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William Shakespeare, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare Part 1 (The Oxford Shakespeare)* [1916]

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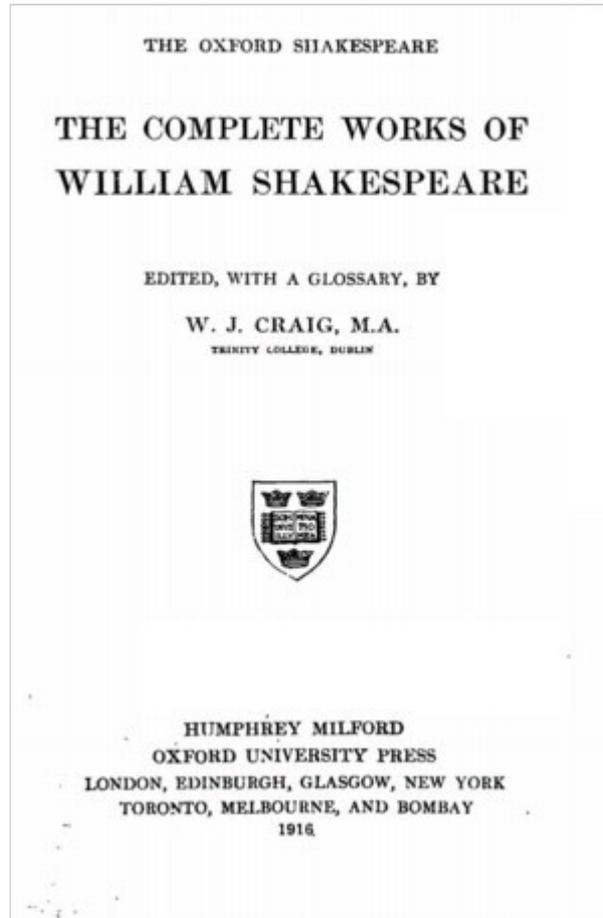
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### Edition Used:

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Author: [William Shakespeare](#)

Editor: [William James Craig](#)

### About This Title:

The 1916 Oxford University Press edition of all of Shakespeare's plays and poems. It was published on the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's death in 1616. Because of the large size of this file the book has been split into 2 parts. This is Part 1.

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## PREFACE

THERE is no proof that Shakespeare personally superintended the printing of any of his plays. Although sixteen came separately from the press in small quarto volumes during his lifetime, many, if not all, of these were published without the consent or supervision of the author from copies often surreptitiously obtained from the playhouse. At the time of Shakespeare's death in 1616, no less than twenty-one plays remained in manuscript. Six years later, in 1622, one of these, 'Othello,' was issued to the public in quarto. It was not until 1623 that Shakespeare's actor friends, John Heming and Henry Condell, brought together the previously printed and unprinted dramas of which they knew him to be the author, and published them in a folio volume in order 'to keep' (as they wrote) 'the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive.' Thirty-six plays were thus claimed for Shakespeare. The thirty-seventh, 'Pericles,' had been first printed separately in quarto in 1609, but was not added to the collection until the third folio appeared in 1664.

The text alike of the first folio and the quartos was doubtless supplied by playhouse copies which often embodied the ill-conditioned interpolations and alterations of actors and theatrical managers. As a rule the editors of 1623 followed where they could the text of the quartos, but in a few cases they unwisely had recourse to less correct copies. Moreover, the printers of both Elizabeth's and James I's reigns were very liable to typographical error, and they introduced much that is unintelligible into the original editions of Shakespeare's works. But in the absence of Shakespeare's manuscripts, the seventeen early quartos and the folio of 1623 jointly present, despite defect of copyist and printer, the sole authorized version of the Shakespearean text. From that version I have only ventured to deviate where it seemed to me that the carelessness of either copyist or printer deprived a word or sentence wholly of meaning. Editors of Shakespeare have sometimes denounced as corrupt and have partially altered passages which owe their difficulty of interpretation to the presence of some word or phrase rare in Shakespeare's day and long since obsolete. It has been my endeavour to avoid this danger. I have only adopted a change after convincing myself that the characteristics of Shakespeare's vocabulary or literary style failed to justify the original reading.

For the uncertain orthography of the old editions I have substituted the recognized orthography of the present day. But metrical considerations occasionally render the retention of the older spelling necessary, and I have deemed it desirable to adhere to the older forms of a few words which modern orthography has practically shaped anew. The punctuation has been thoroughly revised, and, to increase facilities of reference, I have numbered the lines at shorter intervals than have been adopted hitherto.

In seeking to emend corrupt passages I have carefully considered the suggestions of my many predecessors, and from few of those who have already laboured in the field of textual criticism have I failed to derive some enlightenment. Of the older editors,

Theobald, whose edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1733, and Capell, whose edition appeared in 1768, have proved most helpful. Among more modern editions I am chiefly indebted to the work of Delius, Dyce, and the Cambridge editors. A very few of the emendations which I have adopted are now introduced into the text for the first time. My thanks are due to my friend Mr. P. A. Daniel for many useful suggestions.

I have appended a short glossary, which I trust will adequately explain the meaning of the obsolete words which Shakespeare employed.

W. J. CRAIG.

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Shakespeare from the Chandos Portrait.

## PLAYS

### THE TEMPEST

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.  
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.  
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.  
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.  
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.  
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.  
ADRIAN, }  
FRANCISCO, } Lords.  
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.  
TRINCULO, a Jester.  
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.  
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.  
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.  
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.  
IRIS, }  
CERES, }  
JUNO, } presented by Spirits.  
Nymphs, }  
Reapers, }  
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

Scene.—*The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.*

#### ACT I.

##### Scene I.—

### ***On A Ship At Sea. A Tempestuous Noise Of Thunder And Lightning Heard.***

*Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain severally.*

MAST.

Boatswain!

BOATS.

Here, master: what cheer?

MAST.

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Mariners.

BOATS.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!<sup>9</sup>

*Enter* Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

ALON.

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATS.

I pray now, keep below.<sup>12</sup>

ANT.

Where is the master, boson?

BOATS.

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm<sup>16</sup>

GON.

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.<sup>20</sup>

GON.

Good, yet remember whom thou hast abroad.<sup>22</sup>

BOATS.

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

[*Exit.*

GON.

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, 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.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Boatswain.

BOATS.

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—<sup>42</sup>

*Re-enter* Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEB.

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS.

Work you, then.<sup>47</sup>

ANT.

Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GON.

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.<sup>53</sup>

BOATS.

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

MAR.

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*[Exeunt.*

BOATS.

What, must our mouths be cold?<sup>58</sup>

GON.

The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

SEB.

I am out of patience.<sup>60</sup>

ANT.

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

GON.

He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it,<sup>64</sup>

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

*[A confused noise within,—‘Mercy on us!’—*

‘We split, we split!’—‘Farewell, my wife and children!’—

‘Farewell, brother!’—‘We split, we split, we split!’—]67

ANT.

Let’s all sink wi’ the king.

[*Exit.*

SEB.

Let’s take leave of him.

[*Exit.*

GON.

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***The Island: Before The Cell Of Prospero.***

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

MIRA.

If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,<sup>3</sup>

But that the sea, mounting to th’ welkin’s cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer’d

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,

Dash’d all to pieces. O! the cry did knock<sup>8</sup>

Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er<sup>11</sup>

It should the good ship so have swallow'd and

The fraughting souls within her.

PRO.

Be collected:

No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done.

MIRA.

O, woe the day!

PRO.

No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,—<sup>16</sup>

Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!—who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am: nor that I am more better

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,<sup>20</sup>

And thy no greater father.

MIRA.

More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PRO.

'Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:24

*[Lays down his mantle.*

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art<sup>28</sup>

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair,

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;<sup>32</sup>

For thou must now know further.

MIRA.

You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding, 'Stay; not yet.'

PRO.

The hour's now come,<sup>36</sup>

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;

Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not<sup>40</sup>

Out three years old.

MIRA.

Certainly, sir, I can.

PRO.

By what? by any other house or person?

Of anything the image tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRA.

'Tis far off;44

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

PRO.

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it48

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?

If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

MIRA.

But that I do not.52

PRO.

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and

A prince of power.

MIRA.

Sir, are not you my father?

PRO.

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir<sup>58</sup>  
A princess,—no worse issued.

MIRA.

O, the heavens!  
What foul play had we that we came from thence?<sup>60</sup>  
Or blessed was't we did?

PRO.

Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;  
But blessedly help hither.

MIRA.

O! my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further.<sup>65</sup>

PRO.

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—  
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself,<sup>68</sup>  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state; as at that time,  
Through all the signiories it was the first,<sup>71</sup>  
And Prospero the prime duke; being 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<sup>76</sup>  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

MIRA.

Sir, most heedfully.

PRO.

Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who t'advance, and who<sup>80</sup>  
To trash for over-topping; new created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state<sup>84</sup>  
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

MIRA.

O, good sir! I do.

PRO.

I pray thee, mark me.<sup>88</sup>

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,91  
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great95  
As my trust was; which had, indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like one,  
Who having, into truth, by telling of it,100  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,  
And executing th' outward face of royalty,104  
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—  
Dost thou hear?

MIRA.

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PRO.

To have no screen between this part he play'd  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be108  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man,—my library  
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates,—  
So dry he was for sway,—wi' the king of Naples  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—  
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRA.

O the heavens! 116

PRO.

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

MIRA.

I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother:  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PRO.

Now the condition. 120  
This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises  
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine 125  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight 128

Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

MIRA.

Alack, for pity!<sup>132</sup>  
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,  
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PRO.

Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon us; without the which this story<sup>137</sup>  
Were most impertinent.

MIRA.

Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

PRO.

Well demanded, wench:  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,<sup>140</sup>  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,<sup>144</sup>  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh<sup>149</sup>  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRA.

Alack! what trouble  
Was I then to you!

PRO.

O, a cherubin<sup>152</sup>  
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up<sup>157</sup>  
Against what should ensue.

MIRA.

How came we ashore?

PRO.

By Providence divine.<sup>159</sup>  
Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed  
Master of this design,—did give us; with<sup>163</sup>

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRA.

Would I might<sup>168</sup>  
But ever see that man!

PRO.

Now I arise:—

*[Resumes his mantle.*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arriv'd; 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.

MIRA.

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,—  
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason<sup>176</sup>  
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 prescience<sup>180</sup>

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions; 184  
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—

[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now.

Approach, my Ariel; come! 188

*Enter Ariel.*

ARI.

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride 191  
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

PRO.

Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI.

To every article.  
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak, 196  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,

The yards, and boresprit, would I flame distinctly,200  
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,205  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PRO.

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

ARI.

Not a soul208  
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners,  
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,212  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'

PRO.

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

ARI.

Close by, my master.216

PRO.

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARI.

Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself;<sup>221</sup>

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot.

PRO.

Of the king's ship<sup>224</sup>

The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o' the fleet.

ARI.

Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes; there she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;<sup>230</sup>

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,

And are upon the Mediterranean flote,

Bound sadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,236  
And his great person perish.

PRO.

Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work:  
What is the time o' th' day?

ARI.

Past the mid season.

PRO.

At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now240  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

ARI.

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PRO.

How now! moody?244  
What is't thou canst demand?

ARI.

My liberty.

PRO.

Before the time be out? no more!

ARI.

I prithee

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise<sup>249</sup>

To bate me a full year.

PRO.

Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI.

No.

PRO.

Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze<sup>252</sup>

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' th' earth

When it is bak'd with frost.

ARI.

I do not, sir.<sup>256</sup>

PRO.

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI.

No, sir.

PRO.

Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.260

ARI.

Sir, in Argier.

PRO.

O! was she so? I must,

Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,263

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing, from Argier,

Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did

They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARI.

Ay, sir.268

PRO.

This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate272

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,276  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died  
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans280  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,—  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born,—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

ARI.

Yes; Caliban her son.284

PRO.

Dull thing, I say so; he that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment289  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo; it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

ARI.

I thank thee, master.

PRO.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARI.

Pardon, master;296

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spiriting 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 a nymph of the sea: be subject301  
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

[*Exit*Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

MIRA.

[*Waking.*] The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

PRO.

Shake it off. Come on;

We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never<sup>308</sup>

Yields us 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,

Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices<sup>312</sup>

That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak.

CAL.

[*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

PRO.

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

Come, thou tortoise! when?<sup>316</sup>

*Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

ARI.

My lord, it shall be done.

[*Exit.*

PRO.

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!<sup>320</sup>

*Enter* Caliban.

CAL.

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen

Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,

And blister you all o'er!<sup>324</sup>

PRO.

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins

Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd<sup>328</sup>

As thick as honeycomb, 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 camest first,<sup>332</sup>

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee<sup>336</sup>

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' 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,<sup>341</sup>

Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' th' island.

PRO.

Thou most lying slave,<sup>344</sup>

Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate

The honour of my child.<sup>348</sup>

CAL.

Oh ho! Oh ho!—would it had been done!

Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else

This isle with Calibans.

PRO.

Abhorred slave,

Which any print of goodness will not take,<sup>352</sup>

Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like<sup>356</sup>

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes

With words that made them known: but thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,361  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

CAL.

You taught me language: and my profit on't363  
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,  
For learning me your language!

PRO.

Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly368  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL.

No, pray thee!—  
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,373  
And make a vassal of him.

PRO.

So, slave; hence!  
[*Exit* Caliban.

*Re-enter Ariel invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.*

### Ariel'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:376  
Curtstied when you have, and kiss'd,—  
The wild waves whist,—  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.380  
Hark, hark!  
[*Burden Bow, wow, dispersedly.*  
The watch-dogs bark:  
[*Burden Bow, wow, dispersedly.*  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting Chanticleer384  
[*Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.*

FER.

Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon

Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the king my father's wrack,388

This music crept by me upon the waters,

Allaying both their fury, and my passion,

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

Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone.392

No, it begins again.

### Ariel*Sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:396  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:400  
[*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 fringed curtains of thine eye advance,405

And say what thou seest yond.

MIRA.

What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.408

PRO.

No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st,

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

With grief,—that's beauty's canker,—thou might'st call him412

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows

And strays about to find 'em.

MIRA.

I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

PRO.

[*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,416

As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

FER.

Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer

May know if you remain upon this island;420

And that you will some good instruction give

How I may bear me here: my prime request,

Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—

If you be maid or no?

MIRA.

No wonder, sir;424

But certainly a maid.

FER.

My language! heavens!—

I am the best of them that speak this speech,

Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PRO.

How! the best?

What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?428

FER.

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes,—ne'er since at ebb,—beheld  
The king, my father wrack'd.

MIRA.

Alack, for mercy!

FER.

Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan,<sup>434</sup>  
And his brave son being twain.

PRO.

[*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan,  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight<sup>437</sup>

[*Aside.*]

They have changed eyes:—delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.<sup>440</sup>

MIRA.

[*Aside.*] Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way!

FER.

[*Aside.*] O! if a virgin,<sup>444</sup>

And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you

The Queen of Naples.

PRO.

Soft, sir: one word more—

[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning<sup>448</sup>

Make the prize light.—[*To Fer.*] One word more: I charge thee

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp

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

Upon this island as a spy, to win it<sup>452</sup>

From me, the lord on't.

FER.

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't.

PRO.

[*To Fer.*] Follow me.—<sup>456</sup>

[*To Mira.*] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—[*To Fer.*] Come;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks<sup>460</sup>

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER.

No;

I will resist such entertainment till

Mine enemy has more power.

*[He draws, and is charmed from moving.]*

MIRA.

O dear father!

Make not too rash a trial of him, for<sup>464</sup>

He's gentle, and not fearful.

PRO.

What! I say,

My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick<sup>469</sup>

And make thy weapon drop.

MIRA.

Beseech you, father!

PRO.

Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIRA.

Sir, have pity:

I'll be his surety.

PRO.

Silence! one word more<sup>472</sup>

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!<sup>476</sup>

To the most of men this is a Caliban

And they to him are angels.

MIRA.

My affections

Are then most humble; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

PRO.

[*To Fer.*] Come on; obey:<sup>480</sup>

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them.

FER.

So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,<sup>484</sup>

The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough<sup>489</sup>

Have I in such a prison.

PRO.

[*Aside.*] It works.—[*ToFer.*] Come on.—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*ToFer.*] Follow me.—

[*ToAriel.*] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

MIRA.

Be of comfort;492

My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,

Which now came from him.

PRO.

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds; but then exactly do496

All points of my command.

ARI.

To the syllable.

PRO.

[*ToFer.*] Come, follow.—Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***Another Part Of The Island.***

*Enter* Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

GON.

Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,<sup>4</sup>  
The masters of some merchant and the merchant,  
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.

ALON.

Prithee, peace.<sup>9</sup>

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 wit; by and by it will strike.<sup>13</sup>

GON.

Sir,—

SEB.

One: tell.

GON.

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,<sup>16</sup>

Comes to the entertainer—

SEB.

A dollar.

GON.

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.<sup>20</sup>

SEB.

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GON.

Therefore, my lord,—

ANT.

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!<sup>25</sup>

ALON.

I prithee, spare.

GON.

Well, I have done: but yet—

SEB.

He will be talking.<sup>28</sup>

ANT.

Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEB.

The old cock.

ANT.

The cockerel.<sup>32</sup>

SEB.

Done. The wager?

ANT.

A laughter.

SEB.

A match!

ADR.

Though this island seem to be desert,—

SEB.

Ha, ha, ha! So you're paid.

ADR.

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

SEB.

Yet—

ADR.

Yet—

ANT.

He could not miss it.

ADR.

It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

ANT.

Temperance was a delicate wench.<sup>44</sup>

SEB.

Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

ADR.

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.48

SEB.

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANT.

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GON.

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANT.

True; save means to live.53

SEB.

Of that there's none, or little.

GON.

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!56

ANT.

The ground indeed is tawny.

SEB.

With an eye of green in't.

ANT.

He misses not much.

SEB.

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.61

GON.

But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

SEB.

As many vouch'd rarities are.64

GON.

That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.68

ANT.

If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEB.

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON.

Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.75

SEB.

'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADR.

Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GON.

Not since widow Dido's time.80

ANT.

Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

SEB.

What if he had said, widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!84

ADR.

Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GON.

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADR.

Carthage?88

GON.

I assure you, Carthage.

ANT.

His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEB.

He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

ANT.

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEB.

I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.96

ANT.

And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

ALON.

Ay?

ANT.

Why, in good time.100

GON.

[*To Alon.*] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.104

ANT.

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB.

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT.

O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

GON.

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.109

ANT.

That sort was well fish'd for.

GON.

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?112

ALON.

You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,116

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN.

Sir, he may live:120

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head<sup>124</sup>  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt<sup>128</sup>  
He came alive to land.

ALON.

No, no; he's gone.

SEB.

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African;<sup>132</sup>  
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALON.

Prithee, peace.

SEB.

You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise  
By all of us; and the fair soul herself<sup>136</sup>  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,  
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's 141

Your own.

ALON.

So is the dearest of the loss.

GON.

My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore, 145

When you should bring the plaster.

SEB.

Very well.

ANT.

And most chirurgically.

GON.

It is foul weather in us all, good sir, 148

When you are cloudy.

SEB.

Foul weather?

ANT.

Very foul.

GON.

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

ANT.

He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEB.

Or docks, or mallows.

GON.

'And were the king on't, what would I do?

SEB.

'Scape being drunk for want of wine.153

GON.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;156

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;160

No occupation; all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty,—

SEB.

Yet he would be king on't.

ANT.

The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.165

GON.

All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,169  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

SEB.

No marrying 'mong his subjects?172

ANT.

None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

GON.

I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age

SEB.

Save his majesty!

ANT.

Long live Gonzalo!

GON.

And,—do you mark me, sir?176

ALON.

Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

GON.

I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,  
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT.

'Twas you we laugh'd at.183

GON.

Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

ANT.

What a blow was there given!

SEB.

An it had not fallen flat-long.188

GON.

You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.192

*Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.*

SEB.

We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.

ANT.

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GON.

No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?197

ANT.

Go sleep, and hear us.

*[All sleep but Alon., Seb., and Ant.]*

ALON.

What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find200

They are inclin'd to do so.

SEB.

Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth

It is a comforter.

ANT.

We two, my lord,204

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

ALON.

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[Alonsonsleeps. ExitAriel.

SEB.

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANT.

It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB.

Why208

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANT.

Nor I: my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,212

Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?—No more:—  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou should'st be. The occasion speaks thee; and  
My strong imagination sees a crown<sup>216</sup>  
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB.

What! art thou waking?

ANT.

Do you not hear me speak?

SEB.

I do; and surely,  
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?<sup>220</sup>  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT.

Noble Sebastian,<sup>223</sup>

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

SEB.

Thou dost snore distinctly:  
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANT.

I am more serious than my custom: you  
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do<sup>228</sup>  
Trebles thee o'er.

SEB.

Well; I am standing water.

ANT.

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB.

Do so: to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT.

O!<sup>231</sup>

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

SEB.

Prithee, say on:<sup>236</sup>

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed  
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT.

Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this

Who shall be of as little memory<sup>241</sup>

When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade,—the king, his son's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd<sup>245</sup>

As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB.

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

ANT.

O! out of that 'no hope

What great hope have you! no hope that way is

Another way so high a hope that even<sup>249</sup>

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEB.

He's gone.

ANT.

Then tell me<sup>252</sup>

Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEB.

Claribel.

ANT.

She that is Queen of Tums; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—256  
The man i' th' moon's too slow—till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable: she that, from whom?  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,  
And by that destiny to perform an act<sup>260</sup>  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.

SEB.

What stuff is this!—How say you?  
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis;  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

ANT.

A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel<sup>266</sup>  
Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake!'—Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate

As amply and unnecessarily<sup>272</sup>

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this

For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEB.

Methinks I do.

ANT.

And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

SEB.

I remember<sup>278</sup>

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT.

True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;

Much feater than before; my brother's servants

Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEB.

But, for your conscience,—<sup>283</sup>

ANT.

Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,

'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not

This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,288  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel,—three inches of it,—  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put293  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;296  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

SEB.

Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,  
And I the king shall love thee.

ANT.

Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,303  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB.

O! but one word.

*[They converse apart.]*

*Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.*

ARI.

My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—  
For else his project dies—to keep thee living.

*[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,<sup>308</sup>  
Open-ey'd Conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware<sup>312</sup>  
Awake! awake!

ANT.

Then let us both be sudden.

GON.

Now, good angels  
Preserve the king!

*[They wake.*

ALON.

Why, how now! ho, awake! Why are you drawn?<sup>316</sup>

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GON.

What's the matter?

SEB.

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather hons; did't not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALON.

I heard nothing.

ANT.

O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALON.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?<sup>324</sup>

GON.

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.  
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALON.

Lead off this ground, and let's make further search  
For my poor son.<sup>332</sup>

GON.

Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALON.

Lead away.

*[Exit with the others.]*

ARI.

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

*[Exit.]*

Scene II.—

***Another Part Of The Island.***

*Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

CAL.

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,<sup>4</sup>  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me:<sup>8</sup>  
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me  
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I<sup>12</sup>  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.—

*Enter Trinculo.*

Lo now! lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me

For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;16

Perchance he will not mind me.

TRIN.

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest 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 monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! 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.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.44

*Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

STE.

I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:

Well, here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,49  
The gunner and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate;52  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'  
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.57

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

CAL.

Do not torment me: O!

STE.

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard 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 while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

CAL.

The spirit torments me: O!68

STE.

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but 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 trod on neat's-leather.75

CAL.

Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE.

He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.84

CAL.

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.87

STE.

Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*gives Caliban drink*]: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

TRIN.

I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me.96

STE.

Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN.

Stephano!104

STE.

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRIN.

Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo:—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.110

STE.

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?115

TRIN.

I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped!122

STE.

Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

CAL.

[*Aside.*] These be fine things an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor:

I will kneel to him.127

STE.

How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. 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 cast ashore.133

CAL.

I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STE.

Here: swear then, how thou escapedst.

TRIN.

Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.138

STE.

Here, kiss the book [*gives Trinculo drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.141

TRIN.

O Stephano! hast any more of this?

STE.

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?146

CAL.

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STE.

Out o the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

CAL.

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.152

STE.

Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

TRIN.

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon! a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

CAL.

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;160

And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRIN.

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.164

CAL.

I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE.

Come on then; down, and swear.

TRIN.

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—169

STE.

Come, kiss.

TRIN.

But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!172

CAL.

I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.177

TRIN.

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CAL.

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;180

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?185

STE.

I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.190

CAL.

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell

*[Sings drunkenly.]*

TRIN.

A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CAL.

No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,<sup>196</sup>  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,  
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom! high-day, freedom!<sup>200</sup>

STE.

O brave monster! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Before Prospero's Cell.***

*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*

FER.

There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task<sup>4</sup>  
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is<sup>7</sup>  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's compos'd 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<sup>12</sup>  
Had never like executor. I forget:  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most busiest when I do it.

*Enter Miranda; and Prospero behind.*

MIRA.

Alas! now, pray you,  
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had<sup>16</sup>  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:<sup>20</sup>  
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 sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;<sup>24</sup>  
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER.

No, precious creature:  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

MIRA.

It would become me<sup>28</sup>  
As well as it does you: and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

PRO.

[*Aside.*] Poor worm! thou art infected:  
This visitation shows it.

MIRA.

You look wearily.<sup>32</sup>

FER.

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me  
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!<sup>36</sup>  
I have broke your hest to say so.

FER.

Admir'd Miranda!  
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time<sup>40</sup>  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her<sup>44</sup>  
Did quarrel 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.

MIRA.

I do not know<sup>48</sup>  
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 features are abroad,<sup>52</sup>  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,—  
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,<sup>56</sup>  
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;—<sup>60</sup>

I would not so!—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—  
The very instant that I saw you did<sup>64</sup>  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRA.

Do you love me?

FER.

O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,<sup>68</sup>  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,<sup>72</sup>  
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRA.

I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

PRO.

[*Aside.*] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between them!

FER.

Wherefore weep you?76

MIRA.

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 itself80  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me;  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow84  
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 willing88  
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRA.

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

FER.

A thousand thousand!

*[Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.]*

PRO.

