Cour. Philemon, ho! Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Dost thou my lord call?

Cour. Get fire and water; for these poor

Phil. It has been a terrible storm and a

Cour. I have been in many; but as

Phil. Till now I speak end. Cour. Your master will be dead ere

Phil. There's nothing can minister'd to

Phil. Give this to carry you,

Cour. And tell me how it works. [Exit

1. Gen. Good m

2. Gen. Good morrow to your lord

Cour. Do you stir so early?

1. Gen. Sir, Our lodging, standing break upon the

2. Gen. That is the cause we were

Cour. 'Tis not our husbandry.

Cour. O, you say—

1. Gen. But much marvel that you having
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.  
Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—  
The rough and woeful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.  
The vats once more.—How thou stirs't, thou block!—  
The music there.—I pray you, give her air:  
Gentlemen,  
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warm;  
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entered!  
Above five hours. See, how she 'gin to blow  
Into life's flower again!  
1 Gent.  
The heavens, sir,  
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame for ever.  
Ces.  
She is alive; behold  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
The diamonds of a most praised woman.  
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature;  
Rare as you seem to be!  
[Exit.  
[Scene iv.  
O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is  
this?  
2 Gent.  
Is not this strange?  
1 Gent.  
Most rare.  
Ces.  
Hush, gentle neighbours;  
Lead me your hands; to the next chamber bear  
her.  
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to;  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;  
And Esseniaply guide us!  
[Exeunt, carrying TBara away.  
SCENE III.  
ARTHUR, A Room in Cicero's House.  
Enter Pericles, Eron, Donnnea, Euchomis,  
and MARIA.  
Per.  
Most honour'd Cicero, I must needs be  
gone;  
My twelve months are expired, and Tyre stands  
in a vigilous peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!  
Cic.  
Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt  
you mortally,  
Yet glance full wandringly on us.  
Dian.  
O your sweet queen!  
That this strict fate had pleased you had brought  
hither your lady,  
That sweet Diana!  
Give me dyspeptic eyes!  
Per.  
We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. I could range and reign  
As both the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as this. My babe Martin (whom,  
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) to here  
Charge your charity withal, and grave her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Mamor'd as she is born.  
Cic.  
Fear not, my lord, but think  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn  
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon  
you),  
Must in your child he thought on. If negligence  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you relieved, would force me to my duty?  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!  
Per.  
I believe you:  
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,  
Unheard shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
This a year's, my lord, in your best grace.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge of the short; Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune; and
The greatest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dem' est madam. —O, no tears, Lychorus, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace You may depend hereafter. —Come, my lord.

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your cofre; which are now
At your command. Know you the character! Then, it is my lord's.
That I was shipwreck'd at sea, I well remember.
Even on my eating time; but whether there
Delivered or no, or the holy gods
I cannot rightly say: But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I never shall see again,
A vestal vowed I take me to, and
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diane's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a siege of mine
Shall there attend you.

That. My recompense is thanks, that's all:
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
Uto Diane there a votress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
When our fair woodwose might have saw'd
At Tharros, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters, who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alas! —
That monster envy, off the wreck
Of each, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this said
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certainty in our story, she
Would ever with Marius be:
Be't when she weas'd the slided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp鲭el wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By darting it: or when to the lute
She sang, and made the night bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Diana; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie forers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all grateful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marius, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.

The counsellor who thought to
Lycorida, our bed of Beauty;
And cursed Dianeys back
The pregnant instrument of yet
Prest for this blow. The counsellor
I do commend to your company:
Only I carry the winged post
On the same foot of my rig
Which never could I so convey.
Unless your thoughts went on a
Dianeys does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

SCENE I.

Tharros. An open Place near the
Entrance to Cerimon and Leon.

Dian. Thy oath remember; then do it.

'*Tis but a blow, which never shall
Thou cannot do a thing I the w
To yield them a masterpiece. Let
Which is but cold, inflaming love,
Inflame too nicely; nor art judy, if
Even women have cast off, could I
A soldier to thy purpose.

Lum. I'll do't; but she begins
Dian. The sister then the gods she
Here
Weeping she comes for her old son
Thou art resolv'd?

Lum. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina and Leonine.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus 4
To strew thy green with flowers;
The purple violet, and marigold,
Shall, as a chalice, hang upon thy
While summer days do last. Ah me
Born in a tempest, when my youth
This world to me is like a lasting
Whirling me from my friends.

Dian. How now, Marina! why I
How chance my daughter is not with
Consume your blood with sorrow
A nurse of me. Lord! how yourf
With this unprofitable woe? I come
Give me your wreath of flowers.
Mar.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air
Piercing, and sharpen's well it
Come —

Leonine, take her by the arm, wait
Mar. No, I pray you; —
I'll not bereave you of your serva
Dian.
I love the king your father, and
With more than foreign heart. We
Expect him here; when he shall come
Our paragon to all reports, th' he
He will repent the breadth of his g
Blame both my lord and me, and
No care to your best conceits. Go
Walk, and be cheerful once again;
That excellent complexion, which
The eyes of young and old. Care
I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dian. Come, come, I know 'tis
Walk half so hour, Leonine, at the
Remember what I have told you.

Lum. I warrant —
Dian. I'll leave you, my sweet
Pray you walk softly, do not beat
What I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, see
If this wind westerly that blows?

Lum.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

as I was born, the wind was north.

Was 't so in

axer, as mene said, did never fear.

Pleasaunce! to the sailors, gaiting

up the mast, endur'd a sea

burst beneath.

en was this?

l I was born:

waves nor wind more violent;

sunbeams and running of the ropes;

ng to the mast, endur'd a sea

burst beneath.

quality of it. —

Pray, do you require a little space for prayer.

Pray! be not tedious;

s are quick of ear, and I am sworn

work with haste.

Why will you kill me?

satisfy my

would she have me kill'd?

on my teeth, her heart in all my life;

ke bad word, nor did ill turn

creed: believe me, I'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;

a thing against my will.

How have I offended,

death might yield her profit, or

dy her danger?

My commission

rear of the deed, but do it,

will not do't for all the world, I hope.

I favour'd, and your looks foresee how

gentle heart. I saw you lately;

right in parting with that stout;

it, 'tis said with joy: so now: so now

works my life: come you between,

nor me, the weaker.

See, I am sworn.

mates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

Hold, villain! [LEONICE near away.]

A price! a price! Half-part, mates, half-part.

Come, and aboard suddenly.

Enter Pericles with MARINA.

SCENE II. The same.

Recent LEONICE.

see to the thieves seize the great

Veil, we seild Marion. Let her go:

hope she'll return. I'll swear she's

into the sea.—But I'll see further;

ry will but perceive themselves upon

or aboard. If she remain,

have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[Exit.


Pander, Bard, and Boult.

off.

with the market narrowly; Mivarle

brants. We lost too much money this

ing too wretched.

were never so much out of erect

ave we can do them; and with con-

are even as good as rotten.

before he have from one, what'er

them. If there be no a conscience

we shall never parts; so

you say't true; 'tis not the bringing

up of poor bastards, as I think have brought

some wines.

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down

again. But shall I search the market?

Bard. What else, man? The stuff we have, a

strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so

pitched together.

Pand. Thus say'st true; they are too unworthy

some of conscience. The poor Transylvanian is

dead, thank you with the little bagpuss.

Boult. Ay, she quickly popped him; she made

him roast meat for woman:—but I'll go search

the market.

Pand. Three or four thousand cheques were

as good a proportion to live quietly, and so

give over.

Bard. Why, to give over, I pray you! is it a

shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the

commodity: nor the commodity was not with the

danger; therefore, if in your youthful we could

come up to some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss

to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sure terms

we stand upon with the gods, will be strong

with us any giving over.

Boult. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we

offend worse. Neither is our profession any

trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and Boult, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [To MARINA.]—My

master, you say she's a virgin?

1. Purit. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Bard. Master, I have gone thorough for this

piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have

lost my earnest.

Boult. Has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and

has excellent good clothes; there's no further

necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Boult. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one ducat of a thou-

sand pieces.

Boult. Well, follow me, my masters: you shall

have any money presently. Wife, take her in;

instruct her what she has to do, that she may not

be raw in her entertainment.

[Exit Pander and Piraters.

Boult. Take you the marks of her; the

colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with

warrant of her virginity; and cry, He that will

give must, shall have her first. Such a mischance

were no cheap thing, if men were as they have

been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

[Exit Boult.

Mar. Ah, that LEONICE was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoake;) or that these

(Not enough barbarons) had not overboard

thrown me, to seek my mother!

Boult. Why lamen't you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Boult. Come, the gods have done their part in

you. I, Mar. I assure them not.

Boult. You are lit into my hands, where you are

like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Boult. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. Yes.

Boult. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentle-

men's pleasures. You shall fare well; you

shall have the difference of all compliances.

What? do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Boult. What would you have me be, so I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.
Gond. Faith, they looked out of every window, they would have him ask'd for their father's treatment. There was a ignorant's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to his very description.

Bazd. We shall have him here to morrow with his best stuff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistresse, do you know the French knight that cowards the hall?

Bazd. Who? Monsieur Verola?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bazd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bazd. Pray you come hither awhile. You have fortune coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, whereon have most gain. To sweep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers; Seldom, but that pity begys you a good opinion, and that opinion a more profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistresse, take her home: these blisters of hers must be queched with some present practice.

Bazd. Thou say'st true, I'faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistresse, if I have bargained for the joint.—

Bazd. Thou may'st cut a morel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bazd. Who should deny it? Come, young one. I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bazd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing. Well, well, as he left the piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the bestest out of thine own report.

End of 1st act. Next day.

Gon. Thus time we are too short.

Th. o all the fins hereat

Cie. 0

Th. The pretty wench of 1st And open this to Petru To think of what a nob And of how coward a s

Cie. 0

Th. Who ever but his appr Though not his precons From honourable cures 8

Th. Yet none does know, Nor none can know, L She did disdain my chi Her and her fortunes.

Boult. But cast their gazes on Whist'd ours was blusters Not worth the time a thorough.

And though you call m You not your child we It grief's me as an ear Perform'd to your sort 8

Cie. 8

Th. Do as as for Pe What should he say? Y And even yet we inm In glittering golden ch A general praise to her At whose expense 'tis Is 8

Cie. 8

Th. Which, to betray, doth Seize with thine eagle 8 You are like a Here 8

Th. Th. 8

End of 2nd act. Before m

Gon. Thus time we a make short.

Th. s sea in cockes, b
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

accestage shall your thoughts grow,
slaghter home, who first is gone,
and shadow melancholy move with haste;
and from your eyes I'll reconcile.

On the Stage.

four, PERICLES, with his Train; Cleon
(as the other. CLÉON shows PERI-
(beneath PERICLES entrance, puts on Starched, and so a
(nboon Cleon and Dionysus.
how belief may suffer by foul show! A
'stition stands for true old woe;
and yet the outer tear; now through, and biggest tears o'er-
and tears, and again embarks. He swears
ash his face, nor cut his hair;
neck, and to sea. He hears
which his mortal vessel tears;
out. Now please you wit-
for Marins writ
Dionysus.
the Inscription on Marins's Monument,
esteem, and best, fare here;
her in spring of years.
love, the king's brother, I
deepth hath made this slumber;
she called; and again, as she
ground, multitudes some part o'er the earth;
earth, foisting so do I'mheris,
blackbird on the heavens beyond it;
true (and swear'sh shall never cri nis,)
battery upon shore of France;
re become black villany,
and tender factory,
believe his daughter's dead,
a course to be ordered
those, while our serve display
it's wore and heavy well-a-day,
y service. Patience then,
now are all in Mitylene.

Mitylene. A Street before the Beshret,
on the Beshret, Too Gentlemen.
if you ever hear the like
or, never shall do in such a place
ning to have divinity prescribed there;
stream of such a thing!
so, no. Come, I am for no more
shall we go hear the rest sing?
I do any thing now that is vicious;
't of the road of rutting, for ever.


The same. A Room in the Beshret.

PANDARUS, BAWD, and BOUDR.

If I had rather than twice the worth
me'er come here.
, I turn upon her: she is able to freeze
, and undo a whole generation.
er her ravished, or be rid of
shoal for her esteem, the kindness
of her profession, she yields, her reasons, her master
ayers, her knees; that she would
of the devil, she should speedy
lish, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-
her cavaliers, and make all my

, the pox upon her green-sickness
there's no way to be rid on't,
the to the box. Here come the


End Lyrismatics.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virgins? Bass. Now, the gods to bless your honour! Lys. I am glad to see your honour in good health. Lys. You may say: 'tis the better for you that your daughters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholebody impudence! Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon? Bass. We have here our sir, if she would—-but there never came her like in Mitylene. Lys. If she should do the deeds of darkness, then wouldst not. Bass. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough. Lys. Well; call forth, call forth. Bass. For fresh and for fair, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she was a rose indeed, if she had but. Lys. What, on'thee? Basset? O, air, I can be modest. Lys. What signifies the reason of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to an anchor to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Bass. Here comes that which grows to the state you've pleased yet, I can assure you, is she not a fair creature? Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's another, I'll have her. Bass. I beseech your honour, give me leave; a word, and I'll have done presently. Lys. I beseech you, no. Bass. First, I would have you note, this is an honorable miss. [To Marina, whom she takes aside.

Mar. I desire to find him 20, that I may worth-

ly note him. Bass. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a wise whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not. Bass. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fincing, will you use him kindly? He will line your agram with gold. 

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thank-

ly give. Lys. Have you done? Bass. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your ma-

Mar. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. [To Eunuch Bawd, Pandar, and Boudr.

Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade? 

Mar. What trade, sir? 

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend, 

Mar. Cannot be offended with my trade.

Please you to name it. 

Lys. How long have you been of this profession? 

Mar. Ever since I can remember. 

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a 

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one. 

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims 

Mar. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets 

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known 

Mar. Who is my principal? 

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets 

Lys. Why you have heard something of my power, and so stand 

Bass. I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see 

Lys. If you were born to honour, show it now.
Persever still in that clear way thou goest, And the gods preserve thee!  

**Mar.** The gods preserve thee!  

**Lys.** For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. —  
Hold; here's more gold for thee, —  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hast rest  
It shall be for thy good. [From me,  
(As Lykianthus is putting up his Furs,)  
**BOULT enters.**  

**Boult.** I beseech your honour, one piece for me.  

**Lys.** Ay, unkindly damned door-keeper! Your house,  
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,  
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!  

(Exit LYKIANTHUS.)  

**Boult.** How's this! We must take another course with you. If your peevish churlish,  
which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest  
country under the cope, shall undo a whole  
household, let me be guided like a spaniel.  
Come your ways.  

**Mar.** Whither would you have me?  

**Boult.** I must have your maidenshead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it.  
Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen  
driven away. Come your ways, I say.  

(Re-enters Bawd.)  

**Boult.** How now! what's the matter?  

**Boult.** Worse and worse, mistress; she has  
here spoken boly words to the Lord Lykianthus.  

**Boult.** O abominable!  

**Boult.** She makes our profession as it were to  
stick afore the face of the gods.  

**Boult.** Marry, hang her up for ever!  

**Boult.** The nobleman would have dealt with  
her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as  
cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.  

**Boult.** Take her away; use her at thy  
pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and  
make the rest malleable.  

**Boult.** An if she were a thorner piece of  

Serve by indenture too.  

For that which thou put  
Could he but speak, who  
That the gods would  
Deliver me! Here, here!  

If that thy master were  
Proclaim that I can sing  
With other virtues, wh  
And I will undertake  
I doubt not but this po  
Yield many scholars.  

**Boult.** But can you tell  
Mar. Prove it that I can  
And prostitute me to the  
That doth frequent you.  

**Boult.** Well, I will see  
If I can place thee, I w  
Mar. But, amongst h  

**Boult.** 'Faith, my a  

**Boult.** amongst them. But al  

**Boult.** thee; I shall find them if  
I'll do for then what I  

**AC.** Enter  

**Ove.** Marian thus  

She sangs like one time in  
As goddess-like to her.  
Deep clerks she demu  
Nature's own shape, a  

**Ove.** That even her art sate  
Her inky silk, twin  

**Ove.** That pupil lacks she  

Who pour their bonesty  

**Ove.** She gives the curst ha
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Scene I.
ricles! Ship, off Mitylene. A close
dock, with a Curtain before it; Pant
is, riveted on a Couch. A Barge the Tyrian Vessel.
here, one belonging to the Tyrian Peer; the Barge; to thee Helicamnes,
where's the Lord Helicamnes? he can
you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.
ARGE put off from Mitylene, Lysimachus the governor,
come aboard. What is your will? he
be his has. Call up some gentle
Ho. gentlemen I my lord calls.
Eter Tou Gentlemen,
ch your lordship call? I
may be of worth would come aboard; I
out. 
nen and the Two Sailors desolate, and go on board the Barge.
ence Lysimachus and Lordes; the
gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.
Sir, an that can, in aught you would,
render the the gods preserve you,
Sir, to outlive the age I am, would.
You wish me well. 
ure, honouring of Neptune’s tri
foundly vessel ride before us, to
know of where you are, sir, what is your place? 
over into this place you lie before.
of Tyre, in it the king: 
for this three months hath not
or taken sustenance, gave his grief.
ought is his discomposure! I
would be too tedious to repeat; a
of all springs from the long
we see him, then? You may indeed, sir,
be at your sight, he will not speak
, let me obtain my wish.
, [Pericles discovers.] as a good person,
er, that about one, one and night,
this, this, all hail! the gods preserve
fall, it
rain; he will not speak to you,
we have a maid in Mitylene, I
could, some words of him.
Tis well bestowed, 
less, with her sweet harmony.
nice attractions, would allure
nary by his despond's parts, he
midway stopp’d; my
as the fairest of all,
yellow maid, is now upon
that abuts against
, appears one of the attendants Lords,— 
Lord, in the Barge of Lysimachus.
all's effectiveness; yet nothing weath
That bears recovery's name. But, since your
kindness, we have stayed't thus far, let us beseech you
further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
herein we are not destitute for want,
but weary for the stances.
O. sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every gulf would send a caterpillar,
And so inflect our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's narrow.
Sit, sir, I will recount it.—
Belsee, I am prevented.
[Enter from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a
young Lady.
Here, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one! 
Is not a goodly presence? 
A gallant lady.
She's such, that were I well assured she
a noble woman, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wéd.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bonny
Expect one here, where is a kindly paliced! If
that thy prosperous- artificial feast
Can draw him but to answer in season,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
be suffer'd to come near him.
Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!
[Marina zings.
Mark'd he your monarch?
No, nor look'd on us.
See, she will speak to him.
Mark, hail, sir, my lord, loud ear?—
Per. Hum! ha!
I am a maid. my
lord, that never before invited eyes.
But have been gaz'd on, cabinets she speaks, My
lord, that may, be that endur'd a grief; 
might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd. 
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors 
who stood equal with mighty kings; But time hath rout out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties. Round me in servitude,—I will desert; But there is something given upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, Go not till he speak.
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage.
To equal mine!—was it not thus what say you
Mar. I said, my lord, if you knew my 
parentage, You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me—
You are like something that—What country
woman?
Here of these shores?
No, nor of any shores; Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.
My decent wife was like this maid, and such a
one.
My daughter might have been: my queen's
glassy brow.
Her stature to the inch; as wind-like straight; As silver voided; her eyes like jewels, And can't as richly; in pace another June.


The text is too fragmented and incomplete to provide a coherent summary or transcription.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

ow for his head;—

sware before the Pension of Pericles
was closed.

all.—Well, my companion-friends, swere to my just belief, nbther you.

LYNCHACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendent Lady.

CENE II. The scene.
be Dimk ad ley; DIANA appealing to
him as in a Vision.
ample stands in Ephesus; heh the
mine altar sacrifice.

sly and the priests are met together, ople all,
not at sea didst lone thy wife; e, crease, with thy daughter's, call,
in repentence to the life.

trading, of thee liveth in we; happy, by my silver bow, ed thy dream. [DIANA slumbers,
take ye good argent, see!—HEICANUS]

EACHACHUS, HEICANUS, and MARINA.

supruse was for Tharsus, there to

the Cleon; but I am

to Ephesus

rebuke, sir, upon your shore, gold for such provision a will need

all is heart, sir; and when you

ore will.

You shall prevail,

power for it seems to noble towards her.

Sir, lend your son,

my Marina. [Exeunt,

shall before the Temple of Diana or

Ephesus.

our sands are almost run;

not, and thus done.

last boat, give me (indue may Full relieve me),
i can yet suppos

etry, what feats, what shows, story, and every thin;

made in Misilim,

king. So he has thriv'd, promis'd to be way'd;

but in no wise

done his sacrific

dle: wherefore being bound, o pray you, all reformed,

blessed suits are fill'd,

fall out as they will'd,

the temple are,

and all his company,

a litter come so soon,

Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Diana of Ephesus; THAIS standing
far, as High Priestess; a number of

god-like; PENTAPOLIS, and other

Heathens attending.

us, with his train; LYNCHACHUS,

LYNCHACHUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

next to perform thy just command,

myself the king of Tyre;

from my country, did send

us, at Pentapolis.

staid; she, but brought forth

called Marina, who, O goddess,

Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus

Was nars'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years

He sought to murder; but her better stars.

Brought her to Mytilene; against whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid abroad as,

Whereby her own most clear remembrance, she

Made known herself my daughter.

That.

Voice and favour!—

You—are you—O royal Pericles!

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,

gentleman.

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,

This is your wife.

Per. Reversed appearer, no;

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this errant, I warrant you.

Per. Upon this mark, I warrant certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O, she's not soberly ll

Early, one bluent ring more, this lady was

Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and

Found the rich jewel, recovered her, and

placed her.

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great air, they shall be brought you to my

Sirace.

Whither I invite you. Look! Thais is

Recover'd.

That. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

But curb it, quite of hearing. O, my lord,

Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,

Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,

A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thais! That,

That Thais am I, supposed dead,

And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Diana!

That. Now I know you better.

When we with tears pasted Pentapolis,

The king, my father, gave you such a ring,

Thais. [Sighs a Ring,

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your

present kindness

Makes past miseries sport: You shall do well

That on the touching of her lips I may

Melt, and no more be seen. O come, beurred

A second time within these arms.

Mar. [Mournfully.

My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom,

Thais; [To Thais.

Per. Look, who kneels here! [Flash of thy Besh,

Thais; [To

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,

For she was yield'd thereon.

Bless'd and mine own! [Exeunt.

Hel. Halil, madam, and my queen?

That. I know you not.

Hel. You have heard me say, when I did fly

from Tyre.

I left behind an ancient sublitude.

Come you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him off.

That. [Partially confirmed.

Embrace him, dear Thais; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserved! and whom to thank.

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

That. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,

Through whom the gods have chevron their power

That can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reversed sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen rejoins?

Cer. If I will, my lord;

Be such, you first go with me to my house.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Where shall you be found within the temple?
Pericles, his queen and daughter.

Ah, but I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to them. These,
This prince, the third-born of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This event which makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lord Mortimer, slip to form;
And what this fourteen years so eager look'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll humbly.
Thus, that Lord Corinthus letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.
For, Heaven's sake, make a shew of him! Yet there's
my queen.

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyre reign,
Lord Corinthus, we do our lauging stay,
To bear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain. DAME of Cordelia.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.\* DUKE OF CORNWALL.\*
DUKE OF ALBANY.\*
EARL OF KENT.\*
EARL OF GLOSTER.\*
EDGAR, Son to Gloucester.\*
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloucester.\*
CORIN, a Servant.\*
GIRL, a Servant to Gloucester.\*
GRACE, a Physician.\*

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room in Gloucester's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected
the Duke of Albany, than Cornwall.
Gl. It did always seem so to us; but now,
In the division of the kingdom, it appears not
which of the dukes he values most; for equal-
ties are so weighty, that curiosity in neither
can make a choice of either's moiety.
Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Gl. His breeding, sir, hath been so good
I have so often blush'd to acknowledge
now I am bidden to it.
Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Gl. Sir, this young fellow's mother
whereupon she grew round-womb'd; at
indeed, sir, a son for her credit, as she
husband for her bed. Do you smell as
Kent, I cannot wish the least uncertainty
of it being so proper.

Gl. But I have, sir, a son by order
some year older than this, who yet is not
in my account: though this kneave cast
what vanity into the world before he

*These are all characters from Shakespeare's play, "King Lear." The text provided is a section from the play, dealing with the.kode of Britain and the division of the kingdom, with various characters and events discussed. The text is a natural representation as if reading it aloud or in a conversation.
KINGLEAR

his mother fair; there was good making, and the whoreson must be ad.—Do you know this noble gent.

my lord.

and of Kent; remember him here,

honorable friend.
services to your lordship,

at love you, and see to know you

I shall study deserving,

th been on nine years, and away in—The king is coming.

[Trumpets wound within.

CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONNEL, RE-

CORDA, and ATTENDANTS.

ladies and lords of France and Burgundy,

Il, my liege.

Gloster and Edmund, in time we shall express our darker

map there.—Know, that we have

kings; and 'tis our fast interest
takes and business from our age; him on younger strengths, while we

shaped toward death.—Our son of

or so less loving son of Albany, and

honor a constant will to publish

several dowers, that future strike

vexed now. The princes, France

argued, in the youngest daughter's love, and

court have made their amorous

ve to be answer'd.—Tell me, my

ers we shall direct, both of rule,

ery, cares of state),

a, shall we say, cloth love us most,

larget bounty may extend

cloth most challenge it. —Goneril,

on, speak first.

Sir, I

more words than can wield the

eye, sight, space, and liberty; it
can valued, rich or rare; it

life, with grace, health, beauty,

child o'er lov'd, or father found,

makes breath poor, and speech am-

manner of so much I love you.

shall Cordelia do? Love, and be

[Aside.

be these bounds, even from this line

very forests and with champains

out rivers and wide-skirted meads, or

ey Lady: To thine and Albany's liaison

—What says our second daugh-

Begun, wide to Cornwall! Speak

maple of that soul metal as my sister,

it at her worth. In my true heart

amel my very deed of love; was

too short,—that I protest

Amy to all other joys, most

precious square of space pos.

I am alone felicitate a highness' love.

Then poor Cordelia!

so; since, I am sure, my love's

than my tongue; there, and thine, hereditary ever,

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdoms;

No less in space, validity, and pleasure; Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now, our joy,

though the last, not least: to whose young love

the site of France, and milk of Burgundy.

Strive to be attract'd; what can you way, do draw

A third more opulent than your sisters! Speak.

Care, Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Care, Nothing. Nothing can come of nothing: speak

again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot hear

My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty

According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia I mend your speech

a little.

Lear. It may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord.

You have begot me, bred me, love me: I

Return thee duties back as are right fit.

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,

They love you, all I. Haply, when shall we see

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. But does this with thy heart?

Cor. Yes, and so I will.

Lear. So young, and so unwedder?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth thou be thy
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;

By all the operations of the orbs,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be;

Here I disclaim all my parental care,

Prophecy and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous

Sceyanum,

Or be that makes his generation moose

To tug his appetite, shall our abode;

Be as well neighbours, pitied, and relieved,

As thou my sometime daughter.

Goneril. Good my liege.

Lear. Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon and his wrath:

I lov'd her most, and thought to act my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!—

Cor. So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her.—Call France! Who

sits?—

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,

With my two daughters dowry'd and gift this third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her,

I do invest you jointly with my power,

Prescribed, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty.—Ourselves, by monthly

course,

With reservation of a hundred knights,

By you to be maintained, shall our abode;

Make with you by due terms. Only we still

retain

The name, and all the additions to a king;

The sway,

Revenue, exception of the rest,

Beloved, be yours: which to confirm,

This coronet part between you.

[Exeunt Cordelia, Albany, Cornwall, and Goneril.

Kent, Royal Lear.

Whom I have ever honored as my king;

Lov'd as my father, as my master followed;

As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from

the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

The region of my heart. be Kent unmournous.
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight! Then swearst thy gods in vain.

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,

You cannot make me so to swear.

Lear. O, vassal! miserable! [Leaping his hand in his sword.


Kent. Do:

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow

Upon the first disease. Resolve thy gift;

Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,

I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me! —

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow.

(Which we durst never yet), and, with strait's pride,

To come between our sentence and our power

(Which nor our utter nor our place can bear);

Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision

To shield thee from diseases of the world;

And, on the sixth, to turn thyoused back

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow.

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,

This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king; since thee then will appear.

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, madam,

[To Cordelia.

That faithfully, and hast most rightly said;

And your large speech in many years approved.

That good effects may spring from words of love.

Then, Kent, O princes, bid you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[Exit.

Restored Gloucester; enter France, Burgundy, and attendants.

Glo. More's France and Burgundy, my noble.

Than on a wrathful wheel

Almost to acknowledge

France.

That's so, that even but

The argument of your most best, most dearest

Commit a thing so mo

So many folds of favor

Must be of such amount

That mounts it, or yet fall into talent; which

Must be a faith, that in

Could never plant in a care.

If for I went that girl

To speak and purpose

'Inter

I'll do before I speak

It is no violent blast, in

No unclouds sensation, or

That bush despairs of any

But even for want of

A still-ascending eye,

That I am glad I have

 Hath lost me in your

Lear.

Hath not been born

me better.

France. Is it but this

Which often leaves the

That it intends to do

What say you to the

When it is mingled with

Abased from the desire p

She is herself a dower

Glo. Give us the partition

And here I take Cordelia

Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I am

Ser. I am sorry then;

That you should been

Cord.

P. Since that respects of is

I shall not be his wife.

France, Fairest Cord

[Exit.
KING LEAR.

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Enter Gloucester.

Gloucester.

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Gloucester.
KING LEAR.

place you where you shall bear me comfort of this; and by an particular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Gloucester.


Gloucester. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wise: I would enquire myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edgar. I will seek him, sir, presently; converse the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Gloucester. Good men may, in some spectators in the sun and moon personal no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and then, yet nature finds itself perplexed by the sequel effects: love|

Edgar. What should I do? I would enquire myself, to be in a due resolution: to pursue this villain, Edmund, shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully: And the noble and true-hearted Kent beseech thou in his absence, honesty—strange—strange! [Exit Edgar.

Edgar. This is the excellent opportunity of the world: that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sea, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treach'rous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence: and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goliath disposition to the charge of a star: My father compassed with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my naturiy was under awe. Edgar. And so it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tush, I should have been that I am, had the maidens hearted star in the armament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar. Enter Edgar.

Edgar. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edgar. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeeded unhappily: as of samaritanness between the child and the parent; death, death, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, messes and malignities against king and nobles; needless differences, banishment of friends, distillation of colors, mapless breaches, and I know not what.

Edgar. How long have you been a seer of astronomical revolutions?

Edgar. Come, come; when saw you your father last?

Edgar. Why, the night gone by.

Edgar. Spakes you with him?

Edgar. Ay, two hours together.

Edgar. Most sort you in good sort? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edgar. None at all.

Edgar. Bear them, wherein you may have offended him; and in appear before his presence, till some chance liked the bent of his displeasure; instantly and harken, the state of your person it would essentially; Go.

Edgar. That's my fear. I pray you consider fortunateness, all the way safe and secure, from whence I will tell you how to break my head; you my key—if you do stir abroad; Edgar. Arm'd, brother!

Edgar. What! a brother! What is nature so far from doing? He was not in the house; no, my son, nay.


Edgar. I will seek him, sir, presently; converse the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Enter Edgar. Gloucester.

Gloucester. Did my father strike me for saying I had felt a"

Edgar. Aye, madam.

Edgar. Day and night! I was a bad hour.

Gloucester. He dashes into one gross crime or another.

Edgar. He has given away all his knights grow riotous, and beam abroad.

Gloucester. When he returns, I will not speak with him: say, I. If you come slack of former service, You shall do well; the fault of it is yours. He's coming, madam; [Exit. Edgar. Put on what weary step you are.

Gloucester. You and your fellows; I have this question: If he dislike it, let him to my door. Whose mind and mine, I know, is not to be overruled: Idle old man, That still would manage those sorts That he has given away. Old fools are babes again; and use With checks, as flatterers,—when they are about.

Gloucester. Remember what I have said.

Edgar. Very so.

Gloucester. And let his knights have o' among you: What grows of it, no matter; at least I would breed him towards you. That I may speak,—I'll write as sister, To hold my very course:—Prepare

SCENE IV. A Hall in the Castle

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. Now, if but as well I other means that can my speech dispute, my grey may carry through itself to that fail For which I ran'd my likeness:—Be Kent, I thou canst serve where thou dost.
KING LEAR.

Re-enter Steward.

[Exit.] Steward.

"O, you sir, you sir, come you bither: Who am I, sir?"

Steward.

"Yes, my lady's father."

Lear.

"No, no; now art thou? Do you think I know you?"


"Mark it, nuncle:—"
my where one away, it is speech be now in
this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.
Jok'd and 'er's less grace in a year; [Singing,
for you are from the hoppin';
And thou, me to keep their kites to wear,
Their manners are so apt.
Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah!
Fool. I have had it, nuncle, ever since that
madest thy daughters thy mother; for when
those gave them the rod, and put's down these
own breeches,
Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow weep.
That such a king should play at-pets,
And so the fools among.
Prythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can
teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.
Lear. [to the Fool, we'll have you whipp'd.
Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daugh-
ters are; they'll have me whipp'd for speaking
tree, they'll have me whipp'd for lying; and,
sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace.
I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool:
and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast
paid thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in
the middle; Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonzalas.
Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that
frenzied out? Methinks you are too much of late
'the frowns.
Fool. Thou want a pretty fellow, when thou
had'st no need to care for her frowning; now
those art an O without a figure: I am better
than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art no-
thing.—Yes, barncock, I will hold my tongue!
say once in thine face [to Gonz.] bids me, though you say
nothing. Fad, man,
He that keeps nor want nor cram,
Wearry of all, shall want some.
That's a shameless person. [Protesting to Lear.
Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your lowest retainers
Do hourly quarrel and squabble; breaking forth
In rask and sed-to-be-endured riots.
Sir, I had thought to maketh this well-known aut
we come permanent is.
Fool.—Which they say.
Lear. Your name, sir.
Gon. Come, sir; This admiration is me.
Of other your new pr, To understand your peace.
As you are old and wise;
Here do you keep a bawd.
Men so disorder'd, no.
That this our court, I fall.
Shows like a rascals, not.
It make more like a to
Than a grac'd palace.
For instant remedy: I
By, that else will I.
A little to disquarity
And the remainder, th
To be such as as me.
And know themselves.
Lear.

Saddle my horses; eat
Degenerac bastard! if
Yet have I left a dought
Gon. You strike my
der'd rabbie.
Make servants of their

Enter.
Lear. Wow, that too
Is it your will? [To At.
my horses.
Ingratitude! thou dost
More hideous, where the
Than the son-monster?
At.
Lear. Detested kite! My trust are men of all
That all particular,
And in the most exact
The worship of their
How ugly did thee in
Which, like an usuror.
KING LEAR.

natural torment to her! is in her brow of youth; in channels to her cheeks: I pains, and benefits, resume; that she may feel serpent's tooth it is child!—Away, away! [Exit.]

self to know the cause; an have that scope -

Enter Lear.

What's the matter, sir?—Life and death! I am answer to shake my manhood. If you General, which break from me per- worth them.—Blows and fogs,-
ings of a father's curse come there!—Thief fond eyes, gain, I'll pick you out; be letters that you have; 11 is it come to this? ever I felt a daughter, met and comfortable; this of thee, with her nuns a wisage. This shall find, hope which thou don't think ver; thou shalt, I warrant a Lear, Kent, and Attend. that, my lord? a partial, General, see you.—

re—What, Oswald, ho! than fool, after your mas- [To the Fool.]

raunch Lear, tarry, and er. he has caught her, quieter, the slaughter, did buy a batter; own after. [Exit. I wish had good counsel—A sl c, to let him keep rights. Yes, that on every, each complaint, dislike, dodge with their powers, mercy. Oswald, I say!—r fear too far. Safer than trust: y the harm I fear, er, I know his heart; I have wait my sister; his hundred knights, be's affinities. How now, Steward.

that letter to my sister? the company, and away to particular fear: reasons of your own, are. Get you gone; [Exit Sewel. No, no, and course of yours, not, yet, under pardon, ask'd, tales of wisdom, ful mildness.

Ah. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell. Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gan. Nay, then—

Ah. Well, well; the event. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Court before the name.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Glotster with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you. Kent. I shall not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, weren't not in danger of lobes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shall see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what const thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose steads "the middle of his face."

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready!

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not right?

Fool. Yes, indeed! Thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perverse!—Monster, ingrateful!

Fool. If thouwert my fool, unlce, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldn't not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heavens!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. —[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Glotster.

Enter Edmund and Corin, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Corin.

Cor. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his daughter, will be here with him to-night.
My father watches:—O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:— Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

[Enter EDWARD.]

He's coming hither; now, 'tis the night, 'tis the And Regan with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edw. I am sure can't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me— In canning, I must draw my sword upon you:—

Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.

Yield:—Come before my father:—Light, ho, here!—Fly, brother—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[Exit Edw.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion Wounds not Arms.

Of my more fierce endeavours! I have seen Drunkards Do more than this in sport.—Father! Father! Stop, stop! No help!

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmmond, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand his suspicious mistress.—


Edm. Where is the villain, Edmmond? Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]

By an means,—what?—

Edw. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship; But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst forfeitiers did all their thunders bend; Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father:—Sir, in fine,

Glo. Hark, the duke's traps he comes—

All ports I'll bar; the duke must grant assay.

[Exit Cornwall.]