So glad of this as they, I cannot be,<sup>92</sup>

Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;

For yet, ere supper time, must I perform

Much business appertaining.

*[Exit.]*

Scene II.—

### ***Another Part Of The Island***

*Enter Caliban, with a bottle, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

STE.

Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.<sup>4</sup>

TRIN.

Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.<sup>8</sup>

STE.

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRIN.

Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.<sup>13</sup>

STE.

My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.19

TRIN.

Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STE.

We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

TRIN.

Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.24

STE.

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CAL.

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.28

TRIN.

Thou hest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CAL.

Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?36

TRIN.

'Lord' quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

CAL.

Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.40

STE.

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.44

CAL.

I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd

To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

STE.

Marry, will I; kneel, and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.48

*Enter Ariel, invisible.*

CAL.

As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARI.

Thou liest.52

CAL.

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey thou;

I would my valiant master would destroy thee;

I do not lie.

STE.

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.58

TRIN.

Why, I said nothing.

STE.

Mum then and no more.—[*To Caliban.*] Proceed.

CAL.

I say, by sorcery he got this isle;  
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,  
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st;  
But this thing dare not,—65

STE.

That's most certain.

CAL.

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

STE.

How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?69

CAL.

Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

ARI.

Thou liest; thou canst not.72

CAL.

What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him76  
Where the quick freshes are.

STE.

Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.81

TRIN.

Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

STE.

Didst thou not say he hed?84

ARI.

Thou liest.

STE.

Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes Trin.*]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN.

I did not give thee the he:—Out o' your wits and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!92

CAL.

Ha, ha, ha!

STE.

Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee stand further off.

CAL.

Beat him enough: after a little time96

I'll beat him too.

STE.

Stand further.—Come, proceed.

CAL.

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log<sup>100</sup>

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember

First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not<sup>104</sup>

One spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;

He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:

And that most deeply to consider is<sup>109</sup>

The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,

But only Sycorax my dam and she;<sup>112</sup>

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax

As great'st does least.

STE.

Is it so brave a lass?

CAL.

Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.<sup>116</sup>

STE.

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?<sup>120</sup>

TRIN.

Excellent.

STE.

Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.124

CAL.

Within this half hour will he be asleep;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE.

Ay, on mine honour.

ARI.

This will I tell my master.

CAL.

Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.128

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

STE.

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.132

[*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em;  
Thought is free.

CAL.

That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

STE.

What is this same?136

TRIN.

This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

STE.

If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.141

TRIN.

O, forgive me my sins!

STE.

He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!144

CAL.

Art thou afeard?

STE.

No, monster, not I.

CAL.

Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.148

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make mesleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open and show riches153  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd  
I cried to dream again.

STE.

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

CAL.

When Prospero is destroyed.

STE.

That shall be by and by: I remember the story. 160

TRIN.

The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

STE.

Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come?

TRIN.

I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Another Part Of The Island.***

*Enter* Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

GON.

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;

My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed,

Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,

I needs must rest me.

ALON.

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,<sup>4</sup>

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,

To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANT.

[*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

SEB.

[*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

ANT.

[*Aside to Seb.*] 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.

SEB.

[*Aside to Ant.*] I say to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above, invisible. Enter below several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

ALON.

What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

GON.

Marvellous sweet music!

ALON.

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?<sup>20</sup>

SEB.

A living drollery. Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

ANT.

I'll believe both;<sup>24</sup>

And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

GON.

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such islanders,—<sup>29</sup>

For, certes, these are people of the island,—

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of<sup>32</sup>

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

PRO.

[*Aside.*] Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

ALON.

I cannot too much muse,<sup>36</sup>

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,—

Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

PRO.

[*Aside.*] Praise in departing.

FRAN.

They vanish'd strangely.

SEB.

No matter, since<sup>40</sup>

They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—

Will't please you to taste of what is here?

ALON.

Not I.

GON.

Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers<sup>44</sup>

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us<sup>48</sup>

Good warrant of.

ALON.

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.<sup>52</sup>

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariellike a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with 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't,—the never-surfeited sea<sup>55</sup>

Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

*[Seeing Alon., Seb., &c., draw their swords.*

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows<sup>60</sup>

Are ministers of fate: the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish<sup>64</sup>

One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,

And will not be uplifted. But, remember,—<sup>68</sup>

For that's my business to you,—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed<sup>72</sup>  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,<sup>76</sup>  
Lingering perdition,—worse than any death  
Can be at once,—shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—<sup>79</sup>  
Which here in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.*

PRO.

[*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated<sup>85</sup>  
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,<sup>88</sup>  
And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions: they now are in my power;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—92  
And his and mine lov'd darling.

*[Exit above.*

GON.

I the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

ALON.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and 100  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded.

*[Exit.*

SEB.

But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANT.

I'll be thy second.

*[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

GON.

All three of them are desperate; their great guilt, 104

Like poison given to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly

And hinder them from what this ecstasy 108

May now provoke them to.

ADR.

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***Before Prospero's Cell.***

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

PRO.

If I have too austere punish'd you,

Your compensation makes amends; for I

Have given you here a third of mine own life,

Or that for which I live; whom once again 4

I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand! 8

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,

For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

FER.

I do believe it  
Against an oracle.<sup>12</sup>

PRO.

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may<sup>16</sup>  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew<sup>20</sup>  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER.

As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,<sup>24</sup>  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worsen genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away<sup>28</sup>  
The edge of that day's celebration

When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PRO.

Fairly spoke:

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.

What, Ariell my industrious servant Ariell<sup>33</sup>

*Enter Ariel.*

ARI.

What would my potent master? here I am.

PRO.

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you<sup>36</sup>

In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,

O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:

Incite them to quick motion; for I must

Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple<sup>40</sup>

Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,

And they expect it from me.

ARI.

Presently?

PRO.

Ay, with a twink.

ARI.

Before you can say, 'Come,' and 'Go,'<sup>44</sup>

And breathe twice; and cry, 'so, so,'

Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master? no?48

PRO.

Dearly my delicate Ariel. Do not approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI.

Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

PRO.

Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance

Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw52

To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,

Or else good night your vow!

FER.

I warrant you, sir;

The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart

Abates the ardour of my liver.

PRO.

Well.—56

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,

Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.

No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

[*Soft music.*

*A Masque. Enter Iris.*

IRIS.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas<sup>60</sup>  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,<sup>64</sup>  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;<sup>68</sup>  
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,  
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,<sup>72</sup>  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter Ceres.*

CER.

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er<sup>76</sup>  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:

And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,<sup>81</sup>  
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS.

A contract of true love to celebrate,<sup>84</sup>  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blessed lovers.

CER.

Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,<sup>89</sup>  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

IRIS.

Of her society  
Be not afraid; I met her deity<sup>92</sup>  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:<sup>97</sup>  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,

Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,100

And be a boy right out.

CER.

Highest queen of state,

Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter Juno.*

JUN.

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,104

And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

JUN.

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you!108  
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
Barns and garners never empty:  
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;112  
Plants with goodly burden bowing;  
Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you;116  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER.

This is a most majestic vision, and

Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold

To think these spirits?

PRO.

Spirits, which by mine art<sup>120</sup>

I have from their confines call'd to enact

My present fancies.

FER.

Let me live here ever:

So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,

Makes this place Paradise.

*[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]*

PRO.

Sweet, now, silence!<sup>124</sup>

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,

There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS.

You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the windring brooks,<sup>128</sup>

With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land

Answer your summons: Juno does command.

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate

A contract of true love: be not too late.<sup>133</sup>

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,

Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:

Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,<sup>136</sup>

And these fresh nymphs encounter every one

In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

PRO.

[*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates<sup>140</sup>

Against my life: the minute of their plot

Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!

FER.

This is strange: your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

MIRA.

Never till this day<sup>144</sup>

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PRO.

You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,

As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,<sup>148</sup>

As I foretold you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,<sup>153</sup>

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff<sup>156</sup>  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd:  
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.<sup>160</sup>  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell  
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

FER. MIRA.

We wish your peace.

*[Exeunt.]*

PRO.

Come with a thought!—*[To them.]* I thank thee: Ariel, come!<sup>164</sup>

*Enter Ariel.*

ARI.

Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PRO.

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI.

Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd<sup>168</sup>  
Lest I might anger thee.

PRO.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARI.

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour that they smote the air<sup>172</sup>  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,<sup>176</sup>  
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,<sup>180</sup>  
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

PRO.

This was well done, my bird.<sup>184</sup>  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:  
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARI.

I go, I go.

*[Exit.]*

PRO.

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, 189

Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost;

And as with age his body uglier grows,

So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, 192

Even to roaring.

*Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

*Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

CAL.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell. 195

STE.

Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

TRIN.

Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation. 200

STE.

So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

TRIN.

Thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL.

Good my lord, give me thy favour still:

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to<sup>205</sup>

Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN.

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—<sup>209</sup>

STE.

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN.

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.<sup>213</sup>

STE.

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL.

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,<sup>216</sup>

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief, which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.<sup>220</sup>

STE.

Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRIN.

O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!<sup>225</sup>

CAL.

Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRIN.

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stephano!228

STE.

Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN.

Thy grace shall have it.

CAL.

The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean?232

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,

And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Make us strange stuff.236

STE.

Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.240

TRIN.

Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

STE.

I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.247

TRIN.

Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CAL.

I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villanous low.252

STE.

Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

TRIN.

And this.256

STE.

Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

PRO.

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARI.

Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PRO.

Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!260

*[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

ARI.

Hark! they roar.264

PRO.

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,<sup>268</sup>  
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Before The Cell Of Prospero.***

*Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and Ariel.*

PRO.

Now does my project gather to a head:  
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

ARI.

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,<sup>4</sup>  
You said our work should cease.

PRO.

I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and's followers?

ARI.

Confin'd together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,8  
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;  
They cannot budge till your release. The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,12  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him, that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo:'  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works them,17  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

PRO.

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARI.

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PRO.

And mine shall.20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?24  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,28

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

And they shall be themselves.

ARI.

I'll fetch them, sir

[*Exit.*

PRO.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;33

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him

When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that36

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,—40

Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder44

Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command48

Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic

I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd

Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—

To work mine end upon their senses that<sup>53</sup>

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,<sup>56</sup>

I'll drown my book.

*[Solemn music.]*

*Re-enter Ariel: after him, Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.*

A solemn air and the best comforter

To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,<sup>60</sup>

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,

Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,<sup>65</sup>

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!<sup>68</sup>

My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces  
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:72  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—  
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,  
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—76  
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—  
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,  
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding  
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide80  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores  
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them  
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—84

[*Exit* Ariel.

I will discase me, and myself present,  
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;  
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* Prospero.

ARI.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I88  
In a cowslip's bell I he:  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily92  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

PRO.

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom;—so, so, so.—  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:97  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain  
Being awake, enforce them to this place,100  
And presently, I prithee.

ARI.

I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit.*

GON.

All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement104  
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

PRO.

Behold, sir king,  
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.  
For more assurance that a living prince108  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

ALON.

Whe'r thou beest he or no,

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me, 112  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,—  
An if this be at all—a most strange story. 117  
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero  
Be living, and be here?

PRO.

First, noble friend, 120  
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

GON.

Whether this be,  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PRO.

You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain.—Welcome! my friends all:—125  
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors: at this time 128  
I will tell no tales.

SEB.

[*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

PRO.

No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require<sup>132</sup>

My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,

Thou must restore.

ALON.

If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation;

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since<sup>136</sup>

Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost,—

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—

My dear son Ferdinand.

PRO.

I am woe for't, sir.

ALON.

Irreparable is the loss, and patience

Says it is past her cure.

PRO.

I rather think<sup>141</sup>

You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

ALON.

You the like loss! 144

PRO.

As great to me, as late; and, supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

ALON.

A daughter? 148

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter? 152

PRO.

In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words 156  
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain  
That I am Prospero and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely 160  
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants  
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.*

MIRA.

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER.

No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

MIRA.

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

ALON.

If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

SEB.

A most high miracle!

FER.

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

*[Kneels to Alon.]*

ALON.

Now, all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about! 180

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRA.

O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

PRO.

'Tis new to thee. 184

ALON.

What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together?

FER.

Sir, she is mortal; 188

But by immortal Providence she's mine;  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,<sup>192</sup>  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

ALON.

I am hers:<sup>196</sup>  
But O! how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PRO.

There, sir, stop:  
Let us not burden our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone.

GON.

I have inly wept,<sup>200</sup>  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither!

ALON.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!<sup>204</sup>

GON.

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage<sup>208</sup>  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom  
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves,<sup>212</sup>  
When no man was his own.

ALON.

[*To Fer. and Mira.*] Give me your hands:  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

GON.

Be it so: Amen!

*Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us.<sup>216</sup>  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATS.

The best news is that we have safely found<sup>221</sup>  
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—

Which but three glasses since we gave out split,—

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when

We first put out to sea.

ARI.

[*Aside to Pro.*] Sir, all this service<sup>225</sup>

Have I done since I went.

PRO.

[*Aside to Ari.*] My tricky spirit!

ALON.

These are not natural events; they strengthen

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?<sup>228</sup>

BOATS.

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,

And,—how we know not,—all clapp'd under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange and several noises<sup>232</sup>

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,

And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld<sup>236</sup>

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master

Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither.

ARI.

[*Aside to Pro.*] Was't well done?240

PRO

[*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.

ALON.

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of: some oracle244  
Must rectify our knowledge.

PRO.

Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,—  
Which to you shall seem probable,—of every  
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,  
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit;  
Set Caliban and his companions free;252  
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ari.*] How fares my gracious sir?  
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 stolen apparel.*

STE.

Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

TRIN.

If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.260

CAL.

O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

SEB.

Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?264

Will money buy them?

ANT.

Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PRO.

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—268

His mother was a witch; and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

And deal in her command without her power.

These three have robb'd me; and this demidevil,—272

For he's a bastard one,—had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these fellows you

Must know and own; this thing of darkness I

Acknowledge mine.

CAL.

I shall be pinch'd to death<sup>276</sup>

ALON.

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEB.

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALON.

And Trinculo is reeling-ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?

How cam'st thou in this pickle?<sup>281</sup>

TRIN.

I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.<sup>284</sup>

SEB.

Why, how now, Stephano!

STE.

O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PRO.

You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

STE.

I should have been a sore one then.<sup>288</sup>

ALON.

This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Cal.*

PRO.

He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions: as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.<sup>293</sup>

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 drunkard for a god,<sup>296</sup>

And worship this dull fool!

PRO.

Go to; away!

ALON.

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEB.

Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

PRO.

Sir, I invite your highness and your train<sup>300</sup>

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night; which—part of it—I'll waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away; the story of my life<sup>304</sup>

And the particular accidents gone by

Since I came to this isle: and in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial<sup>308</sup>  
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON.

I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must<sup>312</sup>  
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.—[*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,<sup>316</sup>  
That is thy charge: then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

***Spoken By Prospero.***

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own;  
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,<sup>4</sup>  
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;<sup>8</sup>  
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,<sup>12</sup>  
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,<sup>16</sup>  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.<sup>20</sup>

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.  
VALENTINE, }  
PROTEUS, } the Two Gentlemen.  
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.  
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.  
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia, in her escape.  
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.  
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.  
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.  
HOST, where Julia lodges in Milan.  
OUTLAWS with Valentine.  
JULIA, beloved of Proteus.  
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.  
LUCETTA, waiting woman to Julia.  
Servants, Musicians.

Scene.—*Verona; Milan; and the frontiers of Mantua.*

### ACT I.

Scene I.—

#### *Verona. An Open Place.*

*Enter Valentine and Proteus.*

VAL.

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
Were't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,<sup>4</sup>  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad  
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.<sup>8</sup>  
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would when I to love begin.

PRO.

Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest<sup>12</sup>  
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,<sup>16</sup>  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

VAL.

And on a love-book pray for my success?

PRO.

Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.<sup>20</sup>

VAL.

That's on some shallow 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 shoes in love.<sup>24</sup>

VAL.

'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

PRO.

Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

VAL.

No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

PRO.

What?<sup>28</sup>

VAL.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth  
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:  
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;<sup>32</sup>  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:  
However, but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

PRO.

So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.<sup>36</sup>

VAL.

So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

PRO.

'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

VAL.

Love is your master, for he masters you;  
And he that is so yoked by a fool,<sup>40</sup>  
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

PRO.

Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.<sup>44</sup>

VAL.

And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,<sup>48</sup>  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee  
That art a votary to fond desire?<sup>52</sup>  
Once more adieu! my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

PRO.

And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

VAL.

Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.56

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters

Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine.60

PRO.

All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

VAL.

As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit.*

PRO.

He after honour hunts, I after love:

He leaves his friends to dignify them more;64

I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;—

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;

Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.69

*Enter*Speed.

SPEED.

Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

PRO.

But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

SPEED.

Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,<sup>72</sup>

And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

PRO.

Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,

An if the shepherd be a while away.

SPEED.

You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?<sup>77</sup>

PRO.

I do.

SPEED.

Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.<sup>80</sup>

PRO.

A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED.

This proves me still a sheep.

PRO.

True, and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED.

Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.<sup>85</sup>

PRO.

It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED.

The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.91

PRO.

The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.96

SPEED.

Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

PRO.

But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?100

SPEED.

Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.104

PRO.

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

SPEED.

If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.108

PRO.

Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

SPEED.

Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.112

PRO

You mistake: I mean the pound,—a pifold.

SPEED.

From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.116

PRO.

But what said she? [Speed*nods.*] Did she nod?

SPEED.

Ay.

PRO.

Nod, ay? why, that's noddy.120

SPEED.

You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

PRO

And that set together is—noddy.

SPEED.

Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.125

PRO.

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

SPEED.

Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.129

PRO.

Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED.

Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.133

PRO.

Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED.

And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.136

PRO.

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.140

PRO.

Well, sir, here is for your pains [*giving him money*]. What said she?

SPEED.

Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PRO.

Why? couldst thou perceive so much from her?145

SPEED.

Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat 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.

PRO.

What! said she nothing?152

SPEED.

No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.157

PRO.

Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—160

[*Exit*Speed.

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post. 163

[*Exit*.

Scene II.—

***The Same. The Garden Of Julia'S House.***

*Enter*Julia*and*Lucetta.

JUL.

But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,

Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

LUC.

Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

JUL.

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen<sup>4</sup>

That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

LUC.

Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.<sup>8</sup>

JUL.

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUC.

As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.11

JUL.

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUC.

Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

JUL.

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUC.

Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

JUL.

How now! what means this passion at his name?16

LUC.

Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JUL.

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUC.

Then thus,—of many good I think him best.21

JUL.

Your reason?

LUC.

I have no other but a woman's reason:

I think him so because I think him so.24

JUL.

And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

LUC.

Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JUL.

Why, he, of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

LUC.

Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.28

JUL.

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUC.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

JUL.

They do not love that do not show their love.

LUC.

O! they love least that let men know their love.32

JUL.

I would I knew his mind.

LUC.

Peruse this paper, madam.

*[Gives a letter.]*

JUL.

'To Julia.'—Say from whom?

LUC.

That the contents will show.

JUL.

Say, say, who gave it thee?

LUC.

Sir Valentine's page, and sent, I think, from Proteus.<sup>36</sup>

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

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

JUL.

Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?<sup>40</sup>

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;<sup>44</sup>

Or else return no more into my sight.

LUC.

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JUL.

Will ye be gone?

LUC.

That you may ruminat.

[*Exit.*

JUL.

And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.<sup>48</sup>

It were a shame to call her back again

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

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

And would not force the letter to my view!<sup>52</sup>

Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that

Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse<sup>56</sup>

And presently all humbled kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here:

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,<sup>60</sup>

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.

My penance is, to call Lucetta back

And ask remission for my folly past.

What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter* Lucetta.

LUC.

What would your ladyship?<sup>64</sup>

JUL.

Is it near dinner-time?

LUC.

I would it were;  
That you might kill your stomach on your meat  
And not upon your maid.

JUL.

What is't that you took up so gingerly?

LUC.

Nothing.<sup>69</sup>

JUL.

Why didst thou stoop, then?

LUC.

To take a paper up  
That I let fall.

JUL.

And is that paper nothing?

LUC.

Nothing concerning me.<sup>72</sup>

JUL.

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUC.

Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

JUL.

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime.<sup>76</sup>

LUC.

That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

JUL.

As little by such toys as may be possible;

Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love.'<sup>80</sup>

LUC.

It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JUL.

Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?

LUC.

Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JUL.

And why not you?

LUC.

I cannot reach so high.<sup>84</sup>

JUL.

Let's see your song. [*Taking the letter.*] How now, minion!

LUC.

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet methinks, I do not like this tune.

JUL.

You do not?

LUC.

No, madam; it is too sharp.<sup>88</sup>

JUL.

You, minion, are too saucy.

LUC.

Nay, now you are too flat

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.<sup>92</sup>

JUL.

The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

LUC.

Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

JUL.

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!—<sup>96</sup>

*[Tears the letter.*

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

LUC.

She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter.

*[Exit.*

JUL.

Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!<sup>101</sup>

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends. 105  
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia:' unkind Julia!  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain. 109  
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus:'  
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd; 112  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down:  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away  
Till I have found each letter in the letter, 116  
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!  
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ, 120  
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia':—that I'll tear away;  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names: 124  
Thus will I fold them one upon another:  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter* Lucetta.

LUC.

Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.128

JUL.

Well, let us go.

LUC.

What! shall these papers he like tell-tales here?

JUL.

If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUC.

Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;132

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

JUL.

I see you have a month's mind to them.

LUC.

Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.136

JUL.

Come, come; will't please you go?

[*Exeunt*

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 held you in the cloister?

PANT.

‘Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

ANT.

Why, what of him?

PANT.

He wonder’d that your lordship<sup>4</sup>  
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;<sup>8</sup>  
Some to discover islands far away;  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any or for all these exercises  
He said that Proteus your son was meet,<sup>12</sup>  
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,  
In having known to travel in his youth.<sup>16</sup>

ANT.

Nor need’st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider’d well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,<sup>20</sup>  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achiev'd  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

PANT.

I think your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,<sup>26</sup>  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

ANT.

I know it well.<sup>28</sup>

PANT.

'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:  
There shall be practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,  
And be in eye of every exercise<sup>32</sup>  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

ANT.

I like thy counsel, well hast thou advis'd:  
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it  
The execution of it shall make known.<sup>36</sup>  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PANT.

To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,<sup>40</sup>  
Are journeying to salute the emperor  
And to commend their service to his will.

ANT.

Good company; with them shall Proteus go:<sup>43</sup>  
And in good time:—now will we break with him.

*Enter Proteus.*

PRO.

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! that our fathers would applaud our loves,<sup>48</sup>  
To seal our happiness with their consents!  
O heavenly Julia!

ANT.

How now! what letter are you reading there?

PRO.

May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two<sup>52</sup>  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANT.

Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

PRO.

There is no news, my lord; but that he writes<sup>56</sup>

How happily he lives, how well beloved

And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANT.

And how stand you affected to his wish?

PRO.

As one relying on your lordship's will<sup>61</sup>

And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANT.

My will is something sorted with his wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;<sup>64</sup>

For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court:

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.<sup>69</sup>

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PRO.

My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:

Please you, deliberate a day or two.<sup>73</sup>

ANT.

Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd<sup>76</sup>

To hasten on his expedition.

*[Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.]*

PRO.

Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,<sup>80</sup>

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O! how this spring of love resembleth<sup>84</sup>

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.*

PANT.

Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.<sup>89</sup>

PRO.

Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answers, 'no.'

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

*Milan. A Room In The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Valentine and Speed.*

SPEED.

Sir, your glove.

*[Offering a glove.*

VAL.

Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED.

Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.

VAL.

Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine;

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!<sup>4</sup>

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

SPEED.

*[Calling.]* Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

VAL.

How now, sirrah?

SPEED.

She is not within hearing, sir.

VAL.

Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED.

Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

VAL.

Well, you'll still be too forward.<sup>12</sup>

SPEED.

And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VAL.

Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?<sup>16</sup>

SPEED.

She that your worship loves?

VAL.

Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED.

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VAL.

Are all these things perceived in me?<sup>36</sup>

SPEED.

They are all perceived without ye.

VAL.

Without me? they cannot.

SPEED.

Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.45

VAL.

But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED.

She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?49

VAL.

Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

SPEED.

Why, sir, I know her not.52

VAL.

Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

SPEED.

Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

VAL.

Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.56

SPEED.

Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL.

What dost thou know?

SPEED.

That she is not so fair, as, of you, well-favoured.60

VAL.

I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED.

That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.64

VAL.

How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED.

Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL.

How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.69

SPEED.

You never saw her since she was deformed.

VAL.

How long hath she been deformed?72

SPEED.

Ever since you loved her.

VAL.

I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED.

If you love her you cannot see her.76

VAL.

Why?

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!<sup>81</sup>

VAL.

What should I see then?

SPEED.

Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.<sup>86</sup>

VAL.

Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED.

True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.<sup>93</sup>

VAL.

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED.

I would you were set, so your affection would cease.<sup>95</sup>

VAL.

Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED.

And have you?

VAL.

I have.<sup>100</sup>

SPEED.

Are they not lamely writ?

VAL.

No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

Peace! here she comes.

*Enter* Silvia.

SPEED.

[*Aside.*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

VAL.

Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows. 107

SPEED.

[*Aside.*] O! give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

SIL.

Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

SPEED.

[*Aside.*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VAL.

As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in 116

But for my duty to your ladyship.

[*Gives a letter.*

SIL.

I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

VAL.

Now, trust me, madam, it came hardly off; 120

For, being ignorant to whom it goes

I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL.

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VAL.

No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,

Please you command, a thousand times as much.

And yet—126

SIL.

A pretty 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,

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.130

SPEED.

[*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet another yet.

VAL.

What means your ladyship? do you not like it?132

SIL.

Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But since unwillingly, take them again:

Nay, take them.

[*Gives back the letter.*

VAL.

Madam, they are for you.

SIL.

Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,  
But I will none of them; they are for you. 137  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VAL.

Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

SIL.

And when it's writ, for my sake read it over: 140  
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VAL.

If it please me, madam, what then?

SIL.

Why, if it please you, take it for your labour: 143  
And so, good morrow, servant.

[*Exit.*

SPEED.

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!  
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor. 148  
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

VAL.

How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?

SPEED.

Nay, I was riming: 'tis you that have the reason.152

VAL.

To do what?

SPEED.

To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

VAL.

To whom?

SPEED.

To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.156

VAL.

What figure?

SPEED.

By a letter, I should say.

VAL.

Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED.

What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?162

VAL.

No, believe me.

SPEED.

No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

VAL.

She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED.

Why, she hath given you a letter.

VAL.

That's the letter I writ to her friend.168

SPEED.

And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

VAL.

I would it were no worse.

SPEED.

I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:172

'For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.'176

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

VAL.

I have dined.179

SPEED.

Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***Verona. A Room In Julia's House.***

*Enter Proteus and Julia.*

PRO.

Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL.

I must, where is no remedy.

PRO.

When possibly I can, I will return.

JUL.

If you turn not, you will return the sooner.<sup>4</sup>

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

*[Gives him a ring.*

PRO.

Why, then, we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

*[Gives her another.*

JUL.

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PRO.

Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day<sup>9</sup>

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!<sup>12</sup>

My father stays my coming; answer not.

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should.

Julia, farewell.

*[Exit Julia.*

What! gone without a word?<sup>16</sup>

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter Panthino.*

PANT.

Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

PRO.

Go; I come, I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.<sup>20</sup>

*[Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter Launce, leading a dog.*

LAUNCE.

Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is 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 grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father: no, no,

this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so; it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff 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 himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your blessing;' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.<sup>36</sup>

*Enter* Panthino.

PANT.

Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.<sup>41</sup>

LAUNCE.

It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

PANT.

What's the unkindest tide?<sup>44</sup>

LAUNCE.

Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

PANT.

Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?<sup>52</sup>

LAUNCE.

For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PANT.

Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUNCE.

In thy tale.56

PANT.

In thy tail!

LAUNCE.

Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

PANT.

Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.64

LAUNCE.

Sir, call me what thou darest.

PANT.

Wilt thou go?

LAUNCE.

Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Milan. A Room In The Duke's Palace.***

*Enter* Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

SIL.

Servant!

VAL.

Mistress?

SPEED.

Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

VAL.

Ay, boy, it's for love.<sup>4</sup>

SPEED.

Not of you.

VAL.

Of my mistress, then.

SPEED.

'Twere good you knock'd him.

SIL.

Servant, you are sad.<sup>8</sup>

VAL.

Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THU.

Seem you that you are not?

VAL.

Haply I do.

THU.

So do counterfeit.<sup>12</sup>

VAL.

So do you.

THU.

What seem I that I am not?

VAL.

Wise.

THU.

What instance of the contrary?16

VAL.

Your folly.

THU.

And how quote you my folly?

VAL.

I quote it in your jerkin.

THU.

My jerkin is a doublet.20

VAL.

Well, then, I'll double your folly.

THU.

How?

SIL.

What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?24

VAL.

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

THU.

That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.28

VAL.

You have said, sir.

THU.

Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

VAL.

I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.<sup>32</sup>

SIL.

A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

VAL.

'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.<sup>36</sup>

SIL.

Who is that, servant?

VAL.

Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.<sup>41</sup>

THU.

Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

VAL.

I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

SIL.

No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.<sup>49</sup>

*Enter Duke.*

DUKE.

Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends<sup>52</sup>

Of much good news?

VAL.

My lord, I will be thankful

To any happy messenger from thence.

DUKE.

Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

VAL.

Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman

To be of worth and worthy estimation,<sup>57</sup>

And not without desert so well reputed.

DUKE.

Hath he not a son?

VAL.

Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves<sup>60</sup>

The honour and regard of such a father.

DUKE.

You know him well?

VAL.

I know him as myself; for from our infancy

We have convers'd and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle truant,<sup>65</sup>

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,

Yet hath Sir Proteus,—for that's his name,—68

Made use and fair advantage of his days:

His years but young, but his experience old;

His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;

And, in a word,—for far behind his worth<sup>72</sup>

Come all the praises that I now bestow,—

He is complete in feature and in mind

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE.

Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,<sup>76</sup>

He is as worthy for an empress' love

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me

With commendation from great potentates;<sup>80</sup>

And here he means to spend his time awhile:

I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VAL.

Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

DUKE.

Welcome him then according to his worth.<sup>84</sup>

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.

I'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit.*

VAL.

This is the gentleman I told your ladyship<sup>88</sup>  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

SIL.

Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.<sup>92</sup>

VAL.

Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

SIL.

Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,  
How could he see his way to seek out you?

VAL.

Why, lady, Love hath twenty pairs of eyes.

THU.

They say that Love hath not an eye at all.<sup>97</sup>

VAL.

To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:  
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

SIL.

Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.<sup>100</sup>

*Enter Proteus.*

VAL.

Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

SIL.

His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,103

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

VAL.

Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

SIL.

Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

PRO.

Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant108

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VAL.

Leave off discourse of disability:

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

PRO.

My duty will I boast of, nothing else.112

SIL.

And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PRO.

I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

SIL.

That you are welcome?

PRO.

That you are worthless. 116

*Enter a Servant.*

SER.

Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

SIL.

I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*] Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs; 120

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PRO.

We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*]

VAL.

Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PRO.

Your friends are well and have them much commended. 124

VAL.

And how do yours?

PRO.

I left them all in health.

VAL.

How does your lady and how thrives your love?

PRO.

My tales of love were wont to weary you;  
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.128

VAL.

Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:  
I have done penance for contemning love;  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,132  
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.136  
O, gentle Proteus! Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me as I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.140  
Now no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

PRO.

Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.  
Was this the idol that you worship so?145

VAL.

Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

PRO.

No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VAL.

Call her divine.

PRO.

I will not flatter her. 148

VAL.

O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

PRO.

When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

VAL.

Then speak the truth by her; if not divine, 152

Yet let her be a principality,

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PRO.

Except my mistress.

VAL.

Sweet, except not any,

Except thou wilt except against my love. 156

PRO.

Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VAL.

And I will help thee to prefer her too:

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth<sup>160</sup>  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.<sup>164</sup>

PRO.

Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

VAL.

Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing  
To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing.  
She is alone.

PRO.

Then, let her alone.<sup>168</sup>

VAL.

Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.<sup>172</sup>  
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for his possessions are so huge,<sup>176</sup>  
Is gone with her along, and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PRO.

But she loves you?

VAL.

Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour, 180

With all the cunning manner of our flight,

Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,

The ladder made of cords, and all the means

Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness. 184

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,

In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PRO.

Go on before, I shall inquire you forth:

I must unto the road, to disembark 188

Some necessaries that I needs must use,

And then I'll presently attend you.

VAL.

Will you make haste?

PRO.

I will.

[*Exit* Valentine.]

Even as one heat another heat expels, 193

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,

So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten. 196

Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?  
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,—200  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,204  
And that I love him not as I was wont:  
O! but I love his lady too-too much;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,208  
That thus without advice begin to love her?  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;  
But when I look on her perfections,212  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter Speed and Launce.*

SPEED.

Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

LAUNCE.

Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say, 'Welcome!' 7

SPEED.

Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia? 12

LAUNCE.

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

SPEED.

But shall she marry him?

LAUNCE.

No. 16

SPEED

How then? Shall he marry her?

LAUNCE

No, neither.

SPEED

What, are they broken?

LAUNCE.

No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED.

Why then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUNCE.

Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her. 24

SPEED.

What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUNCE.

What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.28

SPEED.

What thou sayest?

LAUNCE.

Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED.

It stands under thee, indeed.32

LAUNCE.

Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

SPEED.

But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUNCE.

Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

SPEED.

The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LAUNCE.

Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.41

SPEED.

'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?44

LAUNCE.

I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED.

Than how?

LAUNCE.

A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.<sup>48</sup>

SPEED.

Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUNCE.

Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.<sup>52</sup>

SPEED.

I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAUNCE.

Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. 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.

SPEED.

Why?<sup>60</sup>

LAUNCE.

Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

SPEED.

At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—

***The Same. A Room In The Duke's Palace.***

*Enter Proteus.*

PRO.

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<sup>4</sup>  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:  
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.  
O sweet-suggesting Love! if thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.<sup>8</sup>  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun.  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;  
And he wants wit that wants resolved will<sup>12</sup>  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.  
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;<sup>17</sup>  
But there I leave to love where I should love.  
Julia I lose and Valentine I lose:  
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;<sup>20</sup>

If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,  
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself;<sup>24</sup>  
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;<sup>28</sup>  
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
I cannot now prove constant to myself  
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:<sup>32</sup>  
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder  
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,  
Myself in counsel, his competitor.  
Now presently, I'll give her father notice<sup>36</sup>  
Of their disguising and pretended flight;  
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;  
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;  
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,<sup>40</sup>  
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!  
*[Exit.*

Scene VII.—

*Verona. A Room In Julia's House*

*Enter Julia and Lucetta.*

JUL.

Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:  
And e'en in kind love I do conjure thee,  
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,<sup>4</sup>  
To lesson me and tell me some good mean  
How, with my honour, I may undertake  
A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUC.

Alas! the way is wearisome and long.<sup>8</sup>

JUL.

A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,<sup>12</sup>  
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

LUC.

Better forbear till Proteus make return.

JUL.

O! know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?  
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,<sup>16</sup>

By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow

As seek to quench the fire of love with words.<sup>20</sup>

LUC.

I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,

Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

JUL.

The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.<sup>24</sup>

The current that with gentle murmur glides,

Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge<sup>29</sup>

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays

With willing sport, to the wild ocean.<sup>32</sup>

Then let me go and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream

And make a pastime of each weary step,

Till the last step have brought me to my love;<sup>36</sup>

And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil

A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

LUC.

But in what habit will you go along?

JUL.

Not like a woman; for I would prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men.<sup>41</sup>

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds

As may beseem some well-reputed page.

LUC.

Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.<sup>44</sup>

JUL.

No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:

To be fantastic may become a youth

Of greater time than I shall show to be.<sup>48</sup>

LUC.

What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

JUL.

That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale?'

Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.<sup>52</sup>

LUC.

You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

JUL.

Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

LUC.

A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.<sup>56</sup>

JUL.

Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
For undertaking so unstaide a journey?<sup>60</sup>  
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

LUC.

If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

JUL.

Nay, that I will not.

LUC.

Then never dream on infamy, but go.<sup>64</sup>  
If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone.  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

JUL.

That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:<sup>68</sup>  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite of love  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

LUC.

All these are servants to deceitful men.

JUL.

Base men, that use them to so base effect;<sup>73</sup>

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,<sup>76</sup>

His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

LUC.

Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him!

JUL.

Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong<sup>80</sup>

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love by loving him,

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of<sup>84</sup>

To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.<sup>88</sup>

Come, answer not, but to it presently!

I am impatient of my tarrance.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

*Milan. An Anteroom In The Duke's Palace.*

*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 discover<sup>4</sup>

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;

But when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that<sup>8</sup>

Which else no 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.<sup>12</sup>

I know you have determin'd to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stol'n away from you

It would be much vexation to your age.<sup>16</sup>

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 unprevented, to your timeless grave.<sup>21</sup>

DUKE.

Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,<sup>24</sup>  
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep,  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court;  
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err<sup>28</sup>  
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—  
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—  
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.<sup>32</sup>  
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept;<sup>36</sup>  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

PRO.

Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;<sup>40</sup>

For which the youthful lover now is gone  
And this way comes he with it presently;  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly<sup>44</sup>  
That my discovery be not aimed at;  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

DUKE.

Upon mine honour, he shall never know<sup>48</sup>  
That I had any light from thee of this.

PRO.

Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.

*[Exit.*

*Enter* Valentine.

DUKE.

Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VAL.

Please it your Grace, there is a messenger<sup>52</sup>  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE.

Be they of much import?

VAL.

The tenour of them doth but signify<sup>56</sup>

My health and happy being at your court.

DUKE.

Nay then, no matter: stay with me awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs

That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.<sup>60</sup>

'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought

To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

VAL.

I know it well, my lord; and sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman<sup>64</sup>

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.

Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE.

No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,<sup>68</sup>

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father:

And, may I say to thee this pride of hers,<sup>72</sup>

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;

And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife<sup>76</sup>

And turn her out to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VAL.

What would your Grace have me to do in this?80

DUKE.

There is a lady of Verona here,  
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy  
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:  
Now therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
For long ago I have forgot to court;85  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,  
How and which way I may bestow myself  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.88

VAL.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:  
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind  
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

DUKE.

But she did scorn a present that I sent her.92

VAL.

A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.  
Send her another; never give her o'er,  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,96  
But rather to beget more love in you;

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;  
For why the fools are mad if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;100  
For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'away!'  
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.105

DUKE.

But she I mean is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,  
And kept severely from resort of men,108  
That no man hath access by day to her.

VAL.

Why then, I would resort to her by night.

DUKE.

Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.112

VAL.

What lets but one may enter at her window?

DUKE.

Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.116

VAL.

Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.120

DUKE.

Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VAL.

When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE.

This very night; for Love is like a child,124  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

VAL.

By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE.

But hark thee; I will go to her alone:  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?128

VAL.

It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak that is of any length.

DUKE.

A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VAL.

Ay, my good lord.

DUKE.

Then let me see thy cloak:132

I'll get me one of such another length.

VAL.

Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

DUKE.

How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.136

*[Pulls open Valentine's cloak.*

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia!*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;140  
And slaves they are to me that send them flying  
O! could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;  
While I, their king, that thither them importune,  
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,  
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:  
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,148  
That they should harbour where their lord would be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car

And with thy daring folly burn the world?  
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?156  
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,  
And think my patience, more than thy desert,  
Is privilege for thy departure hence.160  
Thank me for this more than for all the favours  
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories  
Longer than swiftest expedition164  
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.  
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;168  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit.*

VAL.

And why not death rather than living torment?  
To die is to be banish'd from myself;  
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her172  
Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  
Unless it be to think that she is by176  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,180  
There is no day for me to look upon.  
She is my essence; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.184  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.  
*Enter Proteus and Launce.*

PRO.

Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

LAUNCE.

Soho! soho!189

PRO.

What seest thou?

LAUNCE.

Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.192

PRO.

Valentine?

VAL.

No.

PRO.

Who then? his spirit?

VAL.

Neither. 196

PRO.

What then?

VAL.

Nothing.

LAUNCE.

Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike? 200

PRO.

Who would'st thou strike?

LAUNCE.

Nothing.

PRO.

Villain, forbear.

LAUNCE.

Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—204

PRO.

Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

VAL.

My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

PRO.

Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.209

VAL.

Is Silvia dead?

PRO.

No, Valentine.

VAL.

No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!  
Hath she forsworn me?213

PRO.

No, Valentine.

VAL.

No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!  
What is your news?216

LAUNCE.

Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

PRO.

That thou art banished, O, that's the news,  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

VAL.

O, I have fed upon this woe already,220  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

PRO.

Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—223  
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them<sup>228</sup>  
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;<sup>232</sup>  
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,<sup>236</sup>  
With many bitter threats of biding there.

VAL.

No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st  
Have some malignant power upon my life:  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,<sup>240</sup>  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PRO.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.<sup>244</sup>

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.<sup>248</sup>  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  
The time now serves not to expostulate:<sup>252</sup>  
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,  
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.  
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,<sup>256</sup>

Regard thy danger, and along with me!

VAL.

I pray thee, Launce, and if thou seest my boy,  
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.

PRO.

Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.<sup>260</sup>

VAL.

O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

*[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.]*

LAUNCE.

I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a

milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the catalog of her condition. *Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. *Item, She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.280

*Enter*Speed.

SPEED.

How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

LAUNCE.

With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.284

SPEED.

Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

LAUNCE.

The blackest news that ever thou heardest.288

SPEED.

Why, man, how black?

LAUNCE.

Why, as black as ink.

SPEED.

Let me read them.

LAUNCE.

Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read.293

SPEED.

Thou liest; I can.

LAUNCE.

I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?296

SPEED.

Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUNCE.

O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.300

SPEED.

Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

LAUNCE.

There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!304

SPEED.

*Imprimis, She can milk.*

LAUNCE.

Ay, that she can.

SPEED.

*Item, She brews good ale.*

LAUNCE.

And thereof comes the proverb, 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'309

SPEED.

*Item, She can sew.*

LAUNCE.

That's as much as to say, Can she so?312

SPEED.

*Item, She can knit.*

LAUNCE.

What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

SPEED.

*Item, She can wash and scour.*316

LAUNCE.

A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

SPEED.

*Item, She can spin.*

LAUNCE.

Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.321

SPEED.

*Item, She hath many nameless virtues.*

LAUNCE.

That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED.

*Here follow her vices.*

LAUNCE.

Close at the heels of her virtues.328

SPEED.

*Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

LAUNCE.

Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.332

SPEED.

*Item, She hath a sweet mouth.*

LAUNCE.

That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED.

*Item, She doth talk in her sleep.336*

LAUNCE.

It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

SPEED.

*Item, She is slow in words.*

LAUNCE.

O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED.

*Item, She is proud.344*

LAUNCE.

Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED.

*Item, She hath no teeth.*

LAUNCE.

I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.349

SPEED.

*Item, She is curst.*

LAUNCE.

Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.352

SPEED.

*Item, She will often praise her liquor.*

LAUNCE.

If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.356

SPEED.

*Item, She is too liberal.*

LAUNCE.

Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED.

*Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.365*

LAUNCE.

Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.368

SPEED.

*Item, She hath more hair than wit.—*

LAUNCE.

More hair than wit it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

SPEED.

*And more faults than hairs.—376*

LAUNCE.

That's monstrous! O, that that were out!

SPEED.

*And more wealth than faults.*

LAUNCE.

Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

SPEED.

What then?

LAUNCE.

Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.385

SPEED.

For me?

LAUNCE.

For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.388

SPEED.

And must I go to him?

LAUNCE.

Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.392

SPEED.

Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters!

*[Exit.]*

LAUNCE

Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Duke's Palace.***

*Enter Duke and Thurio.*

DUKE.

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

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

THU.

Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,

Forsworn my company and rail'd at me,<sup>4</sup>

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

DUKE.

This weak impress of love is as a figure

Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat

Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.<sup>8</sup>

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

*Enter Proteus.*

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman

According to our proclamation gone?<sup>12</sup>

PRO.

Gone, my good lord.

DUKE.

My daughter takes his going grievously.

PRO.

A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE.

So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,—17

For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,—

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PRO.

Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace

Let me not live to look upon your Grace.21

DUKE.

Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

PRO.

I do, my lord.24

DUKE.

And also, I think, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will.

PRO.

She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE.

Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.<sup>28</sup>

What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

PRO.

The best way is to slander Valentine

With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE.

Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

PRO.

Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.<sup>37</sup>

DUKE.

Then you must undertake to slander him.

PRO.

And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,<sup>40</sup>

Especially against his very friend.

DUKE.

Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him:

Therefore the office is indifferent,<sup>44</sup>

Being entreated to it by your friend.

PRO.

You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.<sup>48</sup>

But say this weed her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

THU.

Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,<sup>52</sup>

You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

DUKE.

And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,<sup>56</sup>

Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already Love's firm votary

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access<sup>60</sup>

Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion

To hate young Valentine and love my friend.<sup>65</sup>

PRO.

As much as I can do I will effect.

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;

You must lay lime to tangle her desires<sup>68</sup>

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rimes

Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

DUKE.

Ay,

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.<sup>72</sup>

PRO.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line<sup>76</sup>

That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame and huge leviathans<sup>80</sup>

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet consort: to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence

Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

DUKE.

This discipline shows thou hast been in love.88

THU.

And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,

Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.92

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

DUKE.

About it, gentlemen!

PRO.

We'll wait upon your grace till aftersupper,96

And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE.

Even now about it! I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***A Forest Between Milan And Verona.***

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

FIRST OUT.

Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

SEC. OUT.

If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter Valentine and Speed.*

THIRD OUT.

Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.<sup>4</sup>

SPEED.

Sir, we are undone: these are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

VAL.

My friends,—

FIRST OUT.

That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.<sup>8</sup>

SEC. OUT.

Peace! we'll hear him.

THIRD OUT.

Ay, by my beard, will we, for he is a proper man.

VAL.

Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.

A man I am cross'd with adversity:<sup>12</sup>

My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

SEC. OUT.

Whither travel you?16

VAL.

To Verona.

FIRST OUT.

Whence came you?

VAL.

From Milan.

THIRD OUT.

Have you long sojourn'd there?

VAL.

Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd21

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

SEC. OUT.

What! were you banish'd thence?

VAL.

I was.24

SEC. OUT.

For what offence?

VAL.

For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,28

Without false vantage or base treachery.

FIRST OUT.

Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

VAL.

I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

SEC. OUT.

Have you the tongues?<sup>33</sup>

VAL.

My youthful travel therein made me happy,

Or else I often had been miserable.

THIRD OUT.

By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,<sup>36</sup>

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

FIRST OUT.

We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

SPEED.

Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.<sup>40</sup>

VAL.

Peace, villain!

SEC. OUT.

Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

VAL.

Nothing, but my fortune.

THIRD OUT.

Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,44

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady,48

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

SEC OUT.

And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

FIRST OUT.

And I for such like petty crimes as these.52

But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;

And, partly, seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape, and by your own report56

A linguist, and a man of such perfection

As we do in our quality much want—

SEC. OUT.

Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.60

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

THIRD OUT.

What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?64

Say 'ay,' and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

FIRST OUT.

But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.68

SEC. OUT.

Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

VAL.

I take your offer and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.72

THIRD OUT.

No; we detest such vile, base practices.

Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,

And show thee all the treasure we have got,

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.76

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***Milan. The Court Of The Duke's Palace.***

*Enter Proteus.*

PRO.

Already have I been false to Valentine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer:4  
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 falsehood to my friend;8  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:  
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,12  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,16  
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter Thurio, and Musicians.*

THU.

How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

PRO.

Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.20

THU.

Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PRO.

Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

THU.

Who? Silvia?

PRO.

Ay, Silvia, for your sake.<sup>24</sup>

THU.

I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

*Enter Host and Juliabehind. Juliain boy's clothes.*

HOST.

Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?<sup>28</sup>

JUL.

Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

HOST.

Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.<sup>33</sup>

JUL.

But shall I hear him speak?

HOST.

Ay, that you shall.

JUL.

That will be music.

*[Music plays.]*

HOST.

Hark! hark!37

JUL.

Is he among these?

HOST.

Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she?40  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.44  
Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;48  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.  
Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing52  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

HOST.

How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.57

JUL.

You mistake; the musician likes me not.

HOST.

Why, my pretty youth?

JUL.

He plays false, father.60

HOST.

How? out of tune on the strings?

JUL.

Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

HOST.

You have a quick ear.<sup>64</sup>

JUL.

Ay; I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

HOST.

I perceive you delight not in music.

JUL.

Not a whit,—when it jars so.<sup>68</sup>

HOST.

Hark! what fine change is in the music!

JUL.

Ay, that change is the spite.

HOST.

You would have them always play but one thing?<sup>72</sup>

JUL.

I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on

Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST.

I will tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he lov'd her out of all nick.<sup>77</sup>

JUL.

Where is Launce?

HOST.

Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.<sup>81</sup>

JUL.

Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

PRO.

Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.<sup>84</sup>

THU.

Where meet we?

PRO.

At Saint Gregory's well.

THU.

Farewell.

*[Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*

*Enter Silvia above, at her window.*

PRO.

Madam, good even to your ladyship.<sup>88</sup>

SIL.

I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

PRO.

One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,  
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.<sup>92</sup>

SIL.

Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PRO.

Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SIL.

What is your will?

PRO.

That I may compass yours.

SIL.

You have your wish; my will is even this:  
That presently you hie you home to bed.<sup>97</sup>  
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,<sup>100</sup>  
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request<sup>104</sup>  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PRO.

I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

JUL.

[*Aside.*] 'Tware false, if I should speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

SIL.

Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness<sup>112</sup>

I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

PRO.

I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

SIL.

And so suppose am I; for in his grave, Assure thyself my love is buried.<sup>117</sup>

PRO.

Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

SIL.

Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.<sup>120</sup>

JUL.

[*Aside.*] He heard not that.

PRO.

Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;  
For since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,  
And to your shadow will I make true love.128

JUL.

[*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,  
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

SIL.

I am very loath to be your idol, sir;  
But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,133  
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it.  
And so, good rest.

PRO.

As wretches have o'er night  
That wait for execution in the morn.136

[*Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia, above.*

JUL.

Host, will you go?

HOST.

By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

JUL.

Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

HOST.

Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day. 141

JUL.

Not so; but it hath been the longest night

That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Same.***

*Enter Eglamour.*

EGL.

This is the hour that Madam Silvia

Entreated me to call, and know her mind:

There's some great matter she'd employ me in.

Madam, Madam!

*Enter Silvia above, at her window.*

SIL.

Who calls?

EGL.

Your servant, and your friend;

One that attends your ladyship's command.

SIL.

Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

EGL.

As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose,<sup>8</sup>

I am thus early come to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in.

SIL.

O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—

Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—<sup>12</sup>

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,

Nor how my father would enforce me marry<sup>16</sup>

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say

No grief did ever come so near thy heart

As when thy lady and thy true love died,<sup>20</sup>

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where, I hear he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,<sup>24</sup>

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.

Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,<sup>28</sup>

And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart<sup>32</sup>  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company and go with me:  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.<sup>36</sup>

EGL.

Madam, I pity much your grievances;  
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
I give consent to go along with you,  
Recking as little what betideth me<sup>40</sup>  
As much I wish all good befortune you.  
When will you go?

SIL.

This evening coming.

EGL.

Where shall I meet you?

SIL.

At Friar Patrick's cell,  
Where I intend holy confession.<sup>44</sup>

EGL.

I will not fail your ladyship.  
Good morrow, gentle lady.

SIL.

Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene IV.—

***The Same.***

*Enter Launce with his dog.*

LAUNCE.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus would I teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't: sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark—a pissing-while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one; 'What cur is that?' says another; 'Whip him out,' says the third; 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't; thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?44

*Enter Proteus, and Julia in boy's clothes.*

PRO.

Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well

And will employ thee in some service presently.

JUL.

In what you please: I will do what I can.

PRO.

I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce.*] How now, you whoreson peasant!48

Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUNCE.

Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PRO.

And what says she to my little jewel?52

LAUNCE.