Corn. How now, I came hither—

[Whistle]

Whistle? did my ear?—

Glo. O lady, lady!—

Edm. Was he not as knights That tend upon my liege.

Glo. O!—

Edm. It is too bad, too bad!

Glo. Not marvel thou at it.

Edw. 'Tis they have put him to the secret;

To have the worse and I have this present or Been well informed on his intentions.

That, if they come to I'll not be there.

Edm. No confidence.

Corn. Edmmond, I hear that y A child-like fellow.

Edw. No, no, no.

Glo. He did bewray This hurt you see, sir.

Corn. To be secured.
KING LEAR.

KING LEAR.

ABLE GLOSTER, of some poise,
must have use of your advice—
I hasten, so hath our sister, 
which I best thought it fit
on our house; the several messengers,
attend dispatch. Our good old
to your bosom; and bestow
to our business,
the instant use.
I leave you, madam:
are right welcome.

I. Before Gloster's Castle. 

KENT and Seward, severally,
I dawning to thee, friend: Art of
re may we set our horses?

Drumming
other, if thou love me, tell me,
re thee not.

then I care not for thee.

had thee in Lipisbury pinfold, I
thine care for,
dost thou use me thus? I know
ow, I know thee.

I dost thou know me for?
save; a rascal, an empty of a broken
laud, shallow, beggarly, three-
red-pointed, filthy worsted-stocking to differ,
acting-taking knave; a
as-gaging, super-serviceable, fisial
crowded, head-slip slave; one that
a hand, in way of good-service,
ing but the composition of a knave,
art, panders, and the son and heir
bitch; one whom I will beat into
chining, if thou den'st the least
by addition.

what a monstrous fellow art thou, on one, that is neither known of
at a broken-faced varlet art thou, to
over-met? in it two days ago, since
thy heels, and best thee before the
you rogue; for though he might,
? I'll make a sop' the moon:
Draw, you whorson sumply
plies of thine bellow:
I have nothing to do with thee.
; do, you rascal; you come with let
the king; and take vanity the pop-
gust, the majesty of the virgin of her father:
rogue, or I'll so carcass you
, you rascal; come your ways.
bea, murder! help! 
ke, you slave; stand, rogue, stand;
, stirs again: Bawling him.
ho! murder! murder!

END. 

CORNWALL, ROGAN, GLOSTER,
and Servants.

So now? What's the matter? Part
thy, goodman boy, if you please;
ask you; come on, young master.
arm's! What's the matter here?
peace, upon your lives; 
stakes again; What is the matter?
messengers from one sister and the
it is your difference? speak.
nares in breath, my lord.
murvel, you have so beastly'n your
covered; rascal, nature discloses
also made thee. 

a strange fellow: a tailor make:
, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a
painter, could not have made him so ill, though
they had been but two hours at the trade.
CORN. Speake yet, how grew your quarrel?

SIR. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I
have spurr'd,
At an of his gray beard,
KENT. Thou whorson zeal! thou unnecessary
letter—My lord, if you will give me leave, I
will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and
dash the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my
gray beard, you wagtail!

You beasty knife, know you no reverence?

KENT. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.
CORN. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a
sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
these,
Like rats, off bite the holy cords atain
Which are too intrinsick to smooth; every

That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renegy, afform, and turn their halley on by
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nothing, like dogs, but following—
A plague upon your epistle's visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

GLO. If I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye, cackling home to Camelot.
CORN. What, art then mad, or cold, or follow
GLO. How fell you out?
Say that.

KENT. No contrivors hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knife.
CORN. Why dost thou call him knife? What's
his offence?

KENT. His countenance like me not.
CORN. No more, perchance, doth mine, or his,
or her.

KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
CORN. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praid'd for bluntness, doth not
A swayce toughnesse: and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature; He cannot thus, nor
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth;

KENT. Sir, in good sense, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the breath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front,—

CORN. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he that beguiled you, in a plain approv,
was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will
not be, though I should win your displeasure
to entreat me to it.
CORN. What was the offence you gave him?

KENT. It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconception;
When he, enconjurd, and flattering his displeas-

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insult'd, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king;
Part in attempting what self-advocat'd;

KENT. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.
KING LEAR.

Act II.

Cora.

Fetch forth the stocks, ho! You stubborn ancient knave, you reverence brooght.

We'll teach you—

Kent.

Sir, I am too old to learn; Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king; On whose employment I was sent to you; You shall do small respect, save to bold me.

Against the grace and person of my master, Black in his messenger.

Cora.

Fetch forth the stocks: As I've life and honour, there shall be all till none. Reg. 'Till soon! till night, my lord; and all is well.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [Sneaks brought out.

Cora. This is a fellow of the selfsame colour; Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Gla. Let me beseech your grace not to do so: His princely aspect, and his good king his master Will check him fort: your purpose low compels.

In such, as beast and contemned'st wretches, For pilferings and most common transgressions Are punish'd with: the king must take its fill, That he—so lightly vail'd in his messenger,—Should have him thus restrain'd.

Cora. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse.

To have her gentleman aboard, assaulted, For following her affairs out in his leg. [Kent is put in the Stocks. Come, my good lord; away.

[Enter Roman and Cornwall.

Gla. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd; 'tis I entreat for

Kent. Pray, do not, sir; I have watch'd, and

Hard; Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle. A good man's fortune may grow out at heels: Give me good morrow!—

Ohe. The duke's to blame in this; I'll wake him. [Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st To the warm sun! Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, That by thy comfortable beams I may

Pursue this letter—Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery— I know 'tis from Cordella; Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscure condition; and shall find time From this enormous state,—seeking,—to give

Loose their remedies—All weary and over-watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shamefull lodging. Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel [Its sleep.

SCENE III. A Part of the Heav.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd; And, by the happy hollow of a tree, Eas'tward the hunt. No post in free; no place, That guard, and most unusual vigilance, Does not attend my taking. While I may

I will preserve myself: and am betought

To take the banish and most potent sleep, That over passy, in snatch of suns, Brought nearer to my knees: my sense I'll place at

Blanket my knees; all my hair in knees; And with my flesh, and habitation anointed The winds, and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me peace and protection Of Bedford beggars, who, with wounding visage Strike in their shambles, and marshed form Pines, woodens pricks, masts, spits, springs of money. And with this horrible object, seen low in Poor peeping villages, sleep-come and sniffs; Sometime with lamplight beam, sometimes in prayers, Enforce their charity.—Poor Twisp and Tom! That's something yet; Edgar I nothing.

SCENE IV. Before Gloucester's Cell.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentlemen.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should not be from hence, And not from hence my message. Gent. As I The night before there was no purpose Of this remove.

Lear. Hail to thee, noble man.

Fool. How! Has't thee this shame thy patience?

Kent. Hark. Fare, ha, ha; look! I see we-crud!

Horses are tied by the head; deep, and by the neck; monkey's by the limbs, and by the legs: when a man is over-lusty of his then he wears wooden wheel-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy mistook To set thee here? Kent. He is both he and she, Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes. Lear. No, no, I say.

Kent. I say, yes. Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ye. Lear. They durst not do't; They could not, would not do't; 'twas unmanly,

To do, upon respect, such violent usage Resolve me, will he not better than I? Thou might'st await, or they impatience, Usage. Coming from as.

Lear. My lord, when at that hour I did commends thy highness's letter bade Ere I was risen from the place that stood My duty kneeling, came there a ridg'd Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, as from Gloucester his mistress, satisfactions: Deliver'd letters, spite of intermissions, Which presently they read; on whose They sam'mow'd up their incense, straight horse; Commanded me to follow, and attend The leisure of their answer; gave mecafe And meeting beare the other new republican, Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had passeth (Being the very fellow that of late Display'd so savagely against your highness; Having more man than wit about me, Bot the ridg'd the house with head and covered Your son and daughter found this tempest The shame which here it suffers. Fool. Weather's not gone yet, and if the will fly that way.
KING LEAR.

For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore [Looking on Kent.]
Should he sit here? This act proceed for, That this remotion of the dukedom and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth; Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'll speak with
them.
Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear
me.
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—Sleep to death.
Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.
Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart—but, down,
down.
Fool. Cry to it, uncle, as the cockney did to the
owl, when she put them in the paste sitve; she
rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
cry'd, Down, down, down! 'Twas her brother,
that in pure kindness to his horses, butter'd his
hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and SERVANTS.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace! [Kent is set at liberty.
Reg. I am glad to see your highness' state.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce thee from my mother's tomb,
Sequestering an adulteress,—O, are you free?
[To Kent.
Some other time for that:—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's snatched: O Regan, she hath lied
'Gainst thee, and to her understanding, and
she is
a whelp of thine own, and not a sharptooth'd
unkindness, like a vulture here,—

Faints to his knees.
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have
hope,
You know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say, how is this that
Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, pertinace,
She have restrain'd the riot of your followers,
'Tie on such ground, and to such wholesome
cast,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old; Rep.
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Rep. Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
Daughters, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg.

Kneeling.
That ye consult me twain, 'tis, and send,
Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan: She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me: struck me with her
Hurt me like an offer'd, and commands the
soul of this!—My breath and
Air, take her; my breath and command me
With stark and sickly fit.
KING LEAR.

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: I am lowly.

Lear. It is not lowly. What should you ask a Yes, or so many Yea? with such a bond?

Speak 'gainst so great a master, house,
Should many people, under two a Hold amity? 'Twere hard; almost in
Gen. Why might not you, my i attendance
From those that she calls servants, e Reg. Why not, the earl too. If this to ake you,
We could control them: If you will (For now I spy a danger), I mean To bring but five and twenty; to a
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time.
Lear. Made you my guardian, i rie; But kept a reservation to be follow With such a number; What, meet i With five and twenty, Regan said Reg. And speak it again, my love with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet fav'd them, When others are more wicked: so worst, Stands in some rank of praise:—
Gen. Thy fifty yet doth double five and And thou art twice her love
Gen. What need you five and twenty, ten Royal to follow in a house, where twice: Have a command to tend you? Was
Reg. O, reason not the need beggars Are in the poorest things superfluous Allow not nature more than nature Man's life is cheap as beast's; then if only to go warm were gorse, Why, nature needs not what is wear's, Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—

You heaves, give me that patience need! You see me here, you gods, a poor As full of grief as age: wretched it If it be you that stir these daughter Against their father, fool me not: To bear it tamely; touch me with o, let not women's weapons, wait Stays in my man's cheeks!—No, ye hag, I will have such revenues on you! That all the world shall—I will do What they are, yet I know not; but The terror of the earth. You this No, I'll not weep:—

You have told cause of weeping; but
KING LEAR.

unto a hundred thousand flows, rep:—O, fool, I shall go mad! of Lear, Glover, Kent, and Fool, a withdrawal, I' ll come to a storm. [Storm heard at a distance.

This house old man and his people cannot o' d. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put rest, and must needs taste his folly; particular, 'll receive him gladly, follower.

So am I purposed. Lord of Glover. I

Re-enter Glover.

w'd the old man forth;—he is reeling in high rage. Whither is he going? to horse; but will I know not then, to give him way; he leads of, entreat him by no means to stay, the night comes on, and the bleak fre:- for many miles about, he battling through the weather thus,

O, sir, to wild men, that they themselves procure, or schoolmasters: Shut up your d with a desperate train; may incense him to, being apt at abroad, driven with bids fear. up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild

Act III. SCENE I. A Heath.

word, with Thunder and Lightnings, and a Gentleman, meeting. Is here, behind foul weather: minded like the weather, most unworthy you; Where's the king? ending with the fretful element; blow the earth into the sea, carried waters 'bove the main, night change, or cease; tears his eyes; innumerable blasts, with eyes rage, a fury, and make nothing of; little world of man to out-scorn non-conducting wind and rain, within the eb-drawn hear would the holy pinch'd wolf e dry, unbothered he runs, it will take all.

But who is with him? but the fool; who labours most of all injuries. Sir, I do know you,

in the warrant of my art, ear thing to me; There is division; get the face of it be covered cunning, twist Albany and Corn.....

who have not, that their great stars set high! servers, who seem no France the spies and speculations on our part; what hath been seen, its and packings of the duke; on which both of them have borne Against the old kind king; or something deeper: Whereof, perseverance, these are but furnishings:—But, to level it, from France there comes a power into this scattered kingdom; who already Wise in our negligence, have secret feet in some of our best ports, and are at point To show their open banner.—Now to you; if on my credit you dare build so far To make your speed to Dover, you shall find Some that will thank you, making just report Of how unnatural and bemoaning sorrow The king hath come to pain. I am a gentleman of blood and breeding; And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer this office to you.

Kent. I will talk further with you, Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more than my own self, open this purse, and take What it contains: If you shall see Corinna (As fear not but you shall), show her this ring: And she will tell you who your fellow is: That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm! I will go seek the king.

Kent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to do? Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet. That, when we have found the king (in which your pain That we put this; he that first lights on him), Hollis the other.

[Exit Lear severely.

SCENE II. Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! you cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks! You sulphurous and thought-executing fires, Vaunt-coats to oak-enclosing thunderbolts, Singe my white head! and thou, all-shaking thunder, Strike that the thick rotundity o' the world! Crack nature's moulds, all germens spilt at once, That make ingratitude! Fool. O uncles, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good music, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing! Here's a night pities neither wine men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain.

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters; I tax not you, elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children. You owe me no subscription; why, then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man; But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two precipice daughters join'd Your high engender'd battles, quenched a head So old and white as this. O! O! its fool! Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

This is a piece that will bring, before the head has any, The head and he shall have; The beggar marry many The man that makes his toe What he his heart should make Shout of a corn, cry woo, And turn his sleep to haste, —for there was never yet fair woman, but she made months in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.
KENT. Who's there?

LEAR. Marry, here's grace, and a cord-place;
that's a wise man, and a fool.

KENT. Alack, sir, are you born things that love night?

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That's a wise man, and a fool.

KENT. Alack, sir, are you born things that love night?

And make them keep their caves; Since I was man.

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such grosses of roaring wind and rain, I never Remembered to have heard: man's nature cannot bear The intemperies of the air. Lear. Let the gods good, That keep this dreadful father o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Trouble, thou wretch, That hast in thee such undivilng crimes. Unwedded of justice; hide thee, thou bloody man. Thou perf'd, and thou simian man of virtue, That art incestuous: Cailiff, to pieces shake, That and cover, and convenient seeming. Hast practised on man's life!—Close peat-up, Quit. Give your concealed contemptis, and try These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man, More and against, than standing. Kent. Lear. Alack, bare-headed! Kent. Gracious, my lord, hard by here is a bower. Some friendship will it lend you against the tempest; Repose you there: while I to this hard house. (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis made, Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in), return, and force Your scanty courtesy. Lear. Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold? I am cold myself. Where is that straw, my fellow? The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your bower. Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.

LEAR. For I that has a little time writ— With a kingly, he, the wind and the rain. Must content with his fortunes yet; For the rain it remarch every day. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to And the bower.

KENT. Lear. This is a brave night to cool a courtesy. —I'll speak a prophecy ere I go; When priests are more in word than matter; When brewers mar their malt with water; When nobles are their tailors' tutors; No heretics burn'd, but wenchers' suitors; When every case in law is right; No aquire in debt, nor no poor knight; When spenders do not live in tongs; Nor curpers come not to throning; Whenurers tell their gold i' the field; And bawds and whores do churches build: Then shall the realm of Africa Come to great confusion. Then comes the time, who lives to see it, That going shall be sad with feet. This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [Exit.]

KENT. Who's there? 

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SCENE IV. A Part of the Earth. Enter Lear, Kent, and Po. 

LEAR. Here is the place, my lord; entr' The tyranny of the open night's For nature to endure. Lear. Let me ask. Kent. Good my lord, enter here. Lear. Would break mine own lord, enter. Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, a temtions storm Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to it. But where the greater maligny is The lesser is scarce felt. Thou dost But if thy sight lay toward the rug Thou dost meet the bear! The moon mind's free, The body's deliberate: the tempest is Both from my senses take all sense: What beats there.—Then beg Is it not as this month should bear? For lifting food to't?—But I will No, I will weep no more. In such To shut me out!—Poor on! I will such a night as this! O Regan, If your old kind father, whose feet all, O, that way madness lies; let me No more of that. Kent. Good, my lord. Lear. 'Pray thee, go in thyself. one case This tempest will not give me peace On things would hurt me more. In boy, go first. [To the Foul.] It Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then Poor naked wretch, wherever'er That blind the getting of this price How shall your houseless head, side, Your own sight and window'd ragged you From reasons, such as these! 0, 1 Too little care of this! Take physi Expose thyself to feel what wretch That thou mayest shake the super And show the heavens more just. Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, half! Poor Tom! [The Foul runs out for
KING LEAR.

Come not here, most welcome, foolish hand. Help me up, if you can.

A Serving-man, aide, a Serving-man: who's there? A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's Tom.

What art thou that dost groan in this straw?

sir. Lear, Required as a Madman.

Away! the fool friend follows me; the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.

I go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?

Thou comest to this! Who gives any thing to poor Tom? he has seen there, as he said, through fire and flame, through ford and whirlpool, and quagmire, that hath laid knaves to pillow, and haters in his pew; set

by his prevarication, made him proud of a ride on a bay trotting-horse over four bridges, to consecrate his own shadow for a

Bless thee, my true will! Tom's a cold—

a, do, no, do—Bless thee from whirl-storm-blinding, and taking! Do poor Tom utility, whom the foul hand vexes: There have him now, and there, and there, ye again, and there. [Storm continues.

Lear. What, have thy daughters brought him this pass?

If thou save nothing? Didst thou give all?

May, he reserved a blanket, else we had shamed.

Now, all the plagues that in the pen

did or men's faults, light on thy daughter. He hath no daughters, sir. Death, traitor! nothing could have allied nature to a lowness, but his unkind daughters—each faction, that discarded fathers have thus little mercy on their flesh, as punishment! Twas this flesh begot

criminal daughters. Pilecock sat on pilecock's kill—

Bellow, too, too! This cold night will turn us all to fools, when.

Give me not, the fool friend: Obey thy heart, keep thy word justly; swear not commit not with man's sworn spouse: set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a cold—

Lear. What hast thou done?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curried his hair; wore gloves in his cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one, that slept in the conspiring of lust, and waked to do it; Wine loved, I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramouring the Turk; False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloths, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the tearing of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of pluckers, thy pen from leading books, and defy the fool friend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; Says scorn, man, he is no emperor, delight my body, my body, my soul; let him trot by. [Storm still continues.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies—is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the warm, no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! there's three of us are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself. Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, base, forlorn animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings:—Come, unbolt the door.

Fool. Yeare, sir, yeare, yeare, yeare, yeare.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he? Kent. Who's there? What art ye there? What are ye there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming food.
Enter Gloucester, Lear.

[Scene]

A Chamber in a Farm: I.

Lear. Here is better than I thought it; I will sit down here and eat my bread in peace.

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Lear. I will sit down here and eat my bread in peace.

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KING LEAR.

or first:—tis Goneril. I here
see this honorable assembly, or
king her father's
miser; Is your name
it deny it;
care, I took you for a joint
another, whose warp'd looks
this is made of.—Stop herself!
red, fire.—Corruption in the

KING LEAR.

Bute then the mind much sufferance doth overskip.
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
When light and portable my pain seems now.
When that, which makes me bend, makes the
king bow;
He chided, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high voices: and thyself bewray.
When false opinion, whose wrong thought de-
files thee.
In thy just proof, repeal, and reconcile thee,
Which will hap more to night, safe scape the
king! Young.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDGAR, and SERVANTS.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew
him this letter; the army of France is
landed.—Seek out the villain Gloucester.

[Exeunt some of the SERVANTS.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Corn. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you as

[Leaves some of the SERVANTS.

Glo. Regard our new master; the revenges we
are bound to take upon your traitor's father,
are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke,
where you are going, to a most fit preparation;
we are bound to the like. Our post shall be swift,
and intelligent between us. Fare-
well, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Steward.

Corn. How now! Where's the king?

Glo. My lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence.

Some five or six and thirty of his knights
Hot questions after him, met him at gate.
Who with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they

[To Edmund, farewell.

Stew. To have well armed friends.

Glo. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL and EDGAR.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloucester.
Priden him like a thief, bring him before us.

[Exeunt other SERVANTS.

Rainswell. Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to your wrath, which
May blanche, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

R-e-n-o.r-e. SERVANT, with GLOUCESTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! tis he.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my
friends, consider
You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say, [Servants bind him.
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.
Corn. To this chair bind him—Villain, thou
shalt find—[Regan plucks his Beard.
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,
Will quiver and accuse thee: I am your host;

Reg. [To the Fool. Come, come, away,
Glo. With robbers' bands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
from France?
Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the
truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the

Late footed in the kingdom?
Enter. 

Edg. Yet better than term'd,

Than still contemner'd as

The lowest and most do

S'tands still in caperous

The lamentable change

The worst returns to

Those unsubstantial air,

The wretch, that thus he

Owes nothing to thy hour!—

Enter. GLOSTER, 

My father, poorly fed—

But that thy strange a

Life would not yield to

Old Man. O my good

tenant, and your father's

years.

Glo. Away, get thee gone:

Thy comforts can do in

Thy they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, y

Glo. I have no way, 

eye;

I stumble when I saw

Our mead secures us, a

Prove our commodities

The fund of thy abused

Might I but live to see:

I'd say, I had eyes a

Old Man. 

Edg. [Aside.] O godly

eye lest the

I am worse than e'er I

Old Man.

Edg. [Aside.] And we

worst is not,

So long as we can say,

Old Man. Fellow, wh

Glo.

Old Man. Wilt fay...
KING LEAR.

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
Decline your head: this kins, if it dart speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air—
Conceive, and fare thee well...

Edm. Years in the ranks of death.

Gon. My name is Gloucester. 

Edm. O, the difference of man, and man! 

Gon. To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my bed.

Edm. Madam, here comes your fool, and...

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril! You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blew in your face: I fear your disposition;
That nature, which contains its origin,
Cannot be upper'd certain in itself;
She that herself will silence and disbranch
From her maternal sap, performe must wither,
And come to deadly end.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Alas! And一闪t to the vile seems vile;
Filth savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tiger, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man.
Whose reverence the headlong's bear would lack,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
That if the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame those vile offsprings,
'Twixt come,
Humanity must performe prey on itself.
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk, like a man's milk, and that bear
The bear at a check for blows, a head for
Wrong.

Who has not in thy brows an eye disdaining
Thine honour from thy suffering: that not
Know'st.
Fools be those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief.
Where's their

Froiss spreads his banners on our noiseless land;
With plained helm thy braver begins threaten;
Within them, a moral fool, sit still, and cry, 'Alack! why does he so?'

Alb. I see thyself, devil! Proper deformity seems not in the lend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changest and self-cover'd thing; for

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are not enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones.—Henceforth ever a friend.
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-

wall's dead;

Slain in his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes?

Mess. A servant that he bred, thril'd with

remorse,

Oppose against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thence onhour's,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which, since

Hath pluck'd him after.
KING LEAR.

Ab. This shows you are above, You jesters, that these are our master crimes So speedily can venge'-But, O poor Gloster! Lose not his own eye!

Glo. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, creaves a speedy answer; 'Tis from your sister.

Glo. Let me have some way I like this well; But being widow, and my Gloster with her, May all the building in my name place I upon my hateful life: Another way, The news is not so tart.—'I'll read and answer.

Ab. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Glo. The lady his sister.

Ab. He is not here.

Glo. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Ab. Knows he the wickedness?

Glo. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd him;

And quell the house on purpose, that their punishment Might have the freer course.

Ab. Gloster, I live To sink thee for the love thou show'st the king, And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend; Tell me what more thou knowest.

SCENE III. The French Camp near Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone from his court, I do not know the reason.

Gen. Something he left imperfect in the state, Which since his going forth is thought of; which Import to the kingdom so much fear and danger, That his personal return was most required, And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, general?

Gen. The Marshal of France, Monsieur le Due.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gen. Ay, sire, she took them, read them in my presence,

And now and then an ample tear fell from her eye. Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen t'other her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Gen. O, then it mov'd her.

Kent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears Were like:—a better way. Those happy smiles. That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence.

As pearls from diamonds drop'd.—In brief.

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all Could so become it.

Gen. Made no verbal question; General. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of break.

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; Cried, 'Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father! sisters! What! the storm! the night?'

It is pity not be believed!—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clasping moist'd: then away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars, The stars above us, govern our conditions; Else one self mate and mate could not beget Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gen. No.
KING LEAR.

Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Of your mighty gods!

Glo. This world I do renounce; and, in your sight,
Shake gently my great affliction off:
If I could hear it linger, and not feel
To quarrel with your great impertinent wills,
My small, and bastard part of nature, should
Burn it for a man; often 'twas, by him:
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir! Farewell.

Edg. And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the threat: Had he been where he
Then thought.

By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Hoo, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!—
Thou might he pass indeed;—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. A foot! A foot! Afoot, and falls along.

Edg. Hadn't you been right but gossemer,
Feathers, or a thread of silk?

Ten mats at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly tell.

Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I falsho, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn:
Look up a height—the shrill-gorg'd hawk so
Can him he seen or heard; do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Edg. It were a less despond'nt heart to bene
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When mercy could beget the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Glo. Give me your arm:
Up—See!—How is it? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Glo. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his
eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noises,
Horns well'd, and wave'd like the entranced sea;
It was some sound; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. To remember what I have, and I shall bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself.

Edg. Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The feast, the feast; he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear thee and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LADY, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.

The safer sense will never accommodate
His master thus.
—ay, and no too was no good anxiety. when
the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to
make me chatter; when the thunder would not
peace at my budding; there I found them, there
I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men
of their words: they told me I was every thing:
'tis a lie, I am not ague proof.
Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remem-
ber:
Is 't not the king?
Lear.
Glo. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes,
I pardon that man's life; what was thy cause?
— Adultery?
Thou shalt not die; die for adultery! No;
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does leech in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughter
Get 'twixt the lawful sheets.
To't luxury, pull-meell, for I lack soldiers.—
Rebuke you simpering dames,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That misses virtue, and doth shake the head
To hear of pleasures name:
The ditch, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more rieous appetite.
Down from the waist they are craziers,
Though women all above;
But to the girle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the seeds'; there's hell, there's
darkness,
There is the sphymphonic pit, burning, scalding,
storms of consumption—Pye, pye, pye; pah; pah?
Give me an ounce of girt, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination; there's money for thee.
Glo. O Lear, let me kiss that hand!
Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
tality.
Glo. O rai'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know
me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
Doest thou squint at me? No, do thy word, my
bless Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this
challenge; mark but the penning of it.
Glo. Were all the letters sans, I could not see
one.

...
KING

Though that the queen on special cause is now'd on
I thank you, sir.

Exit Gentleman.

You ever-gentle gods, take my breath on me;
My woe'ser spirit tempt me again before you please?

Well pray you, father; ow, good sir, what are you at?
Now, poor man, made lame by fortune's sword.

The art of known and feeling sorrows
Want to good play. Give me your hand, you're done a hiding.

Hearty thanks;
And the benison of heaven and boot!

Enter Steward.

A proclaim'd price! Most happy head of thine was first fram'd doth
My fortunes. Thus unhappily traitor
I myself remember: The sword is out at destroy thee.

Now let thy friendly hand extend not to it. [Exeunt opposite.

Wherefore, bold peasant, on support a publish'd traitor? Hence
The infection of his fortune take death from thee. Let go his arm,
'Is't not let go, sir, without further

Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
A pass. And ev'ry one become stagger'd,
My life, 'twould not ha' been so long as vertontay. Nay, come not near the old eye, she wor'se, or try whether
And or my bat the harder: Ch'th'll be

So, dough'tful!

Will pick your teeth, sir; Come; no
Your eye from any time.

They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.

Thus last said me:—Villain, take

The sword will thrive, bury my body; the better, which remains about me,
And, earl of Ghoster: seek him out.

British party:—O, untimely death!

Know thee well? A serviceable villain; and to the voices of this mistrust,
So would desire.

What, is he dead?

If it down, father; rest you.—

his pockets; these letters, that he speaks

friends. —He's dead: I am only sorry to other deaths. —Let us see:

'thought with, and manners, blame not:

our enemies' minds, we'd rip their arms.

more lawful.

Let our sorrowed ones be remembered, many opportunities to cut him off: if your out,
time and place will be sufficiently effect.

nought done, if he return the commander

I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from a warmth whereof deliver me, and supply

for your labour.

Your voice I would say; and your affectionate serv'n.

GOSETIL.

Inquisitive space of woman's will!—

son her virtuous husband's life; exchange, my brother! —Here, in the

rise up, the post unanointed

And, in the mature time, aggrav'ous paper strike the sight

Of the death-practis'd dude: for him 'tis well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit Edgar, dragging out the Body.

Glo. The king is mad: How stuff is my vile

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:

And hopes, by wrong imaginations, lose

The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. —Give me your hand:

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father, I'll devise you with a friend.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a Red

a seat; Physician, Gentleman, and Others at

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and

match thy goodness! My life will be too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kend. To be acknowledging, madam, is o'er

paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;

Nor care, nor clip'd, but so.

Cor. —Bother smelt:

These weeds are memories of those woe:

I pr'ythee put them off. [hers;

Pardon me, dear madam; Yet to be known, shrowns my made intent;

My boon I make it, that you know me not,

Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then he it so, my good lord.—How does

the king?

[To the Physician.

Plga. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his already nature!

The unkind and jarring senses, O, wind up

of this child-changed father

Plga. So please your majesty,

That we may wake the king he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and

proceed

The away of your own will. —Is he strav'd?

Cor. Ag, madam; in the midst of his sleep,

We put fresh garments on him.

Plga. Be, by good madam, when we do awake

I doubt not of his temperance.

him;

Cor. Very well.

Plga. Please you, draw near.—Let the

musket there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang

Thy medicine upon my lips; and let this kiss

Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters

Have in thy reverence made!

Kent.

Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these

white flakes

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face

To be expos'd against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Quick, cross lightning to watch (poor perdu!)

With this thin helm! Misuse enemy's dog.

Though he had bit me, should have stood that

night

Against my fire; and wait thou fain, poor father,

To loved thee with swim, and rogues forforn,

In short and most straie fashion: Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wins at once

Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Plga. Madam, do you; his freight.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your

majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out of

the gate,

Thus art a soul in bliss; but I am bowed.
I am a very honest man, you may
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Hastings, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. And so am I, I am.

Learn. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not;
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cord. No cause, no cause.
Learn. Am, I in France?

Kent. Is your own Kingdom, sir.

Learn. Do not abuse me.

Plym. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cast in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even over the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cord. Will you please your highness walk? I am.

Learn. You must bear with me:
'Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and

[Enter Leun, Com., Ply, and Attendants.

Kent. Hold it true, sir,
That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Kent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

That bastard son of Gloster.

Kent. They say, Edgar.

Kent. He banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach space.

Kent. The arbitration is like to be a bloody

Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.

[The Duke and Hastings will be chambered.}
of being alive. Now then, we'll take charge for the battle: which being done, we would be rid of him, devise taking off. As for the mercy means to Lear, and to Cordelia—done, and they within our power, I see his passions: for my statute to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

II. A Field between the two Camps.

[Enter, with Drum, and Colors, elections, and their Forces: and so on.]

[Enter Edgar and Glosot, and so on.]

, father, take the shadow of this tree we must; pray that the right may end to you again, on comfort.

Grace go with you, sir! [Exit Edgar.]

[Enter Edgar.

forwards a Reveast. Re-enter Edgar.

, old man, give me thy hand, away; how lost, and with his daughter's: eye band, come on, the other, sir; a man may not even here, and, in all thought again? Men must re- become, even as their coming hither: all. Come on.

And that's true too, [Enter.

II. The British Camp near Dover.

[Enter, with Drum, and Colors, Election and Cordelia, as Prisoners; Officers, &c.]

the officers take them away; good Sir,
greater pleasures first be known, the esteemed them.

We are not the first, best meaning, have incurred the oppressor, am not down; desolate freedom false fortune's brown, if see these daughters, and these sirs,
no, no, no! Come, let's away to see, we will sing like birds! the cage; that ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, there forgetting; no we'll live, singing, and tell old tales, and laugh old stories, and hear poor rogues a-meal; and we'll talk with them too, and old wives: who, in, who's out; as the mystery of things, to God's vines: And we'll wear out, prison, packs and sects of great ones, in the air.

Take them away, to such sacrifices, my Cordelia, yourselves throw incense. Have I it there? the air, shall bring a brand from heaven, like foxes. Wipe thin eyes; shall devour them, flesh and fell, all make us weep; we'll see them first. [Enter Lear and Cordelia, guarded, as if hither, in chains, and so on. His note; [Giving a Paper] go, follow to prison; you are advanc'd there; if thou dost mean thee, thou dost make thy way stouter: Know this then,—that men are to be tender-minded.

Does not become a sword.—Thy great employment.

Will not bear question; either say, thou wilt, Or strive by other means.

If, About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say instantly: and carry it so, As I have set it down.

If I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats: if be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Officers, and so on.]

[Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, and Attendants.]

[Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant sixth, And fortune led you well: You have the captives Who were the opposites of this day's strife; We do require them of you; so to use them, As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine. Sir, I thought it fit To send the old and miserable king To some retreat, and to appointed guard; Whose age has charms in it, whose little more, To pluck the common hood on his side, And turn our impress'd looks in our eyes Which do command them. With him I sent the queen; My reason all the same; and they are ready To morrow, or at further space, to appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend; And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cur'd By that which best their sharpness.

The question of Cordelia, and her father, Requires a sitter place.

[Alb. Sir, by your patience, I hold you but a subject of this war, Not a brother.]

That's as we list to grace him. Methinks our pleasure might have been declared; Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers; Here the commission of my place and person; Which the immediacy may well stand up, And call itself by your brother.

Not so hot; in his own grace he doth exult himself, Something in your advancement.

[Reg. By me invested, he composes the best. That were the most, if he should husband Reg. Jesters do off prove prophets. [You, that eye, that told you, look'd but a squint. Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer From a full dewy looking. General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony; Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine: Witness the world, that I create thee here.

My lord and master.


[On capital treason; and, in thine, attained This gilded serpent:—Praying to God,—for our claim, fair sister.

I bar it in the interest of my wife: This subconquered land; and I, her husband, contradict your base, If you will marry, make your love to me, My lady is hench.}

[Gen. An interlude! Alb. Thou art armed, Glorot:—Let the trumpet sound;
Reg.

This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Ab. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound;—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [4 Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will manifest upon Edmund, espoused earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is held in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

Herald.

Ab. Again.

Herald. Again.

[Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edmund, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Ab. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o’ the trumpet.

Her.

What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edm. Know, my name is lost;
By treason’s tooth here-gnawed, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Ab. Which is that adversary?

Edm. What’s he, that speaks for Edmund earl
Of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself.—What say’st thou to him?

Edm. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine;
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Murgh thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspiring against this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the desecrat and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No!
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are
have I done;
And more, much more! 'Tis past, and so am
That hast this fortune I do forgive thee.

Edm. I am no less in blood
If more, the more the
My name is Edgar, a
The gods are just, an
Make instruments to
The dark and vicious
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast
The wheel is come to
Ab. Methought, thou
A royal noblesse:—
Let sorrow split say I
Did hate thee, or thy

Edm. Where have ye
How have ye known

Edm. By mourning th
And, when "tis told,
The bloody proclama
That followed me now
That with the pain of
Rather than die at on
Into a sandman’s rug
That very dogs did not
Met I my father with
Their precious stones;
Led him, blessed fork
Never (thou know’st)
Until some half beer
Not over, though kept
I asked his blessing, a
Told him my pilgrimage
(Alack, too wert the)
Twist two extremes
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech
And shall, perchance,

You look as you and

Ab. If there be now
For I am almost read
KING LEAR.

But who was this? sir, the banish'd Kent; who in monkey king, and did him service a slave.
eman hastily, with a bloody Knife; help! O help!
man; means that bloody knife.
'Tis hot, it smokes; from the heart of—
Who, man? speak, ady, your lady; and her sister, and she hath confess'd it; contracted to them both; all three an instant. Be their bodies, be they alive or of the heavens, that makes us with pity. [Exit Gentleman. Enter Kent. Here comes Kent, sir, he is not allowed the compliment, anners urges. I am come shol and master, sly good night.
Great thing of us forgot!—
id, where's the king? and where's the object, Kent? [Cordelia—
ter of Girofle and Rox. are brought in, why thus?
Yet Edmund was belov'd; their poison'd for my sake, of herself.
O—Crown their faces, for life. Some good I mean to do, or even nature. Quickly send, to the castle, for my writ of Lear, and on Cordelia— time.
Run, run, O run—
, my lord—Who has the office? epistles. [send hong on; take my sword, stain.
there, for thy life. [Ear Edgar. commissary from my wife and in the prison, and me upon her treason, she herself. Is he defend her? Bear him hence [EDMUND is borne off, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms; ah, Octavius, and Others.
howl, howl, howl! O, you are tones: ages and eyes, I'd use them so vast should crack; O, she is ever—
one is dead, and when one; ahr—Send me a looking glass; th' will mist or stain the stone, lives.
Is this the promis'd end? go of that horror! Fall, and cease! other nite; she lives! If it be so, but does redeem all sorrows we felt.
O my good master! [Kneeling, see, away.
'Tis noble Kent, your friend; we upon you, murderers, traitors [ever— saw'd her; now she's gone for Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha! What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft, Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee. Of. 'Tis true, my lords, he did. Lear. Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day, with my good bitian'fashion I would have made them skip; I am old now, and these same crosses upon me?—what are you? Muse eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you.
Kent. If fortune be of two she lov'd and One of them we behold. [Laughter, Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent? Lear. The same; Kent. Your servant Kent; Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow; I can tell you that; He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man; Lear. I'll see that straight. Kent. That from your first of difference and decay.
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You welcome kithers. Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and coldly...
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd them selves, and desperately are dead.
Lear. Ah! He knows not what he says; and vain That we present to us him. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Of. Edmund is dead, my lord. Aib. That's but a trifle here. You lords, and noble friends, know our intent. What comfort to this great crime, What else? Shall be applied; for us, we will reign, During the life of this old majesty. To him our absolute power. [To Edgar and Kent. With bold, and such addition as your honours. Have more than merited. All friends shall taste The willage of their virtue, and all fees The cup of their deserving. [See! See! Lear. And my poor soul is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more. Never, never, never, never, never! [Pray you, unto this button; Thank you, sir.
Do you see this?—Look on her. Look—her life. Look there, look there!—[He dies. Edg. He faints. My lord, my lord, Kent. Break, heart; I pray thee, break! Edg. Look up, my lord. Kent. Vex not his ghost! O, let him pass! he hates him. That would upon the rack of this tough world, Stretch him out longer. O, he is gone indeed. Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long: He but snapp'd his life. Aib. Bear them from hence. [Our present business is general woes. Friends of my soul, you twain [To Kent and Edgar. Rule in this realm, and the good'z shall stand. Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; My master calls, and I must not say no. Aib. The weight of this sad time we must obey; Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest hath borne most; we, that are young, Shall never see so much, nor live so long. [Exit, and a dead March.
ACT I.