Marry, she says, your dog was a cur, and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PRO.

But she received my dog?56

LAUNCE

No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

PRO.

What! didst thou offer her this from me?

LAUNCE.

Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the marketplace; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.64

PRO.

Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,

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 shame.68

[*Exit*Launce.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

For't is no trusting to yond foolish lout;72

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which, if my augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee.77

Deliver it to Madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

JUL

It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token.80

She's dead, belike?

PRO.

Not so: I think, she lives.

JUL.

Alas!

PRO.

Why dost thou cry 'alas?'

JUL.

I cannot choose

But pity her.84

PRO.

Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

JUL.

Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia.

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;88

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, well, give her that ring and therewithal92

This letter: that's her chamber. Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit.*

JUL.

How many women would do such a message?97

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him100

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good will; 105  
And now am I—unhappy messenger—  
To plead for that which I would not obtain,  
To carry that which I would have refus'd, 108  
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.  
I am my master's true-confirmed love,  
But cannot be true servant to my master,  
Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 112  
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly  
As heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter Silvia, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean  
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

SIL.

What would you with her, if that I be she?

JUL.

If you be she, I do entreat your patience To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SIL.

From whom? 120

JUL.

From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

SIL

O! he sends you for a picture?

JUL.

Ay, madam.

SIL.

Ursula, bring my picture there.124

*[A picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

JUL.

Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd129

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship.

SIL.

I pray thee, let me look on that again.

JUL.

It may not be: good madam, pardon me.

SIL.

There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations136

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

JUL.

Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

SIL.

The more shame for him that he sends it me;140

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure.

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.144

JUL.

She thanks you.

SIL

What say'st thou?

JUL.

I thank you, madam, that you tender her.

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.148

SIL.

Dost thou know her?

JUL.

Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes, I do protest

That I have wept a hundred several times.152

SIL.

Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.

JUL.

I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

SIL.

Is she not passing fair?155

JUL.

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,160

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

SIL.

How tall was she?164

JUL.

About my stature; for, at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,168

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,

As if the garment had been made for me:

Therefore I know she is about my height.

And at that time I made her weep agood;172

For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears<sup>176</sup>  
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

SIL.

She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.—  
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!<sup>181</sup>  
I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this  
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.<sup>184</sup>  
Farewell.

JUL.

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—

[*Exit Silvia, with Attendants.*

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.  
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,<sup>188</sup>  
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.  
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!  
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,  
If I had such a tire, this face of mine<sup>192</sup>  
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;  
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:196

If that be all the difference in his love

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be that he respects in her?201

But I can make respect in myself,

If this fond Love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!205

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd,

And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.208

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,

To make my master out of love with thee.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Milan. An Abbey.***

*Enter* Eglamour.

EGL.

The sun begins to gild the western sky,

And now it is about the very hour  
That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.  
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,<sup>4</sup>  
Unless it be to come before their time,  
So much they spur their expedition.  
See, where she comes.

*Enter* Silvia.

Lady, a happy evening!

SIL.

Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,<sup>8</sup>

Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.

I fear I am attended by some spies.

EGL.

Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;

If we recover that, we're sure enough.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Duke's Palace.***

*Enter* Thurio, Proteus, *and* Julia.

THU.

Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

PRO.

O, sir, I find her milder than she was;

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THU.

What! that my leg is too long?4

PRO.

No, that it is too little.

THU.

I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

JUL.

[*Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

THU.

What says she to my face?8

PRO.

She says it is a fair one.

THU.

Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

PRO.

But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,  
'Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.'

JUL.

[*Aside.*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;13

For I had rather wink than look on them.

THU.

How likes she my discourse?

PRO.

Ill, when you talk of war.16

THU.

But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

JUL.

[*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

THU.

What says she to my valour?

PRO.

O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.<sup>20</sup>

JUL.

[*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

THU.

What says she to my birth?

PRO.

That you are well deriv'd.

JUL.

[*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.<sup>24</sup>

THU.

Considers she my possessions?

PRO.

O, ay; and pities them.

THU.

Wherefore?

JUL.

[*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.<sup>28</sup>

PRO.

That they are out by lease.

JUL.

Here comes the duke.

*Enter Duke.*

DUKE.

How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?<sup>32</sup>

THU.

Not I.

PRO.

Nor I.

DUKE.

Saw you my daughter?

PRO.

Neither.

DUKE

Why then,

She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,

And Eglamour is in her company.<sup>36</sup>

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest;

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;<sup>40</sup>

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,<sup>44</sup>

But mount you presently and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

*[Exit.*

THU.

Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her.<sup>50</sup>

I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour

Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

*[Exit.*

PRO.

And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

*[Exit.*

JUL.

And I will follow, more to cross that love

Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

*[Exit.*

Scene III.—

***Frontiers Of Mantua. The Forest.***

*Enter* Outlaws *with* Silvia.

FIRST OUT.

Come, come,

Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

SIL.

A thousand more mischances than this one  
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.<sup>4</sup>

SECOND OUT.

Come, bring her away.

FIRST OUT.

Where is the gentleman that was with her?

THIRD OUT.

Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;  
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.<sup>8</sup>  
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;  
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:  
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

*[Exeunt all except the First Outlaw and Silvia.*

FIRST OUT.

Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.<sup>12</sup>

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SIL.

O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter* Valentine.

VAL.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,<sup>4</sup>

And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my distresses and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,<sup>8</sup>

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!<sup>11</sup>

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

[*Noise within.*]

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.

They love me well; yet I have much to do<sup>16</sup>

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

*[Steps aside.*

*Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.*

PRO

Madam, this service I have done for you—

Though you respect not aught your servant doth—20

To hazard life and rescue you from him

That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,24

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

VAL.

*[Aside.]* How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

SIL.

O, miserable, unhappy that I am!28

PRO.

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.

*[Aside.]* And me, when he approacheth to your presence.32

SIL.

Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O! heaven be judge how I love Valentine,<sup>36</sup>  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul,  
And full as much—for more there cannot be—  
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.  
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.<sup>40</sup>

PRO.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look!  
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,  
When women cannot love where they're belov'd!<sup>44</sup>

SIL.

When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'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<sup>48</sup>  
Descended into perjury to love me.  
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,  
And that's far worse than none: better have none  
Than plural faith which is too much by one.<sup>52</sup>  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PRO.

In love

Who respects friend?

SIL.

All men but Proteus.

PRO.

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form,<sup>56</sup>

I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,

And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

SIL.

O heaven!

PRO.

I'll force thee yield to my desire.

VAL.

[*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;<sup>60</sup>

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

PRO.

Valentine!

VAL.

Thou common friend, that's without faith or love—

For such is a friend now—treach'rous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: naught but mine eye<sup>64</sup>

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,68

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deep'st. O time most curst!

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

PRO.

My shame and guilt confound me.73

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender't here: I do as truly suffer76

As e'er I did commit.

VAL.

Then, I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:81

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

JUL.

O me unhappy!

[*Swoons.*]

PRO.

Look to the boy.85

VAL.

Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter?

Look up; speak.

JUL.

O good sir, my master charg'd me88

To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,

Which out of my neglect was never done.

PRO.

Where is that ring, boy?

JUL.

Here 'tis this is it.

*[Gives a ring.]*

PRO.

How! let me see.92

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JUL.

O, cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

*[Shows another ring.]*

PRO.

But how cam'st thou by this ring?96

At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

JUL.

And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PRO.

How! Julia! 100

JUL.

Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!

O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush. 104

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, 108

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PRO.

Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins: 112

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

VAL.

Come, come, a hand from either. 116

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

PRO.

Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish, for ever.

JUL.

And I mine. 120

*Enter Outlaws with Duke and Thurio.*

OUT.

A prize! a prize! a prize!

VAL.

Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine.

DUKE.

Sir Valentine! 124

THU.

Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

VAL.

Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath;

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again, 128

Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;

Take but possession of her with a touch;

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

THU.

Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.132

I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.135

DUKE.

The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,140

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,144

To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

VAL.

I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.148

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

DUKE.

I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

VAL.

These banish'd men, that I have kept withal<sup>152</sup>

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,<sup>156</sup>

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

DUKE.

Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go: we will include all jars<sup>160</sup>

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

VAL.

And as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord?<sup>164</sup>

DUKE.

I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

VAL.

I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

DUKE.

What mean you by that saying?

VAL.

Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd. 169

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. 173

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, a young Gentleman.

SHALLOW, a Country Justice.

SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.

FORD, }  
PAGE, } two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French Physician.

HOST of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, Followers of Falstaff.

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.

RUGBY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene.—*Windsor; and the Neighbourhood.*

### ACT I.

Scene I.—

***Windsor. Before Page's House.***

*Enter* Justice Shallow, Slender, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

SHAL.

Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.<sup>4</sup>

SLEN.

In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

SHAL.

Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum*.

SLEN.

Ay, and *rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, Master Parson; who writes himself *armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,—*armigero*.<sup>11</sup>

SHAL.

Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

SLEN.

All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.<sup>17</sup>

SHAL.

It is an old coat.

EVA.

The dozen white luses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, *passant*; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.<sup>21</sup>

SHAL.

The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

SLEN.

I may quarter, coz?<sup>24</sup>

SHAL.

You may, by marrying.

EVA.

It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

SHAL.

Not a whit.

EVA.

Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.<sup>34</sup>

SHAL.

The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

EVA.

It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

SHAL.

Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.<sup>41</sup>

EVA.

It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

SLEN.

Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.<sup>49</sup>

EVA.

It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed,—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

SHAL.

Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?60

EVA.

Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

SHAL.

I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.64

EVA.

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

SHAL.

Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?68

EVA.

Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a har as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

PAGE.

[*Within* ] Who's there?76

EVA

Here is Got's plessing, and your friend. and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.80

*Enter*Page.

PAGE.

I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

SHAL.

Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

PAGE.

Sir, I thank you.88

SHAL.

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

PAGE.

I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

SLEN.

How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.93

PAGE.

It could not be judged, sir.

SLEN.

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

SHAL.

That he will not: 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault. 'Tis a good dog.97

PAGE.

A cur, sir.

SHAL.

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?101

PAGE.

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

EVA.

It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

SHAL.

He hath wronged me, Master Page.105

PAGE.

Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

SHAL.

If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath,—believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

PAGE.

Here comes Sir John.112

*Enter* Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym,*and* Pistol.

FAL.

Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

SHAL.

Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.116

FAL.

But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

SHAL.

Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

FAL.

I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answered.120

SHAL.

The Council shall know this.

FAL.

'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

EVA.

*Pauca verba*, Sir John; goot worts.124

FAL.

Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

SLEN.

Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.132

BARD.

You Banbury cheese!

SLEN.

Ay, it is no matter.

PIST.

How now, Mephistophilus!

SLEN.

Ay, it is no matter.136

NYM.

Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

SLEN.

Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?140

EVA.

Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is—Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

PAGE.

We three, to hear it and end it between them.148

EVA.

Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

FAL.

Pistol!152

PIST.

He hears with ears.

EVA.

The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, ‘He hears with ear?’ Why, it is affectations.

FAL.

Pistol, did you pick Master Slender’s purse?157

SLEN.

Ay, by these gloves, did he,—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

FAL.

Is this true, Pistol?164

EVA.

No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

PIST.

Ha, thou mountain foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.

Word of denial in thy labras here! 168

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

SLEN.

By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

NYM.

Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, 'marry trap,' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it. 174

SLEN.

By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass. 178

FAL.

What say you, Scarlet and John?

BARD.

Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

EVA.

It is his 'five senses;' fie, what the ignorance is! 183

BARD.

And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

SLEN.

Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves. 191

EVA.

So Got ude me, that is a virtuous mind.

FAL.

You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.194

*Enter Anne Page, with Wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.*

PAGE.

Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

*[Exit Anne Page.*

SLEN.

O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

PAGE.

How now, Mistress Ford!

FAL.

Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.200

*[Kissing her.*

PAGE.

Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.204

*[Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans.*

SLEN.

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

*Enter Simple.*

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?209

SIM.

Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-Hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?212

SHAL.

Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?216

SLEN.

Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

SHAL.

Nay, but understand me.

SLEN.

So I do, sir.220

EVA.

Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you pe capacity of it.

SLEN.

Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

EVA.

But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.228

SHAL.

Ay, there's the point, sir.

EVA.

Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

SLEN.

Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.233

EVA.

But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?239

SHAL.

Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

SLEN.

I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.243

EVA.

Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

SHAL.

That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?248

SLEN.

I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

SHAL.

Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?253

SLEN.

I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.261

EVA.

It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul is in the ort 'dissolutely;' the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely.' His meaning is goot.

SHAL.

Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

SLEN.

Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!268

SHAL.

Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

*Re-enter Anne Page.*

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne.

ANNE.

The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.273

SHAL.

I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

EVA.

Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.276

*[Exeunt Shallow and Evans.]*

ANNE.

Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

SLEN.

No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.280

ANNE.

The dinner attends you, sir.

SLEN.

I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.289

ANNE.

I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

SLEN.

I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE.

I pray you, sir, walk in.294

SLEN.

I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes;—and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?301

ANNE.

I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

SLEN.

I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE.

Ay, indeed, sir.308

SLEN.

That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.315

*Re-enter Page.*

PAGE.

Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLEN.

I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

PAGE.

By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.320

SLEN.

Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE.

Come on, sir.

SLEN.

Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE.

Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.324

SLEN.

Truly, I will not go first: truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE.

I pray you, sir.

SLEN.

I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!329

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same.***

*Enter* Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

EVA.

Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.<sup>5</sup>

SIM.

Well, sir.

EVA.

Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese to come.<sup>13</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

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 scholarly and wisely.

FAL.

Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.<sup>5</sup>

HOST.

Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

FAL.

I sit at ten pounds a week.8

HOST.

Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheeazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

FAL.

Do so, good mine host.12

HOST.

I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee forth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit.*

FAL.

Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

BARD.

It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.20

PIST.

O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

[*Exit Bard.*

NYM.

He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?24

FAL.

I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

NYM.

The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.29

PIST.

‘Convey,’ the wise it call. ‘Steal!’ foh! a fico for the phrase!

FAL.

Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.<sup>32</sup>

PIST.

Why, then, let kibes ensue.

FAL.

There is no remedy; I must conycatch, I must shift.



Merry Wives of Windsor, by R. Smirke.

PIST.

Young ravens must have food.<sup>36</sup>

FAL.

Which of you know Ford of this town?

PIST.

I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

FAL.

My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.<sup>41</sup>

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 discourses, 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 Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.' 51

PIST.

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

NYM.

The anchor is deep: will that humour pass? 55

FAL.

Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

PIST.

As many devils entertain, and 'To her, boy,' say I. 60

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 œilliades: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PIST.

Then did the sun on dunghill shine. 68

NYM.

I thank thee for that humour.

FAL.

O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch 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 'cheator 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 thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.80

PIST.

Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,

And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

NYM.

I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.85

FAL.

[*To Robin.*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;

Trudge, plod away o'the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,

French thrift, you rogues: myself and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*]

PIST.

Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,92

And high and low beguile the rich and poor.

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

NYM.

I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.97

PIST.

Wilt thou revenge?

NYM.

By welkin and her star!

PIST.

With wit or steel?100

NYM.

With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

PIST.

And I to Ford shall eke unfold  
How Falstaff, varlet vile,104  
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
And his soft couch defile.

NYM.

My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.110

PIST.

Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***A Room In Doctor Caius' S House.***

*Enter Mistress Quickly and Simple.*

QUICK.

What, John Rugby!—

*Enter Rugby.*

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.<sup>6</sup>

RUG.

I'll go watch.

QUICK.

Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?<sup>16</sup>

SIM.

Ay, for fault of a better.

QUICK.

And Master Slender's your master?

SIM.

Ay, forsooth.

QUICK.

Does he not wear a great round beard like a glover's paring-knife?<sup>21</sup>

SIM.

No, forsooth: he hath but a little wheyface, with a little yellow beard—a cane-coloured beard.<sup>24</sup>

QUICK.

A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

SIM.

Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.<sup>28</sup>

QUICK.

How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

SIM.

Yes, indeed, does he.<sup>32</sup>

QUICK.

Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—<sup>36</sup>

*Re-enter Rugby.*

RUG.

Out, alas! here comes my master.

QUICK.

We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simplein the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Exit Rugby.*] [*Sings.*]

‘And down, down, adown-a,’ &c.<sup>44</sup>

*Enter Doctor Caius.*

CAIUS.

Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *une boitine verte*; a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.<sup>48</sup>

QUICK.

Ay, forsooth; I’ll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

CAIUS.

*Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m’en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*<sup>54</sup>

QUICK.

Is it this, sir?

CAIUS.

*Oui; mettez le au mon pocket; dépêchez, quickly.*—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

QUICK.

What, John Rugby! John!58

*Re-enter*Rugby.

RUG.

Here, sir.

CAIUS.

You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

RUG.

'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.63

CAIUS.

By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.67

QUICK.

[*Aside.*] Ay me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

CAIUS.

*O diable! diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villain! *larron!*[*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier!72

QUICK.

Good master, be content.

CAIUS.

Verefore shall I be content-a?

QUICK.

The young man is an honest man.

CAIUS.

Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.78

QUICK.

I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.81

CAIUS.

Vell.

SIM.

Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

QUICK.

Peace, I pray you.84

CAIUS.

Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale.

SIM.

To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.89

QUICK.

This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

CAIUS.

Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a little-a while.93

[*Writes.*

QUICK.

I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy. But, notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—102

SIM.

'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

QUICK.

Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that's neither here nor there.111

CAIUS.

You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I vill cut his troat in de Park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit*Simple.

QUICK.

Alas! he speaks but for his friend.119

CAIUS.

It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de *Jartiere* to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

QUICK.

Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-*jer!*127

CAIUS.

Rugby, come to the court vit me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

*[Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]*

QUICK.

You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENT.

*[Within.]* Who's within there? ho! 136

QUICK.

Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter* Fenton.

FENT.

How now, good woman! how dost thou?

QUICK.

The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask. 141

FENT.

What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

QUICK.

In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

FENT.

Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit? 149

QUICK.

Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?153

FENT.

Yes, marry have I; what of that?

QUICK.

Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing. But for you—well, go to.161

FENT.

Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.165

QUICK.

Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.169

FENT.

Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

QUICK.

Farewell to your worship.—[Exit Fenton.] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[Exit.

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### *Before Page's House.*

*Enter Mistress Page, with a Letter.*

MRS. PAGE.

What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I, ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy, you love sack, and so do I, would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,16  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight,

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, with the devil's name! out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice 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 parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.32

*Enter* Mistress Ford.

MRS. FORD.

Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

MRS. PAGE.

And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.36

MRS. FORD.

Nay, I'll ne'er 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! give me some counsel.<sup>42</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD.

O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!<sup>45</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?<sup>48</sup>

MRS. FORD.

If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

MRS. PAGE.

What? thou liest. Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.<sup>53</sup>

MRS. FORD.

We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive 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 orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns 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?<sup>70</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, sure more, and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he

would put us two: I had rather be a grantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.83

MRS. FORD.

Why, this is the very same; the very hand, 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 withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

MRS. FORD.

Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.93

MRS. PAGE.

So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.99

MRS. FORD.

Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MRS. PAGE.

Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

MRS. FORD.

You are the happier woman.108

MRS. PAGE.

Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

*[They retire.]*

*Enter* Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

FORD.

Well, I hope it be not so.

PIST.

Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: 112

Sir John affects thy wife.

FORD.

Why, sir, my wife is not young.

PIST.

He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford. 116

He loves the galimaufry: Ford, perpend.

FORD.

Love my wife!

PIST.

With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.—

O! odious is the name! 121

FORD.

What name, sir?

PIST.

The horn, I say. Farewell:

Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night: 124

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.

[*Exit.*

FORD.

[*Aside.*] I will be patient: I will find out this.129

NYM.

[*ToPage.*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

PAGE.

[*Aside.*] 'The humour of it,' quoth'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.142

FORD.

I will seek out Falstaff.

PAGE.

I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.145

FORD.

If I do find it: well.

PAGE.

I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.149

FORD.

'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

PAGE.

How now, Meg!

MRS. PAGE.

Whither go you, George?—Hark you.153

MRS. FORD.

How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

FORD.

I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.157

MRS. FORD.

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE.

Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

MRS. FORD.

Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.165

*Enter* Mistress Quickly.

MRS. PAGE.

You are come to see my daughter Anne?

QUICK.

Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?169

MRS. PAGE.

Go in with us, and see: we'd have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, *and* Mistress Quickly.]

PAGE.

How now, Master Ford! 172

FORD.

You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

PAGE.

Yes; and you heard what the other told me? 176

FORD.

Do you think there is truth in them?

PAGE.

Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD.

Were they his men?

PAGE.

Marry, were they. 184

FORD.

I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

PAGE.

Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

FORD.

I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing 'lie on my head:' I cannot be thus satisfied. 194

PAGE.

Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.—198

*Enter Host and Shallow.*

How now, mine host!

HOST.

How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaliero-justice, I say!201

SHAL.

I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.204

HOST.

Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

SHAL.

Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.209

FORD.

Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

HOST.

What sayest thou, my bully-rook?212

*[They go aside.]*

SHAL.

*[To Page.]* Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

*[They go aside.]*

HOST.

Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?220

FORD.

None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest.

HOST.

My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, mynheers?

SHAL.

Have with you, mine host.228

PAGE.

I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

SHAL.

Tut, sir! I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.236

HOST.

Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

PAGE.

Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

*[Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.]*

FORD.

Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[Exit.

Scene II.—

***A Room In The Garter Inn.***

*Enter Falstaff and Pistol.*

FAL.

I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.

I will retort the sum in equipage.<sup>4</sup>

FAL.

Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.<sup>14</sup>

PIST.

Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

FAL.

Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you: go: a short knife and a throng!—to your manor of Picht-hatch! go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of mine honour precise. I, I, I, myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

PIST.

I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?32

*Enter Robin.*

ROB.

Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

FAL.

Let her approach.

*Enter Mistress Quickly.*

QUICK.

Give your worship good morrow.36

FAL.

Good morrow, good wife.

QUICK.

Not so, an't please your worship.

FAL.

Good maid, then.

QUICK.

I'll be sworn40

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

FAL.

I do believe the swearer. What with me?

QUICK.

Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?44

FAL.

Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

QUICK.

There is one Mistress Ford, sir,—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.<sup>49</sup>

FAL.

Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

QUICK.

Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.<sup>52</sup>

FAL.

I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

QUICK.

Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!<sup>56</sup>

FAL.

Well: Mistress Ford; what of her?

QUICK.

Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!<sup>60</sup>

FAL.

Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

QUICK.

Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly—all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could 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 sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, 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 she Mercury.83

QUICK.

Marry, she hath received 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.88

FAL.

Ten and eleven?

QUICK.

Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy 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.97

QUICK.

Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be 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, la; yes, in truth.109

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!112

FAL.

But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?115

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 infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is 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 remedy.128

FAL.

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.137

FAL.

Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—[*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me.142

PIST.

This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;

Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

[*Exit.*]

FAL.

Sayest 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.151

*Enter Bardolph, with a cup of Sack.*

BARD.

Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

FAL.

Brook is his name?156

BARD.

Ay, sir.

FAL.

Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*161

*Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.*

FORD.

Bless your, sir!

FAL.

And you, sir; would you speak with me?

FORD.

I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.165

FAL.

You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer.

[*Exit Bardolph.*]

FORD.

Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook. 169

FAL.

Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD.

Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open. 177

FAL.

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD.

Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage. 183

FAL.

Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD.

I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FAL.

Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant. 189

FORD.

Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you, and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender. 200

FAL.

Very well, sir; proceed.

FORD.

There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

FAL.

Well, sir.204

FORD.

I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this,

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;220  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues

FAL.

Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

FORD.

Never.224

FAL.

Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

FORD.

Never.

FAL.

Of what quality was your love, then?228

FORD.

Like a fair house built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FAL.

To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?233

FORD.

When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FAL.

O, sir!244

FORD.

Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.251

FAL.

Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.255

FORD.

O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?266

FAL.

Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD.

O good sir!

FAL.

I say you shall.<sup>272</sup>

FORD.

Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

FAL.

Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.<sup>283</sup>

FORD.

I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

FAL.

Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.<sup>292</sup>

FORD.

I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

FAL.

Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt he with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

[*Exit.*

FORD.

What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit.*]

Scene III.—

***A Field Near Windsor.***

*Enter Caius and Rugby.*

CAIUS.

Jack Rugby!

RUG.

Sir?

CAIUS.

Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUG.

'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.<sup>5</sup>

CAIUS.

By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.<sup>9</sup>

RUG.

He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

CAIUS.

By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUG.

Alas, sir! I cannot fence.

CAIUS.

Villany, take your rapier.16

RUG.

Forbear; here's company.

*Enter* Host, Shallow, Slender,*and*Page.

HOST.

Bless thee, bully doctor!

SHAL.

Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

PAGE.

Now, good Master doctor!20

SLEN.

Give you good morrow, sir.

CAIUS.

Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

HOST.

To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is

he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?31

CAIUS.

By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

HOST.

Thou art a Castilian King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!35

CAIUS.

I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.38

SHAL.

He is the wiser man, Master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?43

PAGE.

Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

SHAL.

Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

PAGE.

'Tis true, Master Shallow.52

SHAL.

It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master doctor.

HOST.

Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mockwater.60

CAIUS.

Mock-vater! vat is dat?

HOST.

Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

CAIUS.

By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman. — Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

HOST.

He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

CAIUS.

Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?<sup>68</sup>

HOST.

That is, he will make thee amends.

CAIUS.

By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST.

And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.<sup>73</sup>

CAIUS.

Me tank you for dat.

HOST.

And moreover, bully,—But first, Master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.<sup>77</sup>

*[Aside to them.*

PAGE.

Sir Hugh is there, is he?

HOST.

He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields.  
Will it do well?81

SHAL.

We will do it.

PAGE, SHAL., AND SLEN.

Adieu, good Master doctor.

*[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.]*

CAIUS.

By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.86

HOST.

Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?92

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 lords, de gentlemen, my patients.96

HOST.

For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

CAIUS.

By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

HOST.

Let us wag, then.100

CAIUS.

Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

*A Field Near Frogmore.*

*Enter* Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

EVA.

I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?<sup>4</sup>

SIM.

Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the parkward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

EVA.

I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way.<sup>9</sup>

SIM.

I will, sir.

*[Exit.*

EVA.