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter BENVOLIO and SAMPSON, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Samp. Sampson. By my word, we'll not carry
Swords.

Benv. No, for then we should be colliers.

Samp. I mean, as we be in choler, we'll draw
the collar.

Benv. If you strike quickly, being moved.

Samp. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves
me.

Benv. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant,
is—to stand to it—therefore, if those art mov'd,
they run't away.

Samp. A dog of that house shall move me to
stand: I will take the wall of any man of
Montague.

Gre. That shows thee a weak stroke; thou
weakest goes to the wall.

Samp. True; and therefore women, being
weaker vessels, are ever threat to the wall.
Therefore I will push Montague's men from
the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our house,
us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will show myself upon
when I have fought with thee, I will go
with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Samp. Ay, the heads of the maids, and
maidensheads; take it in what sense you
please. Gre. They must take it in some part.

Samp. Me they shall feel, while I am on
the stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty
sort of a fellow.
throw your mistipped'd weapon to the ground, and bear the sentence of your mov'd prince.
Three civil brows, bred of an airy word.
By thee, old Capulet and Montague,
Have three times disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave bearessing ornaments.
To weld old partitions, in bands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate;
If ever you disturb our streets again,
your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me.
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case;
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
Here were the servants of your adversary.
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, making hart within, his'd him in eyes;
While we were interchangeing threats and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part.
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
Lou. O, where is Romeo—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this day.
Benv. Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, a troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where I, underneath the grove of Sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early waiting did I see your son;
Towards him I made; but he was in care of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood;
He, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are besuited when they are most alone,
Purs'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shamb'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Morn. morning hath he been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs,
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farther east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pess himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Benv. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
Benv. Have you imparted him to any means?
Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bad hit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrow grows,
We would as willingly give care, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.
Benv. See, where he comes: So please you, stand aside.
I'll know his grievance, or be much deceived.
ROME AND JULIET.

[Scene: A Street.]

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Benvolio.

Cap. And Montagues is bound an

Methinks, in penalty alike; and 'tis not bad

For men as old as we to be.

Par. Of honourable recompense:
And pity 'tis, you live 'at odds in

Cap. By saying o'er what I have

For the old child is yet a stranger in the

Par. Younger than she is her

Cap. And too soon marri'd are we

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Enter Capulet, Paris, and Benvolio.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

Nurse. What is your will?

Jul. Madam, I am here.

La. Cap. This is the matter;—Nurse, give leave sibille,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel,
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.


La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four.

Jul. She is not fourteen; How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortight, and old days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.

Jul. And she shall be;

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls;—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was the fairer for me: But then she was
On Lammas-eve at night she shall be fourteen;
That shall she, marry, I remember it well.

Jul. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Or all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid warmood to my dog,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua:

Jul. Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the warmood on the nipple
Of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretty fool:
To see it itch, and fall out with the dog.

Nurse. Shake, the dove-house;—twas no need.

Jul. I'll row,
To bid meudge.

Jul. And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; now, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow;
And then my husband—God be with his soul!—
'A was a merry man,—took up the child;

Jul. Yes, quoth she, but all fell upon the face.

Nurse. Then fell feet backward, when they went more wit;

Jul. With them out, Julia? and, by my holy dam,

Nurse. The prettiest went left crying, and said—Ay.

Jul. To see now, how a jest shall come about!

Warrant me, am I to judge a lie a witch,
I never should forget it; With them out, Julia?

Jul. quoth she:

Nurse. And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but laugh.

Jul. To think she should leave crying, and say—Ay.

Nurse. And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cock's stone;—
A pardon knock; and it cried, bitterly.

Jul. Ye, quoth my husband, fall not upon thy face;

Nurse. Then fell feet backward, when they went more wit;

Jul. With them out, Julia? it stinted, and said—Ay.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say 1.

Nurse. Peace, Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Jul. Thou want the prettiest baw that ever I nurs'd;
Am I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I come to talk of;—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?—Juliet.

La. Cap. An honour that I dream not of,

Nurse. An honour! were we not thine only nurse, I'd say, thou hast lack'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Jul. Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was thy mother much upon these years.
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many’s eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps looks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess
By having him, making yourself no less.

Note. No less I say, bigger; women grow
by men.

Lon. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris’
love?

Jul. I’ll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent given strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper
served up, you called, my young lady asked for,
the news caried in the pantry, and every thing
in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech
you, follow straight.

Lon. We follow thee.—Juliet the county
stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
days. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with JUVENAL,
and Others.

Romeo. What, shall this speech be spoke for
our excuse?

Or shall we go without apology?

Romeo. The date is out of such privity.
We’ll have no cupp’rd mouth’ll’d with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar’s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-beeper;
Nor so without-book prologue, hastily spoke
After too sudden wits, and too much occasion;
But, let them measure as by what they will,
We’ll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Romeo. Give me a torch,—I am not for this
ambition
Being heavy, I will bear the light.

Romeo. Nay, good Romeo, we must have you
dance.

Romeo. Not I, believe me; you have dancing
shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground. I cannot move.

Merc. We waste our lights
Take our good men
Five times in that,
Romeo. And we men
But 'tis no wit to g

Merc. I dreamt a

Romeo. Well, what

Merc. In bed all

Romeo. O, then, I so

She is the fairest of all in shape as bigger
On the forehead of a Drawn with a beam
Adorant men’s noses
Her wrigglers spoken
The cover, of the u
The traces, of the n
The collars, of the s
Her whale of eriohes
Her wrigglers a sam
Not hail or big as a
Frisk’d from the in
Her cherub is of an
Made by the joiner
Time out of mind it
And in this state of
Through lovers’ bril
love
On courtly knees
straight
O’er lawyer’s anger
free
O’er ladies’ lips, wh
 Which oft the angry
Because their breath
are
Sometimes she gallop
And then dreams he
And sometimes come
Tickling a parent’s
Then dream he of a
Sometimes she driver
TRUE. I talk of dreams; children of an idle brain, she has been fantasy; so of substance as the air; mutable as the whims, who woe frozen beam of the north, give'd, puff'd away from thew, or to the slow-dropping south, and, you talk of, blows us from it, and we shall come too late, too early; for my mind misgives, ever, yet hanging in the stars, begin his febrile state, 'tis reveals; and expire the term life, good company in death; verity of naturally death: with the sturgeon of my course, —Oh, nasty gentlemen. —[Exit.

A HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE. A waiting. Enter SERVANTS.

CAPTAIN. What's Poppan, that he helps not to a shift a troller? To scrape a thing, in good manners shall lie all in one's hands, and they unsual thing.

[Enter the joint-stands, remove board, look to the plate: — good a piece of morsel; and, as the porter let in Sossan Grisoll. —Antony and Poppan! boy, ready. — Are you for, and called for, sought for, in great chamber. — There be here and there too; — be brisk a while, and the longer. [They retire behind.

GIRL, Do, with the Guests and the Masks. men, welcome! ladies, that have a th corn, will have a boat with stress! which of you all to dance she that makes dainty, th corn; Am I come near you one, gentlemen! I have seen the man a voice; and could tell rate in a fair lady's ear, please; — 's gone, 's gone, 's come, gentlemen! — Come, musick. [Give room, and foot it, girls. [Music play, and they dance, a knave; and turn the tables up, fire, the room is grown too hot. — Is unlock'd for sport comes well, sit, and are past our dancing days; slave, since last yourself and I sit. 

By'r lady, thirty years, old, ma! 'tis not so much, 'tis not, my name is Lucentio, at so quickly as it will, of twenty years; and then we more, 'tis more; his son is elder, say. 

Will you tell me that? not a word two years ago.

ROMEO WHAT. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand Of your next knight? 

SERV. I know not, sir. 

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trampling with crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows, The measure done, I'll watch her place of And, touching her, make happy my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? forewear it, sight! For I never saw true beauty till this night. Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague. Fetch me my rapier, boy — What! dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To be seen and seen at our solemnity: Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. 

1 Cap. Why, now, kinman! wherefore storm you so? 

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is kilter come in spite, To secure at our solemnity this night. 

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't? 

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo. 

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone, He bears him like a portly gentleman: And, to be brief, Verona hangs of him. To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth; I would not for the wealth of all this town, Here in my house, do him discomposure. Therefore he patient, take no note of him, It is his will; the which if thou respect, Show a fair presence, and purr off these frowns, An ill becoming semblance for a feast. 

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest; I'll not endure him. 

1 Cap. He shall be endure'd; 

What, goodman boy? — I say, he shall: — Go to: — Am I the master here, or you? I go. You'll not endure him? — God shall mend my soul! 

You'll make a jesting among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man! 

Romeo. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame. 

1 Cap. Go to, go to. You are a merry boy: — It's so, indeed! This trick may choose to scold with — I know what. You must contrive me! marry, 'tis time — Well, I'll strike my heart. — You are a prince; go; — Be quiet, or — More light, more light, for shame. 

I'll make you quiet; What? — Closely, my hearts. 

Tyb. Patience perfume with willful chiding. 

Makes my flesh tremble in their different grett, 

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. 

Exeunt. 

Romeo. If I profane with my unworthy hand 

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: 

My lips, two blushing pilgimes, truly stand 

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss. 

Juliet. Good pilgim, you do wrong your hand too much. Which mannerly devotion shows in this: For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss. 

Rome. Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's too? 

Juliet. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use to prayer.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO. O you, dear sauc'd, let lips do what hands do; They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JULIET. Beasts do not move, though great for prayers’ sake.

ROMEO. Then move not, while my prayer’s effect I take.

Then from my lips, by yours, my sin is past.

JULIET. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROMEO. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROMEO. To her, to her, my mother!

Nurse. Her ladyship is the lady of the house.

ROMEO. And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous;

Nurse. I saw her daughter, that you talk’d withal;

ROMEO. Tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the thanks.

Nurse. Is she a Capulet?

ROMEO. O dear account! my life is my foot’s debt.

Nurse. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROMEO. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentleman, prepare not to be gone;

We have a tripping footish letter towards—

Is it e’en so? Why, then you thank me all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night;

More torches here!—Come on, then let’s to bed.

Ah, sirrah! (To Cap.) by my faith, waxes late;

I’ll to my rest.

[Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.

ROMEO. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

ROMEO. What’s he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrachio.

ROMEO. What’s he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

ROMEO. Ask his name: if he be married,

My grave is like to be your wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The son of your great enemy.

ROMEO. My love sprung from my only hate!—

The enmity, and known too late;

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I was born with a齿 teeth enemy.

Nurse. What’s this? what’s this?

ROMEO. A rhyme I learn’d even now

Of one I danc’d with.

ONE CALLS WITHIN, JULIET.

Some, some.—

ROMEO. Come, let’s away; the strangers all are gone.

Enter Nurse.

ROMEO. Do you know the nurse?

Nurse. She speaks, yet she says nothing: What her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, ’tis not to me she speak.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven

Having some business, do earnest them;

To twinkle in their sphere till they do

What if her eyes were there, they it is
of her cheek would shame those
of a lamb; her eye in heaven
is airy region streame so bright,
sing, and think it were not
in her cheek upon her hand?
glory upon that hand,
ich that check?
Ah me!
She speaks —
bright angel! for thou art
in sight, being o'er my head,
message of heaven
upturned wondering eyes
fall back to gaze on thee,
the lazy parting clouds,
the bosom of the air.
O, Romeo! therefore art thou
and refuse thy name:
but, be thou sworn my love,
or be a Capulet.
car more, or shall I speak at this?
[aside.]

by name, is my enemy —
though, not a Montague,
't is in my hand, not foot,
who any other part
man. O, be some other name!
what that we call a rose,
she would smell as sweet:
were he not Romeo called,
rejection which he owes;
- - Romeo, dott' thy name;
me, which is no part of thee,

I take thee at thy word;
and, I'll be new baptis'd;
never will be Romeo.
art thou, that thus bereav'd
my consent?

By a name
tell thee who I am:
what, is hateful to myself?
ought, and is a Montague!

I, I would tear the word.
not yet drunk a hundred
stutterance, yet I know the sound;
give, and a Montague!

fair saint, if either thee dislike.
't thou bitter, tell me! and
thee?

can do, that dare love attempt? thine
are not let to me,
face thee, they will murder thee;
here lies more goodly living eye
their swords; look thou not
against their enemy.
not for the world they saw thee
night's cloak to hide me from
love me, let them find me here;
eter ended by their hate,
mongst, watching of thy love,
inspire: —

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on
my face;
Else would a maiden blush bewitch my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to
night.

Faint would I dwell on form; faint, faint story
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say — Ay:
And I will take thy word; yet, though swear'd,
Thou must prove false; at lovers' forfeits,
they say, Love laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully —
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll own, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo 2 but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my behaviour
light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to necessity
Which the dark night hides so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-trees tops.
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my deliverance.

And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too soon', too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Know'st thou what haste? - It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come in thy heart, as that within my breast;
Rom. O, will thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
my shipwrecked love.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it.

And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love? —
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep: the more I give thee,
The more have I, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls again.
Jul. cease! I hear some noise within; Dear love, awake! —
Rom. Good night! —
Jul. O, blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Rom. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
Jul. Indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy marriage contract is all my profit to morrow.

Jul. By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the
And all our fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Mustam.
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cage where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine.
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

_Rom._ It is my soul, that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

_Jul._ Romeo! 

_Rom._ My sweet!

_Jul._ At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

_Rom._ At the hour of nine.

_Jul._ I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

_Rom._ Let me stand here till thou remember it.

_Jul._ I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

_Rom._ And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting say other home but this.

_Jul._ Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;

And yet no farther than a wanot's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyres,
And with a silk thread pleches it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

_Rom._ I would, I were thy bird.

_Jul._ Sweet, so would I;
Yet should I kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet

voice,

That I almost say—good night, till it be morrow.

_Rom._ Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

_Exit._

—Would, I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

_SCENE III._ Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRANK LINCOLN, with a Basket.

Fri._ The gray-e'y'd morn smiles on the frowny

last night;

_Rom._ Good morrow, Friar.

_Fri._ What early tongue so young son, it argues a

so soon to bid good morrow?

_Rom._ Care keeps his watch i' the night

And where care lodges,

But where unbrowsed yew doth crook his limbs, reigns:

Therefore thy earliness may be ev'ry thing;

Thou art uprised by thy wife,

Or if she so, then here Our Romeo hath not

_Rom._ That last is true.

_Fri._ God pardon sin!

_Rom._ With Rosaline I have forgot that am

_Fri._ That's my good man;

beast thou?

_Rom._ I'll tell thee, e

I have been feasting where a sudden, on

That's by me waxed!

Within thy help and bliss I bear no hatred, bless

My intercession liberal

_Fri._ Be plain, good

drift;

_Huddling confessions its

_Rom._ Then piously bless.

On the fair daughter e

As mine on here, so be

And all conceal'd, serve

By holy marriage: Wha

We met, we woo'd, and

I'll tell thee as we pass

That thou comest to a

_Fri._ Holy Saint Pre

here?

Is Rosaline, whom the

Be so soon forsakes? Yon

Not truly in their heart

Just Maria? what a day

Hath wond'r'd thy salvo
ROMEO AND JULIET.

be not: she whom I
love for love allow:

; the know well,
and could not spell,

; come go with me,
beast he:

; happy prove,

; want some true love,
and on sudden haste;

; they stumble, that

[Enter A Street.

and Manetto:
said this Romeo be-

; I spoke with his man,
hard-hearted wench,

; will sure run mad,
as of old Caspius,

; to me, if it

; in write, may answer

; the letter's master,

; he, he is already dead;

; who's black eye; shot

; eye-song; the very pin

; blinded Rom-Boy's batty

; encounter Ty butt is

; salt?

; of cats, I can tell you,

; point of compliments,

; eye-song, keeps time,

; right are his minority

; third in your bosom:

; a batone, a dulciana,

; the very first house—

; see: All, the immortal

; of the bay!

; sick, Hoping, afflicting

; amours of acquaintances—By

; very tall man—A very

; as a lamentable thing,

; then afflict with

; fashion mongers, these

; so much on the new

; sit at ease on the old

; oxen.

; so, here comes Romeo,

; like a dined-herring;

; now faddled—Now is

; Petrarch flowed in;

; at a kitchen wench—

; love to be curses by her:

; a gypsy; Helen and

; Thrice, a grey eye

; nose.—Signior Romeo,

; such salutation to your

; the counterfeits fairly

; you both. What coun-

; slip: Can you not con-

; dearest, my business

; a case or mine, a man

; to sky—such a case

; bow in the hams.

; 'tis:

; kindly bit it.

| Exile, |

| Mrs. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
| Rom. Pink for flower.
| Mrs. Right.
| Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.
| Mrs. Well said! Follow me this just now, till
| thou hast worn out thy pump; but, when the
| singe sole of it is worn, the last may remain,
| after the wearing, solely singular.
| Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for
| the single instant.
| Mrs. Come between us, good Benvelio; my
| wife-fain.
| Rom. Switch and spas, switch and spas; or
| I'll try a match.
| Mrs. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose
| chase, I have done; for thou hast most of the
| wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure,
| I have in my whole five; Was I with you there
| for the goose?
| Rom. This was not with me for any thing,
| when thou wast not there for the goose.
| Mrs. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest,
| Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.
| Mrs. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetness; it is
| a most sharp sauce.
| Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet
| goose?
| Mrs. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches
| from an inch narrow to an ell broad!
| Rom. I stretch it out for that worm—brood—
| which added to the goose, proves thee far and
| wide a broad goose.
| Mrs. Why, is not this better now than groan-
| ing for love? I now art thou sociable, now art
| thou Romes; now art thou what art by art
| as well as by nature; for this distressing love
| is like a great natural, that runs rolling up
| and down to hide his bubble in a hole.
| Rom. Stop there, stop there.
| Mrs. Rom. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale
| against the hair.
| Rom. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale
| large.
| Mrs. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made
| it short: for I was come to the whole depth
| of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the
| argument no longer.
| Rom. Hence, good wife goe'

| Enter Nurse and Peter.

| Peter. A sail, a sail, a sail!
| Man. Two, two; a skirt, and a smock.
| Nurse. A nurse, a nurse.
| Peter. 'Prythee, do, good Peter, to hide her
| face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.
| Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
| God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.
| Nurse. Is it good den?
| Peter. This is no less, I tell you; for the bowdy
| hand of the dial is now upon the prick of nose. 

| Nurse. But upon you! what a man are you?
| Romeo. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made
| himself to mar.
| Nurse. By my troth, it is well said.—For
| himself to mar, moth's!—Gentlemen, can any
| of you tell me where I may find the young
| Romeo?
| Nurse. You say well.
| Nurse. Yes, is the worst well? very well took,
| 'tis: very, very, kindly bit it.
| Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confi-
| dence with you.
| Peter. She will indite him to some supper.
| Nurse. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
| Nurse. What hast thou found?
| Nurse. No bare, sir; unless a bare, sir, in a
| B.V.2.
ROME O AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
FRIAR, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, an old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MANTIOUO, Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.
BERNARD, nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRANK LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
PIER JOHNS, of the same Order.
BALTHAZAR, servant to Romeo.
BAMFORD, servant to Capulet.

SCENE—during the greater part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge, where is break new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nothing can remove.
Is now the two Hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patience canst attend,
What here shall miss, you O shall soon mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter BAMPORF and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

SAMP. Good morrow, sir; we'll not carry
your name.

GREG. No, no, for then should we be colliers.

SAMP. I mean, as we be in church, we'll draw.

GREG. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out
of the collar.

SAMP. I strike quickly, being moved.

GREG. But then art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMP. A dog of the house of Montague moves
mine.

GREG. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant,
Is to stand to it; therefore, if thou art mov'd,
Thou canst not away.

SAMP. A dog of that house shall move me to
stand; I will take the wall of any man or wall
of Montague's.

GREG. That shows thee a weak start; the
weaker goes to the wall.

SAMP. True, and therefore women, being the
weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall;
therefore I will push Montague's men from
the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREG. The quarrel is between our men, not
us their men.

SAMP. 'Tis all one, I will show myself: when
I have fought with the men, I will go out
with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

GREG. The heads of the maids.

SAMP. Ay, the heads of the maids, and
maidenheads; take it in what sense thou
will. They must take it in sense, that feel.

SAMP. Me they shall feel, while I am not;
and, 'tis known, I am a pretty play
flesh.
Shake your mistrexposed weapon to the ground, And hear the sentence of your woful prince.—
Three civil brains, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet and Montague, Have these disturb'd the quiet of our streets; And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old; Cuckold'd with peace, to part your cuckold'd hate: If every one disturb'd his quiet here, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with us; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Enter Prince, and Attendants.

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Enter Tybalt.

Shake them, draw them, between these hands; Look upon thy death; keep the peace: Part these men with me, draw, and talk of peace: I hate di Montagues, and thee; award. These fight, without both House, who join on either sides from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son: towards him I made; but he was wear of me, and stole into the covert of the wood, measuring his affections now and then, That most are busied when they are most alone.

Enter Capulet, and servants.

What is this? Give me my long staff, or stick, a crutch!—Why call you old Montague, and I say!—Old Montague is his Green; and Lady Capulet, in his hand in spite of me.

Shut up his windows, lock fair daylight out, and makes himself an artificial night. Black and portentous must this humour prove, Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Mon. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him. Mon. Have you importunity in any means? Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends: But he, his own affection's counsellor, is to himself,—I will not say, how. But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery, As is the bud hit with an envious worm, Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. Could we but learn from whence his sorrow grows.

We would as willingly give care, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Mon. See, where he comes: So please you, sit down: I'll know his grievances, or be much deceived.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

[Scene: Montague and Lady Capulet's house.]

Romeo. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away. [Exeunt Montague and Lady Capulet.]

Brabantio. Good morrow, cousin. — Is the day so young? Romeo. But new struck nine. Brabantio. Ah me! and hours seem long. What is that father that weeps so loud? Romeo. It was: — That sadness lengthens Romeo's hours. Brabantio. Not having that, which having makes them short. Romeo. In love! Brabantio. Out — Out! Romeo. Out of your favour, where I am in love. Brabantio. Alas, that love, so gentle in his voice, Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! Romeo. Alas, that love, whose view is maddened. Brabantio. Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was here? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. Why then, O brav'ning love! O loving hate! O any thing, of nothing first create! O heavy lightness, serious vanity! Mindless of what it is to slumber in his eyes! Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health! Still waking sleep, that is not what it is! — This love feel I, that feel no love in this. But thou not laugh! — No, coz, I rather weep. Romeo. Good heart, at what? Romeo. Why, such is love's transgression. — Earth of mine, be earth in my love! Which thou wilt propagate, to have it pure With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown, Dost add more grief to too much of mine own. Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs; Being in the eye, it问答′n the lovers' eyes: Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears: When it is spent, a madman more discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. Farewell, my coz. — Going. — Soft, I will go along; And if you leave me so, you do me wrong. But if I have lost myself, I am not here; This is not Romeo, he's some other where. Tell me, in sadness, whom she is you love. Juliet. What, shall I groan, and tell thee? Romeo. Groan I why, no; But sadly tell me who. Romeo. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will. — Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. Romeo. I sim'd so near, when I supposed you lov'd. Romeo. A right good mark-man! — And she's and I love. — A right fair mark, fair cox, is soonest hit. Romeo. Well, in that hit, you miss; she'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow; she hath Diana's wit; And, in wrong proof of chastity well arm'd, From love's weak childish bow she lives unarm'd. She will not stay the slege of loving terms, Nor bite the encounter of asailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to sating-seducing gold: O, she is rich in beauty; only poor, That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store. Romeo. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste. Romeo. But, in that, and in that sparing makes huge waste; For beauty, starv'd with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all pastery. She is too fair, too wise; wherely too fair, To merit halcyon by making me despair; She hath forewarn'd me to love; and, in that way, Do I live, distrait, and spurn'd by her. Romeo. Be rul'd by me, for I forget to think. Romeo. O, teach me how I should forget to think. Romeo. By giving liberty unto these eyes; Examine other beauties.

To the way
To call bards, ezaguate, in question more; These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows: Being black, put as in Minds they hide the fire; He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget The precious turn of their sweet eyes; — Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve, but as a ease Where I may read, who poss'd that passing fair? Farewell; thou cannot teach me to forget. Romeo. I pay that doctrine, or else I die. [Exit.]

Scene II. A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servants. Capulet. And Montague is hanged as well as I, In penalty alike; for the love of you. For men so old as we to keep the peace. Paris, thou promisest marriage unto fair Juliets; And pity 'tis, you live'd at odds so long. But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? Capulet. By saying o'er what you have said before. My child is yet a stranger in the world; She hath not seen the change of fourteen years. Let two more summers wither in their pride, Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride. Paris. Younger than she, she is; and happy women made. Capulet. And too soon marr'd are those as are so made. The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she. She is the hopeful lady of my earth: But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, My will to her consent is but a part: An she agree, within her scope of choice Lies my consent and fair according value. This night I hold a solemn council; Whereof I have invited many a guest. Such as I love; and such as I respect. One more, most welcome, makes my number seven. At my poor house, look to behold this night Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light. Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel When well apparel'd April on the heath. Of limping winter walks, even such delight. Among fresh female bards shall you see this mild Inherit at my house; hear all, see all, And like her most, whose merit most shall be: Which, on more view of many, mine brings May stand in number, though in reckoning slight. Come, go with me — Go, sirrah; trust that Through fair Verona; and let those persons, Whose names are written there (see a Pap) And to them say, My house and welcome on their pleasant errand. —[Exit Capulet and Paris.]

Servant. Find them not, whose names are written here? It is written — that the chambermaid meddle with his yard, — and the tailor with last, the father with his peach, and the peer with his pets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can find what names the writing person hath in writ. I must to the learned: — In good time. —[Exit Servant.]

ACT III.

Scene I. A garden. — Enter Montagues and Capulet.

Capulet. Is he so far from fire as he be from Montague?
Romeo and Juliet. 767.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave white; we must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again; I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Then knowst thou my daughter's of a pretty age. 

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age into an hour. 

La. Cap. She's not fourteen. 

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet to my term he is spoken, I have but four. 

She is not fourteen; How long is it now To Lammamas' ide? 


Nurse. Even or odd, of all married over. Come Lammamas' eve at night shall she be fourteen. 

Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—Were of an age.—Well, Susan I'm with God; She was too good for me, and must go in. On Lammamas' eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry, I remember it well, Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wen1d,—I never shall forget it,— Of all the days of the year, upon that day; For I had then laid warmwood to my dog, Sitting in the sun under the dovecote house, My lord and you were then at Mantua:—Say, I do bear a brain—but, as I said, When it did taste the warmwood on the nipple Of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretty fool! To see so tricky, and fall out with the dog. Shake, quoth the dove-house; 'twas no need, I know. 

To bid me trodge. And since that time it is eleven years: For then she could stand alone; say, by the road, She could have run and waddled all about. For even the day before, she broke her bow: And then my husband—God be with his soul! A was a merry man; took up the child; Len, quoth he, dost thou, fall me with it? Then will fell backward, when thou hast more wit? Will them not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam, The present wretch left crying, and said.—Ay? To see now, how a jest shall come about! I warrant she should if I should; and then, I never should forget it; Will them not, Jule? quoth he. 

And, pretty fool, it stilled, and said—Ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold peace. 

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but hear.

To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay! And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; A parlor knock; and it cried utterly. Yea, quoth my husband, said a upon thy face: Then wilt fall backward, when thou canst no age! Will them not, Jule? it stilled, and said—Ay. 

Jul. And quoth thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I. 

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! Thou want the prettiest bater that ever I heard: An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish. 

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very thing I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married? 

Jul. It is in honour that I am married now; younger than you. 

Here's his part, ladies of esteem, Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother much upon these years.
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in my eye doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less I say, bigger; women grow
by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper
served up, you called, my young lady asked for,
the nurse cared in the pantry, and every thing
in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech
you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet the county
stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
days. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or
six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for
our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such privity.
We'll have no cuplid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Searing the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this
ambling;
Being heavy, I will bear the light.

Merr. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing
shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stales me to the ground, I cannot move.

Merr. We waste our lights in
Take our good means
Five times in that, ere
Rom. And we mean to
But 'tis no wit to go.

Merr. Rom. I dreamt a dre
Merr. Rom. Well, what wa
Merr. Rom. In bed asleep,
Things true.

Merr. O, then, I see you.

She is the fairest' maid
In shape no bigger than
On the foredoer of a
drawn with a team of
Athwart men's noses a
Her waggoner speaks the
The cover, of the wing
The traces, of the small
The collars, of the moo
Her whale of cricket's
Our waggoner a small
Not half so big as a rose
Prick'd from the lazy
Her chariot is an empty
Made by the joiner ago
Time out of mind the
And in this state she goes
Through lovers' brains, love:

On courters' knees, til
Straight:
O'yer lady's fingers,
Fare:
O'yer ladies' lips, who at
Which oft the angry M;
Because their breaths are

Sometime she gallops o
And then dreams he of
And sometimes comes 3
Tickling a parson's nose
Then dreams he of anot
Sometime she driveth e
True, I talk of dreams;
For children of an idle brain
Even that pure fancy yields
Bin of substance as the air;
Constant as the wind, which wound
The frozen bosom of the north;
Age, like the sea, away from time,
Vex the deep-dropping south.
And, with the trick of one's own breath,
We shall come too late.

But, ere old age has shown its head,
The mind with misgivings, hence,
Seven stars in the first degree
Our Son of God appearing
Ere ye can fetch me, rivals,
Present their offerings here.

So shows a sable dove tripping with crows;
And, ye that now hear her all her shows,
The measure done, I'll watch her place of
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I never saw true beauty till this night.
This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To see and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

A Cap., Why, how now, kinman? wherefore storm you so?
A Cap., This is, this is, that villain Romeo.
A Cap., Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He's but an easy, light, and simple soul;
I'll not endure him.

A Cap., He shall be endur'd;
A Cap., What, goodman boy?—say, he shall.—Go to—
A Cap., Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him.—God! shall mend my son?

You'll make a muddy amongst our guests.
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
A Cap., Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

A Cap., Go to, go to.
A Cap., You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you:—I know what.
You must contrive me marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my heart:—You are a prince; go—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my heart.
A Cap., Patience perceive with willful choice.

[Enter the Guests and the Maskers.]

romeo and juliet.

[Scene I. Verona. Interior. Enter Servants.]

Here's Potpan, that helps not to be shift a trumpeter: he scrape a good man:—

ny by the join-stool, remove phaord, look to the plate:—good in a piece of marchande; and, as a

let the porter let in Susanna Grindell.—Antony! Potpan!

are looked for, and called for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

be break a while, and the longer.

[They retire behind.

ELIZ., &c., with the Guests and the Maskers.

romeo welcome! ladies, that have

with corns, will have a boat with

ant of which you all

gy to dance! she that makes dainty,
th corns; Am I come near you

gentlemen.—I have seen the

now a voice: and could tell

tale in a fair lady's ear

be here and there too

be break a while, and the longer.

[They retire behind.

ELIZ., &c., with the Guests and the Maskers.

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gy to dance! she that makes dainty,

nym ploys, and they dance.

in his look for sport comes well,

asad since last yourself and I ask?

by't hand, thirty years.

a naplial of Lucentio,

so quickly as it will,

and twenty years; and then we did

more, 'tis more: his son is elder,

ny will you tell me that?

but a ward two years ago.

rom., What lady's that which doth enrich the hand

of your knight?

eres, I know not, sir.

rom., O, she doth teach the torches to burn

ight

es she hangs upon the cheek of night

ich jewel in an Ethiope's ear:

etty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

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A Cap., Why, how now, kinman? wherefore storm you so?

A Cap., This is, this is, that villain Romeo.

A Cap., Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portsy gentleman:

And, this is truth, Veronese brag of him.

To be a virtuous and well governed youth;

I would not for the wealth of all this town,

Here in my house, do him dispensage:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him;

It is well: the which, if thou respectest,

Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,

An ill becoming semblance for a youth.

This, it fits, when such a villain is a guest;

I'll not endure him.

A Cap., He shall be endur'd;

A Cap., What, goodman boy?—say, he shall.—Go to—

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but a ward two years ago.
ACT II.

SCENE I. — An open Place, without Garden. Enter Romeo.

Rome. Can I go forward, when my path
Turn back, dull earth, and sad sky!
[He strikes the wall, and claps his hands.]

Enter BERENICE and Nurse. Bess. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! I
And, on my life, hath stolen him. Ben. He runs this way, and can't wait;
Call, good Mercutio.

Now, 'tis mine! Ill go to Romeo! I am mine! what man
Appear thou in the likeness of a spirit but one rhyme, and I am
Cry but — Ah! me! pronounce it
Speak to my grasping Venus one thy
One nickname for herкладыва
Young Adam Capell; he shall be told
When king Cophetua lov'd the he
He hearken through the hollow hues of
The ape is dead, and I must cond
I conjure thee by Rosalind's brea
By her high forehead, and her co
By her fine foot, straight leg, and co
And the denouement that there
That in thy likeness thee appear
Ben. Art if he hear thee, then

Rome. His! Be seated here. He blurs, nurse; what is your gentle
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, is young Petrachio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not
dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave must be to be my wedding bed.

[Enter Nurse. She is named Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigies birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy;
Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Rome. A rhyme I leant and even now
Of one I danc'd withal.

Nurse. Come, let's away; the strangers are gone.

Enter ROMEO. Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love gros'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd it is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Allike bewitch'd by the charm of looks;
But to his soul support he must complain,
And she steals love's sweet bait from fear'd books:
Belm, and is a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where;
But passion lends them power, time means to

[Enter JULIET appears above, but not so light through thy

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun averse, fair sun, and all the envie
Who is already sick and pale with
That thou her maid art far more
He not her maid, since she is a
Her vestal livery is but sick and
And some but fools do wear it; c
It is my lady; 0, it is my love;
That she knew she were
She speaks, yet she says nothing;
Her eye discourses, I will answer
I too bold, 'tis not to me she
Two of the fairest stars in all the
Having some business, do entrust
To twinkle in their spheres till th
What if her eyes were there, they

[Exeunt.
of her cheek would shame those
of a lamp: her eye in heaven
her region stream so bright,
fit sing, and think it were not

She speaks:-

"Ah me!"

"I will not: but spare my love, by no means a Cassius.

more, or shall I speak at this

by name, that is my enemy;-

though, not a Montague, as it is nor that, nor foot, dy nor any other proud man.

O, be some other name! that which we call a rose, name would smell as sweet; I, were he not Romeo call'd, a distillation which is over, in:-

- Romeo, doff thy name; me, which is no part of thee,

I take thee at thy word:

O, and I'll be new baptiz'd; ever will be Romeo.

art thou, that, thus brev'ning my counsel?

By a name to tell thee who I am:

paint, is hateful to myself, would to thee; I, I would tear the word.

have not yet drunk a hundred

attire: yet I know the sound; morn, and a Montague?

either fair, as fair as thou dost; or more perilous in this eye,

see'st light wings did o'er-pear

if it cannot hold love out:

can do, that dar'st love attempt; if you are my love, I am your lover.

kissers are no let to me,

since thee, they will murder thee; there were more perilous in this eye,

look thou but dignify their vanity,

not for the world they saw thee

night's cloak to hide me from it.

love me, let them find me here: utter ended by their hate,

sage, waiting at thy love, so divination founds't thou out this

who first did prompt me to must, and I went him eyes.

against me, and o'er me stand with the furthest sea,

Thou know'st, the mask of night's on my face;

Else would a maiden blush unpaint my cheek,

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoken; But farewell compliment! Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say.-Ay; And I will take thy word: yet, if I thon swearst,

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They, love, love laughs. O, most sweet love!

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:-

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll 'scape, and be perverse, and say thus.

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

and therefore thou mayst think my husband's light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange,

I should have been more strange, I must confess.

But that thou overheardst, eke I was ware,

Thy true love's passion; therefore pardon me;

and not impose this yielding to my love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops:-

I swear not by the moon, the inconstant

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Less that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Jul. If thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I believe thee: 

Jul. If my heart's dear love-

Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee, I have no joy of this contract to-night;

It is too real, too undisguised, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

Instantly, and that's a truth.-It is too light,

This bad love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beechnut flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O, will thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction must thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow

for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it.

And yet I would it were to give again,

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have;

My beauty is as boundless as the sea;

My love as deep: the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

Jul. These words, dear Rome, and good night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable

The purest marriage, send me word to morrow

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;

And at what fortune at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee my lord throughout the woods:

[Exit. Masket.]
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II.

Jul. I come anon;—but if thou mean'st not well, I do beneath thee:

Rome. [Within.] Hadas.

Jul. By and by, I come;—

So cause my seat, and leave me to my grief;

To-morrow will I send.

Rome. [Gloomily.] A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Jul. A thousand times the worse, to wait thy leash;

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;

But I go from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hark! Romeo, hark!—O, for a falconer's bell!

To lure this tassel-gentle back again! Musician is as much as we can lend; Else would I tear the canvas where a lark, And make her airy song more hoarser than mine With a rough caress, as cruel as that name; Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name; Now silver-sweet and luscious, tongue by tongue, Like softest music to assuage ours.

Jul. Romeo! Romeo!

Jul. My sweet!—

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of sun.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then. I am not false to what my heart doth feel;

Remind me of it, and let me return it;

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still and there, Remembering how I love thy company, And silver-sweet and luscious tongue by tongue, Like softest music to assuage ours.

Jul. Good night; good night.

Rom. That shall I say—good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a Basket.

Fri. The gray-eyed morrow smiles on the freezing night.

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

And decked darkness like a drunken reek

From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels;

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dark dew to dry,

I must fill up this o'er-cereous cage of ours,

With balfeaf sweet, and precious juic'd flowers.

The earth, that nature's mother, is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb:

And from her womb children of divers kind

We suckling on her natural bosom find;

Many for many virtues excellent;

None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies

In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

For neath no sight that on the earth dishlots,

But to the earth some special good give;

Her might so good, but, without how that she

Heals faults from true birth, stinking on about

Virtue to enter, and the unclean to drive.

And vice some times by nature dignified.

Within the instant reach of this moonless night

Pompous but honest residuces, and mourning power

For this, being mew'd, with that part cleansed:

Being taxes, stales all senses with the heart.

Two each opposed force encompass will

In such as well as her, regains, and rides

And, where the warrior is profuse,

Still soon the snatcheth death unto that plot.

Rom. Good morrow, father!—

Fri. Then early tongue as sweet as honey, and young saw, it argues a chaste, tender heart.

So soon did bid good morrow to thy bed.

Care keep it, and thy vows, my sweet heart.

And where care lodgest, sleep will never fail,

But, in the morn, take heed, and sea your doth coach his limbs, there you shall cease:

Therefore the matins doth me commission,

Then art approved by some dissension:

Or if not so, then hear I hit it right.

Rom. Our House hath not been to find the light.

That last is true, the sun comes too late.

Rom. That last is true; but here I stand.

Fri. Good pardon suffer, and trust me with thine ear.

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly sister, I have forgot that name, and that same son.

Fri. That's my good son; But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again I have been feasting with mine enemy;

Where on a sudden, one hath wounded me;

That's by me wounded; both our remedies

Within thy hand and holy physic lies;

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,

My Intercession likewise steals my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good man, and hence is my drift;

Hidling confusion finds but riddling drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's desire is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine here, so hers is set on mine; And all combined, save that mine miscall'd By holy marriage. Where, where, and where, and where, and where.

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of love; I'll tell thee as we pass: hear this:—he that those consent to marry this day,

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! I what a lump

In Rosaline, whom thee didst love so dunly So soon forsookst? Young men's love lasts Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jane Maria? What a deal of brains

Hith wak'd thy nether cheeks for Rosaline.

How much salt water thrown away in vain To season love, that of it doth not melt

The sun not yet thy sightes from heaven dry'd Thys good grace ring yet in my ancient ear Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth lie Of an old tear that is not wak'd yet: If ever thou wast thyself, and those woot and those won, and those won, and those won,

And art those chang'd? I prosconsent this much

Women may fall, when there's no strength.

Rom. Those chide'mt me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doing, not for loving, pox upon Rosaline, and bad't me love her.

Rom. Not in a pox.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

say thee, chide nor: she whom I love,
or grace; and love for love allow; if not so.

O, she knew well, read by rote; and could not spell, one passage, come go with me, I'll thy assistant be; once may so happy prove, human's head, for love my true love;

un; hence; I stand on sudden haste: and slow; they stumble; that is.

[Enter.

SCENE IV. A Street.

[Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

what devil should this Romeo be?- home to-night?

his father's; I spoke with his man, that same pale heart-beaten wench, maidsmaid, in so, that he will sure run mad. It, the kinsman of Old Capulet, letter is from the house; allonque, on my life, so will answer it, man, that can write, may answer.

he will answer the letter's master, is, being dared, poor Romeo, he is already dead!

a white weanck's black eye; shot ear with a love-song; the very pin twitf the blind bon-hay's butt; as a man to encounter Tybalt! what is Tybalt?

than princes of cats, I can tell you. courageous captain of compliments, you sing prick-song, keep's time, of proportion: rent me his musing so, and the third in your bosom: center of a silk button, a declamist, a gentleman of the very first house,--not second cause: Ah, the immortal e ponto reverses! the hay! what? gone, such anick, slaying, afflicting; these new tuner's secrets:--By good kisde--a very tall man;--a very, Why is not this a tametetable thing, but we should be thus alllicitid with a nick, these fashion-mongers, these go, who stand so much on the new they cannot sit at ease on the old here, here is.

Enter Romeo.

comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. how his rue, like a dried berring--
th, how art thou fadish'd?--Now is numbers that Petrach flower in; a lady, was baw a kitchen wench;-- and a better love to be have her; cipas, a glass; Helen and eyes and bawd; Thaler, a gray eye to the purpose. Signior Romeo, here's a French saddlet to your. You gave us the counterfeit fairly out morrow to you both. What country give you? slip, sir, the slip: Can you not cordon, good Mercurio, my business and, in such a case as mine, a man courtesy.

'ts as much as to say--such a case contains a man to bow in the bawls. among—to country.

in had most kindly hit it, most courteous expression.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered. Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular. Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singlecident.

Mer. Come between us, good Bevoloio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry's match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run wild the goose-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast most of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole live; Was I will you there for the goose?

Rom. Than was not ever meer with me for anything; when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest. Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetness; it is a mouthful sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose!

Mer. O, here's a wit of cleverly, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. Stretch it out for that word-broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sorrows, now art thou panders; now art thou what art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs rolling up and down to hide his baulk in a hole.

Rom. Stop thee, stop thee.

Mer. Thon desirest me to stop in my tale against thy hair.

Rom. Thou wouldst'at else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceipt'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. There's godly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ner. Two, two, a shirt, and a smock.

Pete. No shirt?

Peter. No shirt.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. 'Prentice, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the feeder of the two.

Nurse. God ye good narrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy head of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Our upon you? what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God bath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said--For himself to mar, quoth's-a--Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Ro-

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be better when you have found him, he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'Gainst of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yes, the worst well! very well took, 't faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confi-

Rum. She will indicate him to some person.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So he!

Ner. What hast thou found?

Rom. No bawd, sir; unless a bare, sic. is.
Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down as an 'a very laster than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Sceavy knife! I am none of his dirty girls; I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knife to use me at his pleasure?

Jul. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Sceavy knife! — 'Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, any young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal dastardly with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rum. Nurse, command me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee.—

Nurse. Good heart! and, 'tis faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rum. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I told you, is a gentlemanslike offer.

Rum. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift.

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Betray'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rum. Do you say, I say? you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rum. And stay, good nurse, behind the abby-wall: Within this hour any man shall be with thee:

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair.

Jul. The clock sets the nurse.

In half an hour she in Perchance, she cannot O, she is lame! love'st Which ten times faster Driving back shadow. Therefore do nimble.

Eas. Nurse. Now is the sun upon this day's journey; is there three hours?—

Nurse. She'd be as swift as I My words would hasten And his to me; Bet old folks, many & Unwieldy, slow, beastly.

Eas. Nurse. O God, she comes!—Eas. Nurse. Peter, stay a

Jul. Now, good sir, look't thou and Though news be sad:—

Nurse. If good, thou shouldest; By playing it to me w

Nurse. I am weary, Fye, how my bones are had!

Jul. I would, thou hast news;

Nay, come, I pray til nurse, speak.

Nurse. What, what a while?

Do you not see, that I

Jul. Now art thou a last breath

To say to me?—The excess, that thou art longer than the tale is thy news good, or is a

Say either, and I'll see

Let me be satisfied.

Nurse. Well, you have
our heart, for sending me about,
with what? with what young devil and down?
I am sorry that thou art not well;
yet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says
our love says like an honest gentle-
teous, and a kind, and a humble, granting, a virtuous:—Where is your
re is my mother?—why, she is within;
and she be? How oddy thou repliest
like an honest gentleman,—
not mother?
O, God's holy dear! shall that? Marry, come up, I tow;
be disposed for my asking love;
and do your message yourself;
's is such a coil,—come, what says
'may? have you get leave to go to shift to
then he hence you to friar Lawrence'
's a kinsman to make you a wife;
's what bound you up in your cheeks,
in scarlet, straight at any new;
't works; I must another way,
only, the which your love
'a bird's nest soon, when it is dark;
udge, and tell in your delicacy;
all bear the burden soon at night;
inner; he you to the cell,
high fortune!—honest nurse, fare-

NE VI. Friar Lawrence's Cell.
e or Paolo Lorenzo and Moneta.
smile the heavens upon this holy act,
hours with sorrow chide us not:
's amen? I know what sorrow can;
counter will the exchange of joy
's minute gives me in her sight:
'me out upon her, with holy words,
devote death do what he dare,
't may best call her mine;
'violent delights have violent ends,
's triumph die like fire and powder;
's the sweetest
's in his own deliciousness,
's taste confounds the appetite;
's love moderately; long love doth;
's arrive as tardy as it slow.

Act V. Scene 1.
e the lady.—Oh, so light a food
's meat? even everlasting flint;
ay bestride the gossamers
in the Watson's summer air,
not fail; so light it vinyl;
's to my ghostly confessors,
's shall thank them, daughter, for
's much to him, else are his thanks too
't, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
like mine, and that thy skill be more
't, then sweeten with thy breath
's hour, and let rich music's tongue
imagined happiness that both
's either by this dear encounter,
most, more rich in matter than in
's substance, not of ornament;
't beggars that can count their worth;
love is grown to such excess,
sum up half my sum of wealth.
me, come with me, and we will make
's leaves, you shall not stay alone,
church incorporate two in one.

[Enter.]

ACT III.

Scene I. A noble Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Benv. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days, is the mad blood-stir-

Merc. Thou art like one of those fellows, that
when he enters the confines of a tavern, chaps
me his sword upon the table, and says, God send me we need of thee! and, by the operation
of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when,
indeed, there is no need.

Benv. Am I like such a fellow?

Merc. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved
to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Benv. And what to?

Merc. Nay, an there were such two, we should
have none, shortly, for one would kill the other.
Then, why thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard,
than thou hast: Then wilt thou quarrel with a man
for cracking nuts, having no other reason but
because he hath half as many; or thy eye
in such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel?
Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full
of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as
idle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast
quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street,
because he hath wakened thy dog that
hath anise sleep in the sun. Didst thou not
fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet
before Easter? with another, for tying his new
shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt take
me from quarrelling!

Benv. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art,
any man should pay the fee simple of my life
for an hour and a quarter.

Merc. The fee simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and Others.

Benv. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Benv. By my head, I care not.

Mer. Follow me close, for I will speak to

Gentlemen good day a word with one of you.

Merc. And but one word with one of us?

Couple it with something; make it a word and
a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that,
sir, if you will give me occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion with
out giving?

Tyb. God Mercutio, thou comfortest with Rome,

Mer. Consort! what dost thou mean in
minute? an thou make minute of us, look to
nothing but discover, here's my fiddlesick;
here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds,
consort!

Rom. We talk here in the public haunt of
men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or we offend coldly by your grievances.

Or else depart; her all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Rom. eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze;
I will not judge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your
ivery.

Mar. Good day to you, sir; he's your follower.

You bear a whip, in that case, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the last I bare thee can afford
Now for less term than that I bear thee.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Both much exceed the appatening rage
To such a greeting—Villain am I none; Therefore, farewell; I see, thou know'st me not. Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw. Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love, And so good Capulet—which name I tender As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied. Merc. O, calm, inhuman, vile submission! A' in success carries it away. [Draws.] Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me? Merc. Good king of cats, nothing but one of which I can make bold villain; and, so you shall me hereafter, dry-beat the ruffler of the right. Will you pour your sweet o'er the joint in your ears? I! make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out. [Draws.] Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.] Merc. Gentie Mercuento, put thy rapier up. Tyb. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.] Tyb. Draw, draw, draw. [Cut.] Beat down their weapons: Gentlemen, for shame. Forbear this outreach: Tyball—Mercuento— The prince expressly hath forbid this hammering In Verona streete. Tyb. [To his Parissian.] Lay not, Parissian. Merc. A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped: Is he gone, and hath nothing? [Draws.] Tyb. Nay, art thou hurt? Merc. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.] Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much. Merc. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough: I will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepered, I wear rags, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why, the devil, canoe you between us! I was hurt by him. Rom. I thought all for the best. Merc. Help me into some house, Bernovill, or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me: [Ereunt Mercuento and BERNOVILL.] Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally. My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd. With Tyball's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper softens valour's steel. [Exit.] Re-enter BERNOVILL. Bern. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercuento's deat! That gallant spirit hath asir'd the clouds, Which o'er his highness' hat doth seem the earth. Rom. This day's black fate on more days depend; This but begins to woe, others must end. Re-enter TYPHART. Bern. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. Re-enter Tybalt. Rom. Alive! I triumph! and Mercuento slain! A way to reason, respective levity's; And fire-c'd f'ry be my conduct now!— Now, Tybalt, take theintage back again, That late thou gavst me: for Mercuento's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Bernovill and I will kill him company. Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
O: let Romeo hence in haste,
and, that long is his last
day, and attend our will
re, pardoning those that kill.

Juliet.

I Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

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Juliet.

Juliet.
In that word's death; no words can that were
sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse! 

Nurse. Weeping and waiting over Tybalt's
close:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Juliet. Wash they his wounds with sweetest meal
shall be spent,
When their's are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are be-
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenshead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
That ever there was a wise man, and he will have where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'm the white wound at love Juliet's soul.
Juliet. O find him! give this ring to my true
knights,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.
Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man;
Affliction is enourm'd of thy parts,
And then art well'd to calamity.
Rome. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
What less than doom's death-day is the prince's
doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rome. Ha! banishment! be merciful, say—
dead;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment,
Fri. Hence from Verona banish thon banishéd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rome. There is no world without Verona walls,
But limits, which thou hast already.
Hence-banish'd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
is death in mourning:—calling death—banish'd,
Thou canst my head off with a golden axe,
And give upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy foot in our law calls death; but the kind
prince
Taking the part, hath forbid him to the side,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rome. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. —More validity,
More honest-wit, more contriv'd life
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
the sight of any eye, but not the view of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips:
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kinsman sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banish'd:
Fates may do this, when I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banish'd,
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hast thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
knife,
No sudden mean of death, though we're so much,

ROMEO AND JULIET. ACT III

But—banish'd—to kill me; banish'd!
O frier, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou then the heart,
Being a divine, a truly Christian man.
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mingle with that word—banishment!
Thou frown mad man, bear me but spelt a
word.
Rick. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off all this;—
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
To comfort thee, though thou art banish'd.
Rick. Yet banish'd—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom:
It helps not, it prevails not, take no more.
Fri. O, then I see that madness have we out.
Rick. How should they, when that wise one
Forbear to go.
Fri. Let me dispose with thee of thy cause.
Rome. Thou cannot speak of what thou but
not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banish'd,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou
tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of my ungrace and grove.
Fri. Arise; one knocketh; good Romeo, hide
thyself.
Rick. Not I; unless the breath of heaven
be still,
Mistlike, infold me from the search of eye.
Rom. Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wileness is this? I come, I come.
Rome. Who knocks so hard? whence comes you? What
thy will?
Nurse, [Knocking.] Let me come in, and say what
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.
Nurse. O holy frier, O tell me, holy frier,
Where is my lady's lord, where is he?
Rome. There on the ground, with his own two
made drunk.
Nurse. He is even in my mistress' ear,
Just in her case!—O woful sympathy!
Fri. Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and
lying:
Stand up, stand up, stand, stand, you are a man;
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir;—Well, death's death of
all.
Rome. Speak'st thon of Juliet thon I wish it well!
Dost thou not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our
with blood removed—but little from her own
Where is she? and how doth she? and what are
My conceiv'd lady to our cancel'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weep
waxing weak, the won of love's woe,
And now fails in her bed; and then at last
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries.
And then falls down again.
Rom. As if that man
From the deadly side of gun
Did murder her; as that name's cursed how
Wormed with blood.
Nurse. [Whispering.] O tell me, thus lieth.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE IV. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unlookingly: that we have had no time to move your daughter over.

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly, and so did I.-Well, we were born to die.-

Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night: I promis'd her, but for your company, I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woe; Monday, good night: commend me to your daughter.

Cap. I'll tell, and know her mind early to-morrow.-

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness. Of my child's love, I think, she will be ruin'd in this respect by me. I say no more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her her of my son Paris.' Love; And, if she be as wise and sober as you say, My dear, mark you me, on Wednesday next-

But, not; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well Wednesday is the next.

O Thursday let it be;—o Thursday, tell her, she shall be married to this noble earl!—Will you be ready? do you like this lord? We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two;—For one, you, Tybalt being away, He may be thought we held him carelessly. Our being kinman, if we revel much; Then do we'll have some half a dozen friends, And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-

day?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-mor-
row.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O Thursday be it then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho! After, it is so very late, that we May call it early by and by:—Good night.

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo. Will thou be gone? it is not yet near day; It was the night of nightingales, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree: Bring me, love, it was the nightingale. Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale; look, love, what envious stirs Do in the heart that is in love! Good night, my lady. Night's candles are three hours spent, and now is day Stands tip-top on the minty mountain tops; I must be gone and live, or stay and die. Juliet. You light is not daylight, I know it, 1: It is the morrow; when the sun shall rise, To be to thee this night a torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua: Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone. Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; Complain, so thou wouldest, for I die too, I'll say, you gray is not the morning's eye, The beauteous eye of Cynthia's brow: Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat The vanity heaven so high above our heads; I have more care to stay, than wish to go. Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so: 

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day. Juliet. It is, but hie hence, he gone away. It is the lark that sings so out of time, Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps. Some say, the lark makes sweet division; This does not so, for she divideth us. Romeo. The lark and teather and chang'd did he the eye.

O thou wouldst not that chang'd were

Exeunt.
Since arm from arm that
Handing thee hence with
A being cast to the day.
O, now be gone!—more light and lighter Grace.
Rome. More light and light!—more dark and
dark our ways.

Emo Nurse.

Nurse, Madam! 
Jul. Nurse! 

Nurse! The lady mother’s coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Nurse. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I’ll
descend. 

[Exit Nurse.

Jul. Then gone so! my love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day; the hour,
For a minute here, an hour there; many days:
0, by this count I shall be match in years,
El. again behold my Rome. 

Rome. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think without, we shall ever meet again.
Rome. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come. 

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Mediaks, I see thee, now thou art below. 

Jul. As dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Starkly, in a daylight fall, or those look’d pale.

Rome. And trust me, love, in my eyes do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! 

Jul. O, fortune, fortune! all men call thee
fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is resound’d for faith? Be fickle, fortune; 
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long.
But send him back.

Jul. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who’s that calls? let’s see if my lady mother
Is not down so late, or up so early.

What unaccount’d cause procures her bitherto?

Emo LADY CAPULET. 

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet? 

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which is weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. 

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep’st not too much

For his death,

As that the virgin lives which slaughter’d him. 

Jul. What villain, madam? 


Jul. Villain, and he is many miles amiss.

God pardon him! I do with all my heart; 
And by my soul, as long as I do live, my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would I had, but I might vengeance on my cousin’s death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, but that

Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Masa

Where that same banish’d druggist doth live.

That shall bestow on him so rare a draught,

That shall soon keep Tybalt company; 
And then, I hope, thus will be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied.

With Romeo, still I behold him dead.

In my poor faire, you know, Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a pensive, I would tempt’t

That Romeo should, upon recitement,

Some sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart then

To hear him speak!—and cannot communicate.

To wreak the love I have for mine Tybalt

Upon his body that hath slumber’d him.

La. Cap. Find then the means, and I’ll do such

At last.

But go, and fetch those joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy come well in such a commission! What are they? I bring you this happy

[Exit Capulet.

La. Cap. marry, my child, early went Wed-

[Exit Capulet.

The galliard prancing, and noble gentlemen

The county Paris, at Saint Peter’s church

Shall have the joyous pangs of marriage. 

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter’s church, and Fair

He shall not make me there a joyful wife. 

I wonder at this haste; I must and tell
He, that should be hacksack, commissary.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

Not marry yet; and when I do, I mean

It shall be Romeo, whom thou knowest, child.

Rather than Paris.—These are new tidings!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; wilt thou not

By yourself, 

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Ener Cunlere and Nurse.

La. Cap. When the sun sets the air doth dace dews;

But for the sun’s mouth of my brother’s so, 

It rains down right upon my bosom. 

How now, a conduit, girl! what, still is wind

Ever more showering in one little body

Thou counterfeits’t a bub, a bee, a wind;

For still thy eyes, which I may call so, 

Do babb and flow with tears; the bath thy heart

Sailing in this salt flood; the wind, thy eye.

Who, raging with thy tears, and they do them,—

Without a sudden calm will ever

Thy tender-come body.—How now, wife!

Have you deliver’d to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she

I would, the fool were married to her guest;

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,

Wife! How will she now doth she not proceed.

I have not proved I doth not she doth benefit.

Unworthy as she is, that we have sworn

So worthy a gentleman to be her husband.

Jul. Not proved, you have; let thanks you

Have you;

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is made bad.

Cap. How now! how now, chap-ligl! is this

Is this! 

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you;

And yet not proud,—mistress mine, you.

Thank me no thankings, nor prost your

Proud;

But settle your face joints ‘grant thanks to’

In your purls.

Or I will drag thee on a hedge-thorn.

Out, you soreskin curfew! out, sour

[Exit Capulet and Nurse.
SC. V.

La. Cap. Fye, fye! what are you mad! 
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, 
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient to thy father! I'll tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday, 
Or never after look me in the face: 
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; 
My fingers itch.—wife, we scarce thought us 
That God had set us but this only child; 
But now I see this one is too much, 
And I must banish thee, and have her; 
Out on her, her hiding! 
Nurse. God in heaven bless her! 
You are to blame, my lord, for your neglect; 
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your prattle. 
Good prudence; snarrer with your gossips, go. 
Nurse. I speak no treason. 
Cap. O, God ye godden! 
Nurse. May not one speak? 
Cap. You are a most muddling fool. 
Litter your gravity over a gossip's bowl, 
For here we need not it. 

Cap. You are too hot. 
Nurse. Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad; 
Day, night, in the heart, at home, abroad, all in company, 
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been 
To have her match'd; and having now provided 
A gentleman of princely parentage, 
Of fair descent, youthful, and MacOSCUIN, 
God be with him! (as they say,) with honourable parts, 
Proportion'd as one heart could wish a man, 
And that he have a wretched palling fool; 
Wasting mammon, in her fortune's tender, 
A servant,—I'll not be: I cannot bear, 
You too young.—I pray you, pardon me; 
Yet, an you will not well, I'll pardon you; 
'Neath where you will, you shall not house with me. 

Jul. To go to 't, think on 't, I do not so use jest. 
And so near: I know not, on my heart, advice: 
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend; 
You he not, hang, hang, starve, die, 
As my soul, I'll never acknowledge thee, 
So what is mine shall never do thee good: 
And, as I think you, I'll not be forsworn. 
Exit. 
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, 
As sets into the bottom of my grief? 
Sweet my mother, cast me not away! 
T'was not so long since for a month, a week: 
If you do not, make the bridal bed 
That dim monument where Tybalt lies. 
Exit. 
Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word. 
Then will, for I have done with thee. 
Jul. O God!—a nurse how shall this be prevented? 
Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven; 
And that faith must come again to earth, 
As that husband send it me from heaven. 
Leaving earth,—comfort me, counsel me, 
To check, that heaven send me to practice stratagems, 
To soft a subject as myself?—tis,
Jul. What, dost thou hast not a word of joy? 
Comfort, nurse. 
Cap. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeost 'sissed; and all the world to nothing, 
Jul. I am sick,' says not, or else thou marriest with the county. 
Cap. Dost thou, it needs must be by stealth, 
For since the case so stands as now it doth, 
It I best ye marry with the county. 
Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth; 
And what I speak, I speak to my face. 
Jul. Thy face is mine, and thus hast shamed? 
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. 
Are ye at leisure, holy father, now? 
Or shall I come to ye at evening? 
My father, I desire you, gentle daughter, now, 
For it exceeds your first: or if it did not, 
Your first is dead: or 'twere as good be we, 
As living here, and you no use of him. 
Jul. Speak thou from thy heart? 
Nurse. From my soul too; 
Or else beseech them both. 
Jul. Amen! 
Nurse. To what? 
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous 
God and my heart's own sorrows, 
Having dispelled my father, to Laurence's cell, 
To make confession, and to be absolv'd. 
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. 

Jul. A violent damnation! O most wicked hand! 
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn, 
Or to displease my lord with that same tongue 
Which he hath praised; it were as much to compare 
So many thousand times!—Go, conseller; 
Thou and my bosom hereafter shall be twain, 
I'll to the earl, to know his remedy; 
If all else fail, myself have power to die. 

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell. 

Friar Laurence and Paris. 
Paris. On Thursday, sir, the time is very short. 
Paris. My father Capulet will have it. 
And I am nothing now, to dote his haste. 
Paris. You say, you do now not know the lady's mind; 
Unscrew is the course, I like it not. 
Paris. Immoderate she weeps for Tybalt's death. 
And therefore have I little talk of love; 
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. 
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous, 
That she doth give her sorrow so much away; 
And, in his wisdom, hearts her mourning, 
To stop the insatiable of her tears; 
Which, too much minded by herself alone, 
May be put from her by some advice. 
Now do you know the reason of this haste? 
Paris. I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd. 

Jul. Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. 

Juliet. 
Paris. Happily met, my lady, and my wife. 
Juliet. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife. 
Paris. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next. 
Juliet. What must be shall be. 
Paris. That's a certain text. 
Paris.Come you to make confession to this father? 
Juliet. To answer that, were to confess to you. 
Paris. Do not deny to him, that you love me. 
Juliet. You do not me, I am sure that you love me. 
Paris. So will you, I am sure, that you love me. 
Juliet. If I do so, it will be of more price, 
Being spoken behind your back, than to your face. 
Paris. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears. 
Juliet. The tears have got small victory by that; 
For it was bad enough before their spite. 
Paris. Then wrong'd it, more than tears, with that report. 
Juliet. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth; 
And what I speak, I speak to my face. 
Juliet. Thy face is mine, and thus hast shamed? 
Juliet. It may be so, for it is not mine own. 
Are you at leisure, holy father, now? 
Or shall I come to ye at evening? 
Paris. My mistress serves me, gentle daughter, now, 

Juliet. In good time, it must entreat the time alone. 
Paris. God shield, I should disturb devotion— 
Juliet, on Thursday early will I receive you; 
Till then, adieu! and keep this kiss. Good night.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Comeweep with me; Past hope, past care, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It straights me past the compass of my wit;
I hear thee mourn, and nothing must prolong it,
Or grieve thee more. I am married to this country.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this;
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give me help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And when I strike the knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thine our hands;
And in this bane, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed;
Or my great heart with treachery revolt;
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long experience of that counsel; or, behold:
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall perforce from thy bed; I arbitrate;
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not a traitor, judge; I long to die;
If what thou speakest speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter; do spy a kind or hope,
Which crevses as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If I, as she, am merry country Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
There is it likely, the same whilst understand
A thing to death to hide away this shame,
That cop't with death himself to escape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me keep, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in those ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a chamber-house,
'Cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones.
With rocky shanks, and yellow chaspsel sculls;
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide with me a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me mad.
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unreliev'd wife to my sweet love,
Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distill'd liquor drink thou off;
When presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but success to beast;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The rose in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale asher; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part deprived of apple government,
Shall, still, and stark, and cold, appear like death.

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shall remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridgework in the morning comes
'To open thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
This shall be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulet lie.
In the mean time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night.

Shall Romeo bear thee home to
And this shall true from thee this:
If no unconquering, or weav'd
These thy values in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, O give me aid
Fri. Hold; get you gone, he is
In this case:
I'll send a factor
To Mantua, with my letters to
Jul. Love, give me strength
In this measure:
Farewell, dear father!

SCENE II. A Room in Capulets. Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse.

Cap. So many guests invite us.
Nurse. Sir, see, where she comes: merry looks.
Cap. How now, my headstros you been gadding?
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me to-morrow? [Exeunt Capulets.

Cap. Shall Romeo bear thee home to
And this shall true from thee this:
If no unconquering, or weav'd
These thy values in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, O give me aid
Fri. Hold; get you gone, he is
In this case:
I'll send a factor
To Mantua, with my letters to
Jul. Love, give me strength
In this measure:
Farewell, dear father!

SCENE III. Juliet's C6 Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best nurse.
I pray thee, leave me to myself but
I have need of many orisons
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to morrow.

**Cap.** No, not a whit! What! I have watch'd,

eer now.

All night for lesser cause, and never been sick.

**La. Cap.** Ay, you have been a mouse-bait in your time;

But I will watch you from such watch-ing now.

**Cap.** A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood.—Now, fellow,

What's there!

**Enter Servants, with Spits, Lades, and Baskets.**

**1 Sire.** Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

**Cap.** Make haste, make haste. [Enter 1 Sire.

**Shrab.** Fetch drier logs.

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

**1 Sire.** I have a head, sir, that will find out logs.

And now, I trouble Peter for the matter. [Enter

**Cap.** Miss, and well said; A merry whore

It shall be logger-headed. — Good faith, his day:

The county will be here with music straight.

For so he said he would. I hear him near—

**Nurse.** Wife!—what ho!—what, nurse, I say!

**Enter Nurse.**

Go, wake Juliet, go, and trim her up;

'Up go and chat with Paris;—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridgroom he is come already.

Make haste, I say! [Enter Nurse.]

SCENE V. Juliet’s Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

**Enter Nurse.**

**Nurse.** Mistress! — what, mistress! — Juliet!—

fatt, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb! why, lady! — you sing a bed! —

Why, love, I say! — madam, sweet-heart, why, bride!

What, not a word! — you take your pennypworths

now:

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry and amen!) how sound is she asleep! I

need but wake her.—Madam, madam, madam,

Ah, let the county take you in your bed;

He’ll fright you up, I faith! Will it not be!

What, dress! and in your clothes! and down

again! I

must needs wake you; Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas! — Help! help! my lord’s dead —

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some aquavitae, ho! — my lord! my lady!

**Enter Lady Capulet.**

**La. Cap.** What noise is here? — Juliet asleep?

**Enter Nurse.**

O lamentable day! —

**La. Cap.** What is the matter?

**Enter Nurse.**

Look, look! — O heavy day! —

**La. Cap.** O me, O me! — my child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will fly with her—

Help, help! — call help.

**Enter Capulet.**

**Cap.** For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is

come.

**Nurse.** She’s dead, deca’d, she’s dead; awake

to-day! —

**La. Cap.** Awake the day! she’s dead, she’s

dead, she’s dead.

**Cap.** Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she’s cold;

Her blood is settled; and her joints are still.

And these lips have long been separated?

Death lieth on her, like an antique frost.

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field,

A cursed time! unfortunate old man!

**Nurse.** O lamentable day —

**La. Cap.** — O woful day!
BOMEO AND JULIETTE.

Cap. Death, that hast taken her honor to make me weep,
Tears up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris, with Musicians.
Fri. Music, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O yes, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death taken thy bride away—see, there she lies.
Music. She was, dejected by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter be hath wedded: I will die,
Our instruments, to melancholy all is dead.

Fri. Have I thought long to see this morning's
And death it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful,
Most miserable hear that ever saw
In taking part of any nuptialogue:
Be it a poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
Music. O won't, won't, won't, won't day!
Most lamentable day! most won't day,
Dearly, dearly, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O bateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O won't day, O won't day!

Fri. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain,
Most detestable death by thee beguiled,
By (sigh) cruel thee quite overthrown—
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despair'd, distressed, bated, marty'd,
Uncomfortable time! why can't thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! I my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's care
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself?—
Had part in this fair maid?—now heaven hath all,
And the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
Those blooms you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced:
And now are you, seeing she is advanced,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself!
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you ran mad, seeing that she is well;
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young;
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best attire bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's errand.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our wedding bells, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirge change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a balled corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in—and, madam, go with him;
And go, sir Paris—every one prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave:
The heavens do pour upon you, for some ill;
Move even now more, by crossing their high will.


Fri. 'Tis, 'tis, 'tis, 'tis, 'tis our time,
We may put up our pipes, and be generous.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up; put away.

Fri. For well, you know this is a pitiful case.

ACT IV.

1 Mas. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Paris.

Paris. Musicians, O, musicians, Heart's ease, heart's ease; O, as you will have me live, play heart's ease.

1 Mas. Why heart's ease?

Paris. O, musicians, because my heart has played for hours in full of longs, O play me no merry dance, to comfort me.

1 Mas. Not a dance with us; 'twas no time to play now.

Paris. You will not then?

1 Mas. No, you will not.

Paris. I will then give it you amiss.

1 Mas. What will you give me?

Paris. No money, nor any thing; but the blunt:
I will give you the sum and interest.

1 Mas. Then will I give you the saving-curve.

Paris. Then will I say the saving-curve, and have you no more money; I'll re you, I'll sell you; Do you see me?

1 Mas. Do you see me, and do no, you may say;

Paris. Pray you, put up your daggers, and set out your wit.

1 Mas. Then have at you with my will: I will dry-best you with an iron wire, and put up your daggers, and have you.

Paris. When giving grief the heart shall dance,
And dreadful change the soul appear.

Nurse. Silver sound! why, sound with this silver sound!

[Enter, mocking.

What say you, Simon Callow?

1 Mas. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Nurse. Pretty! What say you, Hubert Reft?

1 Mas. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for ever.

Nurse. Pretty too!—What say you, James?

1 Mas. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Fri. O, I cry you mercy! you are the silly:
I will say for you. It is—silver sound for ever, because such fellows as you have silver gold for something.

Then match with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend laden sound.

[Exeunt.

Scene I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the sometime eye of躺．
My dreams present some joyful news to me.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his theme;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed smile
Lifts me above the ground with cloudless joy.

In that dream, my lady came and found me dead (Strange dream! that gives a dead man life.),
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived, and was no emperor.

How doth my lady live? I am a father now.

And how fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bek. Thee to the wall, and nothing can ill.
SC. I.

ROME AND JULIET.

Her body sleeps in Capell's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her hand low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you;
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave me this office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Then know my lodging; get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
But, Pardon me, sir; I will not leave you thus;
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. I own, then art deceived;—
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do;
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Enr. No, my good master; none.
Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exeunt Balthasar and Enr.]

Well, Julian, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's raise our means,—O, mischance! thou art with
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And last year he dwelt—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Curling or simples; men were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone:
And in his needy shop a torture hung,
An ill-star'd staff, and other skins
Of ill shape'd fakes; and about his shelves
A beggary account of empty boxes,
Green canvas pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Resentments of packthread, and old cakes of roes;
There they take up a show.

Casting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
There is no present death in Mantua.
Here lives a cull'd wretch would sell it him,
If he knew how; thought did but feign me need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
Is I remember, this should be the house;
His shop, where those poor empty boxes is shut.

What! no apothecary!—

[Enter Apothecary.]

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man,—I see, that thou art poor.

Ap. Sir, there is forty ducats; let me have
A copy of poison; such soon-spedding gear
Will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-waysayer may fall dead;
And that the trank may be discharg'd of breath
A ventriloquent; as heavy powder flat
With hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
Death, to say he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretched
And fear'st to die;? faints is in thy cheeks,
And oppression stalks in thy eyes,
Yet thy back hangs ragged misery,
So world is not thy friend, nor the world's view;
Yet world affords no law to make thee rich;
Nor be not poor, but break it, and take this.
My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will.
I drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Twety men, it would do that you may're not sell
Chary oath, thou hast sold me none;
twely buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Men, cordial, and not poison; go with me
Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Friar Laurence's Cell.

[Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, hear me!—

[Enter Friar Laurence.

Laurence. This same should be the voice of Friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua; What says Romeo?—
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infections pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Rome?—

John. I could not send it,—here it is again.—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune in my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger; Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[Exeunt.

Law. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beseech me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Rome come.
Poor living corpse, clow'd in a dead man's tomb!—

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Church Yard: in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

[Enter Paris, and his Page, bearing Flowers and a Box of Soups.]

Par. Give me thy torch; boy; Hence, and stand about.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along;
Holding this box close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
(Being loose, unform'd, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it; then to me,
As signall that thou hast'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, Page.
I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet will I adventure.

[Exeunt.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy
bridel bed;
Sweet torch, that in thy circuit doth contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest fav'rit at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral graces do adorn thy tomb;
[The Boy shrilles.]
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my obscurities, and true love's right?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

[Exit.]

[Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a Torch, and a Box of Soups.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
What'er thou hast'st, or seest, stand all about,
And do not intercept me in my way.

[Exeunt.]
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Why did I ever descend into this bed of death?—
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;—
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring: a ring that I must wear
In dear employment: therefore hence, hence, hence—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And screw this hungry churchyard with thy teeth.

The time and my intents are savage wild;—
More fierce, and more inhuman, far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea. 

B. I will go to see her, and not trouble you.

R. So shall thou show me friendship:—
Take these:—
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good friend.

B. For all this same, I'll hide me home;—
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

R. Thon detestable man, thou weasel of the earth,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Than I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,—

[Breaking upon the Door of the Monastery.
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food—
Than thou wouldst eat, hadst thou the mouth of Montague.
That murder'd my love's cousin—with which grief,
It is reported the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend thee. 

[Advances.
Stop thyn' unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be past? further than death?—
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;—
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

R. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither:—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;—
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone:
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
That thou mayst be as good as I am:—
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, and let her say—
A maiden's mercy base thee run away.
Par. I do defy th' conjurors, and
Do attach thee as a felon here.

R. Well, wilt thou provoke me then? have at thee, boy.

B. Page. O lord! they fight, I shall go call the watch. 

.Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.]—Then I shall be

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. 

[Dies.

R. In sorrow, I will:—Let me perchuse this face;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris;—
What said my man when my betrothed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet;
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in soar misfortune's book! I'll bury thee in a triumphal grave,—
A grave! O, no: a laurel, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

[Leaping Pious on the Monument.

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, howpert

[Calling a lightning: O, my love! my wife!—

How couldst thou do the heart of my shortest,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

In crimson on thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there—
Tyrant, thou dost thee in thy bloody heart.
O, what means honour now I come to thee?—
Then with that brand that cut thy youth in two;
To see me, I thirst to see—
Forswear me, cousin!—Ah, deare, deare,
Why art thou yet so fair? deare! I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean armed monster sleeps
There to keep in his damsel's spoils.
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of night
Depart again—
With wares that are thy abominations; O, how
Will I set up my eyes and ears, and shake the rice of insensibility
From this world's over-faithful bed—Speak, look, look for me!—

Arms, take your lusty champions, and lips, O you
The doors of breath, and with a sword the gait of
A dastard bargains to compass death;—
Come, bitter combat, come, unavoidable pain!—
These doors are vows to be his possessor;—
The dazzling rocks thy dashing wounded head:—
Here's to my love! [Bravo!—] O, true queasiness,
Thy drugs are quick:—Thus with a man I die.

Drear at the other end of the Chorus, Philip
LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Cross, and Spale.

Fri. Saint Francis be my appeal! I bow before
Have my old feet stiffened at grave?—What there?
What howl's that?—thus begins the light
'To groans and eyeless sculls I as I discern,
It burnish in the Caplet's movement.

B. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

B. Who is it?

F. Look hath he been there?

B. He had.

F. Go with me to the vault.

B. I do not, sir; my master knows not, but I am good hearted, and fearfully doth think.

If I did stay to look on his intents
F. Stay then, I'll go alone;—Come, come upon me:

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

B. As if I did sleep under this yeast over top,
I dreamt my master and another gentle,
And that my master slew him.

F. Remove! [Advances.

B. Alack, alack, what blood is this, which
My stony entrance of this succession I
What mean these masterless and eyes of blood?—
To his discover'd by this piece of proof!

[Enter the Knights.

Roméo 1, pale.—Who care I what, further join
And step'd in blood?—Ah, what an endless hour
In guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady sits.

[JULIET nocketh at the door.

Jul. 0, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[Advances.

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, canst thou

Of death say lingers, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can controul
Whose troubled awe is numble; come, come, come.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

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hand in thy bosom there lies dead;
so too; come, I'll dispose of thee
question to the watch, for the watch is coming;
Good, Juliet.—Noise again. I dare
get thee hence, for I will not away—
not in a cup, Clio's in my true love's
I see, thou hast been his timeless end—
drink all, and leave no friendly drop, me after—
will kiss thy lips; such poison yet doth hang on them,
time die with a remorseful

[Enter, bion.

are warm!

[Enter, pa, Lead, boy—: Which way?

[Enter, boy—; -O happy ager!

[Enter, pa, Diggery,

[Falls on Romeo's Body, and dies.

our Watch, with the Page of Paris.

This is the place; there, where the rood
of you, whether you find, attach.

[Enter, some, right; here lies the county slave,

on the Capulets—,

some others search—;

[Enter, Watchman,

the ground wherein these woes lie de;

some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Here's Romeo's man, we found him the

[Enter, Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

Here is a friar, that trembles, signs,

this mattock and this spade from him,

a great suspicion; Stay the friar too,

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

What mistakemen is so early up,

CAPELET, LADY CAPELET, and Others.

What should it be, that they so shrieked

It, the people in the street cry—Romeo,

and now, dead; and Juliet, dead before,

Search, seek, and know how this foul order

[Enter a friar, and a soldier; Rod-'

Eager hath misten'en;—for I do this house

on the back of Montague,

I doth in my daughter's bosom.

O, me, this sight of death is as a bell,

EMPY MONTAIGUE and Others.

Prince, Come, Montague, for thou art early up,

To see thy son and hear more early down.

Men, Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath; What further woe conspires against mine age? Prince, Look, and then say what manner of end

O thou untaught! what manners leadst thou,

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince, Then say at once what thou doest not know the art.

Fri, I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is as long as a tedious tale.

Romeo, dead, was laid to his last place to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife; I married them; and when this marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death

Is brought on by her perforce, to count Paris—; Then comes she to me; And, with wild looks, bid me do some means

To rid her from this second marriage,

Then gave I her, so intold by my art,

A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her;

The form of death; meantime I write to Romeo,

That he should forthwith come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her bow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease,

By which hour now I do not weary,

Was stain'd by accident; and yeareight

Recal'd my letter back; Then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking.

Come I to take her from her kindred's vault;

Mention to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But, when I came (some minute ere the time

Awakening), here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead,

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,

And bear this work of heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But (as it seems) did violence on herself.

All this I know; and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy: And, if sought in this

Misbeleived by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrifice, some hour before his time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

I have still known thee for a holy man.

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

But I brought my master news of Juliet's death?

And then in post he came from Mamma.

To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father;

And threatened me with death, going in the

If I departed not, and left him there.

Give me the letter, and I'll look on it—

Where is the county's page, that rul'd the watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this space?
ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO on his Post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

BERNARDO. Who's there?

FRANCISCO. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO. Long live the king!

FRANCISCO. He.

BERNARDO. You come most carefully upon your hour.

FRANCISCO. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed.

BERNARDO. Francisco.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

When you same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Mar. Must like;—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Her. What art thou, that o'ertak'st this time of night?

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometime march, by heaven I charge thee, speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.

Stay; speak; speak I charge thee, speak.

(Exit Ghost.

'Fie! gone, and will not answer.
How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
This something more than fantasy! I think you of it.
Before my God, I might not this believe, set the sensible and true-savouring

one eyes.

'Is it not like the king? Is it not like thyself?—
was the very armour he had on,
he the ambitious Norway contrived;
would he be once, when in an angry parle,
no the sledge Polack on the ice;

Thrice, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

Martial shock hath he gone by one watch.

In what particular thought to work, I know not;
the gross and scope of mine opinion,

in this strict and most observant watch

thy soul till the subject of the land?

why such daily cast of beech cannon,

why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;—

That can I; at least, the whisper goes so.
Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us.
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

To the combat; in which our valiant

For so this side of our known world esteem'd him.
Did say this Fortinbras; who, by a scal'd compart,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Which he stood scion'd of, to the conqueror;

Agins which the, a moiety comprient

With our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

He had been vanquish'd; as, by the same co-mart,

And carriage of the article design'd,

His fell to Hamlet; new, air, young Fortinbras

Of unproved mettle hot and fell,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shark'd up a list of landless vessels,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

For food and diet, to some enterprises.
That each at meat has not: which is no other
As it doth well appear unto our state,
But to recover of, by strong hand,
And set them up in such a figure
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Thus, thinkst thou, is he no other, but even so?
May well it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch: no like this king
That was, and is, the question of these times.

Her. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the best and high and statesy state of Rome,
A little ere the magnificent Julia fell.
The graves stood fast, and the mourners dead
Died on the steps that echoed to human streets.

As songs were blown into the ears of blood,
Dissolves in the sea; and the most star.
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipses.

We are both a little gouty in the body,
And even the like precise of fierce events;
We are both a little gouty in the body,
And to come out on coming on,
Have heavens and earth together demonstrated
Unto our calamities in the same.

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blaste me.—Stay, listen!
If thou hast speech, sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
Or, speak to me:
Or, if thou hast upholstered in thy life
Extended treason in the womb of earth,
For which they, say, you spirit of foul death,
Speak to them:—stay, and speak.

Her. Shall I strike at him with my partisans?
Mar. Do, if it will not stand.
Her. 'Tis here!—Tis here!

Her. 'Tis gone!—[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is as the air, insensible,
And our vain blow malicious mockery.

And now, sir, I have about to speak, when the cock crew.

Her. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his loud and shrill-sounding throat
Awakes the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit flies
To his confines: and of the truth herein
This present object made probability.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then the heaven doth, in spirit daren air abroad:
The sights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
No fall of stars, nor witch hath power to harm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

As Marcus Brutus, and in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, is raucous mantle clad.
Walks o'er the dew of you high eastern hill:
Break we our watch; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As this is a very heavy, stinging our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morn- ing know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius,
Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attends.

Ham. Though yet of Hamlet our great brother's death
The memory be green: and that it us behooves
To bear our minds, and so to order our actions,
To be as watched in one hour of war;
Yet so far hath discretion taught with senses:
That we with utmost narrow spirit bear him,
Together with his rest, towards our state.
Therefore our accustomed state, now our quest,
On the imperial bosom of this land.

I have, we, twere, with a, towith, a, with,
Such as this, and one dispassionated eye,
With match myself, and with to-morrow in

In equal and weighing dignities and rules.
To have the wish of our soul, and not,
Our better wisdom, which have truly given
With this affect of grief, and in all our
Now follow, that you know, young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjointed and out of frame.
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not half'd to pease us with usoun;
Importing the remover of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of love,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here wait
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's project,—to supplant
His further guilt hereafter: in the state.
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Get of his adversary;—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelle, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Invisibly to your several places there.
To business with the king, more than the stop
Of these related articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste command your duty.

Corn. I do it, in that, and all things, will do our
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit: What suit, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'th'be now, Laertes?

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking:
Th' bed is not more vast, than the hand
More instrumental to the needs: There is the throne of Denmark to thy use.
What would'th be thou, have, Laertes?

My dread lord,

Leaves and favour to return to France:
From whence though willingly I came to Den-

To show my duty in your coronation:—
Yet now, I most confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France,

And bow them to thy gracious leave and ple-


aye you your father's leave? What
Polonius? hath, my lord, wrung from me my
compunction; and, at last:
will I send't my lord consent;
d you, give him leave to go.
she be fair? No, my sojourn;
not greater, and at thy will.—
my cousin Hamlet, and my son,
little more than kin, and less than
Cedars, now is it that the clouds still hang on
at so, my lord, I am too much i'the
food Hamlet, cast thy sighted colour
neek look like a friend on Denmark, e
revery, and my noble
-eyed noble father in the dust
'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must
cough nature to eternity.
y, medical, it is common.
If it be,
it so particular with thee?
seems, madam, nay, it is; I know not
my only inkay cloak, good mother,
sあと, suet of solemn black,
assigation of forc'd breath,
ful rain in the eye,
jested haviour of the visage,
all forms, modes, shoves of grief,
cleve truly: These, indeed, seem,
re actions that a man might play;
that within, which passage shows;
the trappings and the suits of we.
's sweet and commendable to your
, Hamlet,
ese mourning duties to your father:
not know your father's lost a father;
tost, lost his, and the survivor bound
igration for some term
rions sorrow. But to persever
ce comelement is a course
s and more;
will most incorrect to heaven;
scarcified, or mind impatient;
standing simple and unshod:
we know, must be, and is as common
most vulgar thing to sense.
be, in our peevish opposition,
heart: 'tis a fraud to heaven,
the dead, a fault to nature,
mast absurd: whose common theme
with all the world:
first course, till he that died to-day,
t he. We pray you, throw to earth
eating tree; and think of an
for the let the world take note,
most immediate to our throne:
no less nobility of love,
which dearer father bears his son,
art toward you. For your intent
back to school in Wittenberg,
regrade to our desire:
seach you, bend you to remain
cheer and comfort of our eye,
our eye? and our son.
not thy mother lose her prayers,
ere, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg
shall in all my best obey you, madam.
This, madam, that, and a fairly-reply;
self in Denmark.—Madam, come;
and unsense accord of Hamlet
to my heart: it is an act of
health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
wan cannon to the clouds shall tell;

And the king's cause the heaven shall build again,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c. POLONIUS, and LARENT.] Ham. O, that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not set
His canopied! myself-slaughter'd! O God! O God! How
wasy, stile, that, and: unprofitable
Seem to me all the noises that are in th'o
Eye out! O eye! 'tis an unwedded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in
natur, Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not
two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not befeam the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if she were asleep: And yet, in truth,
By what it pleased on? And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—reality, thy name is:
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed her poor father's body,
Like Nobe, all tears:—why she, even she,
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of
reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle.
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Herseines: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most morgious tears
Had left the flushing in her galley eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to invencible sheet!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart! for I most holy hold my tongue!

Florizel, Buenator, and Marcellus. Ham. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well; Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Ham. The same, my lord, and your poor
servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; 'twill change that
name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Marcellus?

Ham. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even,
sir;
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Ham. A true friend disposition, good my lord.

Ham. He would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it master of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no traitor.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Ham. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow
student.
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Ham. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral
was not meet.

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Well, I had met my friend and gone to
heavens
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio?

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Ham. oman—

Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Ham. Saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
till'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And with them, the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and
good.
The apparition comes; I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

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

Ham. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Her. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
me.

Hold you the watch to-night!

Ham. Arm'd, my lord.

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe!

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Then saw you not
His face.

Ham. O, yes, my lord; be wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Her. A comeliness more
in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And da'ed his eyes upon you?

Ham. Most constantly.

Her. It would have much amazed you.

Her. Very like: Stay'd it long?
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

SCENE IV. The Pallet.  

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.  

Ham. The air blesseth rightly; it is very cold,  

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.  

Ham. What hour is it?  

Hor. One.  

Ham. I think it lacks of twelve.  

Mar. No, it is struck.  

Hor. I heard it not; it then draws near the season,  

Whereto the spirit beth his wont to walk.  

[The Fourth of Trumpets, and Orduance shot off, within.  

Ham. This does this mean, my lord?  

Hor. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his ease.  

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reeks;  

And, as he drinks his draughts of Blemmy down,  

The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out  

The triumph of his pledge.  

Hor. Is it a custom?  

Ham. Ay, marry, it is:  

But to be heard, though I am native here,  

And to the manner born,—it is a custom  

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.  

This heavy-headed revel, east and west,  

Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:  

They clpe us drunkards, and, with swinish grace,  

Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes  

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  

The path and narrow of our attribute.  

So, oft chance in particular men,  

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,  

As, in our birth (wherein they are not guilty,  

Since nature cannot choose his origin),  

By the o'er-growth of some complexion,  

Off breaking down the pales and force of reason:  

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leaven  

The form of passional manners:—these men,  

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;  

Being nature's lively, or fortune's star,—  

Their virtues else (so they be as pure as grace,  

As infinite as man may understand,)  

Shall in the general censure take corruption  

From that particular fault: The drain of base  

Dust on the noble substance often doth  

To his own scandal.  

Enter Ghost.  

Hor. Look, my lord; it comes!  

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!  

Be thou the spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,  

Be thou intruder wicked, or charitable,  

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  

That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet,  

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me;  

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  

Why thy crouching bones, hearsed in death,  

Have burst thy cemetery! why the sepulchre,  

Wherein we saw thee quietly in urn'd,  

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  

To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK:

Act IV

Scene 1

HAMLET. Go on; and I will follow thee. [Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.]

HER. Weary, I am weary with imagination;

HAM. Let's go: He will not stay to talk with us.

HER. Why, heavy night, heavy night?

HER. What is the matter? O, I am distressed.

HAM. What should I do? O, I am strain'd all over.

HER. So is thy heart. O, that I had winged feet!

HER. Go on, O, go on; I'll follow thee.

HER. Heavens be with thee!—Let us go, O, let us go.

HER. Weary, I am weary with imagination.

HER. Tell me, what shall I do?—Let us be gone.

HER. What should I do? O, I am strain'd all over.

HER. Why, heavy night, heavy night?

HER. What is the matter? O, I am distressed.

HAM. What should I do? O, I am strain'd all over.

HER. Go on, O, go on; I will follow thee. [Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.]

HER. Why is there such a tempest in my mind? I am so heavy, that I cannot think of it.

HER. What is the matter? O, I am distressed.

HER. Go on, O, go on; I will follow thee. [Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.]

HER. Weary, I am weary with imagination.

HER. Tell me, what shall I do?—Let us be gone.

HER. Why, heavy night, heavy night?

HER. What is the matter? O, I am distressed.

HAM. What should I do? O, I am strain'd all over.

HER. Go on, O, go on; I will follow thee. [Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.]

HER. Why is there such a tempest in my mind? I am so heavy, that I cannot think of it.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

And you, my shrews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yes, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of hands, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And fly commendation all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter; yea, by heaven,
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark;
Write it, write it.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, Aun'! adieu! remember me.
"Hark! [Within.]
"My lord, my lord.—"
Mor. [Within.]
"Lord Hamlet.—"
Hem. [Within.]
"Heaven secure him!"
Mar. [Within.]
"Hlo, ho, ho, my lord!"

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hem. What news, my lord?
Hem. O wonderful!
Hem. Good my lord, tell it.

You will reveal it.
"Hem. Not, i' faith, my lord, by heaven.
"Mar. Nor I, my lord.
"Hem. How say you then? would heart of man
"Once think it?
But you'll be secretive.
"Hem. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Hem. There's no'ter a villain, dwelling in all Denmark.
But he's an arrant knave.
Hem. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,

To tell us this.
Hem. Why, right; you are in the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you:—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as their own, for their own proper part.
Look you, I will go pray.
"Hem. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Hem. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.
"Faith, heartily.
There's no offence, my lord.
Hem. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,

And much offence too. Touching this vision
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what it is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hem. What is't, my lord?
We will.
Hem. Never make known what you have seen.
Hem. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Hem. Nay, but swear it.

In faith,
My lord, not I.
"Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
"Hem. Upon my sword.
"Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
"Hem. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghosts [Within.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his letters.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Why, Marry, well said: very well said. Look you,
Inquire me first what Dandkkes are in Parle: And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense? and finding,
By this encomplaisance and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you nearer
Than your particular demands will touch.\n
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT II.

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him:
As though I knew his father, and his friends.

And, in brief, him:—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Pau. Yes, madam.

Pol. And, in part, him:—but, you may say, not well.

-But, if 'tis to be known, he's very wild;
Addicted to no man:—and there put on him
What he may please:—none so rank as may displease him:—
Take heed of that:—But, sir, such wanton, wilful, and sudden slips,
As are companions sought and most known,
To youth and liberty.

Pol. Ay, in gaming, my lord.

Pau. Or, drinking, dancing, swearing, quarrelling.

Drabbling, you may go so far.

Pol. My lord, that would displease him.

Pau. What, so: as you may see it in the street.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to deceitfulness:
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults
So quickly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A spark in his unsuppressed blood,
Of general assault.

Pol. But, my good lord,—Wherefore should you do this:

Pol. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pau. Marry, sir, here's my drift:
And, I believe, it is a sort of warrant:
You lay it thus:— these slips or seats on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little solid: I'm the working
Mark you.

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the presumable crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence:

Good sir, or so: or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Pol. Very good, my lord.

Pau. And then, sir, does he do this:—He does—

What was I about to say?—by the mark, I was
About something, to be done:—Where did I leave it?

Pol. At, closes in the consequence.

Pau. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry,

He closes with you thus:—I know the gentlemen:—
I am sure, sir, not to-day, nor to-morrow,
Or then, or then:—with such, or such: and, as you may,
There were he gaming: there dined he in his house;
There fell out at tavern: or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of plays
[Validus, a brothel], or so forth.

I know you now:
Your half of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of flash,
By indirectness find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Pol. My lord, I have.

Pau. God be with you: fare you well.

Pol. Good my lord.

Pau. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Pol. I shall, my lord.

Pau. And let him ply his music.

Pol. Well, my lord. [Exit.

——— Enter Ophelia.

Oph. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet,—with his denro main unmistak'n:
To hast away his head;—his head's his heart;
Uncertain, and disordered in his mind;
Pulse on his shirt;—his heart broaching such stuff
As with a look so pensive in his eyes.

As if he been lamed out of both legs,
To speak of hearing,—he comes before me.

Pol. My lord, I do not know.

Oph. What said he?

Pol. He took me by the hand, and held me hard.

Then goes he to the length of all his son;
As it is common for the younger sort he
His father to such partial of his heart;
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of his body,
And th'other hand that way working up and down,—
He read a sign on purpose to me, and,
As it did seem to—shatter all his milk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
He read a sign on purpose to me, and,
For out of doors he went without their help,
And, to the nathless, of their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is very true.

That does afflict our nature. I am sorry;

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did seem

I did repel his letters, and denied

His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did not take it,
And meant to work thee; but, believe my jealousy.

It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinion;
As it is common for the younger sort he
To lack discretion. Come, we go to the king:

This must be known; which, being kept close,

More grief to hide, than hate to utter.

Come, [Exit.

SCENE 11. — A Room in the Court.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern.

King, Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we must did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hearty reading. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation: so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembled that it was; What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entertain you both,

That, being so young days brought up with him;

And, since, so neighbor'd to his youth and bea-

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court,

To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may gain,
Whether aught, to as unknown, afflicts him:
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen, Good gentlemen, be hath much need of

And, sure I am, two men there are not bring

To whom he's more adherent. If it will please you
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

To show us so much gentility, and good will, As to expend your time with us awhile, For the supply and profit of our hope. Your visitation shall receive such thanks As a king's remembrance imports. Both your majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have of us, And your dread pleasures more into command Than to entreatry.

But we both obey; And here give up ourselves, in the full heat, To lay our service freely at your feet,

Aung. Thanks, Gentlemen, and gentle Guid- donners.

Queen. Thanks, Guildensteaen, and gentle Ro- sensenten; And there I pray you instantly to visit My too much changed son. Go, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is. To Helsingfors, and to him I'm sure, And that hath we'd to do that I have found The very cause of Hamlet's malady.

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

Pot. General first admittance to the ambassadors.

My news shall be the fruto to that great feast.

Pot. He brought them in.

Que. I doubt, it is no other but the main; His father's death, and that so sudden marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornells.

King. Well, we shall sit him. —Welcome my old friend.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway? 

Pot. Most fair return of greetings and desires. Upon our first, he sent us over 

His nephew's letters, which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Poles; But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against his highness. Where's Voltimand? — That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand, — sends out arrests To Fortunatus; which be, in brief, obyes; Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To give the assay of arms against your majesty. Wherein old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him these thousand crowns in annual fees; And his commission, to employ those soldiers, So levied as before, against the Polack: — [Gives a Paper."

That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for this enterprise; On such regards of safety and allowance. As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well: And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read, answer, and think upon this business. Mean time, we thank you for your well-look labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:

Most welcome home! — [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornells.

Pot. This business is well ended.

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King. It likes us well: And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read, answer, and think upon this business. Mean time, we thank you for your well-look labour:
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

That I have positively said, 'To be, or not to be' [aside].

HAMLET. That prov'd otherwise I know. [Aside.]

HAMLET. The day thou gavest me. That prov'd otherwise I know; [Aside.]

Proving to be mine and o'erstayed. If circumstances lend me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed in the corners of my heart.

HAMLET. How may we try it further? [Aside.]

Proving to be mine and o'erstayed. If circumstances lend me, I will find

Here in the lobby.

Proving to be mine and o'erstayed. If circumstances lend me, I will find

Here in the lobby.

Proving to be mine and o'erstayed. If circumstances lend me, I will find

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Here in the lobby.

Proving to be mine and o'erstayed. If circumstances lend me, I will find

Here in the lobby.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ros. Ay, that do you, my lord and his lordship too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for the King of Denmark, and those that in months at him while my father lived, forty, fifty, a hundred decent for his picture in the world, 'twas a thing this it more than natural, if you could find it out.

Flour of Trumpets.

Ham. There are the players.

Gaul. There, gentlemen, your stage is welcome now. Your hands. Come then: the nature of welcoming is to comply with you: and extend to the players, which is I could tell you how fair outwardly, but more apprizing entertainment than yours. You are not in a court, but my meaner, and anter-bred, you.

Ham. In what, my dear lord?

Ros. I am but with the wind most warm; but I know a hawk saw by my hands.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentleman;—

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and this at each ear a bequest: that gift of think, my lord, if you delight not in us, we let you entertain the players receive from us, and we set them on the player, and in time you will find we are all in the world. I must the wagen of the world, and the beast of all animals; and in to say, I am this quintessence of the delight; I know no woman, nor but your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. As I am a lord, there is no such stuff in my age.

Ham. Why, did you laugh then when I told you, for delighting me and the play?

To think, my lord, if you delight not in us, do not entertain the players, we set them on the play, and they are, in time you will find we take up your face.

He that plays the king shall be well-adventuresome: he shall use his voice; the lover shall not lack his part in this place: the hus husband shall make these of his hands, whose kings are our jests, and the lady shall not lack her freedom, or the black slave shall have his parts.

Even such as were wont to take such holds, and set the courses of the city.

Hotter, if they repent: hot water is such of plots and profit and ruin of the state. But that the inheritance comes by the state of their descent, and they hold the same estimation they were in such a city. Are they so far off, indeed, they are not.

How comes it? Do they grow rusty? Does it not envenom work in the warden, and, untying of question, not having a firm and legible foot: these be fashion, and so harden the come (as they call them), that many, pies, that used to be of goose quilts, and come thither.

But, by children? who main? how are the wretched good? will they quality, no longer than they can they not say afterwards, if they themselves are players (as, mean, and not better), or we do them wrong, to make them their own execution and then there has been much to do on the nation, and no sin, to the controversy: there was, for a boy but for amain, unless the boy went to found in the question, the world has been much throwing about the boys carry it away?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Act I.

not the million; 'twas carvings to the general:
but it was (as I received it, and other, whose judgments, in such matters, were in the top of
mquence), an excellent play; well digested in the
scenery, set down with as much modesty as
comeliness, that there were no sallies in the lines, to make the matter savoury;
ner so much as the phrase, that might induce
the author of affiection; but called it, in honest
method, as wholesome as sweet, and by much
more comfortable than thick. One speech
in it I chiefly loved: 'twas 'Hamlet' said to Ophelia,
and thereupon it especially, where he speaks
of Ophelia's slanting if it live in your memory,
begin at this line: let me see, let me see:—

Fel. 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, like the Ephesian lord,
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

Fel. 'The raged Pyrrhus, he whose noble arms
brake his purpose,piteous is his case,
When he lay couch'd in the mustard seed;
Rebellious he doth rashly swallow'd
With hazardously-swallow'd food; head in feet
Now it is he that makes earth tremble with
Wrestles with itself, and deal too wide;
Methinks he strikes with the large weathercock,
And all those madman's passions part.

Fel. 'Pyrrhus, I'll be sworn, he is a brute of
Old grandsire Priam's seeds.—So proceed you.

Fel. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken: with
good accent, and good dissonance.

1 Play. 'Anon he finds him
Strikes the spear, and on Creon: his antique sword,
Emblem of his arm, lies where it falls,
Rebuff'd to command: 'Chop my match'd
Pyrrhus, at Priam's dinner in his tents wide,
But with the whip and wind of his fell sword
The unerring father falls. Then senseless Ulises,
Seeming to feel this bliss, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' eye: 'for, he: his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd it the air to stick:
So, as a pointed tyrant, Pyrrhus used;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Drives it with fury.

But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rock stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the seas below
As such as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Dripping the way to the lower region: So, after 'Pyrrhus' pass'd
A roused vengeance set him new a work;
And never did the Grecian's hammer fell
On Mar's armours, or the Trojan's for terms
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Over our lord, and over the hard earth.

Out, out, thou sternest, Fortune! All you gods,
In general speed, take away her power,
Break all the sparks and fiery from her wheel,
And beat the round wave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the sands! Fel.

1 Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.

1 Pol. He's in the very fashion, and the look of
bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to

Hecuba.

1 Play. 'But who, oh who! had seen the mobiled queen?

Fel. 'Hamlet, the mobiled queen?

Fel. 'That's good: mobled queen is good.

1 Play. 'Heavens bless'd up and down, deathing
the Lowers.
With blissen round: a cloud upon that head,
Where late the dunlad stood: and, for a robe,
About her lust, and all o'er-dressed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of food catch'd up,
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom sleep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she was Pyrrhus made malicious sport

In entwining with his sword her kindly head:
The sealed heart of chamber that the soul
Of Germanus, Valentine's young and best,
Would have made void without the leaving legs of
And passion in the gods.

Fel. 'For Ophelia's head he has not turned his
colour, and has tears in his eyes.—Pyrrhus,
more.

Ham. 'His well; I'll have them speak out
the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you
me the play?—I thought so of thee. So you know,
by these he was well read; for they are the old
and brief chronicles of the time: as near your
words you worse words better have a bed altitude, than
their ill report while you live.

1 Pol. 'For Ophelia, I will use them according
to their desert.

Ham. 'Odd, she's headless, man, much better:
the eyes ever open for his desert, and who shall
whispering? Use them after your own humane
and dignified course: You know her? What would
meet most is in your beauty. Take them in.

1 Pol. 'Come, sir.

Ham. 'Ere the moment, with some of the Players.

Fel. 'Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play
tomorrow, there's one or two, and thus can you
play the murder of Germanus.

1 Play. 'Ay, my lord.

1 Pol. 'We'll have it to-morrow night. You
could, for a need, study a speech or two
or sixteen hours, which it would set down, and
never tell it you could not play it?

1 Play. 'Ay, my lord.

Ham. 'Ere the moment, with some of the Players.

Fel. 'Friends, I'll see to-morrow night.

Ham. 'Ay, so, God be wi' you.—Now I am
alone.

What a rogue and peasant slave am I!
It is not monstrous that this player here,
But in a sort, in the discretion of reason,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit.
That from her working, all the visage wane;
Tears in his eyes, and half his cheeks on.
A broken voice, and his whole face pulse
With forms to his conceit! And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.

He shoves his head for an apple.

But had the motive and the cause for passion,
That I have! He would drown the stage with

And cleave the general ear with hoarse straining:
Make mad the great hubbub, and confound the
ignorant, and amaze, indeed.
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet, 1

A dull and muddied-mettled rascal, punk,
Like John a-dreams, unprepar'd of my own
And can say nothing; no not for a king.
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damned drivel was made. Am I a cartoon?

Who calls me villain? breaks my poor heart?

Plucks off my beard, and blows in my hot

Tweaks me by the hand! gives me the lie in my

As deep as his legs? Who does me this
its?

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gull
To make oppression bitter: or, ere this,
I should have falted all the region kis
With this slave's off't: Bloody, bloody Villain!
Remorseful, treacherous, lecherous, bloody
villain!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most meet;
That I, the son of thy father murdered,
Promised to my revenge by heaven and earth,

Hom. 'Witte whose, occupat my heart with words.
And will bring him this wanted way again,
To both your honors.

Madam, I wish it may.

Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so
Please you never—We will beseech ourselves;—Read on this book:

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your innocency.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov’d,—that, with devotion's
visage,
And pious action, we do sugar
The devil himself.

O, 'tis too true! how smart
The harlot's check; heartened with pestling iron,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exit King and Polonius.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles;
And, by opposing, end them—I—To die,—
To sleep—

Nay, more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and all the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d. To die—to sleep—

To sleep! perchance to dream—aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despisèd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit longs to find;—and the heavy
That runs in blood of youth when, like a dog
With bare paws, and faulchion, comes to make
With great and swift endurance a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country from whose bourne
No traveler returns,—presents such fears
And makes as meekly as the district born
By other means to bear those ills we have,
Than by to others to we that know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the dice of heaven are loaded
With a PQ.

And with this regard, their currents torn away,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!—
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy Oraculum.

Oph. Good morrow, my lord.

Ham. How do your honours for this many a day?

Oph. My triumph thank you well;

Ham. I have recompences of yours,
That I have longed for so refreshful a delivery,
I pray you, now receive them;

Oph. No, not I;

Ham. I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
You did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath com-
pass'd
As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again;—for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Ham. His, to! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?
different honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my neck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to set them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord. 

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

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow: thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery: farewell; Or, if thou wilt needs married, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jog, you amble, and you flap, and ain't you (don't's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance; Go to; I'll no more of it: it hath made me mad: I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all bet one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit Hamlet.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier, the soldier, the scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
The expectation and rose of the fair state, 
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form, 
The observed of all observers: quite, quite down, 
And I, of ladies most disject and wretched, 
That seek'd the honey of his musick vows, 
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, 
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; 
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth. 

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!

Scene II. A. 

Ham. Speak the speech, let it be heard. 

1 Play. I warrant you. 

Ham. Be not too true in your oaths; let them be like the swallow's wings, or like the20 nature in great ones

1 Play. I hope, we ha
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

1 make haste.—

Exit POLONIUS. Let them enter.

ANTonio and GUILDENSTERN: Gd, 

GRATIIO. 

[a, at your service, et even as just a man a drop'd within. 

[all. 

d o not I think I flatter; now I hope from thee, out thy good spirits. 

Why should the poor 

me lick absurd pomp; changes of the knee; 

nawing. Dost thou 

mistress of her choice to join her election, herself; for thou hast 

that suffers nothing; affords and rewards 

hanks; and bless'd are 

ment are so well co- 

s for fortune's finger 

ples. Give me that 

es, and I will wear him 

in my heart of heart, 

of this—before the king: 

ear the circumstance, 

et that act afoot, 

sweet of thy soul 

occasion'd guilt in 

one speech, 

we have seen; 

re as foul 

him heedful note: act to his face; 

our judgments join 

Well, my lord: 

if this play is playing, 

get to the play; I must be 

Enter King, Queen, 

ROENELDANT, GUILDENSTERN. 

cousin Hamlet! 

of the chameleon's 

cuisine-crammed; you 

with this matter, 

Ham. 

now, my lord,—you 

thy, you say? 

[To POLONIUS.

and was accounted 

exact: 

DOS: a I was killed 

part, to kill so 

the players ready! 

stay upon your pa- 

very dear Hamlet, sit by 

ther, here's metal more 

work that! [To the King. 

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? 

Lying down at Ophelia's feet. 

Oph. No, my lord. 

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap? 

Oph. Ay, my lord. 

Ham. Do you think, I mean country matters? 

Oph. I think nothing, my lord. 

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs. 

Oph. What is, my lord. 

Ham. Nothing. 

Oph. You are merry, my lord. 

Ham. Who? If. 

Oph. Ay, my lord. 

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within those two hours. 

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord. 

Ham. So long, Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables, O heavens! 

die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! 

Then there, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'the lady, he most build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, For, or, for, or, the hobby horse is forgot. 

Trumpets sound. The Drum-Shell follows. 

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly: the Queen concerning him, and he her. She kneels, and makes some of protection was him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her back: lays him down upon a bed of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. 

Aman comes in a Fellow, take of his own, kiss it, and yours petition in the King's ear, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate seats. 

The Players, with some two or three Modes, comes in again,2 meaning to interrupt with her. The dead body is carried away. The Player makes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and weeping awhile; but, in the end accepts his toys. 

Oph. What means this, my lord? 

Ham. Marry, this is butching malleolus; it means mischief. 

Oph. Behike, this show imports the argument of the play. 

Enter Prologue. 

Ham. We shall be known by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all. 

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant? 

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means. 

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play. 

Prov. For us, and for our tragedy, 

Here stowing to your elements, 

We lay your hearing patiently. 

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the play of a ring? 

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord. 

Ham. An woman's love. 

Enter a King and a Queen. 

P. King. Fell thirty times hath Plebeus' cart gone round 

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellen's erbed ground; 

And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen, 

About the world have times wroth and bitter cheeks; 

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did confound, 

Unite communal in most sacred bands. 

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and 

moon 

Make us again count o'er, are love be done! 

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late. 

So far from cheer, and from your former state, 

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, 

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: 

For women fear too much, even as they love; 

And women's fear and love holds weakness.
P. Queen. I have learned, poor second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak:
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit ripe, sticks on the tree;
Behold, once broken, when they melt below.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enmities, with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revolts, grief doth most lament:
Grief joys, joy grievés, on slender accident.
This world is not for eye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love tend fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you shank his favourite dies;
The poor advance'd makes friends of enemies. And hither doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I began,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That they never meet or systems blend;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our:
So think man will no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night! To desperation turn my trust and hope! An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope! Each opposite, that blankets the face of joy, Meet what I would have well, and it destroy! Both here, and hence, pursue me lastling strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Hamt. If she should break it now—

Hamt. No, you mistake: murderess; leave thy da
Come;——The cross

Doth bellow for reveng

I.ber, I thought black

And time agreeing

Confederate seachos, etc.