Pless my soul! how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the 'ork: pless my soul!

*[Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls<sup>17</sup>  
Melodious birds sing madrigals;  
There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant pasies.<sup>20</sup>  
To shallow—

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

*[Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals,—

When as I sat in Pabylon,—24  
And a thousand vagram posies.  
To shallow,—

*Re-enter* Simple.

SIM.

Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

EVA.

He's welcome.

[*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—29

Heaven prosper the right!—what weapons is he?

SIM.

No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.<sup>33</sup>

EVA.

Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

[*Reads in a book.*

*Enter* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

SHAL.

How now, Master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLEN.

[*Aside.*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!<sup>40</sup>

PAGE.

Save you, good Sir Hugh!

EVA.

Pless you from His mercy sake, all of you!

SHAL.

What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, Master Parson?<sup>45</sup>

PAGE.

And youthful still in your doublet and hose! this raw rheumatic day?

EVA.

There is reasons and causes for it.<sup>48</sup>

PAGE.

We are come to you to do a good office, Master parson.

EVA.

Fery well: what is it?

PAGE.

Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.<sup>55</sup>

SHAL.

I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

EVA.

What is he?

PAGE.

I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.<sup>61</sup>

EVA.

Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.<sup>64</sup>

PAGE.

Why?

EVA.

He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

PAGE.

I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

SLEN.

[*Aside.*] O, sweet Anne Page!72

SHAL.

It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

*Enter* Host, Caius,*and*Rugby.

PAGE.

Nay, good Master parson, keep in your weapon.76

SHAL.

So do you, good Master doctor.

HOST.

Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.80

CAIUS.

I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

EVA.

[*Aside to Caius.*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.84

CAIUS.

By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

EVA.

[*Aside to Caius.*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: [*Aloud.*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscorb for missing your meetings and appointments.<sup>92</sup>

CAIUS.

*Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine host de *Jarretierre*,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

EVA.

As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

HOST.

Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia; French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!100

CAIUS.

Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

HOST.

Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so;—give me thy hand celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.<sup>114</sup>

SHAL.

Trust me, a mad host!—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLEN.

[*Aside.*] O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.

CAIUS.

Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?119

EVA.

This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.124

CAIUS.

By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

EVA.

Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***A Street In Windsor.***

*Enter*Mistress Page*and*Robin.

MRS. PAGE.

Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?4

ROB.

I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

MRS. PAGE.

O! you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.8

*Enter*Ford.

FORD.

Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

MRS. PAGE.

Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?12

FORD.

Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MRS. PAGE.

Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

FORD.

Where had you this pretty weathercock?

MRS. PAGE.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROB.

Sir John Falstaff.

FORD.

Sir John Falstaff!24

MRS. PAGE.

He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

FORD.

Indeed she is.28

MRS. PAGE.

By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt* Mistress Page *and* Robin.]

FORD.

Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots! they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.<sup>52</sup>

*Enter*Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius,*and*Rugby.

PAGE, SHAL., &C.

Well met, Master Ford.

FORD.

Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

SHAL.

I must excuse myself, Master Ford.<sup>56</sup>

SLEN.

And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHAL.

We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

SLEN.

I hope I have your good will, father Page.<sup>64</sup>

PAGE.

You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, Master doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS.

Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.69

HOST.

What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.74

PAGE.

Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.82

FORD.

I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

SHAL.

Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.89

*[Exeunt Shallow and Slender.]*

CAIUS.

Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

*[Exit Rugby.]*

HOST.

Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

*[Exit Host.]*

FORD.

*[Aside.]* I think I shall drink in pipewine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?96

ALL.

Have with you to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***A Room In Ford's House.***

*Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.*

MRS. FORD.

What, John! what, Robert!

MRS. PAGE.

Quickly, quickly:—Is the buckbasket—

MRS. FORD.

I warrant. What, Robin, I say!4

*Enter Servants with a Basket.*

MRS. PAGE.

Come, come, come.

MRS. FORD.

Here, set it down.

MRS. PAGE.

Give your men the charge; we must be brief.8

MRS. FORD.

Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.16

MRS. PAGE.

You will do it?

MRS. FORD.

I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

MRS. PAGE.

Here comes little Robin.<sup>21</sup>

*Enter* Robin.

MRS. FORD.

How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

ROB.

My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

MRS. PAGE

You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?<sup>28</sup>

ROB.

Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.<sup>32</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy 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. [*Exit* Robin.] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.<sup>38</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit.*

MRS. FORD.

Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.<sup>44</sup>

*Enter* Falstaff.

FAL.

'Have I caught 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!<sup>48</sup>

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'll 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.<sup>56</sup>

FAL.

Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.<sup>61</sup>

MRS. FORD.

A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.<sup>64</sup>

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 thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.71

MRS. FORD.

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

FAL.

What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispings hawthornbuds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.81

MRS. FORD.

Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

FAL.

Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

MRS. FORD.

Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.88

FAL.

Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

MRS. FORD.

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

ROB.

[*Within.*] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FAL.

She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.97

MRS. FORD.

Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

[Falstaff*hides himself.*

*Re-enter* Mistress Page*and* Robin.

What's the matter? how now!100

MRS. PAGE.

O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for ever!

MRS. FORD.

What's the matter, good Mistress Page?105

MRS. PAGE.

O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!108

MRS. FORD.

What cause of suspicion?

MRS. PAGE.

What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

MRS. FORD.

Why, alas, what's the matter?112

MRS. PAGE.

Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers of Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.117

MRS. FORD.

[*Aside.*] Speak louder.—'Tis not so, I hope.

MRS. PAGE.

Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a

friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.128

MRS. FORD.

What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.132

MRS. PAGE.

For shame! never stand ‘you had rather’ and ‘you had rather:’ your husband’s here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

MRS. FORD.

He’s too big to go in there. What shall I do?144

FAL.

[*Coming forward.*] Let me see’t, let me see’t, O, let me see’t! I’ll in, I’ll in. Follow your friend’s counsel. I’ll in.

MRS. PAGE.

What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?149

FAL.

I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I’ll never—

[*He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

MRS. PAGE.

Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!154

MRS. FORD.

What, John! Robert! John!

[*Exit Robin.*

*Re-enter* Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

*Enter* Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

FORD.

Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! what goes here? whither bear you this?

SERV.

To the laundress, forsooth. 163

MRS. FORD.

Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

FORD.

Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

PAGE.

Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much. 177

FORD.

True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

EVA.

This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies. 181

CAIUS.

By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

PAGE.

Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.185

[*Exeunt*Page, Caius,*and*Evans.

MRS. PAGE.

Is there not a double excellency in this?

MRS. FORD.

I know not which pleases me better; that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

MRS. PAGE.

What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!191

MRS. FORD.

I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MRS. PAGE.

Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.197

MRS. FORD.

I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MRS. PAGE.

I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

MRS. FORD.

Shall we send that foolish carrion Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?207

MRS. PAGE.

We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.209

*Re-enter* Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

FORD.

I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

MRS. PAGE.

[*Aside to* Mrs. Ford.] Heard you that? 213

MRS. FORD.

[*Aside to* Mrs. Page.] Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

FORD.

Ay, I do so. 216

MRS. FORD.

Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD.

Amen!

MRS. PAGE.

You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford. 221

FORD.

Ay, ay; I must bear it.

EVA.

If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment! 226

CAIUS

By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies.

PAGE.

Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

FORD.

'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

EVA.

You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.<sup>235</sup>

CAIUS.

By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD.

Well; I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

PAGE.

Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?<sup>246</sup>

FORD.

Any thing.

EVA.

If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS.

If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

FORD.

Pray you go, Master Page.<sup>252</sup>

EVA.

I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

CAIUS.

Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

EVA.

A lousy knave! to have his gibes and his mockeries!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***A Room In Page's House.***

*Enter Fenton, Anne Page, and Mistress Quickly. Mistress Quickly stands apart.*

FENT.

I see I cannot get thy father's love;

Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE.

Alas! how then?

FENT.

Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object, I am too great of birth,<sup>4</sup>

And that my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My riots past, my wild societies;<sup>8</sup>

And tells me 'tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property.

ANNE.

May be he tells you true.

FENT.

No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! 12

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:

Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; 16

And 'tis the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

ANNE.

Gentle Master Fenton,

Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:

If opportunity and humblest suit 20

Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither.

*[They converse apart.]*

*Enter Shallow and Slender.*

SHAL.

Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLEN.

I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing. 25

SHAL.

Be not dismayed.

SLEN.

No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.<sup>28</sup>

QUICK.

Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE.

I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults<sup>32</sup>

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

QUICK.

And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

SHAL.

She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!<sup>37</sup>

SLEN.

I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.<sup>41</sup>

SHAL.

Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLEN.

Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.<sup>44</sup>

SHAL.

He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLEN.

Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.<sup>48</sup>

SHAL.

He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

ANNE.

Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.<sup>52</sup>

SHAL.

Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

ANNE.

Now, Master Slender.<sup>56</sup>

SLEN.

Now, good Mistress Anne.—

ANNE.

What is your will?<sup>58</sup>

SLEN.

My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE.

I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?<sup>64</sup>

SLEN.

Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.<sup>70</sup>

*Enter Page and Mistress Page.*

PAGE.

Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

FENT.

Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

MRS. PAGE.

Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.76

PAGE.

She is no match for you.

FENT.

Sir, will you hear me?

PAGE.

No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.80

[*Exeunt*Page, Shallow,*and*Slender.

QUICK.

Speak to Mistress Page.

FENT.

Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,84

I must advance the colours of my love

And not retire: let me have your good will.

ANNE.

Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

MRS. PAGE.

I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.88

QUICK.

That's my master, Master doctor.

ANNE.

Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

MRS. PAGE.

Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,92

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.97

FENT

Farewell, gentle mistress. Farewell, Nan.

*[Exeunt Mistress Page and Anne.]*

QUICK.

This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton.' This is my doing.102

FENT.

I thank thee: and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.104

QUICK.

Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit*Fenton.] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender 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 speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!

[*Exit.*

Scene V.—

***A Room In The Garter 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, and to be thrown in the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity 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 abhor, 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.<sup>19</sup>

*Re-enter*Bardolph,*with the sack.*

BARD.

Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.<sup>21</sup>

FAL.

Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.<sup>25</sup>

BARD.

Come in, woman.

*Enter* Mistress Quickly.

QUICK.

By your leave. I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.<sup>28</sup>

FAL.

Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

BARD.

With eggs, sir?

FAL.

Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit* Bardolph.]—How now!<sup>33</sup>

QUICK.

Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

FAL.

Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.<sup>38</sup>

QUICK.

Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.<sup>41</sup>

FAL.

So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

QUICK.

Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.<sup>49</sup>

FAL.

Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.<sup>52</sup>

QUICK.

I will tell her.

FAL.

Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

QUICK.

Eight and nine, sir.

FAL.

Well, be gone: I will not miss her.<sup>56</sup>

QUICK.

Peace be with you, sir.

[*Exit.*

FAL.

I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.<sup>60</sup>

*Enter*Ford.

FORD.

Bless you, sir!

FAL.

Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?<sup>64</sup>

FORD.

That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

FAL.

Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.68

FORD.

And how sped you, sir?

FAL.

Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

FORD.

How so, sir? did she change her determination?72

FAL.

No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.81

FORD.

What! while you were there?

FAL.

While I was there.

FORD.

And did he search for you, and could not find you?85

FAL.

You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.90

FORD.

A buck-basket!

FAL.

By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.96

FORD.

And how long lay you there?

FAL.

Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable-fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney, think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, hissing hot, think of that, Master Brook!127

FORD.

In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

FAL.

Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.136

FORD.

'Tis past eight already, sir.

FAL.

Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[*Exit.*

FORD.

Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married: this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me; I'll be horn-mad.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

#### *The Street.*

*Enter* Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, *and* William.

MRS. PAGE.

Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

QUICK.

Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.<sup>6</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.<sup>10</sup>

*Enter* Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

EVA.

No; Master Slender is get the boys leave to play.13

QUICK.

Blessing of his heart!

MRS. PAGE.

Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

EVA.

Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.20

MRS. PAGE.

Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

EVA.

William, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILL.

Two.24

QUICK.

Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

EVA.

Peace your tattlings! What is *fair*, William?28

WILL.

*Pulcher.*

QUICK.

Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

EVA.

You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?33

WILL.

A stone.

EVA.

And what is *a stone*, William?

WILL.

A pebble.36

EVA.

No, it is *lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

WILL.

*Lapis*.

EVA.

That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?41

WILL.

Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.44

EVA.

*Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

WILL.

*Accusativo, hinc*.48

EVA.

I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hung, hang, hog*.

QUICK.

Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.52

EVA.

Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

WILL.

*O vocativo, O.*

EVA.

Remember, William; focative is *caret*.

QUICK.

And that's a good root.57

EVA.

'Oman, forbear.

MRS. PAGE.

Peace!

EVA.

What is your genitive case plural, William?61

WILL.

Genitive case?

EVA.

Ay.

WILL.

*Genitive, horum, harum, horum.*64

QUICK.

Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

EVA.

For shame, 'oman!

QUICK.

You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum?' fie upon you!71

EVA.

'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

MRS. PAGE.

Prithee, hold thy peace.76

EVA.

Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

WILL.

Forsooth, I have forgot.

EVA.

It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quis*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways and play; go.

MRS. PAGE.

He is a better scholar than I thought he was.84

EVA.

He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

MRS. PAGE.

Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit* Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt*.]

Scene II.—

*A Room In Ford's House.*

*Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.*

FAL.

Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

MRS. FORD.

He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.<sup>8</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

[*Within.*] What ho! gossip Ford! what ho!

MRS. FORD.

Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

*Enter Mistress Page.*

MRS. PAGE.

How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?<sup>13</sup>

MRS. FORD.

Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE.

Indeed!

MRS. FORD.

No, certainly.—[*Aside to her.*] Speak louder.<sup>17</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MRS. FORD.

Why?20

MRS. PAGE.

Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.30

MRS. FORD.

Why, does he talk of him?

MRS. PAGE.

Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, 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 he shall see his own foolery.

MRS. FORD.

How near is he, Mistress Page?40

MRS. PAGE.

Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

MRS. 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.47

MRS. FORD.

Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter Falstaff.*

FAL.

No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?52

MRS. PAGE.

Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?56

FAL.

What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

MRS. FORD.

There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.60

MRS. PAGE.

Creep into the kiln-hole.

FAL.

Where is it?

MRS. FORD.

He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, 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.

FAL.

I'll go out, then.68

MRS. PAGE.

If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

MRS. FORD.

How might we disguise him?72

MRS. PAGE.

Alas 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.76

FAL.

Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

MRS. FORD.

My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.80

MRS. PAGE.

On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

MRS. FORD.

Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

MRS. PAGE.

Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while.87

[*Exit*Falstaff.

MRS. FORD.

I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

MRS. PAGE.

Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!94

MRS. FORD.

But is my husband coming?

MRS. PAGE.

Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

MRS. FORD.

We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.101

MRS. PAGE.

Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

MRS. FORD.

I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*

MRS. PAGE.

Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.108

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old, but true, 'Still swine eats all the draff.'

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Mistress Ford, *with two* Servants.

MRS. FORD.

Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; dispatch.

[*Exit.*

FIRST SERV.

Come, come, take it up.117

SEC. SERV.

Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

FIRST SERV.

I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead. 121

*Enter* Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

FORD.

Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villains. Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching! 130

PAGE.

Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned. 133

EVA.

Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

SHAL.

Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed. 137

FORD.

So say I too, sir.—

*Re-enter* Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

MRS. FORD.

Heaven by my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 144

FORD.

Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!

*[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

PAGE.

This passes!

MRS. FORD.

Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.149

FORD.

I shall find you anon.

EVA.

'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.152

FORD.

Empty the basket, I say!

MRS. FORD.

Why, man, why?

FORD.

Master Page, as I am an honest man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.160

MRS. FORD.

If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death.

PAGE.

Here's no man.

SHAL.

By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.165

EVA.

Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.168

FORD.

Well, he's not here I seek for.

PAGE.

No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

*[Servants carry away the basket.]*

FORD.

Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.177

MRS. FORD.

What ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.180

FORD.

Old woman! What old woman's that?

MRS. FORD.

Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford.183

FORD.

A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!192

MRS. FORD.

Nay, good, sweet husband! good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mistress Page.*

MRS. PAGE.

Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.196

FORD.

I'll 'prat' her.—[*Beats him.*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

MRS. PAGE.

Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

MRS. FORD.

Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.204

FORD.

Hang her, witch!

EVA.

By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.209

FORD.

Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.213

PAGE.

Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Evans.*

MRS. PAGE.

Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.217

MRS. FORD.

Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

MRS. PAGE.

I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.<sup>222</sup>

MRS. FORD.

What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?<sup>226</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

MRS. FORD.

Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?<sup>232</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.<sup>237</sup>

MRS. FORD.

I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed, and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.<sup>241</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

### *A Room In The Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and Bardolph.*

BARD.

Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.<sup>3</sup>

HOST.

What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

BARD.

Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.<sup>8</sup>

HOST.

They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***A Room In Ford's House.***

*Enter* Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

EVA.

'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE.

And did he send you both these letters at an instant?<sup>4</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD.

Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold

Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,<sup>8</sup>

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith.

PAGE.

'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission

As in offence;12

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

FORD.

There is no better way than that they spoke of.17

PAGE.

How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.20

EVA.

You say he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.25

PAGE.

So think I too.

MRS. FORD.

Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.28

MRS. PAGE.

There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;32  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:  
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know36  
The superstitious idle-headed eld  
Receiv'd and did deliver to our age  
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

PAGE.

Why, yet there want not many that do fear40  
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.  
But what of this?

MRS. FORD.

Marry, this is our device;  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,  
Disguis'd like Herne with huge horns on his head.44

PAGE.

Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,  
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,  
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

MRS. PAGE.

That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:48  
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress  
Like urchins, ouphs and fairies, green and white,  
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,<sup>52</sup>  
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,  
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once  
With some diffused song: upon their sight,<sup>56</sup>  
We two in great amazedness will fly:  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;  
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,<sup>60</sup>  
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread  
In shape profane.

MRS. FORD.

And till he tell the truth,  
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound  
And burn him with their tapers.

MRS. PAGE.

The truth being known,<sup>64</sup>  
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,  
And mock him home to Windsor.

FORD.

The children must  
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

EVA.

I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

FORD.

That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.72

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:—[*Aside*] and in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,76

And marry her at Eton. 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,80

And tricking for our fairies.

EVA.

Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt*Page, Ford,*and*Evans.

MRS. PAGE.

Go, Mistress Ford,84

Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit*Mistress Ford.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,  
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.  
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;88  
And him my husband best of all affects:  
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends  
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.  
[Exit.

Scene V.—

***A Room In The Garter Inn.***

*Enter Host and Simple.*

HOST.

What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

SIM.

Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.5

HOST.

There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call: he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.11

SIM.

There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.15

HOST.

Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

FAL.

[*Above.*] How now, mine host!20

HOST.

Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully; let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!24

*Enter* Falstaff.

FAL.

There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

SIM.

Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford?28

FAL.

Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

SIM.

My Master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.34

FAL.

I spake with the old woman about it.

SIM.

And what says she, I pray, sir?36

FAL.

Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

SIM.

I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

FAL.

What are they? let us know.

HOST.

Ay, come; quick.44

SIM.

I may not conceal them, sir.

HOST.

Conceal them, or thou diest.

SIM.

Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.49

FAL.

'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

SIM.

What, sir?

FAL.

To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.53

SIM.

May I be bold to say so, sir?

FAL.

Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

SIM.

I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

[*Exit.*

HOST.

Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?59

FAL.

Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.63

*Enter*Bardolph.

BARD.

Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

HOST.

Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.66

BARD.

Run away, with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.71

HOST.

They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say they be fled: Germans are honest men.

*Enter*Sir Hugh Evans.

EVA.

Where is mine host?

HOST.

What is the matter, sir?76

EVA.

Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Doctor Caius.

CAIUS.

Vere is mine host de Jarteer?85

HOST.

Here, Master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

CAIUS.

I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[*Exit.*

HOST.

Hue and cry, villain! go. Assist me, knight; I am undone. Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!95

[*Exeunt* Host *and* Bardolph.

FAL.

I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.107

*Enter* Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

QUICK.

From the two parties, forsooth.

FAL.

The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear. 114

QUICK.

And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her. 118

FAL.

What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch. 126

QUICK.

Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

FAL.

Come up into my chamber.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene VI.—

***Another Room In The Garter Inn.***

*Enter Fenton and Host.*

HOST.

Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

FENT.

Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee 4

A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

HOST.

I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

FENT.

From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;<sup>9</sup>

Who, mutually hath answer'd my affection,

So far forth as herself might be her chooser,

Even to my wish. I have a letter from her<sup>12</sup>

Of such contents as you will wonder at;

The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,

That neither singly can be manifested,

Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff

Hath a great scare: the image of the jest<sup>17</sup>

I'll show you here at large [*Pointing to the Letter*]. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;

The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,<sup>21</sup>

While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with Slender, and with him at Eton<sup>24</sup>

Immediately to marry: she hath consented:

Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed<sup>28</sup>

That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
While other sports are tasking of their minds;  
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,  
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot  
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath<sup>33</sup>  
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:  
Her father means she shall be all in white,  
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time  
To take her by the hand and bid her go,<sup>37</sup>  
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,  
The better to denote her to the doctor,—  
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded—<sup>40</sup>  
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,  
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand; and on that token<sup>44</sup>  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

HOST.

Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

FENT.

Both, my good host, to go along with me:  
And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar  
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,  
And, in the lawful name of marrying,<sup>51</sup>  
To give our hearts united ceremony.

HOST.

Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

FENT.

So shall I evermore be bound to thee;

Besides, I'll make a present recompense.<sup>56</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***A Room In The Garter Inn.***

*Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.*

FAL.

Prithee, no more prattling; go: I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death. Away!<sup>5</sup>

QUICK.

I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

FAL.

Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.

[*Exit Mistress Quickly.*

*Enter Ford.*

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.<sup>13</sup>

FORD.

Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

FAL.

I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played traunt, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Windsor Park.***

*Enter* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

PAGE.

Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.<sup>3</sup>

SLEN.

Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nayword how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum;' she cries, 'budget;' and by that we know one another.<sup>8</sup>

SHAL.

That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum,' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.<sup>12</sup>

PAGE.

The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Street In Windsor.***

*Enter* Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, *and* Dr. Caius.

MRS. PAGE.

Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, 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.<sup>5</sup>

CAIUS.

I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

MRS. PAGE.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse 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 troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?<sup>13</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

They are all couched 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.<sup>17</sup>

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 every way be mocked.

MRS. FORD.

We'll betray him finely.

MRS. PAGE.

Against such lewdsters and their lechery,<sup>24</sup>

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, *disguised, and others as Fairies.*

EVA.

Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

### ***Another Part Of The Park.***

*Enter* Falstaff *disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.*

FAL.

The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful 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; O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault 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 fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?<sup>17</sup>

*Enter* Mistress Ford *and* Mistress Page.

MRS. FORD.

Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

FAL.

My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves;' hail kissing-comfits 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, sweetheart.<sup>26</sup>

FAL.

Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

*[Noise within.]*

MRS. PAGE.

Alas! what noise?

MRS. FORD.

Heaven forgive our sins!<sup>36</sup>

FAL.

What should this be?

**MRS. FORD.**

Away, away!

**MRS. PAGE.**

Away, away!

*[They run off.]*

FAL.

I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a Satyr: Pistolas Hobgoblin; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and Others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

ANNE.

Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,

You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,<sup>44</sup>

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,

Attend your office and your quality.

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy eyes.

PIST.

Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!<sup>48</sup>

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:

Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.<sup>52</sup>

FAL.

They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

*[Lies down upon his face.]*

EVA.

Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Rein up the organs of her fantasy,<sup>57</sup>

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;  
But those that sleep and think not on their sins,  
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.60

ANNE.

About, about!

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:  
Strew good luck, oushs, on every sacred room,  
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,64  
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,  
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour  
With juice of balm and every precious flower:68

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,  
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:72

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,77

Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,80

Our dance of custom round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

EVA.

Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,

To guide our measure round about the tree.<sup>85</sup>

But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

FAL.

Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

PIST.

Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

ANNE.

With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,<sup>92</sup>

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

PIST.

A trial! come.

EVA.

Come, will this wood take fire?

*[They burn him with their tapers.]*

FAL.

Oh, oh, oh!

ANNE.

Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!<sup>96</sup>

About him, fairies, sing a scornful rime;

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

## SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!100  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.104  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villany;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.

*During this song, the Fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. The Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford. They lay hold on Falstaff.*

PAGE.

Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now:109

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

MRS. PAGE.

I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?112

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

FORD.

Now sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid too, Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.121

MRS. FORD.

Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.125

FAL.

I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

FORD.

Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.129

FAL.

And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

EVA.

Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.140

FORD.

Well said, fairy Hugh.

EVA.

And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

FORD.

I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.145

FAL.

Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

EVA.

Seese is not goot to give putter: your pelly is all putter.153

FAL.

‘Seese’ and ‘putter!’ have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.157

MRS. PAGE.

Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

FORD.

What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

MRS. PAGE.

A puffed man?164

PAGE.

Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

FORD.

And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

PAGE.

And as poor as Job?168

FORD.

And as wicked as his wife?

EVA.

And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?173

FAL.

Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o’er me: use me as you will.177

FORD.

Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

MRS. FORD.

Nay, husband, let that go to make amends;

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.184

FORD.

Well, here's my hand: all is forgiven at last.

PAGE.

Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

MRS. PAGE.

[*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this Doctor Caius' wife.193

*Enter*Slender.

SLEN.

Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

PAGE.

Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?196

SLEN.

Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloster-shire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

PAGE.

Of what, son?200

SLEN.

I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! and 'tis a postmaster's boy.206

PAGE.

Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

SLEN.

What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.211

PAGE.

Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLEN.

I went to her in white, and cried, 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

EVA.

Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see put marry poys?220

PAGE.

O I am vexed at heart: what shall I do?

MRS. PAGE.

Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.226

*Enter* Doctor Caius.

CAIUS.

Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.230

MRS. PAGE.

Why, did you not take her in green?



Shakespeare's Birthplace, by W.W. Quatremain.

CAIUS.

Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

*[Exit.*

FORD.

This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?235

PAGE.

My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

*Enter Fenton and Anne Page.*

How now, Master Fenton!

ANNE.

Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!240

PAGE.

Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

MRS. PAGE.

Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?244

FENT.