Thone mixture rank, of

With Hecat's banter

Thy natural magic and

On wholesome life upon

[Pour the Pwn]

Hamt. He poisons his estate. His name's Ga

tant, and written in we shall see anon, how the

Of Gonzaga's wife

Ope. The king dies.

Hamt. What! I frighted

Queen. How fare my

Pet. Give o'er the pl

King. Give me some

Pet. Lights, lights, lit

[Exeunt all in

Hamt. Why let the sun

The Hart unguell

For some must watch.

Thus runs the wo

Would not this, sir, and

the rest of my fortune

with two provincial re

get me a fellowship in

Her. Half a shire.

Hamt. A whole one, I

For those dost know

This realm dies

Of love himself; as

A Her. You might have

Hamt. O good Hered.

word for a thousand pe

Her. Very well, my b

Hamt. Upon

Her. I did very well;

Hamt. Ah, be I——Come

the occasion.
Ham. I am tame, sir,—pronounces.

Gult. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir,—pronounces.

Gult. You are welcome.

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

Gult. You are welcome.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my will's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, no answer, if therefore no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say.

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into a amazed and admiration.

Ham. O wonderous son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impact.

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

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother; Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and striplers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of discontent? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friends.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but while the grass grows,—the proverb.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorder,—let me see one. To whisper, whisper, whisper: do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive in the stars?

Ham. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unvanity. My will's diseased.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Ham. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. O, my lord, I cannot.

Gult. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do believe you.

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

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these vaticines with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Ham. But these cannot I command to any attention of harmony: I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, now unworthily a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, gay, sweet music, in that deep organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played upon than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir.

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

Ham. Doth she say so? Well, that's a shape of a camel!

Pol. By the mass, and its like a camel, indeed. Methinks, it's like a camel.

Ham. It is backed like a weasel.

Pol. Or, like a whale?

Ham. Then will I come to your mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit Polonius.

Ham. By and by is eaily said. —Leave me, friends.

Ros. Now the very witching time of night.

Ham. When churchyards yawn, and bellesheds breathe out.

Contagion to this world; Now could I drink hot blood.

Pol. And do such births as business as the day Would quash to look on. Soft; now to my mother,—

O heart, how still my mother? Yet not over The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom; Let me be cruel, not soft; I will speak daggers to her, but use none; My tongue and soul in this he hypercrites: How in my words soever she be shrewd, To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.]

SCENE III. A Room in the same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor understands state with us. To let his madness produce some purpose: Therefore, prepare you;

Ros. Your commission will forthwith despatch, And he to England shall along with you; The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so near as this. Both hourly grow Out of his lanes.

Ham. We ourselves provide: Most holy and religious fear it to,

To keep those many, many bodies safe,

That live, and feed, under your majesty.

Ros. The single and particular life is bound,

With all the strength and armour of the mind.

To keep itself from noissance; but much more That spirit, upon whose weak depend and rest The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw What's near it, with it; it is a misery,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose high-peopled ten thousand lesser things Are mortified and ador'd: which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the holiest sou: Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;

For we will return upon this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Well.

[Exit Ros. and Guildenstern.]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet: Behind the arras 'IlI convey myself, To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll take him home.

And, as you said, and wisely it was said, Th'is meet, if he homeless and unwise, and unwise; Since nature makes them partial, should observe the speech, of various age.

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed.

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [Exit Polonius.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon it, A brother's murder.—Pray God it not, Though inclination be as sharp as will.]

Eliz. 12
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT III.

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double burden bound,
I stand in false debate, and do stand in
A false debate, ere I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heaven,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
Bat to confront the visage of offence?

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Ham. What, hast thou beat thy father much
offended?
Ham. Father, you have my father much of-

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forsworn me?
Ham. No, by the road, sit so:
You are the queen, your father's brother's
wife;
And,.—would it were not so,—you are my
mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that
can speak.
Ham. Come, come, sit down; you shall not
be patient;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the laughing liquor of
you. Queen. What will thou do? then wilt not
speak to me.

Enter Polonius.

now a rat? (Dies.)
Queen. O, I am sick.
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:

Queen. Is it the king?

Ham. (Aside.) Lof'st thou the arras, and drawest forth
Polonius. O, what a rascally bloody deed this is,
Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good
mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Nay, lady, twas my word.—

Queen. Thou wretched, wicked, bleeding words,
To Polonius. I took thee for thy better; take thy
words:
Thou find'st to be too sorry, too dangerous—
Leave wringing of thy hands; Peace; sit down.
And let me wring your heart: for so shall I,
If it be but of penetrable stuff:

Queen. What have I done, that thou darst not
thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blinds the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love;
And sets a blinder there; makes marriage
ven
As false as divers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contractions plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words; Heaven's face doth glow;
Yes, this solidity and commerce mean;
With trifles visage, as against the doors,
is thought-sick at the act.

Ham. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the hall?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and with it;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the sun, with beams outlaying
New-lighted on a beaven-knitting hill; and
combination, and a form, indeed,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

very god did seem to set his seal, the world assurance of a man:—your husband; like a miller's ear, diswholesome brother. Have you eyes? on this fair mountain leave to feed, on this moor? Hal, have you eyes? and call me love; for, at your age, lay in the blood is tame, it's humble, a upon the judgment: And what judge- not [have, up from this to this! Sense, sure you if you not have motion: But, sure, that a'd: for madness would not err; to ecstasy was me so thrall'd, cried some quantity of clove, in such a difference. What devil wasn't hast enough you at hoodman-blind: your feeling, feeling without sight, soul hands or eyes, smelling sans all, sickly part of one true sense so more. where is thy bliss? Rebellions bell, last minute in a matron's house, age youth let virtue be as wax, in her own fire: no claim. no true amber gives the charge; at itself as actively doth burn, on pander's will. O Hamlet, speak no more: as mine eyes into my very soul; am I such black and grained spots not leave their tint. Nay, but to live ask sweat of an ensued bed; a corruption; honeying, and making a nasty sty:— O, speak to me no more; oaths, like daggers, enter in mine ears; sweet Hamlet! A murderer, and a villain; that is not twentieth part the title precedent lord:—vice of kings; me of the empire and the role; as a shield the precious diadem steal, if he his pocket? No more.

Enter Ghost. A king of and patches;— and hover o'er me with your wings, return! What would your grace figure? And, he's mad. Boy not come your tardy son to chide; in time and passion, let's go by instant acting of your dread command! Do not forget: This visitation, when thy almost blotted purpose, I am amongst thy mother sits; between her and her fighting soul; in weakest bodies strongest works; other, Hamlet. How is it with you, lady? Alas, how is't with you? would bend your eye on vacancy, the incorporal air do hold discourse? your eyes your spirits wildly peep; the seeing soldiers in the alarm, blest hair, like life in excrement, s, and stands on earth. O gentle son, heat and flame of thy dimeter cool patience. Wherefore do you look? On me, Hamlet! Look you, how be gales! in and cause conjunct, preaching to men,

Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me: Lust, with this piteous action, you convert My stern affects; then what I have to do Will want true colour: tears, perchance, for blood. Queen. To whom do you speak this? Ham. Do you see nothing there? Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see. Ham. Nor did you nothing hear? Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves. Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away! My father, in his habit as he liv'd! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [Exit Ghost. Ham. This is the very coinage of your brain. This bodily creation ecstasy is very cunning in. Ham. Ecstasy. My pulse, my eyes, doth temperately keep time, And makes as healthful music: It is not mad-

That I have attred; bring me to the tent, and I the matter will reward; which madness Wouldamsung from. Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flattering union to your soul, That not your frowns; but my madness speaks: It will but skin and film the felonious place; While rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven; Repeat what's past; avoid what is to come; And do not spread the compost on the weeds, To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue: For in the fates of these purest times, Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg: Yea, curb and woe, for love to do him good. Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast lost my heart in twain. Ham. O, have away the worse part of it, and like the purer with the other half. Good night, but go not to my weak's bed; Assume a virtue, if you have it not. That prompter, custom, who all sense doth eat Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this; To that of the use of actions fair and good He likewise gives a freck, or little spot. That apity is put on: Refrain to-night; And that shall lend a kind of canons To the next abstinence: the next more easy: For use almost can change the stamp of nature, Not either curb the devil, or throw him out With wondrous potency. Once more, good night! And when you are desires to be blest,'ll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,—

[Polonius to Polonius. I do repent: But heaven hath pleased it so,— To punish me with this, and this with me, That I must be their scourge and minister. I will beat him, and will answer well The death I gave him. So, again, good night! I must be cruel, only to be kind: Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.— But one word more, good lady. Queen. What shall I do? Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: Let the blest king tempt you again to bed; Pitch wanton on your check; call him his mouse; And let him, for a pair of reechy kisse, Or palling in your neck with his damsell fingers, Make you to ravel all this matter out, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know! For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise, Would from a lord, from a bat, a gib, Such dear conversations had? Who do so? No, in despite of sense, and secrecy, Unset the basket on the house's top, Let the birds fly; and, like the famous war
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that;
Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters sent to't: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust, as I will adder hun'st,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way.

And marshall me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engine
Host to his own master: and it shall go hard,
But he doth spill the rich blood of his genius,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall die by me packing.
I'll lay the gats into the neighbour room;
Nobler, or not a nobler.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish jesting knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you—
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt securely; Ham. dragging in Pol.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these signs; these
profound heavens:
Yon must translate: 'tis fit we understand them;
Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—
[To Ros. and Guild. who go out.
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?
King. What, Gertrude! How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both
contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arrows hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, A rat! a rat!
And, in his brainy apprehension, kills
The unseen old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourselves, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
banter,
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kild;"O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
He weeps for what is done.
King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun must never shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Ho! Guilden-
estern!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join with you some further aid;
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

into the chapel. I pray you:

Come, Gertrude, we'll call the king.
And let them know, both wills and
And what solemnly done: so
Whose whispering may take place,
As level as the custom to the
Transport his polonied she
name,
And hit the wondertes shrift.
My soul is full of discern, and

SCENE II. Another Room

Enter Hamlet

Ham. —Safe as the wind,
Hamlet! Lord Hamlet! But:
Who calls on Hamlet? O, he
Enter Rosencrantz and
Ros. What have you done, dead body?
Ham. Complied with it with
Ros. Tell us where this's; in

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it. Ros.
Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep you
mine own. Besides, to be an
what replication should be
of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a spy
Ham. Ay, sir; that soup's

When he needs what you be,
and, spoilt
again.
Ros. I understand you not.
Ham. I am glad of it: A
sleeps in a foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must be
is, and go with us to the
Ham. The body is with her; the
is not with the body.

Guil. A thing, my lord!
Ham. Of nothing: bring me a
fox, and all after.

SCENE IIII. Another Room

Enter King, queen

King. I have sent to seek him
the body.

How dangerous is it, that this
Yet must not we put the arrow
He's love'd of the distracted me
Who like not in their judgmen's
And, where 'tis so, the often
Weber; but never the offence. To be
may
This sudden sending him away
Deliberate pause: Hamlet, or
By desperate appliance are ret

Enter Rosencrantz
Or not at all.—How now! what
Ros. Where the dead body i
We cannot get from him.

King. But
Ros. Without, my lord; go
your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's his
Ham. At supper.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

SC. III.

King. At supper? Where is he? Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain conversation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor and Pierre for diet: we eat all creatures else, to set us; and we fat ourselves with snares; your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable serv.; twodles, but to one tale; that's the end. King. Alas, alas! Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eate of a King; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this? Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the gates of a beggar. King. Where is Polonius? Ham. In heaven; send thither to see; if your magnifies not him out of a proper shire the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall none him as you may expect ears into the lobby. King. Go seek him there. To some Attendants. Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exit Attendants. King. Hamlet, this deed, for those especial safety;—Which so dexterous, as we dearly grieve. For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence. With so great quickness: Therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates teed; and every thing is bent For England. Ham. For England? Nay, Ay, Hamlet. Good. King. So is it, if you know not our purpose. Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother. King. My father, Hamlet. Ham. My mother; Father and mother is man and wife: man and wife is one flesh; and so, to, my mother. Come, for England. [Exit. King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with our speed. Delay it not, 'twill have him hence to-night; Always, all things be said and done. That else on the affair: 'Pray you, make haste.' [Exit Ros. and Guildenstern. And, England, if my love thou hol'd'st at night, (As my great power thereof may give thee sense; Some diabolic books, with red and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set our sovereign process; which imports at full, By letters conjuring to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England; For like the hectic blood in my blood bees, And thus must care me; Till I know 'tis done, However my mops, my joys will ne'er begin. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A Plain in Denmark. Enter Fortinbras and Forces, marching. For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king. Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras Claims what his fathers did at Corinna's march. Over his kingdom. You know the reverendness. If his majesty should aught with us, He shall be too like a hamlet to provoke. And let him know so. Cap. I will do't, my lord. For. So softly on. [Exit. Enter Fortinbras and Forces. Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c. Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these? Cap. They are of Norway, sir. Ham. How proust'p, sir, pray you? Cap. Against some part of Poland. Ham. Who Commands them, sir? Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras. Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier? Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition; We go to gain a little patch of ground. That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five decades, fee, I would not form it; Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Poles, A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee. Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend Cap. Yes, 'tis already Garrison'd. [lit. Ham. Two thousand and twenty thousand Scots, and twenty thousand ducats. Will not debate the question of this straw; This is the imposition of much wealth and peace. That inward breaks, and shoves no cause Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir. Cap. God be with you, sir. [Exit Captain. Ros. Will you please to go, my lord? Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [Exit Ros. and Guildenstern. How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge! What is a man, That, being such, is so beset with Jeff, Howe but to sleep, and feed? I a beast, no more. Sure, that which dives with such large discourse, Locking before, and after, and about, That capability and godlike reason To fast to a nought. Now whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple Of thinking too precisely on the event,— A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom, And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do: Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means. To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me: Witness, this army of such stuff, and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince; Whose spirit, with divine ambition po'd, Makes mouths at the inviolate event; Exposing what is mortal, and unsure, To all this fortune, death, and danger. Dare, Even for an egg-stool. Rightly to be great, Is, not to air without great argument; But greatly to find quarrel in a quarrel; Whose honours's at the stake. How stand I then, That have but killed a kind, a mother's son, Excitements of my reason, and my blood, And let all sleep! while, to my shame, I see The imminent death of twenty thousand men, That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame, Go to their graves like beds; right for a plot Wherein the numbers cannot try the case. Which is not tomb enough, and continent, To hide the stable.—O, from this time forth, My thoughts he bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

SCENE V. Elsinore. A Room in the Castle. Enter Queen and Horatio. Que. —I will not speak with her. Hor. She is importunate and tyrannous; her mood will needs be pacified. Que. What would she have? Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears, There's tricks! the world; and hence, and best her heart. Spurns variously at straws; speaks things in doubt That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing, Yet the unsnapped she of it doth move The hearers to collect; they sit at it, And botch the words up to fit their own thoughts; Which, as they flick and mule, and gesture yield them, 372.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. To his chamber.

Ham. Indeed would make one think, there might be
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Queen. "Twas good, she was spoken with;
For she may shrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds;
Sue her come in. [Exit Horatio.
To my sick soul, as she's true gentle soul, is
Each toy seems prognoz to some good event;
So full of artless structure is guilt.
It splits itself in tearing to be split.

Re-enter Horatio, and Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-
mark? [Queen. How now, Ophelia? [Oph. Ham should I your true love know,
By his cocked hat and snuff,
And his smoked down. [Singing.
Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what impairs this
He is dead and gone, Lady.
As he had a green coronet,
As his house a crown.

O, ho! [Queen. May, but, Ophelia.

Oph. Where his house as the common mast. [Queen. [Exit King.

Queen. Also, look here, my lord. [Oph. Lord all with sweet flowers;
Which imported in the grave did go,
With true love showers. [King. How do you, pretty lady? [Oph. Well, God's hold you! they say, the owl
Was a bakers daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God
be at your table! [King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you, what it means, say you this:
Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
Set in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dipp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never deparied more.

King. Pretty Ophelia! [Oph. Well, without an oath, I'll make an
end on 't;
By God, and by Saint Charity,
Anch, and for thy sake! Young men will do't, if they come to it;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you mouled me,
You promised me to wed.
[The answer.
So would I be done, by your son,
As then had not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus? [Queen. I hope, all will be well. We must be
patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think,
they should say him 'the cold ground'. My bro-
ther shall know of it, and so I thank you for
your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good
night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good
night, good night.

King. Follow her close! give her good watch,
I pray you.
O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrow comes, they come not single spires,
But in battallions. First, her father gone;
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And, for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes; If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, 'tis writ in your reverend heart. That, sweetest play, you will draw both friend and foe.

Hamlet. None but his enemies. Laertes. To his good friends thus wide I'll open my sword. And like the kind life-rendering pelican, Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak Like a good child, and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death, And you most sensibly in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment piece. As day does to your eye: [Sings.]

Dance. [Within.] Let her come in.

Hamlet. How now! What music is this that Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with Straw and Flowers.

O'heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt, Burned the sense and virtue of mine eyes!— By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight, Till all the scales turn the beam. O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! O heaven! 'tis possible, a young maid's wit Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine, It feeds some precious instance of itself. After the thing it loves.

Oph. My father loved his horse best of all his herd; He was so chaste, so unattempted to be known; And in his grave felt many a tear.

Fare you well, my love! [Sings.]

Hamlet. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, Dona-dona, on you call Mon-donada. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; And you, love, remember: and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance feted.

Oph. There's fequire for you, and columbines;—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.

There's a daisy.—I would give you some vio-lets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end.

For honey sweet Robin is all my joy. [Sings.]

Laertes. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself.

She turns to favour and to prettiness. [Sings.]

And will he come again?— And will he come again?—

He cometh like a sick deer. Go to, he is gone. He never will come again. His beard was as white as snow, All green was his poll. He is gone, he is gone; And we cast away mony; God's mercy on his soul. And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be with you! [Sings.]

Hamlet. Do you see this? O God. [Sings.]

Laertes. I must commune with your grief,

Ophelia. You desy me right. [Exit Ophelia.]

Hamlet. Make choice of whom your wittest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:

If by direct or by collateral hand They find you touched, we shall by a just judgment give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction; but, if not,

Be you content to tend your patience to us, And we shall jointly labour with your soul

To give it due content.

Laertes. Let this be so;

His scene of death, his honourable funeral,

No trophy, sword, nor hatchet-sword, nor his bones,

No noble rite, nor formal ostentation.

Cry to be heard, as were from heaven to earth,

That I must call it in question.

King. So shall you,

And where the offence is, let the great axe fall, I pray you, go with me. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. Another Room in the same.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that we shall speak with you? Serv. Sailors, sir; They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

Laet. I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted; if not from Lord Hamlet. Enter Sailors.

1st Sailor. God bless you, sir. 2nd. Let him bless thee to.

1st. Shall, he shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambas- sador that was sent to us, for, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. Hor. [Reads.] Hamlet, when thou shalt have overthrew this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ear we were two days old at this, a piece of very unlike appointment gave us charge: finding ourselves too slow of soul, we put on a composed colour: and in the严格的. I heard thee on the instant, they got clear of our ship: so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with us like thieves of mercy; but they know what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent, and report them to me with so much haste as then would it by death. I have words to speak in those ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bare of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee that where I am. Rosencrantz and Holinshed hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

1st. It is that thou knowest, Hamlet. Come, I will give you way for these your letters; And do't the specifier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [Exit.]

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your comeliness my acquaintance seal, And you must put me in your heart for friend; Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eye, That he, which flax my noble father's years, Premised my life, Mortality is there.

Laertes. It well appears;—but tell me, Why you proceeded not against these feasts, So criminal and so capital in nature, As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things give, You mainly were stir'd up. [Sings.]

Hor. No, for two special reasons; Which may to you, perhaps, seem much uninti- mated.

But yet to me they are strange. The queen, his mother,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Liven almost by his looks; and for myself, (My virtue, or my plague, be it which either,) That is so unspectacul in my life and soul. That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, For to a publick count I might not go, To the great love the general gracior bear him: With, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that tusheth wood to stone. Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, Twigs, lightly therfor to so loud a wind, Would have reverted to my bow again, And not where I had aim'd them. Lear. And so here I a noble father lost; A sister driven into desperate terms; Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections:—But my revenge will show more. King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think That we are made of stuff so flat and dull, That we can let our beard be shook with danger, And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more: I loved your father, and we love ourselves: And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—How now! what news?—Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:—This to your majesty; this to the queen. King. From Hamlet? Who brought them? Mess. Sailors, my lord; they say: I saw them not; They have given me by Claudius, he received them. Of him that brought them. Lear. Letters, you shall hear them:—Leave us. [Exit Messenger. [Reads.]—High and mighty, you shall know, I am not bound on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eye: when I shall, first ask your pardon solemnly, remove the suspicion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet. What should this mean? Are all the rest come home? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing? Lear. Know you the hand? King. By your character. Naked. And, in a postscript here, he says, alone: Can you advise me? Lear. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come: It warns me the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, Though they desist them.

King. If it be so, Learere. As how should it be so? how otherwise?—Will you be ruff'd by me? Lear. Ay, my lord; So you will not o'errule me to a peace. King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,— As checking in his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it,—I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe; But even his mother shall uncharge the practice, And call it, accident. Lear. My lord, I will be ruff'd; The rather, if you could devise it so, That it might be the organ.

King. It falls right. You have been talk'd of since your travel much, And that, Hamlet's bearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts Did not together procure such envy from him, As did that one; and that, in my regard, Of the unaccountable siege.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SC. VII.

And, for the purpose, I'll assault my sword. I bought an attack of a mouse十万， So mortal, that but dip a knife in it, Where it draws blood no cutaneous so rare, Collected from all simples that have virtue Under the moon, can save the thing from death. That is but scratch'd with it; I'll touch my point With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly, It may be death. Let's further think of this: What convenience, both of time and place, May fit us to our shape; if this should fail, And that our drift look through our bad performance, 'Twere better not assayed: therefore this project Should have a back, or second, that might hold, If it should blast in proof. Soft:—let me see:— I'll make a solemn wager on your earings, I ha': When in your motion you are hot and dry, (As make your boats more violent to that end,) And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared A chance for the nonce; whereon but slipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd stock, Our course may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen? Queen. One would tread upon another's heel, So fast they follow,—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.


There is a willow grows aslant the brook That shows his fair leaves in the glassy stream; There Trip the soft zephyrs, and there live the swallows, There the fowl play in the water and catch the minnows that come hither. There the fish play in the water and come out to play with the sun. There the birds play with the sun and make their nests by the brook so they might brook. And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet it is our trick; nature her custom holds, Let's see how this will work; when these are gone, The woman will be out—Adieu, my lord! I have a speech of fire, that him shall make: But that rain foil it drown'st. [Exit. King. Let's follow, Gertrude: How much I had to do in this rage! Now fear it, this will give it again; Therefore, let's follow. [Ereunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Church Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation? 2 Clown. I tell thee, she li; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence? 2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so. 1 Clown. It must be so: effectuate; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself willingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: and Argai, she drowned herself willingly. 2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, gentleman deliver. 1 Clown. Give me the leave. Here lies the water: good; here stands the man; good; if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, he will, be, all he, go, mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argai, he, is not guilty of his death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clown. But is this law? 1 Clown. Ay, marry it is; crown's quest law. 2 Clown. Will you be the truth out? If this had not been a christian woman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial. 1 Clown. Why where thou say? And the more pity: that great folks shall have censure in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even christian suitors. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, tillers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession. 2 Clown. Was he a gentleman? 1 Clown. He was the man that ever bare arms. 2 Clown. Why, he had none. 1 Clown. What, art a butcher? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digg'd: Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clown. Go to. 1 Clown. Ah, ha, he, that build'st stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter? 2 Clown. The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clown. I like thy speech, well, in good faith: the gallows does well; But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church: argai, the gallows may do well to thee. 'Tis again: come. 2 Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter? 1 Clown. Ay, tell me that, and anyoke. 2 Clown. Marry, now I can tell. 1 Clown. Unto a gentleman: but it could not be, Till that her garments, heavy with their drink, Pull'd the poor wretch from her melancholy To muddify death. 2 Clown. Alas then, she is drown'd? 1 Clown. She was drown'd. 2 Clown. Too much of water hast thou, poor soul! And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet it is our trick; nature her custom holds, Let's see how this will work; when these are gone, The woman will be out—Adieu, my lord! I have a speech of fire, that him shall make: But that rain foil it drown'st. [Exit. King. Let's follow, Gertrude: How much I had to do in this rage! Now fear it, this will give it again; Therefore, let's follow. [Ereunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 Clown. Cool, O cool, thy face more white it is for thy dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the homes that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yorhigan, and fetch me a stoup of water. [Exit 2 Clown.

1 Clown. Clowns dig, and sings.

'Tis even so: the hand of little employ, 'tis hard, but the dowerless. 1 Clown. But say, with thy steading style, How chance you're in his church? And why is not my head within the tomb, As if I had never been sick? [Threws up a scabb. 1 Clown. Scabb. That scabb. had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowl's it to the ground,
HAMELE,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT IV.

1. Clow. Why, because he was used: he shall recover his wins there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. This is.

2. Clow. 'Twill not be open in him there; there the more are as mad as he.

Ham. If I die, so.

1. Clow. Not now; and now my lady

Worms' chaste face, and knocked about the

manoeuvres with a sexton's speares: 'tis such

revoltnce, as we had the trick to work. Did

these bones cost no more the breeding, but to

place and logget with them? mine obes to think

on't.

1. Clow. A picture and a spoale, a spoale; [Sings.

\"O, a pit of clay fer to be made\"

For such a guest! [Throws up a scall.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scall of a lawyer? Where be his quidnuncs now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his trick? I could make knee to him about the

sconce with a sexton's speare. 'Tis such revoltnce, as we had the trick to work. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to place them and logget with them? mine obes to think on't.

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\"O, a pit of clay fer to be made\"

For such a guest! [Throws up a scall.
AC. 1.

HOM. 

LADY. What ceremony else?

HOM. A very noble youth; Mark.

LADY. What ceremony else?

HOM. I protest, Her obsessions have been far enough.

LADY. As we have warranty; her death was doubtful.

And, that great command overways the order.

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd;

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,

Her maids' companions, and the bringing home

Of bell, and burial.

LADY. Must there more be done?

HOM. We should profane the service of the dead;

To sing a requiem, and such rest to her

As to pare purified souls.

LADY. Lay her flat on the earth;

And from her fair and unpolished flesh,

May violets spring; I tell thee, churlish priest,

A mingling angel shall my sister be,

When thou bestowest her in the grave.

HOM. What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEE. Sweets to the sweet! Farewell! Scattering Flowers.

I hope'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid;

And not have strew'd thy grave.

O troth we

Till of this flat a mountain you have made

To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skifly height

Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Shaking.] What is he, whose grief

Bears such a triumph? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

LADY. The dead take thy soul! [Grapping with him.

HOM. Then pray not well.

I pray thee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For, though I am not plentiful and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear; Hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them speeder. Hamlet, Hamlet!

QUEE. O, Gentlemen —

HOM. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come.

HOM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme.

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEE. O, my soul! what theme?

HOM. I'll give Ophelia forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my son — What will thou do for her?

King. O, he must mad, Laertes.

QUEE. For love of God, forbear him.

HOM. It is sound, show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep'nt woo't fight': woo't fast'nt woo't

bear thyself?

Woo't drink up Exile, eat a crocodile;

I'll do't. — Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I!

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of scores on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone;

Make Osea like a whirl! Nay, an thou'lt mount,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Amon, as poisons do the inmost caves.

When that her golden cuplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

HOM. Hear you, sir; What is the reason that you use me thus?

I love you even. It is no matter;

Let Hercules do what he may,

The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

LADY. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

HOM. Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present point.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over yourself.

This grave shall have a living monument;

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see,

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Exit.]
HAMILT, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT V.

And stand a comma 'tween their amities; And many such like uses of great charge. —

That, on the view and knowing of these contents, Without debatemcnt further, more, or less, He should the bearsers put to sudden death, Not striving-time allow'd. —

Hor. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd; I had my father's signet in my purse, Which was the model of that Danish seal; Folded the writ up in form of the other; Subscrib'd it; gave the impression; plac'd it in safety.

The chattering never known: Now, the next day was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

There's know 'nae longer.

Hor. Bold Villainetos and Roesenstein go not. —

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment; There ne'er my consciousness; their defeat Doth by their own insurrection grow: 'Tis dangerous, when the beaten nature comes Between the pass and full incensed points Of mighty opposition.

Oph. Why, what a king is this? —

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now so anon? He that hath kild thine, and whores thine mother; Pooped in between the election and my hopes; Thrown out his ange for my proper life, And with such censure; 'tis not perfection.

To quit him with this arm; and 'tis not to be said to let this canker of our nature come

In further evil

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England, What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine; And a man's life no more than to say, one. But I am very sorry, good Horatio, That to Lear I forget myself; For by the image of my cause, I see The portraiture of his: 'Ill count his favours: But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me in a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter OSEIC.

Ose. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. — Doth know this thing?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Why, the state is more grave; for 'tis a year, so know him; He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be born of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mire: 'Tis a thorough; but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ose. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at present, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head. Ose. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot. —

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the weather is northerly.

Ose. It is a frosty cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very saltry and hot; or my complexion. —

Ose. Exceedingly, my lord; it is most saltry, — as 'twere, — I cannot tell how — My lord, his majesty bete signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you, remember. —

Ose. [Hamlet means you to put on his Hat.]

Ham. Nay, my good lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Learre:
SC. II.

HAMEL, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

I have a voice and a precedent of peace,
To keep my name unsoiled: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Your skill shall, like a star, the darkest night,
Shine properly.

You mock me, sir.

Your grace hath laid the out of the weaker side.

I do not see it; I have seen you both:

This is too heavy, let me see another!

I will come on, sir.

Lear, this is a good lord.

This will give me more of wine upon that table:

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third challenge.

Let all the battlements their ordinance bear.

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath.

And in the cup an union shall be throw.

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cup,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannon without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

Now the king drinks in Hamlet:—Come, laug'd.

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Come, my lord.

Come,—another hit: What say you?

Lear, a touch, a touch, I do come on.

Lear, you see the man.

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

I am too much in love to let him slink.

Hamlet, take my arm, rub thy brows.

My madam.

Lear, give me my pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But if you are a gentleman,

This presence knows, and you must needs have

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What have I done?

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd? Is Lear's! Never, Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himself be taken away.

And, when he's not himself, doe wrong Lear's,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: 'tis he so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

This madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my declaring from a purpose'd evil

Eye me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow over the house,

And hurt my brother.

I am satisfied in nature,

Those mode in, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my term's honour,

I stand aloof; and will not recompencement,

Till by some other masters; of known honor,

And methinks he himself; there are no tongues else for's part.

This laying runs away with the shell

On his head.

Hamlet did comply with his dog, before he

Suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the

same bevy, that I know, the drizzly age does

on,) lard the taste of the time, and outward

habit of encounter; a kind of yestry collection,

which carries them through and through the most

famous and wondrous opinions; and do but think

over them, you'll find the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lear, my lord, his Majesty commended him

Here, and you shall be his. You shall attend him in the ball. He sends to

you, if your pleasure hold to play with Lear's,

or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure; if his fitness speaks,

more is wantonness, or, whenever, provided

I be so able as now.

Lear, the king, and queen, and all are coming down

Ham. In happy time.

Lear. Forlorn things abounds, I'll be so gentle entertainment to Lear's, before you fail to

play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.

Lear. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since be went into France, I have been in continual practice.

Ham. I shall win at the odds. But then won't not think.

Lear. How all appear here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Ham, Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but folly: but it is such a kind of

gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a wee.

Lear. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I

will forestall their repair, bittah, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a

special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to

come, it will be now; if it be not in seven: Since

man, of an's he goes, knows;—what is 'ill

to leave beeters.

Enter King, Queen, Lear's, Lords, Osric, and

Attendants, with Fools, &c.

Ham. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand of me.

[The King puts the hand of Learnes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon this, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

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That might your nature, honour, and exception,

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HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT V.

Our. Look to the queen there, hol!  
Hor. They bleed on both sides—how is it, my lord?  
Our. How is't, Laertes?  
Laer. What, a woodcock to mine own springer, Gracius;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.  
Ham. How does the queen?  
Our. She swoons to see them bleed.  
Ham. No, no, the drink, the drink! my dear Hamlet!  
The drink, the drink—I am poison'd!  
[Dies.]  
Ham. Villain! No! let them with the door be lock'd!  
Treachery I seek it out.  
[Exeunt all.

Laer. So this is here, Hamlet! Hamlet, thou art slain!  
No medicine in the world can do thee good,  
In thee there is not half an hour's life;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice  
Hath ta'n'd itself on me: is, here I lie;  
Never to rise again: Thy mother poison'd;  
I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.  
Ham. The point  
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom to thy worth.  
[Stabs the King.

Our & Lords. Treason! treason!  
King. O! yet defend me, friends: I am but hurt.  
Ham. Here, thou laxe-cours'd, murd'rest,  
damned Dane!  
Drink off this poison:—Is the union here?  
Follow my mother.  
[King dies.  
Laer. He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself—  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;  
Nor blame on me!  
[Dies.]  
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.  
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretch'd queen, alive!—  
You that look white and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time (as this fell servant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you—  
But let it be—Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause right  
To the unsatisfied.  
Never believe it:  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,  
Here's yet some liquor left.  
[Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it!  
O God!—Horatio, what a wondroum name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-  
hind me!  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
About thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story—  
[March after off, and Shot within.  
What waking noise is this?  
Our. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come  
from Poland.  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike valley.  
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite over-crews my spirit;  
I cannot live to hear the news from England:

But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the occurrences, more or less,  
Which have solicited,—The rest is silence.  
[Dies.  
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good-night, sweet prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither?  
[March within.

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and Others.

Fort. Where is this sight?  
What voice is this, it, you would me!  
If sought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.  
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc!—O proud death!  
What feast is toward in thine eternal ear?  
That thou so many princes, at a shot,  
So bloodily hast struck!  
[And.

The sight is diurn;  
And our affairs from England come too late:  
The ears are senseless, that should give us hea-  
ting.  
To tell him, his commandment is fail'd;  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead;  
Where should we have our thanks?  
[Not from his mouth.  
Had it the ability of life to thank you,  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question.  
You from the Polsack wars, and you from Eng-  
land,  
Are here arrive'd: give order, that these bened.  
High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,  
How these things came about: Boshah ye how  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, causal slaughters:  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and done for'  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook.  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this run  
Truly deliver.  
Fort. Let me have it to bear.  
And call the nobility to the audience.  
For, with sorrow I embrace your fortune;  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom.  
Which now to claim my vantage doth invade me.  
Of that I shall have but cause to speak.  
And from his mouth whose voice will dress at  
more;  
But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild; lest nor mischiefe  
On plots and errors, happen.  
Fort. Let bear captain  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on  
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his pa-  
The soldier's musick, and the rites of war,  
Speak loudly for him.  
[3 dead mess.  
[Enter, bearing of the dead Bodies: shot  
which, a Pest of Oursena is shot at.

While the sun was shining in the west, and the sky was clear, a large crowd of people gathered in the park. The atmosphere was electric with excitement as everyone waited anxiously for the outcome of the election. The cheers and applause were deafening, and the tension was palpable. Suddenly, a man in a white uniform stepped forward and announced the results. The crowd erupted in a mixture of chants and cheers, celebrating the victory of the new candidate. The air was filled with a sense of hope and renewal. It was a moment that would be remembered for generations to come.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant; IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's Lieutenant in the Govern-
ment of Cyprus.

SCENE—for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street. Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Iago. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly, that thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse, as if the strings were thine,—shouldst show it to me.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me,—if ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me. I love you not. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. No, I despise him, if I do not. Three great ones of the city; in person suit to make me his lieutenant, Oft captained him; and, by the faith of man, I know my price. I am worth no worse a place: but he, as loving his own pride and purposes, Enrages them, with a bombast circumstance, Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war; and, in conclusion, nonsuit My mediators; for, cursed says he, I have already chained my office. And what was he?—

Roderigo. A great mathematician; one Michael Cassio; a Florentine, a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife; that never set a squint in the field, for the division of a battle knows more than a spinner; unless the bookish theorist, Wherein the toged counsel can propose a masterly as he; there profite, without prac-

Iago. Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election: And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof, At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd. By debtor and creditor, this counter-exalter; He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, and I (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's ancient. Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service; Preference goes by letter, and affection, Not by the old gradation, where each second Stood hier to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself; Whether in any just term am am fain'd To love the Moor. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you; I follow him to serve my turn upon him: We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark Many a dutchman and horse-crooking knave, That, doling on his own obsequious homage, Wears out his time, much like his master's ass, For nought but provender; and, when he's out, casing'd. Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are, Who, triumph'd in forms and visages of duty, Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves; And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, Do well thrive by them, and, when they have bid their costs,
Do yourselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as safe as you are Roderigo.
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself:
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward actions doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For days to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
If he can carry'st this! 
Br. But, Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kind.
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy bejoy
Yet throw such changes of vexation on,
As it may lose some colour.
Iago. Here's her father's house: Jullian is abroad.
Iago. Do you with Him tempestous accord, and
dire yea,
As when by sight and negligence, the fire
Is spiced to spicier visions.
Rod. What be hâ! Brabantio! signor Brabantio!
Iago. A wretch I what aha! Brabantio! thieves!
Thieves! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Brabantio, above, as at a Window.
Br. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
Rod. Signor, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors locked?
Inn. Zounds, sir, you are robbed! for shame,
Put on your gown:
Your heart is brazen, you have lost half your soul;
Yet now you're, very now, an old black ram
Is tupp'ng your white ewe.
Ariosto. Arie, arie,
Awake the snorting citizen with the boll,
Or else the devil will make a grandire of you:
Arie, I say.
Br. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signor, do you know my name?
Br. Not; I what are you?
Rod. My name is - Roderigo.
Br. The worse welcome: I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors;
In honest plainness than hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad
Being full of supper, and dissembling draughts.
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start at my quiet.
Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir.
Br. What thought you most needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Pardon, good sir.
Br. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice:
My house is not a grave.
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
A simple and pure soul I come to you.
Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter
covered with a Barbaric horse; you'll have your
nephews neigb to you: you'll have corners
for coins, and grooves for German.
Br. What profane wretch art thou?
Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.
Br. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are a traitor.
Br. This thou shalt answer: I know thee,
Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
Thou canst be honest, and must win cannot.
(As part I find it is, that your sire daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch white night,
Transported—With no worse see better good,
But with a knave of common hire, appalling—
To the gross claps of a lascivious Moor.
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and sassy wrong;
But if you know not this, my nonsense said it,
We have your wrong revenge. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter—if you have not given her
I say again, hath made a gross resolve;
Firing her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and ejaculating strange.
Of here and every where; Straightway you
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let house on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding me.
Give me a taper;—call up all my people—
This accend is not unlike my dream.
Beliet of it oppresses me already:
Light, I say! light! (Exit, from below.
Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my plan.
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall),
Against the Moor: For, do I know, the man—
However this may gull him with some check—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embarked
With such Lord reason to the Cyprus war
(Which even now stand in act), that, for his soul,
Another of his fames they have not,
To leal their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life.
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall not say
find him,
Lead to the Sacritury the raised search;
And there will he be with him. So, farewell.
[Exit.

Enter below, Brabantio, and Servants, and Thursday.

Br. It is too true an evil: gone she be;
And what's to come of my despipt time,
Is sought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhapp'y girl—
With the Moor, say'th thou?—Who would be
father?
How didst thou know twas she? O, thou des-
avest one.
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get
more tapers;
Raise all my kind!—Are they married, think
True, I think, they are. [yv]
Br. O heavens!—How she got out?—O de-
son of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughter.
By what you see them act.—Are there no
claims,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be about? Have you not read, Roderigo?
Of some such thing!?
SC. 1. OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE. 821

Red. Call up my brother.—O, that you had cared!

Bra. Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Red. Think, I can discover him; if you please,
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Ha! At any house I'll call;

I must, Heaven at most.—Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Rodrigo!—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and ATTENDANTS.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
Yet do I hold it very stuff of the conscience,
To do no contrary murder; I seek iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I have beheld to have yeark'd him under this sky,

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And, spoke such survy and provoking terms
Against your honour,

That, with the little goodness I have,
I did fail hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? I forbear this,—
That the magnificence is much beholden;

And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put you into what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Without giving him cable.

Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signory,
Not to be known: there is yet to know,

Whiles I know that I shall be a servant,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege: and my demerits
May speak, unembittered, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reache'd: For know, Iago,

That I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unassumed free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the Otho's.

But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter CASINO, at a distance, and certain Officers

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:

You are best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends! What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance,

Even on the instant.

Iago. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine
It is a business of some fort: the galley's
Have sent a dozen, most described messengers
This very night at one another's hands; and many of the counsels, nay, and, met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly

When, being not at your lodging to be found, the senate hath sent about some several quests, to search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you. I will but spend a word here in the honor;
And go with you.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE. ACT V.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
As in the case with Ant忤o,
'Tis out with difference, yet do they all condemn
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Hey, enough of this! sensible enough to judge;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Oth. [Whispers.] What hol! what hol! what hol!

Duke. Enter as Officers, with a Sailor.

Of. A messenger from the galley.

Duke. What! the business?

Of. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.

Duke. So was I bid report here to the state,
By the ambassador from Venice.

Duke. How say you by this change?

To thee this cannot be;
By no means of reason: 'tis a pagan,
To keep as in false gods: When we consider
The impracticability of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand
That situation, which our Turk demands:
Then they think upon Rhodes, he may
So be with more feasible question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is drawn in:—if we may thought
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To brave what letter which conceives him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gale,
To wake, and wage, a danger possessed.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Of. Here is more news.

Mess. The Ottomans, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isles of
Rhodes.
Have there imprisoned them with an after fleet.

Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
game!

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they rest
Their backward course, bearing with frank apper
Arance.
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Men
tiner.
Your trusty and most valiant servant,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis well then for Cyprus,—
Many have been and are not in tow'r;

Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. What, have they got?—Write so soon;
With him post-haste—despatch;

Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.

Brabantio. Othello, Iago, Rodrigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight em
ploy you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you: welcome, gentle signior;

To Brabantio;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Br. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon
me;
Neither my place, nor anguish I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
care
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and overbearing nature,
That it engirds and awakens other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Br. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Duke. Ay, to meet
She is abduc'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
by false and wicked thoughts of the meanest:
For inns or houses, ready to set fire
Being strong, whereas a brother of meaner
name, whose winds were not so much
Discovered, would have been.

Duke. O, how be he, that, in this fair proceed
ning
Falsely beginning's your daughter's grief, and
and even of her, the bonds of love.
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.
After this, you may, through confirmed brood
in your notions.

Sen. Alas, I almost shrank your gauze.
When the man, this I must say, is too near,
Your especial mandate, for the state aside,
You'll have brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, you may say
so to this?

Sen. Nothing, but this is so.
This great and grave, and sedentary condition,
My very soul and appearance unsuited,
That I have 'em over this old mor'd-humour,
It is my dear, my dear, my friend, how I love
The very head and front of my offending.
Black this excess, so much. Back me on my speech.
And little blunder'd with the cut plume of panes;
For since those arms of mine and seven great
pash,
Till now some nine morn'ns wasted, they hast
and
Their darest action in the treated field.
And little of this great world can I express.
More than pertains to limits of head and hand;
And therefore little shall I guess my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your great
patience,
I will a round savour'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love! what drop that, what
patience,
What conjunction, and what mighty magic
(For each proceeding I am charg'd with)
I won his daughter with.

Sen. A maiden never hold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her maiden
Brash'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she knew'd to look on! It is a judgment maiden'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could not
Against all rates of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of conquering hell,
Why should this be? I therefore vocifer
That with some mixture of choler was
Or with some harm composed to this office,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt sign;
Than these the habits, and poor likehlass
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But, Othello, speak:—
Did you by indirect and forced converse
Rape and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul address'd?
I do beseech you, send for the lady to the Sigiliary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do and me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. I pray you, fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best have
the place.— [Exeunt Iago and Attendants.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the voices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did strive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine, as Othello.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

father lovd me; no, he stol me; or, on'd that my story of the life, to year's battles, sieges, fortunes, war events, even from my boyish days, a moment that he said me tell it. spoke of most disastrous chances, accidents, by flood, and field: in the escapest he, the eminent deadly; a man the innocent foe, a slave of my redemption, I in my travel's history: thus vast, and deserts wild, tribes, rocks, and hills whose heads cheavens, most to speak, such was the process; calamus that each other eat, each man whose heads heath his shoulders. These things are serious inclines: house affairs would draw her thence; she was with haste depart, again, and with a greedy ear her discourse: which I, when I observed, I found good means on her a prayer of earnest heart, on all my subscriptions dilate. I, a courtier that had something heard, entirely: I did consent; did beseech her of her tears; I pronounced a speech of distress and solace. My story being done, as I was in a word of sighs: In faith, twas strange, twas past strange; I, was wondrous pitiful: she had not heard it; yet she wished it: she had made her such a man; she did me: ne, if I had a friend that loved her; it, he teach him how to tell my story, would woe her. Upon this hint, I set me for the dangers I had past; I entreated them, the witchcraft I have us'd; the lady, let her witness it.edExceptions, Jacob, and Attendants. in, this tale would win my daugh-
t's, in no small matter at the best: it broken weapons rather use, bare hands. I pray you, hear her speak; is, that she was half the wooster, in my head, if my bad blame so man! Come hither, gentle mis-
lose in all this noble company, s you owe obedience! My noble father, on here a divided duty: my bound for life, and education; I, education, both do learn me, and you; you are the lord of duty, my daughter: But here's my end: th duty as my mother showed, denying you before her father, challenge that I may profess Me, God be with you—I have done: for grace, on to the state affairs; to adopt a child, than get it; I, Moor. In that I with all my heart, then hast already, with all my heart p from thee.—For your sake, Jewel,
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will not serve serious and great business want.
For she in with me: No, when light-wing'd toys Of youth, and Capiad with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skellet of my helm,
And all indig and base manners
Makin back against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—

Duke. So must I answer it; you must hence to

Duke. This night.

Duke. At nine the morrow here we'll meet

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you:
With which and with respect,
As doth import you,
To your conscience your grace, your ancient,
A man be he of honesty and trust.
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With whose regard and needful; your grace shall think

Duke. Be rest after me.

Let it be so.

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
To Brabantio,
If virtue so delighted beauty lack,
You shall be sure is far more fair than black.

Seam, advise, brave Moor! me Desdemona
well.

Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye
to see;
She has discovered her father, and may thee.

[Seem Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Othello. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—

Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee; we must obey the time.

[Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Lago. What say'st thou, noble heart? be
Lago. What will I do, think'st thou
Lago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.
Lago. I will inconceivably drown myself.
Lago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love the worldly pretentious gentleman.
Lago. It is stillness to live, when to live is a torment; and then we have a prescription to
die, when death is our physician.

Lago. O villains! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I
could distinguish between a benefit and an injury,
I never found a man that knew how to
love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-ben, I would
change my humanity with a baboon.

Lago. What should I do? I confess, it is my
shame to be so fond: but it is not in virtue to
amend it.

Lago. Virtue is a gift; 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus.
Our bodies are our gardens: to the which, our wills are gardeners:
so that if we will plant nettles, or set lettuce; set hy-
sops and weeds among the plants: it is with one
gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either
to have it sterile with idleness, or managed with
industry; why, the power and corrigible author-
ity of this lie in our wills. If the balance of
our lives had not one scale of reason to pose
another of sensuality, the blood and barrenness
of our natures would command us up to most pro-
posterosous const"
OThELLO, the Moor of Venice.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Seaport Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter Montano and Iachimo.

Mont. What from the cape you can discern at sea?

Iach. A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements; I hardly see the ship in the sea.

Mont. What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, can hold the merit? What shall we hear of this? Are they not the bloodstained keel of the Turk's fleet?

Iach. For do but stand upon the foaming shore, The chiding billows seem to sound the tide;
The wind-shake'd durance, with high and monstrous main,
Seems cast water on the burning hear.

Mont. And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole; I never durst like makelot view On' the enchanted flood.

Iach. That if the Turkish fleet Be not ensibled and embay'd, they are drown'd;

Mont. It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Gent. News, bar'd! our wars are done: The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks, That their designd hail: A noble ship of Venice,

Mont. Hath seen a grievous wreck and suflerance On most part of their fleet.

Gent. How! is this true?

Mont. The ship is here put in,

Venantio; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven, he be;
For I have serv'd him, and he the man commands Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho! As well to see the vessel that's come in, As look for out one eye for brave Othello: Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue, An indignant regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy Of more arriva's.

Exit Cassio.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot Of very expert and approved allowance; Therefore a voyage not suffered to death, Stand in bold career.

[Exit Cassio.

Enter my other Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow of the strand ranks of people, and they cry a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy.

Cas. Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

Cas. But, good lieutenant, is your general wind?

Cas. Most fortunately; he hath achiev'd a maid That paragons description, and wild fame;
Trairors erst-eve'th'd to cling the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit Their mortal natures, setting go safely By the divine Desdemona.

Cas. What is she?

Gent. She, that I spoke of, our great captain's
captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here and else I am well-versed a'bout, a' as'nigh'ted's appearance.

Iago, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship, Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms, Give renew'd life to our extinct spirits, And bring all Cyprus comfort—O, behold,

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Romano, and Attendants.

Cas. The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Iago. What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He has not yet arriv'd; nor know I sought That but he's well, and will be shortly here.

Iago. But, I fear—How long hast you company?
Cas. The great contentment of the sea and skies Parted our fellowship; but, look, back! I a sail.

Iago. A sail, a sail, then guesse's head.

Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel; This likewise is a friend.

Iago. See for the news—

Cas. Good ancient, you are welcome—Welcome, mistress.

Iago. To Emilia.

Emil. Let it not gait your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of blearing.-

[Emilia kisses her hand.

Iago. Sir, would you give her so much of her lips?

Cas. As of her tongue she oft BESTOWS on me,
You'll have enough.

Cas. Has he, in faith, much?
Iago. I find it still, when I have list to sleep.

Iago. Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tresses a fitter in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Belts in your pards, nay, establish your kitchen,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Iago. O, yea upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true; or, 'tis but a Turk;
You rise to ride, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my graces.

Iago. No, let me not.
OThELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Oth. What wouldn't she then write of me, if she knew

Des. O grave lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not criminal.

Oth. Come on, nay—There's one gone to the harbour?

Des. Ay, sir, the lady.

Oth. How, not sorry? but I do beguile
The thing I say, by seeming otherwise—

Come along, Desdemona, how she comes then?

Des. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my past, as a printer from his press, free from
It picks out small lines and all: But her mood
Labour.

And so she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise,—salute, and wit,
The care for thee, the care for me.

Oth. How if she be black and witty?

Des. Now, if she be black, and therefore have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Oth. Woe and woe.

End. How, if fair and foolish?

Des. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For her fair is her wit.

End. These are old foul paradoxes, to make fools lengthen the lie; what unadulterate praise hast thou for her that's fair and foolish?

Des. There's none so fool, and foolish there's none.

But does fool pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Oth. I heavy ignorance!—thou pratest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed I One, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very miracle itself?

Des. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had honour at will, and yet was never loud;—

Oth. Never lack'd gold, and yet never gave;

Fled from her wish, and yet said,—Now may I:

Des. That, being anger'd, her revenge being sighs,
Bade her wrong stay, and her dispresse fly:

Oth. That, is wisdom never was so frail;

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;

Des. That she could think, and never disclose her mind,

End. But for her look behind;

Des. She a wise was; if ever such were.

End. To do what?

Des. To suckle fools, and chronic small beer.

Oth. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—

Do not learn what, Emilia, though he be thy husband.
—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most proper and liberal counsellor?

Cass. He speaks home, madam; you may reilish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Des. I, Desdemona, I take her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own mouthsalt. You say true; 'tis so indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lies tenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the air in. Very good well kissed! an excellent courtsey! 'tis so, in deed. Yet again your fingers to your lips! would they were duster-pipes for your sake:—

Cass. The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Oth. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cass. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great joy to see you here before me. O my soul's joy! if after every tempest come such calms,

May the wind blow till they break our death's

And let the tabernacle build hills of seas,

Olympus-high; and suck again so low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now so far,

Oth. Yes, I do, my soul hath her constant to it

That not another comfort hath to this

Des. The honest field

Oth. Our love and company should increase, even as our days do grow!

Oth. A man to such, sweet Cassio—

Cass. I cannot speak, my lord. I love you, I love you; it comes upon me; it is too much of joy; and this, and this, the greatest delight is. [Aside.]

That ever our hearts shall make!

Oth. Well, I'll tell thee not now; but I'll set down the pegs that make this such, and the feast as I am going to.

Des. Come, let's to the city.

Des. What news, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are here.

Des. How do our old acquaintance of this lord—

Oth. Merry, you shall be well dined in Cyprus, you have been too much for them. O my master.

Cass. gentle of fashion, and I doubt in mine own composure—I am to do my office:—

Write, so to the bay, and disembark my officers; I have young men among these:

Be a good one, and his workman;

Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,

Oth. Once more well met at Cyprus.

Des. Do these meet me presently at the harbour. Come kitchen. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have thee sobilities in their natures more than in nature in them,—but me. The lieutenant to night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell for this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Des. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Des. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy nail be teetruled. Mark me with what reverence first loved the Moor, but for braggart, and tritling her fantastical lines: And will she love him still for praising I shall be there, if you do not direct him to.

Des. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the king is made droll with the act of sport, there should be—again to infame it, and to give safety a fresh apprehension.—Never do I see so many in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of those required conduences, her delicate sternness will find itself abused, begin to be beame the group, discreet and aloof:—

Des. Blest be's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been battered, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed scaffolding! Didst thou not see her paddles with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Oth. Yes, that I did; what was that said?

Des. Lachery, by this hand; an index, and
Scene III. A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night.
Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outpour disquiet.
Our Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night; To-morrow, with our ear;

To Desdemona.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parlour of provocation.
Des. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?
Des. She is, indeed, perfection.

To Othello.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

To Othello.

Iago. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

To Cassio and Iago.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

To Cassio.

Iago. Othello has drank but one cup-to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here! I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

To Cassio.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

To Othello.

Iago. Where are they?

To Othello.

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Oth. I'll not; but it displeases me.

To Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, with that which he hath drank to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Rodrigo.

To Rodrigo.

Iago. Whom love has hard'nest almost the wrong side over.

To Desdemona hath to-night careed'st
Potatoes pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lad's of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle.

To Desdemona.

Iago. Have I tonight staid with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunken ones.

To Desdemona.

Iago. Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle: But here he come, we'll correct him: he DISMANTLE, and

To Desdemona.

Iago. Fore heaven, they have given us a course already.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE. 

ACT II. 

Ot. Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pat, as I am a soldier. 

Ice. Some wine, ho! 

"And let me the cantharids clink, clink; [Sings. And let me the cantharids clink; "A soldier's a man; A life's but a span; Why then, let a soldier drink."

Some wine, boy. [Five broughms in. 
Caz. `Fore heaven, an excellent song. 

Ice. I learned it in England, where (indeed) there, the least point in politting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, -Drink, ho! - are nothing to your English. 

Caz. Is your Englishmum so expert in his drinking? 

Ice. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweetest not to overthrow your Almains; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled. 

Caz. To the health of our general. 

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. 

Ice. O sweet England! 

"A king Stephen was a worthy peer, He breaksers cross him but a crown; He holds them innumere me all! With that he calls the tailor-hum. He was a wight of high renown. And am not but of low degree; "To pride that pulls the country down; Then take thee wise and cluck about thee."

Some wine, ho! 

Caz. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other. 

Ice. Will you hear it again? 

Caz. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. -Well, Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be awed, and there be souls must not be saved. 

Ice. It's true, good lieutenant. 

Caz. For mine own part, no offence to the general, or any man. 

Ice. And so do I, lieutenant, I hope to be saved. 

Caz. Ay, but by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. 

Leta. Have no more of this; let's to our affairs. -Forgive us our sins! - Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient; - this is my right hand, and this is my left hand; - I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 

Caz. Excellent well. 

Ice. Why, you are very well, then; you must not think that I am drunk. 

[Exit. 

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch. 

Ice. You see this fellow, that is gone before; 

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar 
And give direction; and do but see his visce; "Tis to his virtae a just equino; The one longer than the other; "tis pity of him. I fear, the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity Will shake this island. 

Mon. But is he often thus? 

Ice. "Tis evenmore the prologue to his sleep; He'll watch the horoscope a double set, If drink rock not his cradle. 

Mon. It were well, The general were put in mind of it. 

Ice. Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature Prices the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils; is not this true? 

Enter Rodrigo. 

Ice. How now, Rodrigo? 

[Aside. I pray you, after the lieutenant: go. [Exit Rodrigo. 

Out. Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place, as his own accord, With one of this disgrac'd inferiority. It was an honest action, to say So be to the Moor. 

Out. Not, for this fair island; I do love Cassio well; and would do much To cure him of this evil. But hurt! what mischief! [Cry murder; -Help! -Help! -Help! 

Re-enter Cassio, driving in ROBARD. 
Caz. You rogue! you rascal! 

Out. Mon. He's the matter, lieutenant! 

Ice. A knave! - I'll teach you my duty! 

Out. I'll beat the knave into a twiggles bottle. 

Caz. Bad, bad me! 

Out. Bad thou prate, rogue! 

Caz. [to Cassio. [Avaricious. 


Ice. I pray you, sir, hold your hand. 

Caz. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you over the mazzard. 


Caz. Drink! 

Out. A way, I say! go, and make it. [They fight. 


Ice. Master! - Here's a godly watch, indeed! [Red rays. 

Out. Who's that that rings the bell? - Diabolo! ho! The town will rise, the lieutenant, ho! You will be shamed for ever. 

Enter Othello and Attendants. 

Oth. What is the matter here? 

Mon. I bleed still, I am lust to the death; he dies. 

Oth. Hold, for your lives. 

Ice. Hold, hold, lieutenant, sir, Montano, gentlemen. Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame! 

Oth. Why, how now, he! from whose arsech this? 

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do beat, Which heaven hath forbid the Ottoman? For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl! He that stirs next to curse for his own rage, Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. -Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle From her propriety. -What is the matter, masters? 

Enter Iago, that look'd at death with glowing. 

Ice. Speak, who began this? on my soul, I charge thee. 

Ice. I do not know; - friends all but now, even now. 

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom Devising them for bed; and then, but now, (As if some planet had unswitted them) Swords out, and tilting one at other, breast, In opposition bloody. I cannot speak Any beginning to this peevish odds; And would, in action glorious I had lost These arms, that brought me to a part of it! Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are the forgot? 

Ice. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak. 

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were worst bound. The gravity and stillet of your yoke The world hath noted, and your name is great In mouths of wise and serious; what's the matter? That you unlace your reputation thus, And spend your rich opinion, for the same Sir of a night brawler I give me answer to. 

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt at daggers; Your voice, I say, can inform you-
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

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speech, which something now—

know: nor know I ought

d or done in this night: to be sometime a vice;

as it be sin, shall

us.

Now, by heaven,—

my safe guides to rule me;

uing my best judgment collid'd,

our; our prov'd in this offence,

and with me, both at a birth,

a thing in a new comb. 

ple's hearts brutal of fear, 

ar, and domestic quarrel,

and of guard and safety! 

ago, who began it? 

he? 

an officer, or more or less than truth, 

&

Touch me not so near: this tongue cut from my mouth, an offence to Michael Cassio; myself, to speak the truth real, it is general, self-being in speech, allow, crying out for help; crying with determined sword, a man: Sir, this gentle- man to, and entreat his pause; 

hath in this vile war, 

or (as it so fall cut) 

as he, swift of foot, one; 

and I return'd the other 

and fall of swords, 

in oath; whist, till to-night 

before: when I come back 

of I found them close together, 

even as again they were, 

did part them. 

he: but I report— 

the best-sometimes forget: 

that some little wrong to him, 

strike those that wish them 

so, I believe, received, 

some strange indignity, could not pass. 

I know, Iago; 

I love death since this man; 

love to die; I love thee; 

be officer of mine. 

Desdemona, attended. 

love be not rain'd up— 

a joking story. 

What's the matter, dear? 

now, sweeting; Come away to, 

surgeon; Lead him off. 

To Montano, who is left, 

care about the town; 

in the soldier's life, 

my slumber walk'd with strife. 

Leonato, but Iago and Cassio. 

I love Cassio; I love thee; 

told myself; and what remains 

surgery, 

in, reputation, reputation? O, 

I have lost the inner 

now, and what remains, 

ago, my reputation. 

thee, I thought you 

wound'd; there is more 

in reputation. Reputation 

is an idle and most false imposition; oft got 

without merit, and lost without deserving; 

You have lost no reputation at all, unless you 

repute yourself a looser. What, man! there are ways 

to recover the general again: You are 

but now cast in his mind, a punishment more 

in policy than in matter; even so as one would 

beat his inoffensive dog, to affright an imperious 

horse; and so desist again, and I'll answer. 

Can. I will rather see me be despised, than 

to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, 

so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drink? 

and speak parrot! and squawking! swear? 

and discourse foaming with one's own 

shadow—O then invisible spirit of wine, if 

then hast no name to be known by, let us call 

 thee—devil. 

Iago. What was he that you followed with 
your sweet eyes? who had he done to you? 

Can. I know not. 

Iago. Is it possible? 

Can. I remember a mass of things, but no 

thing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing 

wherefore— O, that man should put me away in 

their months, to steal away their brains! that 

we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and 

applause, transform ourselves into beats! 

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: 

How came you thus recovering? 

Can. I had pleas'd the devil drunkenness, 

to give place to the devil; wrath; one 

unperfections show me another, to make me frankly 

despise myself. 

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. 

As the time, the place, and the condition of 

this country stands, I could heartily wish this 

had not befal'n; but, since it is as it is, mend 

it for your own good. 

Can. I will ask him for my place again; 

be shall tell me, I am a drunkard! that, as many 

mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop 

them all. To be now a sensible man, by and 

by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! 

Every inordinate cup is unblesshed, and the 

ingredient is a devil. 

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good fa-

miliar creature; it is he well used; exclaims no 

more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, 

you think I love you. 

Can. I have well approved it, sir.—I drink! 

Iago, You, or any man living, may be drunk 

at some time, man. I'll tell you what you 

shall do. Our general's wife is now the general; 

I may say so in this respect, for that he hath 

given up himself to the contemplation, mark, 

and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess 
yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to 

put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so 

soft, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in 

her goodness, not to do more than she is requested; 

This broken joint between you and her husband, 

entreat her to scatter; and, my fortunes against 

any lay worth naming, this err'ry of your love 

shall grow stronger than it was before. 

Can. You advise me well. 

Iago. Protest, in the sincerity of love, and 

honest kindness. 

Can. I think it freely; and, betimes in 

the morning, I will beseech the virtuous 

Desdemona to undertake for me: I am 

desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here. 

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, 

lieutenant: I must to the watch. 

Can. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Can. 

Iago, And what's he then, that says,—I play 

the villain? 

When this advice, free, I give, and honest, 

Probable to thinking, and Indeed! the course 

To win the Tiger again? This is not easy 

The inclining Desdemona to subdue 

in any honest suit! she's worn and twined.
ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content you with something that's brief; and bid—good morrow, general. [Music.]

Enter Clown.

Cas. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'll the nose thus? I Mus. How, sir, how! Cas. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments? I Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir. Cas. O, thereby hangs a tale, sir! Cas. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noises with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Cas. If you have any moody that may not be heard, it's again: but, as they say, to bear mis- shed, the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Cas. Then put up your pipers in your bag, for I'll away; Ge; vanish into air; stay.

[Exeunt.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend! Cas. No, I hear not my honest friend; I hear now, what the devil!

Cas. Pr'ythee keep up thy quillities. There's a poor piece of gold for thee; if the gentleman that attends the general's will be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entertains her a little favour for his esteem. Wilt thou do that? Cas. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir further, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exeunt.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—in happy time, Iago.

Iago. Have you not been asked thus? Cas. Why, no; the day had brake Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, to send into Cassio, that is, that she will to visitous by Desdemona message me some news.

Iago. I will send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor. Out of the way, that your couriers and bards May be more free. Cas. I truly thank you fast, I never love that A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant; I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies, That he, her hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus. And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wis- dom, He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you; And need no other suit, but his likings, To take the saftest occasion by the frost, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I atenuch, you— If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray, you come in. I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound by you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen. Orb. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, do my duties to the state: That done, I will be walking on the works, Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do this. For this fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see it? Grow. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou answered, good Cassio, I will All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know, it gives my husband joy. As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do so, Cassio, Emilia.
Othello, the Moor of Venice. 351

But I will have your lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Whensoever he become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord,
You have known him long; and he you well
assured,
He shall in strange standage starch no further
Than in a polish'd place.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long:
Or feed upon such nice and wasters diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'11 perform it
The last articles: my lord shall never rest:
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of pe-

Emil. Enter Othello, and Iago, at a distance.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
The last articles: my lord shall never rest:
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of pe-

Emil. Do your discretion.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot
think it;
That he would steal away so guiltily,
Seeing you coming.

Iago. You do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

Oth. I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that laughes in your displeasure.

Emil. Who is he?

Des. Your Lordship Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That were in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I pray thee call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Des. At midnight.

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

Des. Let me in the caplase of the citadell.

Oth. Why then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn;

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's pentent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason
(Save that they say, the wars must make ex-

Out of their best, is not almost a fault.
To incur a private chace: When shall be come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so manumeting on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
Hark! I'll ven your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Try thee, no more: let him come when
he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

Iago. As I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or see you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
I'll entreat you not, where I shall touch your love,
It shall be full of pain and difficulty,
And frightful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing: Wherefrom, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you no? Farewell, my lord.

Iago. Farewell, thy Desdemona: I will come
to thee straight.

Emil. Come:—Be it as you fancy teach you,
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

Iago. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wou'd
my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed? ay, indeed:—Discern't thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he deceives me.
As if there were some monster in his thought;
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost meet some
thing else;
I heard thee say but now,—Thou like'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What didst thou like not?
And, when I told thee, she was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'st, Indeed?
And didst not guard, and put thy brow together,
As if thou then hast shut up thy brain
Some horrid conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost:
And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty.

Iago. And weightiest words before thou giv'st them breath.

Oth. Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.

Iago. For such things, in a false dialoyal knave,
Art tricks of custom; but, in a man that's so.

Iago.
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Men should be what they seem;
Or, that he be not, 'would they might seem none!

Ces. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Yet, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of any

The worst of words.

Good my lord, pardon me; Though I am bound to every act of duty, I am not bound to that all slaves are free to, And all our acts of life are wise and false.

As form's that palace, whereunto foul things Sometimes interweave not with a breath to pure, But some uncleanly apprehensions Keep and in session sit:

With meditations lawful.

Oth. Thou dost contrive against thy friend, Iago.

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his A stronger to thy thoughts.

I do beseech you,

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess, As I confess, it is my nature's plague To any into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy Shapes faults that are not, — I entreat you then, From one that so imperfectly conforms, Thou'lt take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble.

Out of his scattering and unsure observance It were not for your quest, nor your good, Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. Good name, in man, and woman, dear

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.

But be that fitches from me my good name, Robs me of that, which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed.

By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy; It is the green-ay'd monster, which doth make The meat beautiful that should not be looked on, Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger; But, O, what damned nunetta tells he over, Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Poor, and content, rich, and richly

But riches, baseless, is as poor as winter, To him that ever fears he shall be poor;

To follow still the changes of the moon With fresh suspicions! Not to be once in doubt, Is — once to be resolv'd; Exchange me for a goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul

To such exacquition and blown surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous;

Say — my wife is faith, feeds well, loves company,

It is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;

Nor from ounce twice weak merits will I draw

The smallest fear, or doubt of her resolves;

For she had eyes, and chose me; No, Iago; I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this — A way at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason

To see the love and duty that I bear you

With framer spirit: therefore, as I am bond,

Receive it from me: — I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife, and then reflect on Cassie;

Wear your eyes — thus, not jealous, nor secure:

You may not have your wish, and noble nature,

Out of self-bounty, be absurd — look well:

I know your country disposition well;

And Venice they do let heaven see the graces

They dare not show their husbands; their best

Is — not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Oth. She did deceive her father, marrying you;

And, when she sec'nd to make, and fear your looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Oth. Why, go to, then;

She that so young, could give out such a sounding;

To seal her father's eye up close as oak —

He thought, 'twas mere creature; — But I am much to blame;

I must do beseech you of your pardon

For you much love you,

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Oth. See, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Oth. Trust me, I fear it not.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoken.

Come from my love: — But, I do see you are mov'd.

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech

To greater issues, nor to larger reach,

Than to suspicion.

I will not.

Shall you do so, my lord,

My speech shall fall into such wise access

As my thoughts aim not at Cassio's worthy conscience.

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, no, not mov'd.

Oth. I do not think but Desdemona's best friend.

Oth. Long live she so! and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself —

Ay, there's the point: — As to be hold within those bounds.

Not to affect many proposed matches,

Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;

Whereunto, we see, in all things nature tends;

Foul: one may smell, in such, a will most rank, And disproportions; — one may —

But pardon me; I do not in position,

Distinctly speak of this, I may fear.

Her will, receding to her better judgment,

May fail to make you with her country form,

And (haply) heart.

Farewell, farewell.

Iago. If more than, thou perceivest, let me know now;

Set on thy wife to observe: — Leave me, Iago.

Oth. My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry? — this honest creature,

Sees and knows more, much more than he saith.
To see this thing no farther; leave it to time; And though it be so that Cassio have his place (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability), Yet, if you please to hold him off a while, You shall by that perceive him and his means: Note, if your lady strain his entertainment With any strong commendation in it: Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, Let me be thought too busy in my fears (As worthy cause I have to fear—I am) And hold her free, I do beseech your honour. Oth. I am nothing, government. Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit Oth. Iago. This fellow's of exceeding honesty, And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard, Though that her jesses were my dear heart's crown, I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind, To pray at fortune. Happy, for I am black; And have not those soft parts of conversation That chamberers have;—or, for I am destined To the vail of years;—that's not much; She's gone; I am abjured; and my relief Must be to lose her. O curse of marriage, That we can call these delicate creatures ours, And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad, And live up in the vapour of a dungeon, Than keep a corner in the thing I love, For other uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones; Perogatives are they less than the base; 'Tis destiny unchangeable, like death; Even then this forked plague is fated to us, When we do quicken. Desdemona comes: Des. O Desdemona and Emilia. Iago. If she be false, O, how she mocks itself! I'll not believe it. Des. How now, my dear Othello? Your dinner, and the generous lancers By you invited, do attend your presence. Oth. I am nothing, government. Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well? Iago. I have a pain upon my forehead here. Des. 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again. Let me but bind it hard, within this hour It will be well. Your napkin is too little; [Exit Iago and Desdemona. Iago. 'Tis very sorry that you are not well. [Enter Othello and Desdemona. Des. I am sure I am bound this napkin; This was her first remembrance from the Moor: My wayward husband hath a hundred times Wro't me to steal it: but she so loves the token (For he conjured her, she would ever keep it), That she resolved she would never part with it, To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work taken out, And am to give my government. What shall we do with it, heaven knows not; I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Lodovico. Iago. Lod. How now! what do you here alone? Iago. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you. Lod. What thing for me?—it is a common thing. Iago. Ha! Iago. Lod. To have a foolish wife, Iago. To be a stepping dog, Lod. To guide the dog? Iago. Why, do you mean to dye to Desdemona; That which so often you did bid me steal. Lod. Hath stolen it from her? Iago. No; faith, she let it drop by negligence; And to the advantage, I, being here, took't up. Look, here it is. Iago. A good wench; give it me. Emilia. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest To have me fetch it? Iago. Why, what's that to you? Emilia. [Knocking. Iago. If it be not for some purpose of import, Give it me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad, When she shall lack it. Iago. Be you not you known at all? have you lost it? Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia. Iago. I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, And let him find it; Irides, light, air, Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong, As proofs of holy writ. This may do something. The Moor already changes with his poison. Dangerous conceits are, in their nature, poisons, Which, at the first, fall not amiss to distaste; But, with a little act upon the blood, Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so: Enter Iago. Lod. Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy slops of all the world, Shall ever settle thee to that sweet sleep Which thou onst yesterday. Iago. Br夫! Ha! ha! false to me! To me! Iago. Why, how now, general? I am no more. That is a trick thou hast set me on the rack: I swear, 'tis better to be much about, Than to but know a little. Iago. How now, my lord! Lod. Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust? I saw it not, thought it not, it harmed not me. I slept the best the night well, was free and merry; I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips; He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, Let him not know it, and be not so robbed at all. Iago. I am sorry to hear this. Lod. Oth. I had been within him in the general camp, Upon a signal, and he was not to know his name, Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, So I had nothing known; O now, for ever, Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! Farewell the planed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! farewell all! Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, the ear piercing fife, The royal banner; and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war! And, O, you mortal pates, whose rude throats The immortal Jove's dread cymbals sound forth, Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! Iago. Is it possible!—my lord,— Lod. Oth. Vittoria, be sure thou prove my love a sweet one. Be sure of it; give me the oculous proof; Or, by the work of mine eternal soul, Thou hast not been better have been a dog, Than answer my wak'd and tender sense. Iago. Is it come to this! Lod. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it. That the probation bear no boding, nor hoop, To hang a doubt on; or, were upon thy life, Iago. My noble lord,— Lod. Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me, Never pray more: abandon all remorse; On horrid death's head horrors accumulate: Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaze; For nothing canst thou to damnation add, Greater than that. Iago. O grace! O heaven, defend me! Are you a man? have you a soul or sense? God be wi' you; take mine office. —O sweetetch, fool!
OTHELLO. THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT III.

That ild's to make thee honest, a view—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe—
I thank you for this profit; and, mean himself, I'll stand my ground, though I lose my breath and honour.

Oth. Nay, stay—[Tis not your father?
I will lose the world to save my honesty.

Oth. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool, And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world, I know my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that she as true, and think she not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Diar's visage, is now begrimed and black As when new came,—if there be cords, or knives, Pencils, or fire, or sour-smelling substances,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion; I do repent me, that I put it to you.

Oth. You would be satisfied?—Would I stay, I will.

Oth. And may: but how? how satisfied, my lord?

Oth. I would you, the supervisor, greatly go on!

Oth. I'll tell her tapp'd;—Death and damnation! Oth. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, To do as you request. Do you desire?

Oth. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion; I do repent me, that I put it to you.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Oth. I do not like the office.

Oth. But, sth I am enter'd in this cause so far,—Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—I will go on. I say with Cassio lately; And, being troubled with a raving touch, I cannot sleep.

Oth. There are a kind of men so loose of soul, That in their sleep will master all their affairs;—One of this kind is Cassio: In sleep I heard him say—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be merry, let us hate our foes!" And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand.