You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love.  
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,<sup>248</sup>  
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 unduteous title,<sup>252</sup>  
Since therein she doth evitate and shun  
A thousand irreligious 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:<sup>257</sup>  
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

FAL.

I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.<sup>261</sup>

PAGE.

Well, what remedy?—Fenton, heaven give thee joy!  
What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

FAL.

When night dogs run all sorts of deer are chas'd.<sup>264</sup>

MRS. PAGE.

Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,  
Heaven give you many, many merry days!  
Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;268

Sir John and all.

FORD.

Let it be so. Sir John,

To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.272

[*Exeunt.*]

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO,	the Duke.
ANGELO,	Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.
ESCALUS,	an Ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.
CLAUDIO,	a young Gentleman.
LUCIO,	a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.	
VARRIUS,	a Gentleman attending on the Duke.
PROVOST.	
THOMAS, }	two Friars.
PETER, }	
A Justice.	
ELBOW,	a simple Constable.
FROTH,	a foolish Gentleman.
POMPEY,	Tapster to Mistress Overdone.
ABHORSON,	an Executioner.
BARNARDINE,	a dissolute Prisoner.
ISABELLA,	sister to Claudio.
MARIANA,	betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET,	beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA,	a Nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a Bawd.	
Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.	

Scene.—*Vienna.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—

*An Apartment In The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.*

DUKE.

Escalus.

ESCAL.

My lord?

DUKE.

Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,  
Since I am put to know that your own science<sup>5</sup>  
Exceeds, in that, the lists 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,<sup>9</sup>  
Our city's institutions, and the terms  
For common justice, you're as pregnant in,  
As art and practice hath enriched any<sup>12</sup>  
That we remember. There is our commission,  
[*Giving it.*  
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?16

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 organs20

Of our own power: what think you of it?

ESCAL.

If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

DUKE.

Look where he comes.24

*Enter Angelo.*

ANG.

Always obedient to your Grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE.

Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to th' observer doth thy history28

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,32

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd  
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends<sup>36</sup>  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advertise;<sup>41</sup>  
Hold, therefore, Angelo:

*[Tendering his commission.]*

In our remove be thou at full ourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna<sup>44</sup>  
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.

*[Giving it.]*

ANG.

Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure<sup>49</sup>  
Be stamp'd upon it.

DUKE.

No more evasion:  
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition<sup>53</sup>  
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall importune,<sup>56</sup>  
How it goes with us; and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commissions.

ANG.

Yet, give leave, my lord,<sup>60</sup>  
That we may bring you something on the way.

DUKE.

My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,<sup>64</sup>  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;  
I'll privily away: I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.<sup>68</sup>  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and Aves vehement,  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.<sup>72</sup>

ANG.

The heavens give safety to your purposes!

ESCAL.

Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

DUKE.

I thank you. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*

ESCAL.

I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place:  
A power I have, but of what strength and nature  
I am not yet instructed.<sup>80</sup>

ANG.

'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

ESCAL.

I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***A Street.***

*Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.*

LUCIO.

If the Duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary,  
why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

FIRST GENT.

Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!5

SECOND GENT.

Amen.

LUCIO.

Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

SECOND GENT.

'Thou shalt not steal?'10

LUCIO.

Ay, that he razed.

FIRST GENT.

Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.17

SECOND GENT.

I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCIO.

I believe thee, for I think thou never wast where grace was said.21

SECOND GENT.

No? a dozen times at least.

FIRST GENT.

What, in metre?

LUCIO.

In any proportion or in any language.

FIRST GENT.

I think, or in any religion.25

LUCIO.

Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.28

FIRST GENT.

Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

LUCIO.

I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.32

FIRST GENT.

And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?37

LUCIO.

I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

FIRST GENT.

I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?44

SECOND GENT.

Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

LUCIO.

Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—49

SECOND GENT.

To what, I pray?

LUCIO.

Judge.

SECOND GENT.

To three thousand dolours a year.53

FIRST GENT.

Ay, and more.

LUCIO.

A French crown more.

FIRST GENT.

Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.57

LUCIO.

Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.61

*Enter* Mistress Overdone.

FIRST GENT.

How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

MRS. OV.

Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.66

SECOND GENT.

Who's that, I pray thee?

MRS. OV.

Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

FIRST GENT.

Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.70

MRS. OV.

Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO.

But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?76

MRS. OV.

I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

LUCIO.

Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.81

SECOND GENT.

Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.84

FIRST GENT.

But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

LUCIO.

Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

*[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.]*

MRS. OV.

Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter Pompey.*

How now! what's the news with you?

POM.

Yonder man is carried to prison.92

MRS. OV.

Well: what has he done?

POM.

A woman.

MRS. OV.

But what's his offence?

POM.

Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

MRS. OV.

What, is there a maid with child by him?

POM.

No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?101

MRS. OV.

What proclamation, man?

POM.

All houses of resort in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down104

MRS. OV.

And what shall become of those in the city?

POM.

They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.109

MRS. OV.

But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

POM.

To the ground, mistress.112

MRS. OV.

Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

POM.

Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.120

MRS. OV.

What's to do here, Thomas tapster?

Let's withdraw.

POM.

Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

*[Exeunt.*

*Enter* Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and* Officers.

CLAUD.

Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROV.

I do it not in evil disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by special charge.128

CLAUD.

Thus can the demi-god Authority

Make us pay down for our offence' by weight.

The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.132

*Re-enter* Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

LUCIO.

Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

CLAUD.

From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use<sup>136</sup>

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue—

Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,—

A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

LUCIO.

If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?<sup>144</sup>

CLAUD.

What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO.

What, is't murder?

CLAUD.

No.<sup>148</sup>

LUCIO.

Lechery?

CLAUD.

Call it so.

PROV.

Away, sir! you must go.

CLAUD.

One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

*[Takes him aside.]*

LUCIO.

A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so looked after?

CLAUD.

Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed:156

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower160

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us. But it chances

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment

With character too gross is writ on Juliet.165

LUCIO.

With child, perhaps?

CLAUD.

Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—  
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness, 168  
Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place, 173  
Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
I stagger in:—but this new governor  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 176  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall  
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,  
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act 180  
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

LUCIO.

I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him. 185

CLAUD.

I have done so, but he's not to be found.  
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service.  
This day my sister should the cloister enter, 188  
And there receive her approbation:  
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;  
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him: 192

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade. 197

LUCIO.

I pray she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

CLAUD.

I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO.

Within two hours.

CLAUD.

Come, officer, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***A Monastery.***

*Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.*

DUKE.

No, holy father; throw away that thought:

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose<sup>4</sup>

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

FRI. T.

May your Grace speak of it?

DUKE.

My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,<sup>8</sup>  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.  
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo—  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence—<sup>12</sup>  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,<sup>16</sup>  
You will demand of me why I do this?

FRI. T.

Gladly, my lord.

DUKE.

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—<sup>20</sup>  
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight<sup>25</sup>  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,<sup>28</sup>  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

FRI. T.

It rested in your Grace  
T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd;  
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE.

I do fear, too dreadful:  
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,<sup>35</sup>  
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,  
When evil deeds have their permissive pass  
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,  
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,<sup>40</sup>  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the sight  
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,  
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,<sup>44</sup>  
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear me  
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you;49  
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;  
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite52  
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***A Nunnery.***

*Enter Isabella and Francisca.*

ISAB.

And have you nuns no further privileges?

FRAN.

Are not these large enough?

ISAB.

Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint4  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

LUCTO.

[*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

ISAB.

Who's that which calls?

FRAN.

It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,

Turn you the key, and know his business of him:

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.<sup>9</sup>

When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men

But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit.*

ISAB.

Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

*Enter* Lucio.

LUCIO.

Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses<sup>16</sup>

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudio?<sup>20</sup>

ISAB.

Why 'her unhappy brother?' let me ask;

The rather for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella and his sister.

LUCIO.

Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:24

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISAB.

Woe me! for what?

LUCIO.

For that which, if myself might be his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:28

He hath got his friend with child.

ISAB.

Sir, make me not your story.

LUCIO.

It is true.

I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,32

Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;

By your renouncement an immortal spirit,

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,36

As with a saint.

ISAB.

You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO.

Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:40  
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time  
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.44

ISAB.

Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO.

Is she your cousin?

ISAB.

Adoptedly; asschool-maids change their names  
By vain, though apt affection.

LUCIO.

She it is.48

ISAB.

O! let him marry her.

LUCIO.

This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand and hope of action; but we do learn52  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings out were of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,<sup>56</sup>  
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge<sup>60</sup>  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
He,—to give fear to use and liberty,  
Which have for long run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions, hath pick'd out an act,<sup>64</sup>  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example. All hope is gone,<sup>68</sup>  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith of business  
Twixt you and your poor brother.

ISAB.

Doth he so seek his life?

LUCIO.

He's censur'd him<sup>72</sup>

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution.

ISAB.

Alas! what poor ability's in me

To do him good?

LUCIO.

Assay the power you have.76

ISAB.

My power? alas! I doubt—

LUCIO.

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,80  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

ISAB.

I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO.

But speedily.84

ISAB.

I will about it straight;  
No longer staying but to give the Mother  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother; soon at night88  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO.

I take my leave of you.

ISAB.

Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

Scene I.—

### *A Hall In Angelo's House.*

*Enter* Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.

ANG.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch and not their terror.

ESCAL.

Ay, but yet<sup>4</sup>  
Let us be keen and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.  
Let but your honour know,—<sup>8</sup>  
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing,  
Or that the resolute acting of your blood<sup>12</sup>  
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,  
Whether you had not, some time in your life,

Err'd in this point which now you censure him,  
And pull'd the law upon you.<sup>16</sup>

ANG.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two<sup>20</sup>  
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,  
That justice seizes: what know the laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it<sup>24</sup>  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offence  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,<sup>29</sup>  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

ESCAL.

Be it as your wisdom will.

ANG.

Where is the provost?

PROV.

Here, if it like your honour.

ANG.

See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.<sup>36</sup>

*[Exit Provost.*

ESCAL.

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none,

And some condemned for a fault alone.<sup>40</sup>

*Enter Elbow and Officers, with Froth and Pompey.*

ELB.

Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.<sup>44</sup>

ANG.

How now, sir! What's your name, and what's the matter?

ELB.

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.<sup>51</sup>

ANG.

Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

ELB.

If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.<sup>57</sup>

ESCAL.

This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

ANG.

Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

POM.

He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.<sup>62</sup>

ANG.

What are you, sir?

ELB.

He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.<sup>68</sup>

ESCAL.

How know you that?

ELB.

My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

ESCAL.

How! thy wife?<sup>72</sup>

ELB.

Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

ESCAL.

Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELB.

I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.<sup>79</sup>

ESCAL.

How dost thou know that, constable?

ELB.

Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.<sup>84</sup>

ESCAL.

By the woman's means?

ELB.

Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

POM.

Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.<sup>89</sup>

ELB.

Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

ESCAL.

[*To Angelo.*] Do you hear how he misplaces?<sup>93</sup>

POM.

Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing,—saving your honour's reverence,—for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

ESCAL.

Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

POM.

No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth 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.

FROTH.

No, indeed.112

POM.

Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

FROTH.

Ay, so I did, indeed.116

POM.

Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—120

FROTH.

All this is true.

POM.

Why, very well then.—

ESCAL.

Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

POM.

Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.128

ESCAL.

No, sir, nor I mean it not.

POM.

Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?134

FROTH.

All-hallownd eve.

POM.

Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?139

FROTH.

I have so, because it is an open room and good for winter.

POM.

Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

ANG.

This will last out a night in Russia,144

When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause,

Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

ESCAL.

I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit* Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

POM.

Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.152

ELB.

I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

POM.

I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCAL.

Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?157

POM.

I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?161

ESCAL.

Ay, sir, very well.

POM.

Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCAL.

Well, I do so.164

POM.

Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCAL.

Why, no.

POM.

I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.172

ESCAL.

He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

ELB.

First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.177

POM.

By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELB.

Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.182

POM.

Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCAL.

Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?186

ELB.

O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.193

ESCAL.

If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELB.

Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?198

ESCAL.

Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldest discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.202

ELB.

Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

ESCAL.

Where were you born, friend?

FROTH.

Here in Vienna, sir.208

ESCAL.

Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH.

Yes, an't please you, sir.

ESCAL.

So. [*To Pompey.*] What trade are you of, sir?212

POM.

A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

ESCAL.

Your mistress' name?

POM.

Mistress Overdone.

ESCAL.

Hath she had any more than one husband?

POM.

Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.218

ESCAL.

Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

FROTH.

I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.226

ESCAL.

Well: no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*]—Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

POM.

Pompey.

ESCAL.

What else?<sup>232</sup>

POM.

Bum, sir.

ESCAL.

Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.<sup>239</sup>

POM.

Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCAL.

How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?<sup>244</sup>

POM.

If the law would allow it, sir.

ESCAL.

But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

POM.

Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

ESCAL.

No, Pompey.<sup>250</sup>

POM.

Truly, sir, in my humble opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

ESCAL.

There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.256

POM.

If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.263

ESCAL.

Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.272

POM.

I thank your worship for your good counsel;—[*Aside.*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade;

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

ESCAL.

Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?280

ELB.

Seven year and a half, sir.

ESCAL.

I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?284

ELB.

And a half, sir.

ESCAL.

Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?289

ELB.

Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.293

ESCAL.

Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.296

ELB.

To your worship's house, sir?

ESCAL.

To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit*Elbow.

What's o'clock, think you?

JUST.

Eleven, sir.300

ESCAL.

I pray you home to dinner with me.

JUST.

I humbly thank you.

ESCAL.

It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

But there is no remedy.304

JUST.

Lord Angelo is severe.

ESCAL.

It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet, poor Claudio! There's no remedy.308

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Another Room In The Same.***

*Enter* Provost *and a* Servant.

SERV.

He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

PROV.

Pray you, do. [*Exit* Serv.] I'll know

His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas!

He hath but as offended in a dream:4

All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for it!

*Enter Angelo.*

ANG.

Now, what's the matter, provost?

PROV.

Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

ANG.

Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?8

Why dost thou ask again?

PROV.

Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, Judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

ANG

Go to; let that be mine:12

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

PROV.

I crave your honour's pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

ANG.

Dispose of her16

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter* Servant.

SERV.

Here is the sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.

ANG.

Hath he a sister?

PROV.

Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,<sup>20</sup>

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

ANG.

Well, let her be admitted.

*[Exit* Servant.

See you the fornicatress be remov'd:

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;<sup>24</sup>

There shall be order for't.

*Enter* Isabella and Lucio.

PROV.

God save your honour!

*[Offering to retire.*

ANG.

Stay a little while.—*[To* Isab.] You're welcome: what's your will?

ISAB.

I am a woful suitor to your honour,

Please but your honour hear me.

ANG.

Well; what's your suit?<sup>28</sup>

ISAB.

There is a vice that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,  
For which I would not plead, but that I must;  
For which I must not plead, but that I am<sup>32</sup>  
At war 'twixt will and will not.

ANG.

Well; the matter?

ISAB.

I have a brother is condemn'd to die:  
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother.

PROV.

[*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving graces!<sup>36</sup>

ANG.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?  
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.  
Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,<sup>40</sup>  
And let go by the actor.

ISAB.

O just, but severe law!

I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*

LUCIO.

[*Aside 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,<sup>45</sup>

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.

To him. I say!

ISAB.

Must he needs die?

ANG.

Maiden, no remedy.

ISAB.

Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,<sup>49</sup>

And neither heaven 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 might you do't, and do the world no wrong,53

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse

As mine is to him?

ANG.

He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.56

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,60

The marshal's truncheon, 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,64

You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,

Would not have been so stern.

ANG.

Pray you, be gone.

ISAB.

I would to heaven I had your potency,

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?68

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

ANG.

Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

ISAB.

Alas! alas!72

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took,  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should76  
But judge you as you are? O! think on that,  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

ANG.

Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother:80  
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 kitchens84

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven

With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?<sup>88</sup>

There's many have committed it.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

ANG.

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,

If that the first that did th' edict infringe<sup>92</sup>

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 new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,<sup>96</sup>

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,

Are now to have no successive degrees,

But, ere they live, to end.

ISAB.

Yet show some pity.

ANG.

I show it most of all when I show justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,<sup>101</sup>

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:104

Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

ISAB.

So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he that suffers. O! it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] That's well said.109

ISAB.

Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For every pelting, petty officer<sup>112</sup>

Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak<sup>116</sup>

Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

His glassy essence, like an angry ape,<sup>120</sup>

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent: 124

He's coming: I perceive't.

PROV.

[*Aside.*] Pray heaven she win him!

ISAB.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,

But, in the less foul profanation. 128

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] Thou'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.

ISAB.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] Art advis'd o' that? more on 't. 132

ANG.

Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISAB.

Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,

That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know 137

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue<sup>140</sup>  
Against my brother's life.

ANG.

She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

ISAB.

Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANG.

I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.<sup>144</sup>

ISAB.

Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

ANG.

How! bribe me?

ISAB.

Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.<sup>148</sup>

ISAB.

Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,  
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there<sup>152</sup>  
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,

From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal.

ANG.

Well; come to me to-morrow.

LUCIO.

[*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well: away!

ISAB.

Heaven keep your honour safe!

ANG.

[*Aside.*] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers cross.

ISAB.

At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

ANG.

At any time 'fore noon. 160

ISAB.

Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

ANG.

From thee; even from thy virtue!

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

Ha!164

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,  
That, lying by the violet in the sun,  
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be168  
That modesty may more betray our sense  
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,  
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!172  
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
Dost thou desire her foully for those things  
That make her good? O, let her brother live!  
Thieves for their robbery have authority176  
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?  
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,180  
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,  
With all her double vigour, art and nature,184  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,  
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

***A Room In A Prison.***

*Enter Duke, disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

DUKE.

Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

PROV.

I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

DUKE.

Bound by my charity and my bless'd order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits<sup>4</sup>

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.<sup>8</sup>

PROV.

I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,

Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,

Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,<sup>12</sup>

And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man

More fit to do another such offence,

Than die for this.

*Enter Juliet.*

DUKE.

When must he die?

PROV.

As I do think, to-morrow.

[To Juliet.] I have provided for you: stay a while, 17

And you shall be conducted.

DUKE.

Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

JULIET.

I do, and bear the shame most patiently. 20

DUKE.

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

JULIET.

I'll gladly learn.

DUKE.

Love you the man that wrong'd you?

JULIET.

Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

DUKE.

So then it seems your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed?

JULIET.

Mutually.

DUKE.

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.<sup>28</sup>

JULIET.

I do confess it, and repent it, father.

DUKE.

'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,<sup>32</sup>

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,

But as we stand in fear,—

JULIET.

I do repent me, as it is an evil,

And take the shame with joy.

DUKE.

There rest.<sup>36</sup>

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him.

God's grace go with you! *Benedicite!*

[*Exit.*

JULIET.

Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,

That respites me a life, whose very comfort<sup>41</sup>

Is still a dying horror!

PROV.

'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***A Room In Angelo's House.***

*Enter Angelo.*

ANG.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,  
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,<sup>4</sup>  
As if I did but only chew his name,  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,  
Is like a good thing, being often read,<sup>8</sup>  
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride,  
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,<sup>13</sup>  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,<sup>16</sup>

'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! who's there?

SERV.

One Isabel, a sister,

Desires access to you.

ANG.

Teach her the way.

*[Exit Servant.*

O heavens!20

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?24

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoonds;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,28

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence.

*Enter Isabella.*

How now, fair maid!

ISAB.

I am come to know your pleasure.32

ANG.

That you might know it, would much better please me,  
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB.

Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

ANG.

Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,  
As long as you or I: yet he must die.<sup>37</sup>

ISAB.

Under your sentence?

ANG.

Yea.

ISAB.

When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,<sup>40</sup>  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted  
That his soul sicken not.

ANG.

Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good  
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen<sup>44</sup>  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,<sup>48</sup>  
As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one.

ISAB.

'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANG.

Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.<sup>52</sup>

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?

ISAB.

Sir, believe this,<sup>56</sup>

I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANG.

I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins

Stand more for number than for accompt.

ISAB.

How say you?

ANG.

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak<sup>60</sup>

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be a charity in sin<sup>64</sup>

To save this brother's life?

ISAB.

Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANG.

Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,  
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

ISAB.

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer<sup>72</sup>  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

ANG.

Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,  
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.<sup>76</sup>

ISAB.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

ANG.

Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright  
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks<sup>80</sup>  
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;

To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:

Your brother is to die.<sup>84</sup>

ISAB.

So.

ANG.

And his offence is so, as it appears

Accountant to the law upon that pain.

ISAB.

True.<sup>88</sup>

ANG.

Admit no other way to save his life,—

As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,<sup>92</sup>

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-building law; and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either<sup>96</sup>

You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;

What would you do?

ISAB.

As much for my poor brother, as myself:

That is, were I under the terms of death,101  
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That, longing, have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

ANG.

Then must your brother die.

ISAB.

And 'twere the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,108  
Should die for ever.

ANG.

Were not you then as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so?

ISAB.

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon112  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANG.

You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;  
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother116  
A merriment than a vice.

ISAB.

O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate, 120

For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANG.

We are all frail.

ISAB.

Else let my brother die,

If not a feodary, but only he

Owe and succeed thy weakness. 124

ANG.

Nay, women are frail too.

ISAB.

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,

For we are soft as our complexions are,

And credulous to false prints.

ANG.

I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,—132

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,

That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;

If you be one, as you are well express'd<sup>137</sup>

By all external warrants, show it now,

By putting on the destin'd livery.

ISAB.

I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,<sup>140</sup>

Let me entreat you speak the former language.

ANG.

Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISAB.

My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me

That he shall die for't.<sup>144</sup>

ANG.

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

ISAB.

I know your virtue hath a licence in't.

Which seems a little fouler than it is,

To pluck on others.

ANG.

Believe me, on mine honour,

My words express my purpose.<sup>149</sup>

ISAB.

Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:152  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.

ANG.

Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,156  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report  
And smell of calumny. I have begun;160  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother164  
By yielding up thy body to my will,  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,170  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*

ISAB.

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, 172  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approval,  
Bidding the law make curt'sy to their will; 176  
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,  
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour, 180  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution. 184  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. 188

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***A Room In The Prison.***

*Enter Duke, as a friar, Claudio, and Provost.*

DUKE.

So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUD.

The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.<sup>4</sup>

DUKE.

Be absolute for death; either death or life

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,<sup>8</sup>

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,<sup>12</sup>

And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble:

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork<sup>16</sup>

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains<sup>20</sup>

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,<sup>24</sup>  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;  
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;  
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;<sup>32</sup>  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied old; and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,<sup>37</sup>  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

CLAUD.

I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die,

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

ISAB.

[*Within.*] What ho! Peace here; grace and good company!<sup>44</sup>

PROV.

Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

DUKE.

Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUD.

Most holy sir, I thank you.<sup>47</sup>

*Enter Isabella.*

IS.

My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROV.

And very welcome. Look, signior; here's your sister.

DUKE.

Provost, a word with you.

PROV.

As many as you please.

DUKE.

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.<sup>52</sup>

*[Exeunt Duke and Provost.]*

CLAUD.

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISAB.

Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,<sup>56</sup>

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:

Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

CLAUD.

Is there no remedy?

ISAB.

None, but such remedy, as to save a head<sup>60</sup>

To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUD.

But is there any?

ISAB.

Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,<sup>64</sup>

But fetter you till death.

CLAUD.

Perpetual durance?

ISAB.

Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,

To a determin'd scope.

CLAUD.

But in what nature?<sup>68</sup>

ISAB.

In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked.

CLAUD.

Let me know the point.

ISAB.

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension,<sup>76</sup>  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

CLAUD.

Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch<sup>80</sup>  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

ISAB.

There spake my brother: there my father's grave<sup>84</sup>  
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word<sup>88</sup>  
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUD.

The prenzie Angelo?<sup>92</sup>

ISAB.

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?  
If I would yield him my virginity,<sup>96</sup>  
Thou mightst be freed.

CLAUD.

O heavens! it cannot be.

ISAB.

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,<sup>100</sup>  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUD.

Thou shalt not do't.

ISAB.

O! were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUD.

Thanks, dear Isabel.104

ISAB.

Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

CLAUD.

Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;108  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

ISAB.

Which is the least?

CLAUD.

If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick112  
Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!

ISAB.

What says my brother?

CLAUD.

Death is a fearful thing.

ISAB.

And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUD.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where; 116

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside 120

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendant world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts

Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age, ache, penury and imprisonment 128

Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

ISAB.

Alas! alas!

CLAUD.

Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life, 132

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

That it becomes a virtue.

ISAB.

O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?136

Is't 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;

For such a warped slip of wilderness140

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;

Die, perish! Might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,144

No word to save thee.

CLAUD.

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISAB.

O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:148

'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

*[Going.*

CLAUD.

O hear me, Isabella.

*Re-enter Duke.*

DUKE.

Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

ISAB.

What is your will?151

DUKE.

Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

ISAB.

I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.158

DUKE.

[*Aside to Claudio.*] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I 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.170

CLAUD.

Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

DUKE.

Hold you there: farewell.174

[*Exit Claudio.*

*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 loss shall touch her by my company.180

PROV.

In good time.

[*Exit.*

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, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault 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 substitute, and to save your brother?192

ISAB.

I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him. I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.198

DUKE.

That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; 'he made trial of you only.' Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.210

ISAB.

Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

DUKE.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

ISAB.

I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.219

DUKE.

She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.231

ISAB.

Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

DUKE.

Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.239

ISAB.

What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?243

DUKE.

It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

ISAB.

Show me how, good father.248

DUKE.

This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to

convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all, we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?271

ISAB.

The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

DUKE.

It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.281

ISAB.

I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

### ***The Street Before The Prison.***

*Enter Duke, as a friar; to him Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.*

ELB.

Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.4

DUKE.

O heavens! what stuff is here?

POM.

'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsor allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELB.

Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.13

DUKE.

And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

ELB.

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.

DUKE.

Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd!20

The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back

From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,24

From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.28

POM.

Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

DUKE.

Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;32

Correction and instruction must both work

Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELB.

He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE.

That we were all, as some would seem to be,<sup>40</sup>

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

ELB.

His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

POM.

I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.<sup>45</sup>

*Enter Lucio.*

LUCIO.