Cry.—O, sweet creature! and then kiss me hard. As if he prick'd up kisses by the roots, This purpose upon my lips; they hid his leg Over my thigh, and slip'd, and kist'd; and then Cried.—Curst fools, that gave thee to the Moor! Oth. O monstrous misfortunes!—Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion; 'Tis a show'd doubt, though it be but a dream. Oth. And this may help to thicken other proofs. That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing. She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief, Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand? Oth. I gave her such a one; fain was my first gift. I know not that; but such a handkerchief (I am sure it was your wife's), did I to-day see Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Oth. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs. Do you not know, she gave forty thousand lives; One is too poor, too weak for my revenge! Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago.

All my food增多 was thus I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—

Aris, bức the vengeance, from the hollow cell! Yield up, O love, thy cream and beauteous tears, To tyrannous hate! I would have thee, with thy Grasp, clasp the wolf's throat!

For 'tis of explorable thoughts!


Oct. Never. Iago. Like to the Punic sea, Whose icy current and whose burning surge Ne'er see联合ing, and Ne'er stop in sense To the Propontis, and the Hellespont; I'm as much swelter'd and as much burnt Shalt never look back, Ne'er stop to humble love, Till that a capable and wide revenge Shall cover this thet'st, my o'er-envenomed,
In the due revanche of a scorn'd love. [Exeunt. Iago. I have my engage words. Iago. Do not rise yet.

Iago. Whence, you over-learning lights about you? You are somewhat too rich in counsel about me. Witness, that here Iago doth give you The exaction of his will, hands, heart, heart, To wrong'st man, which he doth now despise, And to obey shall be in me remorse, What bloody work sawyer.

Oct. I trust thy love, Not with vain thanks, but with accomplish senses.

And will upon the instant put thee to; Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Oct. I think not.

Oct. I grieve his love, Not with vain thanks, but with accomplish senses.

And will upon the instant put thee to; Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request.


Oct. Damn her, poor mis'ness! O, damn her! Come, go with me apace; I will withdraw, To furnish me with some swift means of death For the fair devil. Now art thou thy lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Cl. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Cl. He's a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Cl. To a town where he lodges, is to tell you where you lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Cl. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—be lies here, he lies there, were to lie in my own house.

Des. You inquire him out, and be edited by report!

Cl. I will catechise the whole for him; but I am, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my

Full of crusades. And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of so much brass As a jealous creature are, it were enough To yet him to ill thinking. Exit.

Emil. I be not jealous!"
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Des. Who, he? I think, the son, where he was born.

Drew all such humour from him.

End. Where, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio.

Bo call’d to him,—How is’t with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[Aside] O, hardness to dissemble.—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady.

[Aside] He was at no age, nor known to nor.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal

Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours requires

A sequenster from liberty, fasting and prayer.

Mael castigation, exactes deviant;

For here’s a young and sweating devil here,

That cannot you speak; ‘Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so:

For ‘twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your turn.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sudden dream offends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. No! Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,

’Twas made to make her amiable, and subdue my

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father’s eye

Should hold her laughingly, and his spirits should hunt

After her dances; She, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed of’t,

Make it a darling like your precious eyes;

To lose or give it away, were such perfection,

As nothing else couldsvich.

Is it possible?

Oth. ’Tis true: there’s magic in the web of it:

A stily, that had number’d in the world.

The sun to make two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic for’y sow’d the work;

The worms were ballow’d, that did breed the silk;

And it dyed in mummy, which the skilful

Conserv’d of maldens’ hearts.

Des. But—

Oth. Indeed? is’t true?

Oth. Most verifiable; therefore look to well,

Then would to heaven, that I had never

Oth. Ha! therefore!

Des. O, heaven! then go startlingly and rash!

Oth. Is’t lost? is’t gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless me!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what an it if were?

Oth. Ha! I say it is not lost;

Oth. ‘Tis a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv’d again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief; my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You’ll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief.

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief.

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

And duag’d with yours,

The handkerchief—

Des. In sooth.

You are to blame.


Des. I meer saw this before.

Sure, there’s some wonder in this handkerchief; I am most unhappy.

Emii. ‘Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are hot at first; they cool; they

Eat us hungrily, and when they are full they

Bet us. Look you Cassio; and my

Hand.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There’s no other way; ’tis she must do;

And, to the happiness; go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what’s the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit I do beseech you,

That, by your honest means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of your love.

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,

Entirely honour; I would not be delayed;

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That neither service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor prepos’d merit in future,

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forced consent,

And shut myself up in some other course,

To fortune’s alms.

Iago. Ains! thrice gentle Cassio,

My adoration is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lay; no, I know not him.

Were he to favour, as in humours, shrew’d,

So help me, every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best;

And stood within the blank of his displeasure,

For me free speech will he be patient;

What I can do, I will; and more I will,

Then for myself I dare; let that suffice you.

Iago. Sir, in hard anger!

Emii. He went hence but now,

And, certainly, in strange uneasiness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his rings into the air;

And, like the devil, from his very arm

Pull’d off his other brother.—Can he be angry?

Something of moment, then; I will meet him;

There’s matter ’tis, indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pray thee, do so.—Something, sure, of

state,

Either from Venice: or some unmatch’d practice,

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—

Had puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,

Man’s nature wretches with inferior things,

To wrought great ones. I will, by heaven’s sound:

For let our finger ache, and it induces

Our other harmful and our chief sense.

Of pain: Nay, we must think men are not gods;

Nor of them look for such observances

As fit the bridal.—Beseech me much, Emilia,

I was (unhandsome warrior as I am),

Arranging my unknacks with my soul;

But now I find, I had misunderstood the wits,

And he’s indited falsely.

Emii. Pray heaven, if it state matters, 200-200,

think;
ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before the Castle.

Jago. Will you think so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kiss in private?

Jago. An unchastis’d kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend shed, an hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Jago. Naked shed, Iago, and we mean harm. It is hypocrisy against the devil.

Jago. They that mean vice inches, and yet do,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Jago. So do they mean, ‘tis a verbal slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,

Oth. What then?

Jago. Why then ‘tis here, my lord; and, bring her.

She may, I think, bestow’t on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her husband now;

May she also give that?

Jago. Her honour is an ensurance that’s not seen;

They love it, but they have it not:

But, for the handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Therefore said, ‘O, it comes over my memory,

The devil of love! the devil of love! I adore it to all the gods I have my handkerchief.

Oth. Ay, what of that?

Jago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do it wrong?

Or heard him say, ‘As heaven be such abode, Who, having, by their own importunities, or voluntary donation, Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose But they must wish?

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Jago. He hath, my lord; but he will weal say’d.

No more than he will answer.

Oth. What hath he said?

Jago. ‘Fie, that he did, I know not what he did.

Oth. What then?

Jago. Lie.

Oth. With her!

Jago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belch her:—Lie with her!—that’s foliosum.—Handkerchief,—conferences,—handkerchief.—To confess and be hanged for his labour.—First to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, with out some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus.—Fish!—Nose’d, ears, and lips:—Is it possible to confess?—Handkerchief.—Have you a—O devil?

[Exeunt Cassio, Othello, and Iago.]

[In a Tavern.

Jago. Work on, my lads! Work! Thus credulous fools are caught. And many worthy and chaste dames, even them. All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!”

Enter Cassio.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!—Cassio. What is the matter?—Jago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:—This is his second fit; he had one yesterday. Cassio. Rub him about the temples. Iago. The lethargy must have his quiet course: If not, be foams at mouth; and, by and by, Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he sin: Do you withdraw yourself a little while, he will recover straight; when he is good.—I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exeunt Cassio, Iago, and Jago.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your heart?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven! Would you would bear your fortunes like a man. Oth. A born man’s a monster, and a beast. Iago. There’s many a beast then in a populous city, And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;—Every gentlewoman, that’s but you’d.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

May draw with you; there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds, of which they dare speak peculiar; your case is better.

Oth. 'Tis the sleep of bell, the Bed's ear-mock,
'To lisp a wanton in a secret couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she is.

Des. I, Otho, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Cleon. Stand you awhile apart;
Conclave yourself but in a patient list.

Oth. Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(Psychology nothing suiteth such a man,) Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'cause upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me:
The which he promised. Do but enclose yourself,
And mark the Bears, lions, and notable scouts,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew.
—Where, how, how off, how long ago, and when He bade you, and I, of all these you are the wife; I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience; or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Des. Doll thou hear, Iago? I will be found most most cunning in my patience; But dost thou hear? most bloody.

Cleon. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

Des. Othello, to-morrow.
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca.
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buy herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That doth on Cassio, as 'tis the strangest plague,
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter!—Here he comes!

Cassio: Othello, you are not well.
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe.
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Lest any should mistake it (tenants!)
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, liegeman? The worse, that you give me the addition,
Whose want, even kills me.

Des. Go to; say no more. — Do you hear, Cassio?
Now he importunes him here,
To tell it over: Go to; well said, well said.

Des. Iago, you give it out, that you shall marry her;
Do you intend it?

Des. Ha, ha, ha!

Des. Do you triumph, lieutenant? do you triumph?

Des. Iago, you marry her!—what a customer! I pray thee, hear some charity to my wit; do not think it so un wholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Des. So, so, so; — They laugh that win.

Des. 'Fraid, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Des. 'Tis very villain else.

Des. Have you squeezed me? Well.

Cassio. This is the monkey's own giving out;
she is persuad'd I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.
Otho. Iagobeckons me; now he begins the story.

Otho. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, telling on the seashore with certain Venetians; and they come up to me by this hand, she fails thus about my neck—

Otho. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

Des. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hallo, and, I intend so.

Otho. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that now of yours, but not that dog! And I shall show it to.

Des. Well, I must leave her company.

Des. Before me! look where she comes.

Des. Bianca. This is such another fitchew! marry, a performed one.—What do you mean by this haunt- ing of me?

Otho. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me to-day? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there? This is some man's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your horse—husband; wherever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Des. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now? how now?

Otho. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

Des. Bianca. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may as you will; you don't seem to be prepared for.

Des. Iago. After her, after her.

Des. Faith, I must, she'll trawl in the streete.

Des. Will you sup there?

Des. Faith, I intend so.

Des. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very much speak with you.

Des. Bianca. Go to: say no more.

Des. Iago. Otho, How shall I murder him, Iago?

Des. Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Des. Iago. Nay, Iago?

Des. Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?


Des. Iago. Vexed, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wifet she gave it him, and he hath given it his words.

Des. Nay, I should have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman; a fine woman!—A sweet woman.

Des. Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Des. Iago. Ay, let her rod, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts not my hand; she would bath, and a scutter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Des. Nay, Nay, that's not your way.

Des. Iago. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician; O, she will sing the saxaways among a bear!—Of so high and plentiful wit and invention?

Des. Iago. Nay, that's not certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, the pity of it, Iago!

Des. Iago. If you are so fond over her starth, give your patient to another; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

Oth. I will chop her into little morsels! — Cookhold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officers!

Iago. Your shoe returns.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago: this night:—
I'll not exposè myself with her, lest her body and beauty supride my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strange her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good; good; the justice of it please; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio, let me he his under-taker: you shall hear more by to-mornight.

(A Trumpet sounds.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico.

Oth. Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Have you, worthy gentleman?

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice great

[Give him a Pocket and Trencher.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good counsel Lodovico?

Oth. I am very glad to see you, signor; welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio's wife?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fault you do not to do, as you will.

[Reeds.

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much To stone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. Now, by my lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him; for, I think, they do command him home,Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my truth, I am glad it is.

Oth. Indeed.

Des. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Iago. [Bringing her.

Oth. Have not deserv'd this? Do not, my lord.

Lod. This fault you do not to do, as you will.

Des. Truly, an obedient lady:—

Iago. Do becase your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress.

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you have with her, sir?

Des. Who, I, my lord?

Iago. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn;

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on.

And turn again; and she can weep, she weep,

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient.

Des. Very obedient,—Praised you in your turn.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well painted pantomime! I am commanded home,—Get you away; I will send and show you the mandate.

And will return to Venice:—Hence, hence! [Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And,—to-night,

I do contrive that we may my together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Beasts and monsters!

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble solemn

Whem position could not shake? when sold virtue

The shot of accident, nor durt of chance,

Could neither move, nor pierce:

Lod. Is he much changed?

Oth. Are his wit and eye so he not light of brain?

Lod. He is that he is; I may not breathe my pleasure.

What he might be,—if what he might, he must,—

I would have seen him, he wore.

Iago. What, strike his wife!

Des. Faith, that was not so well; yet, 'twould I knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Oth. Or did the letters work upon his blood. And now creates this fault?

Iago. Oh! also! It is not honestly in me, to speak. What I have seen and known. You shall observe him:
And his own courses will deserve him so,
That I may save my speech: Do go but over,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceived in him.

[Exeunt.

Scene ii. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?—

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and the together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out of the way?—

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mantle, nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. I am vex'd, my lord, to weary her heart,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other.
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any writ hath put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse! For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the parent of their wife is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither:—

Emil. She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whereof,
A close-lock-and-key of villainies secret:

And yet she'll kneel, and pray: I have seen her do't. [Exit Emilia, and Desdemona.

Oth. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. 'Pray, check, come hide.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SC. II.

Des. What is your pleasure? Let me see your eyes;

Oth. Some of your function, mistress.

Des. Some of your function, mistress. Leave prospectus alone, and shut the door.

Oth. (To Emilia) Your mystery—your mystery—say, despatch.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import? I understand a faith in your words, but not the words. (She kisses Oth.) Why, what art thou? Oth. Thy wife, my lord; thy true and loyal wife. Des. Come, swear it, damn thyself! Oth. To trust, O Desdemona!—it away! away! away! Des. O, Desdemona!—to the heavy day! Why do you weep? Is this the occasion of these tears, my lord? Oth. Nay, I think it proceeds from your father's visit not your blame on me; if you have left him, I have lost him too. Des. I am not a lady; I can try my fortune with an honest man, and with good fortune. Oth. Heaven tell me what it is, that first art false as hell. Doth he come? O Desdemona—away! away! away! Des. Where is he? Why, who is he? Oth. He that is yours, sweet lady. I have erred; do not talk to me, Emilia; I cannot weep; nor answer I have none, but what should go by water. *Preythec, to night Lay on my bed the wedding sheet—but remember And call thy husband hither. Des. There is a change, indeed! Oth. 1' th' thought I should be as'd so, very meet. Des. What's the matter, lady? Oth. I am a child to chiding. Emilia. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhirl'd Do it with guide means, and easy tasks: He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding. Emilia. What's the matter, lady? Iago. Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, as true hearts cannot bear. Des. And is that name, Iago? Iago. Such as she says, my lord did not misuse her. Iago. He call'd her, and she, where? Iago. Could not had such terms upon his callet. Iago. Why did he so? Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such. Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day! Emilia. Haste forsook so many noble matches, Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be call'd—where? would it not make one weep? Des. It is my wretched fortune. Iago. How comes this trick upon him? Des. Iago, I will hang'd, I should be hang'd, or I will write the very hounds off. Iago. Nay, heven doth know, Some busy and assuming rogue, Some ebbing courting lass, I'll be hang'd, I'll be in't. Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible. Iago. He is snatched here, he, heaven pardon him! His bonies! Why should he call her, where? who keeps her company?
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Oth. ay, and I have said nothing, but what I expressed betwixt thee and the general. Oth. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and ever, even the best opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rodrigo: Then hast taken against me, and must most justly by my project, I have dealt most directly in thy affairs. Oth. It hath not appeared. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and wit within thee indeed, while I have greater reasons to believe now than ever,—I mean, praise, courage, and valor,—this night show it; then the next night following enjoy the use of these letters, I bring the key to my chamber, and devise engines for my life. Oth. Well, what is it within reason, and come the business of the state doth him offence, and he does chide with you. Oth. It is but so, I warrant you. (Trumpey. Harsh, now these instruments are monotonous to supper, and the great messengers of Venice stay: Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well. [Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.]

Enter Rodrigo.

How now, Rodrigo? Rod. I do not find, that thou dost justly with me. Oth. What in the contrary? Rod. I do, indeed, do soffet me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now), keep't from me all convenience, that supposeth me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet reconciled to be put up in peace: I already have foolishly suffered. Oth. Will you hear me, Rodrigo? Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together. Oth. You charge me most unjustly. Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votary: You have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none. Rod. Very well! go in! I cannot go to, man; nor am I not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself folibed in it. Oth. Very well. Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, again, I will seek satisfaction of you. Oth. You have said now.
SC. III.  

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.  

'Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour  
In them.'  

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me  
My noose in the bed,  

Des. All's one—Good father! how foolish  
Are our minds!—  

If I do die before thee, 'pr'ythee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.  

Emil. Come, come, you talk.  

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbaressa;  
She was in love; and, she lov'd, prov'd mad;  
And did forswear her; she also sang of—Wil-  
low;  

An old thing 'twas, but it expres's'd her fortune;  
And she did sing it: That song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbaressa. 'Pr'ythee, de-  
Sign me.'  

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?  

Des. No, unpin me here.—  

This Lodovica is a proper man.  

Emil. A very handsome man.  

Des. Emilius, I know a lady in Venice, who would  
Have walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch  
Of his mother's lip.  

Des. The poor soul! sit by singing a spruce-tree  
SING: Tis a green willow.  

SING: Her kind on her knees, her head on her knees,  
SING: Willow, willow, willow;  

The first streams ran by her, and meander'd her  
Moans;  

SING: Willow, willow;  

Her sweet voice fell from her, and rested the streams;  
SING: By these;  

SING: Willow, willow, willow;  

'Pr'ythee, his thee; he'll come anon.  

SING: A green willow must be my gar-  

tand.'  

II.  

Let nobody blame him, his term I approve,—  

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is that  

knocks?  

Emil. It is the wind.  

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said  

he then?  

Emil. Willow, willow.  

If I court you women, you'll catch with me men.  

So, get thee gone; good night. My eyes do  

behave.  

Des. Both that bode weeping?  

Emil. No; he's neither here nor there.  

Des. I have heard it said so—O, these men,  

These men!—  

Blest thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emil,  

That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?  

Emil. There be some such; no question,  

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the  

world?  

Emil. Why, would not you?  

Des. No, by this heavenly light!  

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  

I might not do as well (the dark).  

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the  

world?  

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great  

price  

For a small slice.  

Des. Good truth, I think thou would'st not.  

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and  

unworth'd, when I had done. Many, I would  

not do such a thing for a joint ring; nor for  

measures of love; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor  

caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the  

whole world,—Why, who would not make her  

husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I  

should venture purgatory for it.  

Des. Betrew me, if I would do such a wrong  

for the whole world.  

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong 'tis  

the world, and having the world for your labour,  

'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might  

quickly make it right.  

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.  

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many  

To the vantage, as would store the world they  

play'd for.  

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,  

If wives do fail: Sigh, that they slack their  

duties.  

And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  

Or else break out in grievous scandals,  

Throwing restraint upon us; or, stay, strike  

Or scout our former having in despite:  

Why, we have galls; and, though we have some  

grace,  

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands  

know,  

Their wives have sense like them; they see,  

And smell.  

And have their palpates both for sweet and sour,  

As husbands have.  

What is it that they do,  

When they change us for others? Is it sport?  

I think it is; and doth affection bred it?  

I think, it doth: Isn't fruiter, that thus err?  

It is too soon: And have we not affection?  

Desires for sport? and fruiter, as men have?  

Then, let them see us well; else, let them know,  

This we do, their ill instruct us to.  

Des. Good night, good night; Heaven may  

such wages send;  

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!  

[Exit.]  

ACT V.  

SCENE I. A Street.  

Enter IAGO and RODEMICO.  

Iago. Here, stand behind thisbulk; straight  

will he come.  

Wear thy good rapiere bare, and put it home;  

Quick, quick; fear nothing! 'Tis a healthy ebow;  

It makes us, or it make us, think on that,  

And fix most firm thy resolution.  

Go near at hand; I may miscarry't.'  

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take  

thy sword.  

[Exeunt.  

Iago. Here to a little distance.  

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;  

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—  

'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.  

[Exeunt.  

Iago. I have rabb'd this young quat almost  

to the sense,  

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill  

Cassio.  

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  

Every way makes my gain: Live, Rodermico  

He calls me to a restitution large  

Of gold, and jewels, that I bobbett'd from him,  

As gifts to Desdemona;  

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,  

He hath a daily beauty in his life,  

That maketh me ugly; and besides, the Moor  

May unfold me to him; there stand I much  

peril.  

No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.  

Enter Cassio.  

Iago. I know his gait, 'tis he:—Villain, thou  

diest.  

[Exeunt from his post, and makes a pass at  

Cassio.  

Cassio. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed.  

[Exit.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

But that my coat is better than thou think'st; I will make proof of thine. [Enter IAGO, with weapons.

Red. I, O, I am slain! [Iago rushes from his post, and cuts CASIO behind the Log, and falls.

Cas. I am main'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [Falls.

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio!—Iago keeps his word.

Red. Villain that I am! Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Oth. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon! Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just, That is't such noble sense of thy friend's wrong! Thou hast by me hewn my soul, my dear lies dead, And thine false lies apiece.—Strumpet, I come; Forth with those charms, those charms, those eyes, are blotted; Thy bed, that stall'd, with lust's blood be spattered. [Exit IAGO. Enter LOVIVO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What ho! no watch!—no passage! mar-

Red. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

These may be counterfeit; let's think't unwise To come into the cry, without more help.

Red. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Red. Hark! Oth. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder!—

Red. We do not know. Iago. Did you not hear a cry? Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me. Iago. Bloody villain! What's the matter? Oth. This is Iago's ancient, as I take it. Iago. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow. Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously? Cas. Iago, O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Oth. Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this! Iago. I think, that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—What are you there? come in, and give some help. [To LOVIVO and GRATIANO.


O! O! Iago. Kill men! 'tis dark!—Where be these bloody villains? How silent is this town?—Ho! murder! murder!—

Red. What may you be? are you of good, or evil? Iago. As you shall prove me, praise me. Cas. O, Signior Lovivo! Iago. He, sir. Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt By villains.

Cas. Iago. Cassio!—How is it, brother? Iago. My leg is cut in two.

Cas. Marry, brave forbid!—Light, gentle men; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BLANK.


Thou so neglected you.

Iago. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair! Blan. Roderigo. Iago. He, he, he, is he?—O, that's well said!—the chair. [A Chair brought. Blan. Some good man bear him carefully from hence: I'll fetch the general surgeon.—For you, mistress, Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Was my dear friend: What malice was betwixt you. Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To BLAN.] What, look, you pale one, bear him out o' the air.— [Casino and Roderigo are borne off.] Stay you, good gentlemens.—Look you, my mistress! Do you perceive the ghastness of her eyes? Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more soon: Behold her well: I pray you, look upon her: Do you see, gentlemens? nay, Guillermo, you speak, Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, husband? Cassio, Cassio hath here been set on in the dark. By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped; He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead. Vill. Als, good gentleman; alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia. Go know of Cassio where he sopp'd to-night; What, do you shake at that? Cassio sopp'd at his house; but I therefore shake not. Emil. Iago, O, do I charge you, go with me. Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet! Iago. I am no strumpet; but of life is heard. As you that thus abuse me. Emil. As I fob; I fob upon thee. As I fob, kind gentleman, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:— Come, mistresses, you must tell us another tale. Emilia, run you to the citadel.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin; For to deny each article with oath, Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception, That I do grossly wilfully. Thou art to die. Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me! Oth. I say, amen. Des. And have you mercy too? I never did offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio, But with such general warranty of heaven As I might love: I never gave him token. Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand. O perjur'd woman! thou dost steel my heart, And mak'st me call what I intend to do,— (A man of whom I thought)—a sacrifice: I saw the handkerchief. Des. He found it then; I never gave it him:—Send for him hither, And let him confess a truth. Oth. He hath confess'd. Des. What, my lord? Oth. That he hath—o'ld thee. Des. How? unlawfully! Oth. Ay. Des. He'll not say so. Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd; Honest Iago hath taken order for't. Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he mad? Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all. Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone. Oth. Oat, strumpet! Weep't thou for him to thy face? Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not. Oth. Down, strumpet! Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night. Oth. Nay, if you strive,— Oth. But half an hour. Oth. Being done, There is no pause. Des. But while I say one prayer. Oth. It is too late. [He smothereth Oth.] Will you not, my lord, what may you mean by that? i. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: r. Bid not kill thy unprepared spirit: r. Heaven forewarn'd! I would not kill thy soul. i. Talk you of killing? r. Ay, I do. Thus, heaven mercy on me! i. A men, with all my heart! But if you say so, I hope you will not kill me. Hamph. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then, our eyes roll so: Why should I fear, I yow not. infiniteness I know not; but yet I feel, fear盯 on thy sins. They are loves I bear to you, y, and for that thou diest: that death's unnatural, that kills for— ing, — I 'gan you so your mother's lip? My passion shakes your every frame: portents; but yet, I hope, I hope, of point on me. Peace, and be still! des so: What's the matter? i. handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and, thee, to Cassio. No, by my life and soul! man, and ask him. Sweet soul, take heed, 'perjur'y; thou'rt on thy death-bed, but not yet to die. Yes, presently:
Othello, the Moor of Venice. 

ACT II.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Iago. What is the matter?—How now, gentlemen?

Em. O thou dast! Moor! that handkerchief thou speakest of, I would buy of thee, Iago! hast thou done well:

That man must lay those murders on his neck.

Des, What is the matter?

Em. Disprove this villain, if thou beest a man.

He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false; I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain; I speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told so much more.

Then what he found himself was not true.

Em. But if he ever tell him, she was false! Iago. I did.

Em. Thou told a lie; an actions damned her; Upon any soul, a lie; a wicked lie;

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio!—Iago. Will Cassio, Iago; mistress! Go to, charm your temper.

Em. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heaven! O heaven!—

Em. And your reports have set the murderers.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Grat. The handkerchief!—

Iago. O monstrous act!—

Em. So many, villain, villain,—

I think upon't,—I think,—I myself!—O villain!—

I thought so then,—I'll kill myself for grief;—

O villain, villain, villain!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Em. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Iago. O! O! O!—

Em. Hang up your eyes.

Iago. Nay, lay thee down and roar; For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocens,

That'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!

Iago. I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece.

Whose breath indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd;

This act shows horrible and grim.

Grat. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and poor grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate tear,

Yes, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,

That she was with Cassio hath the act of shame.

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it.

Em. And she did gratify his amorous works.

With that recognition and pledge of love Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand; It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

Em. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Oth. Come, hold your peace. Iago. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I hold my peace.

Iago. No, I will speak as liberal as the air;

Let brave, and men, and devils, let them all;

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. [Iago offers to stab him;—

Iago seizes the dagger.

Iago. Your sword upon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speakest of, I would buy of thee, and did give my husband;
AC. II.

OThELLO, THE M o o R OF V E N I C E. 845

For often, with a solemn earnestness
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trite)
He begg'd of me to steal.

_Eng._

_Villainous where!—_ 

_Eno._

_She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give it my husband._

_Lad._

_Willy, thou licent._

_Eno._

_By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentle-
men._

_Oho! no, my dears! comb! what should such a fool
Go with so good a wife?_ (Looks aside.)

_Eno._

_Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder—Precious vil-
 lain?_ 

_Gro._

_The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his
wife._

_Eno._

_Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!—
Good, she's gone, but his wife's kill'd._

_Mom._

_Tis a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon,
Which I here recover'd from the Moor:
_Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain.
For 'tis a damned slave._

_Lorenzo MONTANO and GRATIANO._

_Oho._

_I am not valiant neither,
But every puppy whipter gets my sword—
But why should honour outline honesty!—
Let it go all._

_Eno._

_What did thy song bode, lady?—_

_Hark, hast thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music;—Willow, willow, willow,—_

_Moor._

_She was charrie; she lov'd thee, cruel
beast;_ 

_Moor._

_So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;—_

_So speaking as I think, I die;—_ 

_Eno._

_Or I have another weapon in this
chamber, it is a sword of Spain, the ice brook's tempest;_ 

_Oho! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth._

_Gro._

_Will you?_ If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear;

_Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer._

_Oho._ Look in upon me then, and speak with me;
_Or, nacked as I am, I will assault thee._

Re-enter GRATIANO.

_Gro._

_What is the matter?_ 

_Ah, I have a weapon;—_

_Better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments
Than many times your stop;—But, O vain boast,
_Who can control his fate?—tis not so now._—
_Be not afraid, thou dost not see me weapon'd;_
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very scanmark of my utmost sail._
_Do you go back dismay'd?—tis a lost fear,
Man but a rash against Othello's breast,
And he retires—Where should Othello go?—_
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-star'd
wretch!_ 

_Pale as thy shadow! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And rends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!—
Even like thy charity.—_ 

_O cursed, cursed slave.—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds!—I roast me in sulphur!—Wash me in steep-down gifts of liquid fire!—_

_O Desdemona! O Desdemona! dead!—
Dead! O! O! O!_ 

_Elpidio, Montano, Cassio, carried in a
Chair, and Officers, with Iachimo, prisoner._

_Lad._

_Where is this rash and most unfortunate
End?—_

_That's he, that was Othello; here I am._

_Lad._

_Where is that viper? bring the villain forth._

_Oho._

_I look down towards his feet—but that's
a fable;—_

_If thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee._

_Oth._

_Wrench his sword from him._

_Lad._

_I bleed, sir; but not killed._

_Oho._

_Ah, I am not sorry neither; I'd have rehearse;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
_This, O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave._
_What shall be said to thee?_ 

_Oho._

_Why, any thing;—_

_An honourable murderer, if you will;—_

_For nought I did in hate, but all in honour._

_Lad._

_This wretch hath part confess'd his vil-
 lain._

_Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?_ 

_Oho._

_Ay._

_Car._

_Dear general, I never gave you cause,
_Or I do believe it, and I ask your pardon._

_Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
_Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body;_ 

_Lad._

_Demand me nothing: What you know,
You know;—_

_From this time forth I never will speak word._

_Lad._

_What? not to pray?_ 

_Gro._

_Torments will ope your lips._

_Gro._

_Thou shall understand what hath be-
thall,_—
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; and here,
and another; one of them imports the death of Cassio to be under-
took by Roderigo._

_Eno._

_Oho! O villain._

_Most heathenish, and most gross!—_

_Lad._

_Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, if seeming
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
 lain;—_

_But that alike, Iago, in the interim,
_Came in and satisfied him._

_Oho._

_O the pernicious craft!—_

_How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?_ 

_Car._

_I found it in my chamber: And he himself confess'd, but even,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire._

_Oho._

_A oof! fool! fool! fool!—_

_Or there is, besides, in the handkerchief letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him have me upon the watch; whereas it came
That I was cast; and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on._

_Lad._

_You must forswear this room, and go with me._

_Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—_

_If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known._
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away._

_Oho._

_Soft you; a word or two, before you go, I have
done the state some service, and they
kindly speak of me._

_No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extreme,
Nor set down sought in malice: then must you speak._

_But of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wronged,
Perplex'd in the extreme: of one, whose hand
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoseaubin
_Eno._

_Albeit abused to the melting mood._

_Drop tears as fast as the Attic tears._

_A C. A._
Act IV.

[Scene changes to the Moor's quarters.]

The Moor, O! bloody period!

Oth. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Cas. I knew'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—No way but this.

[Enter Iago.]

Iago. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon.

Oth. For he was great of heart.

Cas. Leave the place, the torture,—O endure it! myself will straight aboard, and, in the state, This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt.]
GLOSSARY

helpful, in conjunction with or in the expectation of the receipt of some benefit, or of some help to one's own advantage.

Counterpart, counterparty, countertemplate.

Counterparty, allowing to the opposite party of the other party of a transaction, or to the other party of the same.

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Counterparty, allowing to the opposite party of the other party of a transaction, or to the other party of the same.

GLOSSARY

Wheedle, the last sitting region of the highest abode.
Took, touched by exactions.
Hive, at rate.
Compulsion, a compelling law enforcement.
Step, mysteriously afforded.
Ridden, a slight touch, kick, or ride.
Bite, to drive savagely.
Rang, in silence.
Bleat, under pressure.
Rum, mostly dry.
Brood, be quiet, be still.
Bark, a roar, a roll, a roll, a roar.
Beep, to roar fan.
Speak, a kind of talk.
Silent, a thing of death.
Faint, a kind of death.
Vein, the ever-present, St. Anthony’s curse.
Houset, increased by smoke.
Bird, probably for wheels.
Swarms, many.
Watch, a stand of watch.
Exchange, exchange at stake.
Rupture, a rent, a gash.
Respire, a rent, a gash.
Rise, to rise.
Resist, to resist.
Vine, to resist.
Rise, to rise.
Resist, to resist.
Doubt, sometimes used for pity.
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Doubt, sometimes used for pity.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

ACT V.

Desdemona, Gratiana, and Iago.

Iago., What is the matter?—How now, general?

Desdemona. O, thou dost come, I am glad; thou hast done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Iago. Disprove this villainy, if thou been a saint.

He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false;
I know, thou didst not, thou'st not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more.

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Desdemona. But didst thou ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Desdemona. You told a lie; an actions damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie;—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. What, Cassio, mistress; Go to, to charm your temper.

Iago. I will not charm your temper; I am bound to speak;
My mistress here lives murdered in her bed.

Hls. O heaven for help! [Exit.

Desdemona. And your reports have set the murderers.

Otho. Nay, stare not, masters; 'tis true, indeed.

Iago. Heaven, by the thigh, villain, villain—
I think upon't. I think, I answer;—O villain!—
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief—
O villain, villain.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, set you.

Desdemona. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Iago. O! O! O! [Hamming with his eye.

Desdemona. Nay, lay thee down and rest;
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocents,
That ever did lift up eye.

Iago. O, she was false—
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece.

Iago. What breath indeed; these hands have weekly stopt:
This act shows horrible and grim.

Desdemona. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yes, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Iago. 'Tis grief; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the set of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd
And she did gratify his amorous wishes
With that recognition and pledge of love,
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Iago. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Desdemona. Come, hold your peace.

Desdemona. 'Twill out, it will out—I hold my peace.

Iago. How, aye, how? aye, how?

Desdemona. Your sword upon a woman?

Desdemona. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I wound betwixt, and did give my husband;
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE. 845

Oth. I look down towards his feet—but that's a faile; If that thou best a devil, I cannot kill thee. Le豐. Wrench his sword from him. Iago. I bleed, sir; but I will not yield. I am not sorry neither; I'll have thee live; For, in my sense, the happiness to die. Le豐. Oh thou Othello, that wait so well to live, Fall in the practice of a cursed slave. What shall be said to thee? Iago. Why, any thing: An honourable murderer, if you will; For nothing I did in hate, but all in honour. Le豐. This wretched villain!--Oh, how villainous! Did you and he consent in Cassio's death? Oth. Ay. Iago. Dear general, I never gave you cause. Oth. I do believe, and I say your pardon. Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil, Why he hath thus encour'd my soul and body! Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know. From this time forth I will never speak word. Iago. What! not to pray? Iago. Grooms will ope your lips. Oth. Well, thou dost best. Iago. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n in. Which, all think you, now knows not: Here is a letter, Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo: And here, another: the one of them imports The death of Cassio to be undertook By Roderigo. Oth. O villain! Iago. Cassio is most heathenish, and most gross! Iago. Now here's another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain; But that noble, Iago, in the interim, Came in and satisfied him. Oth. Oh! the pernicious calumni! How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief That was my wife's? Iago. For I found it in my chamber: And he himself confessed, but even now, That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose, Which wrought to his desire. Iago. Cassio. Iago! There is, besides, it being a contemptible letter:—How he upbraids Iago, that he made him Brave me upon the watch; wherefore it came That I was east; and even now he spake, After long seeming dead—Iago hurt him, Iago set him up. Le£. You must forsake this room, and go with me: Your power and your command is taken off, And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slavery,— If there be any meaning cruelly, That can torment him much, and hold him long, It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest, Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away. Oth. Soft you, my lord, no more: before you go, I have done the state some service, and they know it: No more of that!—I pray you, in your letters, When you shall those unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I deserv'd not;—nor set down angry in my tale: then must you speak Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well; Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrong'd, Perplex'd in the extremity of one's own love, Like the base Jephthah, threw a child away, Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose toil'd with eyes, Albeit unused to the melting mood, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian teaz.
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this: And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Began a Venetian, and traduced the state, I took by the throat the circumcised dog, And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself]

Oth. O bloody period! Great. All, that's spoke, is mar'ted! Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—No way but this. [Falling upon Dumasmo.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

Oth. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lad. O Spartan dog, More fell than angelian, hunger, or the sea! Look on the tragick loading of this bed.

[To Iago.] This is thy work: the object poisons sight,— Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house, And set the fortune of the Moor, For they succeed to you. — To you, lord governor, Remains the censure of this hellish villain; The time, the place, the torture,—O endure it! Myself will straight abroad, and, to the state, This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]
GLOSSARY.

ewk, a shade.

Appley, eyes; from wildebees.

Up, 1826.

Pine-apple, a fruit not to be

mistaken with the pine-apple.

Paper, winces.

Pinto, active.

Perforate, exercise of power.

Pug, in fist or fists.

Peeling, a disease.

Pie, to show.

Pector, mountains for baseness.

Picture, in a gallery.

Pee, a ceremony.

Pee, to generat.

Pie, to go.

Pie, off, of a jerse.

Pie, of a boy.

Pie, to come.

Pie, to look.

Pie, to get in a new.

Pie, new.

Pie, to a friend.

Pie, every.

Pie, in a line.

Pie, to a man.

Pie, to a boy.

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