How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to he had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?<sup>56</sup>

DUKE.

Still thus, and thus, still worse!

LUCIO.

How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

POM.

Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.<sup>61</sup>

LUCIO.

Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

POM.

Yes, faith, sir.66

LUCIO.

Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

ELB.

For being a bawd, for being a bawd.70

LUCIO.

Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.77

POM.

I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

LUCIO.

No, indeed will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.84

DUKE.

And you.

LUCIO.

Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

ELB.

Come your ways, sir; come.

POM.

You will not bail me then, sir?88

LUCIO.

Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? What news?

ELB.

Come your ways, sir; come.

LUCIO.

Go to kennel, Pompey; go.92

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Pompey and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

DUKE.

I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO.

Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?97

DUKE.

I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO.

It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

DUKE.

He does well in't.104

LUCIO.

A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE.

It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it. 109

LUCIO.

Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

DUKE.

How should he be made, then? 116

LUCIO.

Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

DUKE.

You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO.

Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy. 131

DUKE.

I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO.

O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE.

'Tis not possible. 136

LUCIO.

Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish; the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.140

DUKE.

You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO.

Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.144

DUKE.

What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO.

No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

DUKE.

Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO.

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.152

DUKE.

Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO.

Sir, I know him, and I love him.162

DUKE.

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer 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,—as our prayers are he may,—let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?172

LUCIO.

Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

DUKE.

He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.176

LUCIO.

I fear you not.

DUKE.

O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

LUCIO.

I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?184

DUKE.

Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO.

Why? for filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeuple the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

DUKE.

No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

But who comes here?204

*Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with Mistress Overdone.*

ESCAL.

Go; away with her to prison!

MRS. OV.

Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.208

ESCAL.

Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

PROV.

A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.213

MRS. OV.

My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!220

ESCAL.

That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Overdone.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.229

PROV.

So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.<sup>232</sup>

ESCAL.

Good even, good father.

DUKE.

Bliss and goodness on you!

ESCAL.

Of whence are you?

DUKE.

Not of this country, though my chance is now<sup>236</sup>

To use it for my time: I am a brother

Of gracious order, late come from the See,

In special business from his Holiness.

ESCAL.

What news abroad i' the world?<sup>240</sup>

DUKE.

None, but there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?<sup>251</sup>

ESCAL.

One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

DUKE.

What pleasure was he given to?<sup>254</sup>

ESCAL.

Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.262

DUKE.

He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.269

ESCAL.

You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.276

DUKE.

If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

ESCAL.

I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

DUKE.

Peace be with you!

*[Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*

He, who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;284

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self offences weighing.288

Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice and let his grow!<sup>292</sup>  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How many likeness made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,<sup>296</sup>  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most pond'rous and substantial things!  
Craft against vice I must apply:  
With Angelo to-night shall lie<sup>300</sup>  
His old betrothed but despis'd:  
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***The Moated Grange At St. Luke'S.***

*Enter Mariana and a Boy: Boy sings.*

Take, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:<sup>4</sup>  
But my kisses bring again,  
bring again,

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
seal'd in vain.<sup>8</sup>

MARI.

Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice

Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

*[Exit Boy.*

*Enter Duke, disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish<sup>12</sup>

You had not found me here so musical:

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

DUKE.

'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm<sup>16</sup>

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.<sup>20</sup>

MARI.

You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

DUKE.

I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

MARI.

I am always bound to you.

*[Exit.*

*Enter Isabella.*

DUKE.

Very well met, and well come.<sup>28</sup>

What is the news from this good deputy?

ISAB.

He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,<sup>32</sup>  
That makes his opening with this bigger key;  
This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise<sup>36</sup>  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.

DUKE.

But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

ISAB.

I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:<sup>40</sup>  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me  
The way twice o'er.

DUKE.

Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

ISAB.

No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;  
And that I have possess'd him my most stay  
Can be but brief; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,<sup>48</sup>  
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother.

DUKE.

'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What ho! within! come forth.

*Re-enter Mariana.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;<sup>53</sup>  
She comes to do you good.

ISAB.

I do desire the like.

DUKE.

Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARI.

Good friar, I know you do, and oft have found it.<sup>56</sup>

DUKE.

Take then this your companion by the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;

The vaporous night approaches.

MARI.

Will't please you walk aside?<sup>60</sup>

*[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.]*

DUKE.

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes

Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report

Run with these false and most contrarious quests

Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit<sup>64</sup>

Make thee the father of their idle dream,

And rack thee in their fancies!

*Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.*

Welcome! How agreed?

ISAB.

She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,

If you advise it.

DUKE.

It is not my consent,<sup>68</sup>

But my entreaty too.

ISAB.

Little have you to say

When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

'Remember now my brother.'

MARI.

Fear me not.

DUKE.

Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract:73

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,

Sith that the justice of your title to him

Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:76

Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

### ***A Room In The Prison.***

*Enter Provost and Pompey.*

PROV.

Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

POM.

If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.5

PROV.

Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.15

POM.

Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

PROV.

What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?21

*Enter* Abhorson.

ABHOR.

Do you call, sir?

PROV.

Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.28

ABHOR.

A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

PROV.

Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

*[Exit.*

POM.

Pray, sir, by your good favour—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?36

ABHOR.

Ay, sir; a mystery.

POM.

Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

ABHOR.

Sir, it is a mystery.44

POM.

Proof?

ABHOR.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

POM.

If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.<sup>50</sup>

*Re-enter* Provost.

PROV.

Are you agreed?

POM.

Sir, I will serve him; for I do find that your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd, he doth often ask forgiveness.

PROV.

You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.<sup>56</sup>

ABHOR.

Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

POM.

I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

PROV.

Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

*[Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.]*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,<sup>64</sup>

Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter* Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?<sup>68</sup>

CLAUD.

As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones;

He will not wake.

PROV.

Who can do good on him?

Well, go; prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But hark, what noise?—<sup>72</sup>

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—[*Exit* Claudio.] By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve

For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter* Duke, *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

DUKE.

The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night<sup>76</sup>

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

PROV.

None since the curfew rung.

DUKE.

Not Isabel?

PROV.

No.

DUKE.

They will, then, ere't be long.

PROV.

What comfort is for Claudio?80

DUKE.

There's some in hope.

PROV.

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 subdue84

That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just.—[*Knocking within.*] Now are they come.

[*Exit* Provost.

This is a gentle provost: seldom when89

The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

[*Knocking.*

How now! What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.92

*Re-enter* Provost.

PROV.

There he must stay until the officer

Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

DUKE.

Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

PROV.

None, sir, none.<sup>96</sup>

DUKE.

As near the dawning, provost, as it is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

PROV.

Happily

You something know; yet, I believe there comes

No countermand: no such example have we.<sup>100</sup>

Besides, upon the very siege of justice,

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger.*

This is his lordship's man.

DUKE.

And here comes Claudio's pardon.<sup>104</sup>

MES.

[*Giving a paper.*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

PROV.

I shall obey him.

[*Exit Messenger.*

DUKE.

[*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in; 112

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

Now, sir, what news? 117

PROV.

I told you; Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before. 121

DUKE.

Pray you, let's hear.

PROV.

*Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir? 131

DUKE.

What is that Barnardine who is to be executed this afternoon?

PROV.

A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE.

How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.139

PROV.

His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

DUKE.

It is now apparent?144

PROV.

Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

DUKE.

Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

PROV.

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.152

DUKE.

He wants advice.

PROV.

He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.160

DUKE.

More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

PROV.

Pray, sir, in what?172

DUKE.

In the delaying death.

PROV.

Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's to cross this in the smallest.178

DUKE.

By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROV.

Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.184

DUKE.

O! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.192

PROV.

Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

DUKE.

Were you sworn to the duke or to the deputy?196

PROV.

To him, and to his substitutes.

DUKE.

You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?200

PROV.

But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE.

Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.209

PROV.

I know them both.

DUKE.

The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read if at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Another Room In The Same.***

*Enter* Pompey.

POM.

I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight, the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'<sup>21</sup>

*Enter* Abhorson.

ABHOR.

Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POM.

Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.<sup>24</sup>

ABHOR.

What ho! Barnardine!

BARNAR.

[*Within.*] A pox o' your throats!

Who makes that noise there? What are you?

POM.

Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARNAR.

[*Within.*] Away! you rogue, away!

I am sleepy.<sup>32</sup>

ABHOR.

Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POM.

Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.36

ABHOR.

Go in to him, and fetch him out.

POM.

He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

ABHOR.

Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?40

POM.

Very ready, sir.

*Enter*Barnardine.

BARNAR.

How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

ABHOR.

Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.46

BARNAR.

You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

POM.

O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.51

ABHOR.

Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

*Enter Duke, disguised as before.*

DUKE.

Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.<sup>56</sup>

BARNAR.

Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.<sup>61</sup>

DUKE.

O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.<sup>64</sup>

BARNAR.

I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

DUKE.

But hear you.

BARNAR.

Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to day.

*[Exit.*

*Enter Provost.*

DUKE.

Unfit to live or die. O, gravel heart!

After him fellows: bring him to the block.<sup>72</sup>

*[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

PROV.

Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE.

A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;  
And, to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

PROV.

Here in the prison, father, 76  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head  
Just of his colour. What if we do omit 80  
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd,  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

DUKE.

O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! 84  
Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,  
And sent according to command, whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die. 88

PROV.

This shall be done, good father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come 92  
If he were known alive?

DUKE.

Let this be done:

Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting

To the under generation, you shall find<sup>96</sup>

Your safety manifested.

PROV.

I am your free dependant.

DUKE.

Quick, dispatch,

And send the head to Angelo.

*[Exit Provost.*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—<sup>101</sup>

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<sup>104</sup>

To enter publicly: him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecrated fount

A league below the city; and from thence,

By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,<sup>108</sup>

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.]*

ISAB.

*[Within.]* Peace, ho, be here!

DUKE.

The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither; 116  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter* Isabella.

ISAB.

Ho! by your leave.

DUKE.

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter. 120

ISAB.

The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

DUKE.

He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:

His head is off and sent to Angelo.124

ISAB.

Nay, but it is not so.

DUKE.

It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

ISAB.

O! I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

DUKE.

You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISAB.

Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!131

DUKE.

This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes:136

One of our covent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, 140  
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,  
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, 144  
And general honour.

ISAB.

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 token, I desire his company 148  
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours,  
I'll 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, 152  
I am combined by a sacred vow  
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.  
Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart: trust not my holy order, 156  
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

*Enter* Lucio.

LUCIO.

Good even. Friar, where is the provost?

DUKE.

Not within, sir.160

LUCIO.

O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

*[Exit Isabella.*

DUKE.

Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.172

LUCIO.

Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

DUKE.

Well, you'll answer this one day.

Fare ye well.177

LUCIO.

Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

DUKE.

You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.182

LUCIO.

I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

DUKE.

Did you such a thing?

LUCIO.

Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar. 188

DUKE.

Sir, your company is fairer than honest.

Rest you well.

LUCIO.

By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***A Room In Angelo's House.***

*Enter Angelo and Escalus.*

ESCAL.

Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

ANG.

In most uneven and distracted manner.

His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

ESCAL.

I guess not. 8

ANG.

And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street? 12

ESCAL.

He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.16

ANG.

Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:

Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house;

Give notice to such men of sort and suit

As are to meet him.20

ESCAL.

I shall, sir: fare you well.

ANG.

Good night.—

[*Exit* Escalus.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid,

And by an eminent body that enforc'd25

The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no:28

For my authority bears so credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch:

But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,32

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,<sup>36</sup>

Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.—

***Fields Without The Town.***

*Enter Duke, in his own habit, and Friar Peter.*

DUKE.

These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,

And hold you ever to our special drift,<sup>4</sup>

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,<sup>8</sup>

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

But send me Flavius first.

F. PETER.

It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Varrius.*

DUKE.

I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.<sup>13</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—

***Street Near The City Gate.***

*Enter Isabella and Mariana.*

ISAB.

To speak so indirectly I am loath:

I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,

That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;

He says, to veil full purpose.

MARI.

Be rul'd by him.<sup>4</sup>

ISAB.

Besides, he tells me that if peradventure

He speak against me on the adverse side,

I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic

That's bitter to sweet end.<sup>8</sup>

MARI.

I would, Friar Peter—

ISAB.

O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter* Friar Peter.

F. PETER.

Come; I have found you out a stand most fit,  
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:  
The generous and gravest citizens  
Have hent the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*A Public Place Near The City Gate.*

Mariana, *veiled*, Isabella, *and* Friar Peter, *at their stand.* *Enter* Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens *at several doors.*

DUKE.

My very worthy cousin, fairly met!  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANG.

Happy return be to your royal Grace!

ESCAL.

Happy return be to your royal Grace!

DUKE.

Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear

Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

ANG.

You make my bonds still greater.<sup>8</sup>

DUKE.

O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves, with characters of brass,  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time<sup>12</sup>  
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,<sup>16</sup>  
You must walk by us on our other hand;  
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella *come forward*.

F. PETER.

Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

ISAB.

Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard  
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!<sup>21</sup>  
O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint<sup>24</sup>

And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

DUKE.

Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? Be brief;

Here is Lord Angelo, shall give you justice:

Reveal yourself to him.

ISAB.

O worthy duke!<sup>28</sup>

You bid me seek redemption of the devil.

Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,

Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!<sup>32</sup>

ANG.

My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother

Cut off by course of justice,—

ISAB.

By course of justice!

ANG.

And she will speak most bitterly and strange.<sup>36</sup>

ISAB.

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,<sup>40</sup>

A hypocrite, a virgin-violator;

Is it not strange, and strange?

DUKE.

Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISAB.

It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange;<sup>44</sup>

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

DUKE.

Away with her! poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

ISAB.

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st<sup>48</sup>

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible

That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible<sup>52</sup>

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,<sup>56</sup>

Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:

If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,

Had I more name for badness.

DUKE.

By mine honesty,

If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—60

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

ISAB.

O gracious duke!

Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason<sup>64</sup>

For inequality; but let your reason serve

To make the truth appear where it seems hid,

And hide the false seems true.

DUKE.

Many that are not mad

Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?<sup>68</sup>

ISAB.

I am the sister of one Claudio,

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.

I, in probation of a sisterhood,<sup>72</sup>

Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio

As then the messenger,—

LUCIO.

That's I, an't like your Grace:

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her

To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo<sup>76</sup>

For her poor brother's pardon.

ISAB.

That's he indeed.

DUKE.

You were not bid to speak.

LUCIO.

No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

DUKE.

I wish you now, then;

Pray you, take note of it; and when you have<sup>80</sup>

A business for yourself, pray heaven you then

Be perfect.

LUCIO.

I warrant your honour.

DUKE.

The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.<sup>84</sup>

ISAB.

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.

ISAB.

I went<sup>88</sup>

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

DUKE.

That's somewhat madly spoken.

ISAB.

Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

DUKE.

Mended again: the matter; proceed.

ISAB.

In brief, to set the needless process by,<sup>93</sup>

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,

How he refus'd me, and how I replied,—

For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion<sup>96</sup>

I now begin with grief and shame to utter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

Release my brother; and, after much debatement,<sup>100</sup>

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

For my poor brother's head.

DUKE.

This is most likely!104

ISAB.

O, that it were as like as it is true!

DUKE.

By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour

In hateful practice. First, his integrity108

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 on:113

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice

Thou cam'st here to complain.

ISAB.

And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,116

Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time

Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!120

DUKE.

I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.124

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

ISAB.

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;128

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!132

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

LUCIO.

But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,136

A very scurvy fellow.

F. PETER.

Bless'd be your royal Grace!

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, 140

Who is as free from touch or soil with her,

As she from one ungot.

DUKE.

We did believe no less.

Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. PETER.

I know him for a man divine and holy; 144

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,

As he's reported by this gentleman;

And, on my trust, a man that never yet

Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace. 148

LUCIO.

My lord, most villanously; believe it.

F. PETER.

Well; he in time may come to clear himself,

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,

Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request, 152

Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true and false; and what he with his oath 156

And all probation will make up full clear,

Whensoever he's converted. First, for this woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,

So vulgarly and personally accus'd, 160

Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,

Till she herself confess it.

DUKE.

Good friar, let's hear it.

*[Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.]*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—

O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! 164

Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak. 168

MARI.

Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face

Until my husband bid me.

DUKE.

What, are you married?

MARI.

No, my lord.

DUKE.

Are you a maid?

MARI.

No, my lord.

DUKE.

A widow, then?

MARI.

Neither, my lord.

DUKE.

Why, you

Are nothing, then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

LUCIO.

My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.176

DUKE.

Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

LUCIO.

Well, my lord.

MARI.

My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;180

And I confess besides I am no maid:

I have known my husband yet my husband knows not

That ever he knew me.

LUCIO.

He was drunk then my lord: it can be no better.184

DUKE.

For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

LUCIO.

Well, my lord.

DUKE.

This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

MARI.

Now I come to't, my lord:188

She that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms,192

With all th' effect of love.

ANG.

Charges she moe than me?

MARI.

Not that I know.

DUKE.

No? you say your husband.

MARI.

Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body197

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

ANG.

This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARI.

My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

*[Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,201

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body204

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

In her imagin'd person.

DUKE.

Know you this woman?

LUCIO.

Carnally, she says.

DUKE.

Sirrah, no more!208

LUCIO.

Enough, my lord.

ANG.

My lord, I must confess I know this woman;210

And five years since there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt 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 disvalu'd  
In levity: since which time of five years<sup>216</sup>  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
Upon my faith and honour.

MARI.

Noble prince,  
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,  
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly<sup>221</sup>  
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,<sup>224</sup>  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees  
Or else for ever be confixed here,  
A marble monument.

ANG.

I did but smile till now:  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;  
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive<sup>229</sup>  
These poor informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member  
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

DUKE.

Ay, with my heart;<sup>233</sup>

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.  
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,236  
Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
Were testimonies against his worth and credit  
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.241  
There is another friar that set them on;  
Let him be sent for.

F. PETER.

Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed244  
Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
Your provost knows the place where he abides  
And he may fetch him.

DUKE.

Go do it instantly.

*[Exit Provost.*

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,250  
In any chastisement: I for awhile will leave you;  
But stir not you, till you have well determin'd  
Upon these slanderers.

ESCAL.

My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—

[*Exit* Duke.

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that

Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?256

LUCIO.

Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.260

ESCAL.

We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

LUCIO.

As any in Vienna, on my word.264

ESCAL.

Call that same Isabel here once again:

I would speak with her. [*Exit* an Attendant.]

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.268

LUCIO.

Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCAL.

Say you?

LUCIO.

Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

ESCAL.

I will go darkly to work with her.274

LUCIO.

That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

*Re-enter Officers with Isabella.*

ESCAL.

[*To Isab.*] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

LUCIO.

My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

ESCAL.

In very good time: speak not you to him, till we call upon you.282

*Enter Duke, disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

LUCIO.

Mum.

ESCAL.

Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

DUKE.

'Tis false.

ESCAL.

How! know you where you are?288

DUKE.

Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

ESCAL.

The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:292

Look you speak justly.

DUKE.

Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls!

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,297

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth

Which here you come to accuse.300

LUCIO.

This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

ESCAL.

Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,305

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself.

To tax him with injustice? take him hence;308

To the rack with him! We'll touse you joint by joint,

But we will know his purpose. What! 'unjust'?

DUKE.

Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,313

Nor here provincial. My business in this state

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,317

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark.320

ESCAL.

Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

ANG.

What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO.

'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?325

DUKE.

I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.328

LUCIO.

O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

DUKE.

Most notably, sir.

LUCIO.

Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?334

DUKE.

You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

LUCIO.

O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE.

I protest I love the duke as I love myself.340

ANG.

Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

ESCAL.

Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal.

Away with him to prison! Where is the provost?344

Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough on him, let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!348

*[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.]*

DUKE.

Stay, sir; stay awhile.

ANG.

What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO.

Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheepbiting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?356

*[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.]*

DUKE.

Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

*[To Lucio.]* Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him. 360

LUCIO.

This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE.

*[To Escalus.]* What you have spoke I pardon; sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. *[To Angelo.]* Sir, by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, 364

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

ANG.

O my dread lord!

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, 368

To think I can be undiscernible

When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame, 372

But let my trial be mine own confession:

Immediate sentence then and sequent death

Is all the grace I beg.

DUKE.

Come hither, Mariana,

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANG.

I was, my lord.<sup>377</sup>

DUKE.

Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, *and* Provost.

ESCAL.

My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour<sup>381</sup>

Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE.

Come hither, Isabel.

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then

Advertising and holy to your business,<sup>384</sup>

Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attorney'd at your service.

ISAB.

O, give me pardon,

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown sovereignty!

DUKE.

You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.<sup>389</sup>

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,

Labouring to save his life, and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power

Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid!

It was the swift celerity of his death,<sup>395</sup>

Which I did think with slower foot came 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 comfort,

So happy is your brother.

ISAB.

I do, my lord.<sup>400</sup>

*Re-enter* Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, *and* Provost.

DUKE.

For this new-married man approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well-defended honour, you must pardon

For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your brother,—<sup>404</sup>

Being criminal, in double violation

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,

Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—

The very mercy of the law cries out<sup>408</sup>

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

‘An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!’

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.<sup>412</sup>

Then, Angelo, thy fault’s thus manifested,

Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block

Where Claudio stoop’d to death, and with like haste.<sup>416</sup>

Away with him!

MARI.

O, my most gracious lord!

I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE.

It is your husband mock’d you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,<sup>420</sup>

I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life

And choke your good to come. For his possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,<sup>424</sup>

We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

MARI.

O my dear lord!

I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE.

Never crave him; we are definitive.428

MARI.

[*Kneeling.*] Gentle my liege,—

DUKE.

You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death! [*To Lucio.*] Now, sir, to you.

MARI.

O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part:

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,

I'll lend you all my life to do you service,433

DUKE.

Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,

And take her hence in horror.

MARI.

Isabel,437

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:

Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults,440

And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad: so may my husband.

O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?443

DUKE.

He dies for Claudio's death.

ISAB.

[*Kneeling.*] Most bounteous sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd. I partly think

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me: since it is so,<sup>448</sup>

Let him not die. My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;<sup>452</sup>

And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects;

Intents but merely thoughts.

MARI.

Merely, my lord.

DUKE.

Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.<sup>456</sup>

I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

PROV.

It was commanded so.

DUKE.

Had you a special warrant for the deed?460

PROV.

No, my good lord; it was by private message.

DUKE.

For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

PROV.

Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,464

Yet did repent me, after more advice;

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have died

I have reserv'd alive.

DUKE.

What's he?

PROV.

His name is Barnardine.

DUKE.

I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him.

[*Exit*Provost.

ESCAL.

I am sorry, one so learned and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,472  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

ANG.

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart476  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter* Provost, *with* Barnardine, Claudio *muffled*, and Juliet.

DUKE.

Which is that Barnardine?

PROV.

This, my lord.

DUKE.

There was a friar told me of this man.  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no further than this world,482  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd:  
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,484  
And pray thee take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come. Friar, advise him:  
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

PROV.

This is another prisoner that I sav'd,

That should have died when Claudio lost his head,489

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* Claudio.

DUKE.

[*To* Isabella.] If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake492

Give me your hand and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.

By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe:

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.496

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:

Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself,

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—

[*To* Lucio.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,501

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus?504

LUCIO.

'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.508

DUKE.

Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,

If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,513  
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

LUCIO.

I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

DUKE.

Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.520  
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO.

Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.525

DUKE.

Slandering a prince deserves it.  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.  
Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo:528  
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:  
There's more behind that is more grate.530  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;532  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 536

I have a motion much imports your good;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show 540

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS,	Duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON,	a Merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, {	Twin Brothers, sons to Ægeon and Æmilia.
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, {	
DROMIO of Ephesus, {	Twin Brothers, attendants on the two Antipholuses.
DROMIO of Syracuse, {	
BALTHAZAR,	a Merchant.
ANGELO,	a Goldsmith.
Merchant,	Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
A Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.	
PINCH,	a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.
ÆMILIA,	Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA,	Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA,	her Sister.
LUCE,	Servant to Andriana,
A Courtezan.	
Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.	

Scene.—*Ephesus.*

### ACT I.

Scene I.—

#### *A Hall In The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

ÆGE.

Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

DUKE.

Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.  
I am not partial to infringe our laws:<sup>4</sup>  
The enmity and discord which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,  
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,<sup>8</sup>  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,<sup>12</sup>  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,  
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns:  
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus<sup>16</sup>  
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;  
Again, if any Syracusian born  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;<sup>20</sup>  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;24

Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

ÆGE.

Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

DUKE.

Well, Syracusian; say, in brief the cause28

Why thou departedst from thy native home,

And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

ÆGE.

A heavier task could not have been impos'd

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;32

Yet, that the world may witness that my end

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed36

Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd

By prosperous voyages I often made40

To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself,—almost at fainting under45

The pleasing punishment that women bear,—  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon and safe arrived where I was.<sup>48</sup>  
There had she not been long but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.<sup>52</sup>  
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
A meaner woman was delivered  
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.  
Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—  
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.<sup>57</sup>  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return:  
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon<sup>60</sup>  
We came aboard.  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:<sup>64</sup>  
But longer did we not retain much hope;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;<sup>68</sup>  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,<sup>72</sup>  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was, for other means was none:  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,<sup>76</sup>  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:  
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;<sup>80</sup>  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,<sup>84</sup>  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,<sup>88</sup>  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,  
And, by the benefit of his wished light  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us;<sup>92</sup>  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
But ere they came,—O! let me say no more;  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

DUKE.

Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;96

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

ÆGE.

O! had the gods done so, I had not now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us!

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,100

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently borne upon,

Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;

So that, in this unjust divorce of us104

Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened

With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,108

Was carried with more speed before the wind,

And in our sight they three were taken up

By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;112

And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,

Gave healthful welcome to their ship-wrack'd guests;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail;116

And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,

That by misfortune was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps. 120

DUKE.

And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

ÆGE.

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, 124  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother; and importun'd me  
That his attendant—for his case was like,  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—128  
Might bear him company in the quest of him;  
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, 133  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,  
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought  
Or that or any place that harbours men. 136  
But here must end the story of my life;  
And happy were I in my timely death,  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE.

Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd 140

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.145  
But though thou art adjudged to the death  
And passed sentence may not be recall'd  
But to our honour's great disparagement,148  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day  
To seek thy life by beneficial help.  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;152  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.  
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

GAOL.

I will, my lord.156

ÆGE.

Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Mart.***

*Enter* Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, *and* a Merchant.

MER.

Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusian merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;<sup>4</sup>  
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 your money that I had to keep.<sup>8</sup>

ANT. S.

Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,<sup>12</sup>  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return and sleep within mine inn,  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.<sup>16</sup>

DRO. S.

Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit.*

ANT. S.

A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,<sup>20</sup>

Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

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 benefit;<sup>25</sup>

I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,

Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,

And afterward consort you till bed-time:<sup>28</sup>

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 your own content.

[*Exit.*

ANT. S.

He that commends me to mine own content,<sup>33</sup>

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

I to the world am like a drop of water

That in the ocean seeks another drop;<sup>36</sup>

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother and a brother,

In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.<sup>40</sup>

*Enter* Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.

What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

DRO. E.

Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,<sup>44</sup>

The clock hath stricken twelve 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;<sup>49</sup>

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.<sup>52</sup>

ANT. S.

Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

DRO. E.

O!—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;<sup>56</sup>

The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

ANT. S.

I am not in a sportive humour now.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?61

DRO. E.

I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.

I from my mistress come to you in post;

If I return, I shall be post indeed,64

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock

And strike you home without a messenger.

ANT. S.

Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season;68

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DRO. E.

To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

ANT. S.

Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,72

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

DRO. E.

My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:

My mistress and her sister stays for you.76

ANT. S.

Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.<sup>80</sup>  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DRO. E.

I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.<sup>84</sup>  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

ANT. S.

Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

DRO. E.

Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;<sup>88</sup>  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANT. S.

What! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.<sup>92</sup>

*[Strikes him.]*

DRO. E.

What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!  
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

*[Exit.]*

ANT. S.

Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.<sup>96</sup>

They say this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,<sup>100</sup>

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such-like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:<sup>104</sup>

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***The House Of Antipholus Of Ephesus.***

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

ADR.

Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUC.

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,<sup>4</sup>

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 they see time,<sup>8</sup>

They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

ADR.

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUC.

Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADR.

Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.<sup>12</sup>

LUC.

O! know he is the bridle of your will.

ADR.

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUC.

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye<sup>16</sup>

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subjects and at their controls.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,<sup>20</sup>

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females and their lords:24

Then, let your will attend on their accords.

ADR.

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUC.

Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

ADR.

But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.28

LUC.

Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADR.

How if your husband start some other where?

LUC.

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR.

Patience unmov'd! no marvel though she pause;32

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,36

As much, or more we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft.40

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

LUC.

Well, I will marry one day, but to try.

Here comes your man: now is your husband nigh.

*Enter* Dromio of Ephesus.

ADR.

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?<sup>44</sup>

DRO. E.

Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ADR.

Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

DRO. E.

Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.<sup>48</sup>

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUC.

Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

DRO. E.

Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

ADR.

But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.<sup>56</sup>

DRO. E.

Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

ADR.

Horn-mad, thou villain!

DRO. E.

I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,<sup>60</sup>

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner time,' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he:

'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'my gold!' quoth he:

'Will you come home?' quoth I: 'my gold!' quoth he:<sup>64</sup>

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'

'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'my gold!' quoth he:

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I: 'hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!'

LUC.

Quoth who?<sup>69</sup>

DRO. E.

Quoth my master:

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,<sup>72</sup>

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADR.

Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DRO. E.

Go back again, and be new beaten home?<sup>76</sup>

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADR.

Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DRO. E.

And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you, I shall have a holy head.<sup>80</sup>

ADR.

Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

DRO. E.

Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:<sup>84</sup>

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

*[Exit.*

LUC.

Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

ADR.

His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.<sup>88</sup>

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,92  
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:  
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
That's not my fault; he's master of my state:  
What ruins are in me that can be found96  
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair  
A sunny look of his would soon repair;  
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale100  
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

LUC.

Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence.

ADR.

Unfeeling fools can with such wrengs dispense.  
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,104  
Or else what lets it but he would be here?  
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain:  
Would that alone, alone he would detain,  
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!108  
I see, the jewel best enamelled  
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still  
That others touch, yet often touching will  
Wear gold; and no man that hath a name,112  
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.  
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

LUC.

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***A Public Place.***

*Enter* Antipholus of Syracuse.

ANT. S.

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,<sup>4</sup>  
I could not speak with Dromio since at first  
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

*Enter* Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.<sup>8</sup>  
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?<sup>12</sup>

DRO. S.

What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

ANT. S.

Even now, even here, not half-an-hour since.

DRO. S.

I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.16

ANT. S.

Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,  
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

DRO. S.

I am glad to see you in this merry vein:20  
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANT. S.

Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?  
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

*[Beating him.]*

DRO. S.

Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest.24  
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANT. S.

Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,28  
And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,<sup>32</sup>

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

DRO. S.

Sconce, 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 sconce for my head and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?<sup>40</sup>

ANT. S.

Dost thou not know?

DRO. S.

Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANT. S.

Shall I tell you why?

DRO. S.

Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.<sup>45</sup>

ANT. S.

Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

DRO. S.

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,<sup>48</sup>

When, in the why and the wherefore is neither rime nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

ANT. S.

Thank me, sir! for what?

DRO. S.

Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.53

ANT. S.

I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?56

DRO. S.

No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have

ANT. S.

In good time, sir; what's that?

DRO. S.

Basting.60

ANT. S.

Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

DRO. S.

If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

ANT. S.

Your reason?

DRO. S.

Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.65

ANT. S.

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

DRO. S.

I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.69

ANT. S.

By what rule, sir?

DRO. S.

Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.72

ANT. S.

Let's hear it.

DRO. S.

There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S.

May he not do it by fine and recovery?77

DRO. S.

Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S.

Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?81

DRO. S.

Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.84

ANT. S.

Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S.

Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.88

ANT. S.

Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DRO. S.

The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet be loseth it in a kind of jollity.<sup>92</sup>

ANT. S.

For what reason?

DRO. S.

For two; and sound ones too.

ANT. S.

Nay, not sound, I pray you.

DRO. S.

Sure ones then.<sup>96</sup>

ANT. S.

Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

DRO. S.

Certain ones, then.

ANT. S.

Name them.

DRO. S.

The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

ANT. S.

You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.<sup>104</sup>

DRO. S.

Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANT. S.

But your reason was not substantial, why there is not time to recover.108

DRO. S.

Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

ANT. S.

I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion.

But soft! who wafts us yonder?113

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

ADR.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.116

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,120

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself?124

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
Ah! do not tear away thyself from me,128  
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,132  
As take from me thyself and not me too.  
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,  
And that this body, consecrate to thee,136  
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!  
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,  
And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,140  
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring  
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?  
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.  
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;144  
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:  
For if we two be one and thou play false,  
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.148  
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;  
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

ANT. S.

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,152

As strange unto your town as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

LUC.

Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!156

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANT. S.

By Dromio?

DRO. S.

By me?

ADR.

By thee; and this thou didst return from him,

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

ANT. S

Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-woman?164

What is the course and drift of your compact?

DRO. S.

I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANT. S.

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.168

DRO. S.

I never spake with her in all my life.

ANT. S.

How can she thus then, call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

ADR.

How ill agrees it with your gravity172

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

A betting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.176

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,181

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.184

ANT. S.

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme!

What! was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?188

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

LUC.

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner

DRO. S.

O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.192

This is the fairy land: O! spite of spites.

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.196

LUC.

Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

DRO. S.

I am transformed, master, am not I?

ANT. S.

I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

DRO. S.

Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.201

ANT. S.

Thou hast thine own form.

DRO. S.

No, I am an ape.

LUC.

If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

DRO. S.

'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.204

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADR.

Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,208

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.212

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

ANT. S.

[*Aside.*] Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?216

Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.220

DRO. S.

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADR.

Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUC.

Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### Scene I.—

#### ***Before The House Of Antipholus Of Ephesus.***

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.*

ANT. E.

Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop

To see the making of her carkanet,<sup>4</sup>

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain, that would face me down

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.<sup>9</sup>

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

DRO. E.

Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:12

If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

ANT. E.

I think thou art an ass.

DRO. E.

Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,17

You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

ANT. E.

You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here.20

BAL.

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

ANT. E.

O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

BAL.

Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.24

ANT. E.

And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

BAL.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

ANT. E.

Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;28

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

DRO. E.

Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!32

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

DRO. E.

What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.36

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

ANT. E.

Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

ANT. E.

Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.40

DRO. S.

Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

ANT. E.

What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

DRO. E.

O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:44

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

LUCE.

[*Within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio! who are those at the gate?48

DRO. E.

Let my master in, Luce.

LUCE.

[*Within.*] Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

DRO. E.

O Lord! I must laugh.

Have at you with a proverb: Shall I set in my staff?

LUCE.

[*Within.*] Have at you with another: that's—when? can you tell?52

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

ANT. E.

Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I trow?

LUCE.

[*Within.*] I thought to have ask'd you.

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] And you said, no.

DRO. E.

So come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.<sup>56</sup>

ANT. E.

Thou baggage, let me in.

LUCE.

[*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

DRO. E.

Master, knock the door hard.

LUCE.

[*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

ANT. E.

You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

LUCE.

[*Within.*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?<sup>60</sup>

ADR.

[*Within.*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys.

ANT. E.

Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

ADR.

[*Within.*] Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.64

DRO. E.

If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

ANG.

Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

BAL.

In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

DRO. E.

They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.68

ANT. E.

There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

DRO. E.

You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.72

ANT. E.

Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

DRO. E.

A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.76

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] It seems thou wantest breaking: out upon thee, hind!

DRO. E.

Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

DRO. S.

[*Within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

ANT. E.

Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.80

DRO. E.

A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

ANT. E.

Go get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.84

BAL.

Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.88

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse92

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And about evening come yourself alone,<sup>96</sup>

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it,<sup>100</sup>

And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;

For slander lives upon succession,<sup>105</sup>

For ever housed where it gets possession.

ANT. E.

You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.<sup>108</sup>

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle:

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife,—but, I protest, without desert,—<sup>112</sup>

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:

To her will we to dinner. [*To Angelo.*] Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;<sup>116</sup>

For there's the house: that chain will I bestow,  
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,  
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.  
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

ANG.

I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

ANT. E.

Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same.***

*Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.*

LUC.

And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?<sup>4</sup>  
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;<sup>8</sup>  
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 vice like virtue's harbinger; 12  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?  
What simple thief brags of his own attainment?  
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed, 17  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20  
Alas! poor women, make us but believe,  
Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
We in your motion turn, and you may move us. 24  
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. 28  
ANT. S.  
Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,  
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—  
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not  
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine. 32  
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:  
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.36

Against my soul's pure 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.40

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.44

O! train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister flood of tears:

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them and there lie;49

And, in that glorious supposition think

He gains by death that hath such means to die:

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

LUC.

What! are you mad, that you do reason so?53

ANT. S.

Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

LUC.

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANT. S.

For gazing on your beams; fair sun, being by.56

LUC.

Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANT. S.

As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

LUC.

Why call you me love? call my sister so.

ANT. S.

Thy sister's sister.

LUC.

That's my sister.

ANT. S.

No;60

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUC.

All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANT. S.

Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.

Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:

Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.68

Give me thy hand.

LUC.

O! soft, sir; hold you still:

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Dromio of Syracuse, *hastily.*

ANT. S.

Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?<sup>72</sup>

DRO. S.

Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

ANT. S.

Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.<sup>76</sup>

DRO. S.

I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

ANT. S.

What woman's man? and how besides thyself?<sup>80</sup>

DRO. S.

Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANT. S.

What claim lays she to thee?<sup>84</sup>

DRO. S.

Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.<sup>89</sup>

ANT. S.

What is she?

DRO. S.

A very reverent body; aye, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, 'Sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT. S.

How dost thou mean a fat marriage?96

DRO. S.

Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter; if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT. S.

What complexion is she of?104

DRO. S.

Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANT. S.

That's a fault that water will mend.

DRO. S.

No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.110

ANT. S.

What's her name?

DRO. S.

Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters,—that is, an ell and three quarters,—will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANT. S.

Then she bears some breadth?115

DRO. S.

No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

ANT. S.

In what part of her body stands Ireland?120

DRO. S.

Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S.

Where Scotland?

DRO. S.

I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.125

ANT. S.

Where France?

DRO. S.

In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.128

ANT. S.

Where England?

DRO. S.

I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.133

ANT. S.

Where Spain?

DRO. S.

Faith, I saw not; but I felt it hot in her breath. 136

ANT. S.

Where America, the Indies?

DRO. S.

O, sir! upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose. 142

ANT. S.

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DRO. S.

O, sir! I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch. 150

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i' the wheel.

ANT. S.

Go hie thee presently post to the road:

An if the wind blow any way from shore, 154

I will not harbour in this town to-night:

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us and we know none, 158

'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DRO. S.

As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife.

*[Exit.*

ANT. S.

There's none but witches do inhabit here,  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister, 165  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself: 168  
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter Angelo.*

ANG.

Master Antipholus!

ANT. S.

Ay, that's my name. 172

ANG.

I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;  
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANT. S.

What is your will that I shall do with this? 176

ANG.

What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

ANT. S.

Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not

ANG.

Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you, 181

And then receive my money for the chain.

ANT. S.

I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANG.

You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.

*[Exit, leaving the chain.]*

ANT. S.

What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain. 188

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:

If any ship put out, then straight away.

*[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

*A Public Place.*

*Enter* Second Merchant, Angelo,*and* an Officer.

MER.

You know since Pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:<sup>4</sup>  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

ANG.

Even just the sum that I do owe to you  
Is growing to me by Antipholus;<sup>8</sup>  
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 same.  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.<sup>13</sup>

*Enter* Antipholus of Ephesus *and* Dromio of Ephesus *from the Courtezan's*.

OFF.

That labour may you save: see where he comes.

ANT. E.

While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end, that I will bestow<sup>16</sup>  
Among my wife and her confederates,  
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.<sup>20</sup>

DRO. E.

I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope!

[*Exit.*

ANT. E.

A man is well help up that trusts to you:  
I promised your presence and the chain;  
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.<sup>24</sup>  
Belike you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

ANG.

Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat.<sup>28</sup>  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,<sup>32</sup>  
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

ANT. E.

I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,36

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:

Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

ANG.

Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself?40

ANT. E.

No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

ANG.

Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

ANT. E.

An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,

Or else you may return without your money.44

ANG.

Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

ANT. E.

Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse48

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

I should have chid you for not bringing it,

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

MER.

The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.52

ANG.

You hear how he importunes me: the chain!

ANT. E.

Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.

ANG.

Come, come; you know I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain or send by me some token.

ANT. E.

Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

MER.

My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no:60

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

ANT. E.

I answer you! what should I answer you?

ANG.

The money that you owe me for the chain.

ANT. E.

I owe you none till I receive the chain.

ANG.

You know I gave it you half an hour since.65

ANT. E.

You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

ANG.

You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.<sup>68</sup>

MER.

Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

OFF.

I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

ANG.

This touches me in reputation.<sup>72</sup>

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

ANT. E.

Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.<sup>76</sup>

ANG.

Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

OFF.

I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.<sup>80</sup>

ANT. E.

I do obey thee till I give thee bail.

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

ANG.

Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,<sup>84</sup>

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter* Dromio of Syracuse.

DRO. S.

Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought<sup>89</sup>

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all<sup>92</sup>

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

ANT. E.

How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

DRO. S.

A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.<sup>96</sup>

ANT. E.

Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

DRO. S.

You sent me for a rope's end as soon:

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.100

ANT. E.

I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk<sup>104</sup>

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone!

On, officer, to prison till it come.109

[*Exeunt* Merchant, Angelo, Officer, *and* Antipholus of Ephesus.

DRO. S.

To Adriana! that is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.112

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***A Room In The House Of*** Antipholus Of Ephesus.

*Enter* Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADR.

Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mights thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?  
Look'd he or red or pale? or sad or merrily?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case<sup>5</sup>  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

LUC.

First he denied you had in him no right.

ADR.

He meant he did me none; the more my spite.<sup>8</sup>

LUC.

Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

ADR.

And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

LUC.

Then pleaded I for you.

ADR.

And what said he?

LUC.

That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.<sup>12</sup>

ADR.

With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

LUC.

With words that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

ADR.

Didst speak him fair?

LUC.

Have patience, I beseech.

ADR.

I cannot, nor I will not hold me still:

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where:20

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

LUC.

Who would be jealous then, of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.24

ADR.

Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.28

*Enter*Dromio of Syracuse.

DRO. S.

Here, go: the desk! the purse! sweet, now, make haste.

LUC.

How hast thou lost thy breath?

DRO. S.

By running fast.

ADR.

Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

DRO. S.

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.<sup>32</sup>

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;<sup>36</sup>

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter and yet draws dryfoot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.<sup>40</sup>

ADR.

Why, man, what is the matter?

DRO. S.

I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

ADR.

What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

DRO. S.

I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;<sup>44</sup>

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

ADR.

Go fetch it, sister.—[*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at:

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:48

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

DRO. S.

Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;

A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring?

ADR.

What, the chain?52

DRO. S.

No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

ADR.

The hours come back! that did I never hear.

DRO. S.

O yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.56

ADR.

As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

DRO. S.

Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day?60

If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Re-enter* Luciana.

ADR.

Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.64

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit; Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***A Public Place.***

*Enter* Antipholus of Syracuse.

ANT. S.

There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,

As if I were their well acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me; some invite me;4

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy:

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And therewithal, took measure of my body.9

Sure these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter* Dromio of Syracuse.

DRO. S.

Master, here's the gold you sent me for.12

What! have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?

ANT. S.

What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

DRO. S.

Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

ANT. S.

I understand thee not.<sup>20</sup>

DRO. S.

No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

ANT. S.

What, thou meanest an officer?<sup>28</sup>

DRO. S.

Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'<sup>32</sup>

ANT. S.

Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

DRO. S.

Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.<sup>40</sup>

ANT. S.

The fellow is distract, and so am I;

And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan.*

COUR.

Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:45

Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

ANT. S.

Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

DRO. S.

Master, is this Mistress Satan?48

ANT. S.

It is the devil.

DRO. S.

Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me;' that's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

COUR.

Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.60

DRO. S.

Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, so bespeak a long spoon.

ANT. S.

Why, Dromio?

DRO. S.

Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.65

ANT. S.

Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.68

COUR.

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd,

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

DRO. S.

Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,72

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise: an if you give it her,76

The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

COUR.

I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

ANT. S.

Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.80

DRO. S.

'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt* Antipholus of Syracuse *and* Dromio of Syracuse.

COUR.

Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself.  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,<sup>84</sup>  
And for the same he promis'd 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,<sup>88</sup>  
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance  
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.<sup>92</sup>  
My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,<sup>96</sup>  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.—

***A Street.***

*Enter* Antipholus of Ephesus *and the* Officer.

ANT. 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,<sup>4</sup>

And will not lightly trust the messenger.

That I should be attach'd 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.<sup>8</sup>

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

DRO. E.

Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

ANT. E.

But where's the money?

DRO. E.

Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.<sup>12</sup>

ANT. E.

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DRO. E.

I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

ANT. E.

To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DRO. E.

To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.<sup>16</sup>

ANT. E.

And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

*[Beats him.]*

OFF.

Good sir, be patient.

DRO. E.

Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

OFF.

Good now, hold thy tongue.<sup>20</sup>

DRO. E.

Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

ANT. E.

Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

DRO. E.

I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.<sup>25</sup>

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 heats 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 wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.<sup>40</sup>

ANT. E.

Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Enter* Adriana, Luciana, *the* Courtezan, *and* Pinch.

DRO. E.

Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,  
'Beware the rope's end.' 45

ANT. E.

Wilt thou still talk?

[*Beats him.*

COUR.

How say you now? is not your husband mad?

ADR.

His incivility confirms no less. 48

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

LUC.

Alas! how fiery and how sharp he looks.

COUR.

Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

PINCH.

Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

ANT. E.

There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

[*Strikes him.*

PINCH.

I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,<sup>56</sup>

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

ANT. E.

Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.<sup>60</sup>

ADR.

O! that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

ANT. E.

You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,<sup>64</sup>

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut

And I denied to enter in my house?

ADR.

O husband, God doth know you din'd at home;

Where would you had remain'd until this time.

Free from these slanders and this open shame!

ANT. E.

Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

DRO. E.

Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

ANT. E.

Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?72

DRO. E.

Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

ANT. E.

And did not she herself revile me there?

DRO. E.

Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

ANT. E.

Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?76

DRO. E.

Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

ANT. E.

And did not I in rage depart from thence?

DRO. E.

In verity you did: my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.80

ADR.

Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

PINCH.

It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

ANT. E.

Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.84

ADR.

Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

DRO. E.

Money by me! heart and good will you might;  
But surely, master, not a rag of money.<sup>88</sup>

ANT. E.

Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

ADR.

He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

LUC.

And I am witness with her that she did.

DRO. E.

God and the rope-maker bear me witness<sup>92</sup>  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

PINCH.

Mistress, both man and master is possess'd:  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.  
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.<sup>96</sup>

ANT. E.

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADR.

I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

DRO. E.

And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;100

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

ADR.

Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.

ANT. E.

Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack104

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;

But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

ADR.

O! bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.108

PINCH.

More company! the fiend is strong within him.

LUC.

Ay me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

*Enter three or four and bind*Antipholus of Ephesus.

ANT. E.

What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them112

To make a rescue?

OFF.

Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PINCH.

Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[*They bind* Dromio of Ephesus.

ADR.

What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man<sup>117</sup>

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

OFF.

He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.<sup>120</sup>

ADR.

I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good Master doctor, see him safe convey'd<sup>124</sup>

Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

ANT. E.

O most unhappy strumpet!

DRO. E.

Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

ANT. E.

Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?<sup>128</sup>

DRO. E.

Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, 'the devil!'

LUC.

God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.

ADR.

Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.—132

[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants with Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

OFF.

One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

ADR.

I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

OFF.

Two hundred ducats.

ADR.

Say, how grows it due?136

OFF.

Due for a chain your husband had of him.

ADR.

He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

COUR.

When as your husband all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—141

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

ADR.

It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large. 145

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse, with rapiers drawn.*

LUC.

God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

ADR.

And come with naked swords. Let's call more help

To have them bound again.

OFF.

Away! they'll kill us.

*[Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, and Officer.]*

ANT. S.

I see, these witches are afraid of swords. 149

DRO. S.

She that would be your wife now ran from you.

ANT. S.

Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard. 152

DRO. S.

Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

ANT. S.

I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.160

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***A Street Before An Abbey.***

*Enter Merchant and Angelo.*

ANG.

I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

MER.

How is the man esteem'd here in the city?4

ANG.

Of very reverend reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly below'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city:

His word might bear my wealth at any time.8

MER.

Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.*

ANG.

'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck

Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.<sup>12</sup>

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny<sup>16</sup>

This chain which now you wear so openly:

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who, but for staying on our controversy,<sup>20</sup>

Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

ANT. S.

I think I had: I never did deny it.

MER.

Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

ANT. S.

Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?<sup>25</sup>

MER.

These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.<sup>28</sup>

ANT. S.

Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

MER.

I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.<sup>32</sup>

*[They draw.]*

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Others.*

ADR.

Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away.

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

DRO. S.

Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!<sup>36</sup>

This is some priory: in, or we are spoil'd.

*[Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse to the Abbey.]*

*Enter the Abbess.*

ABB.

Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

ADR.

To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,<sup>40</sup>

And bear him home for his recovery.

ANG.

I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

MER.

I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

ABB.

How long hath this possession held the man?44

ADR.

This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was;

But, till this afternoon his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.48

ABB.

Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,52

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

ADR.

To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

ABB.

You should for that have reprehended him.57

ADR.

Why, so I did.

ABB.

Ay, but not rough enough.

ADR.

As roughly as my modesty would let me.

ABB.

Haply, in private.

ADR.

And in assemblies too.60

ABB.

Ay, but not enough.

ADR.

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;64

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 thereof came it that the man was mad:68

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.72

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:  
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?<sup>76</sup>  
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:  
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
But moody moping, and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,<sup>80</sup>  
And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?  
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:<sup>84</sup>  
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

LUC.

She never reprehended him but mildly  
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.<sup>88</sup>  
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

ADR.

She did betray me to my own reproof.  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

ABB.

No; not a creature enters in my house.

ADR.

Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.<sup>93</sup>

ABB.

Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,<sup>96</sup>  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

ADR.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney but myself;<sup>100</sup>  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

ABB.

Be patient; for I will not let him stir  
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again.<sup>105</sup>  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order;  
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

ADR.

I will not hence and leave my husband here;<sup>109</sup>  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness  
To separate the husband and the wife.

ABB.

Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit.*

LUC.

Complain unto the duke of this indignity.113

ADR.

Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

SEC. MER.

By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,120  
The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

ANG.

Upon what cause?

SEC. MER.

To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,124  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

ANG.

See where they come: we will behold his death.128

LUC.

Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended; Ægeon bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

DUKE.

Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die; so much we tender him. 132

ADR.

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.

ADR.

May it please your Grace, Antipholus, my husband, 136  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters, this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,  
That desperately he hurried through the street,—  
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—141  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like. 144  
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went  
That here and there his fury had committed.  
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape, 148  
He broke from those that had the guard of him,

And with his mad attendant and himself,  
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords  
Met us again, and, madly bent on us<sup>152</sup>  
Chas'd us away, till, raising of more aid  
We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;  
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,<sup>156</sup>  
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.  
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command  
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.<sup>160</sup>

DUKE.

Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,  
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could.<sup>164</sup>

Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate  
And bid the lady abbess come to me.

I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV.

O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself!<sup>168</sup>  
My master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,  
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;

And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him<sup>172</sup>  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.  
My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;  
And sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.<sup>177</sup>

ADR.

Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,  
And that is false thou dost report to us.

SERV.

Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.<sup>181</sup>  
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,  
To scotch your face, and to disfigure you.

*[Cry within.*

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

DUKE.

Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!<sup>185</sup>

ADR.

Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,<sup>188</sup>  
And now he's here, past thought of human reason.  
*Enter* Antipholus of Ephesus *and* Dromio of Ephesus.

ANT. E.

Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice,  
Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

ÆGE.

Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio!

ANT. E.

Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!  
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

DUKE.

Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

ANT. E.

This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,  
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

DUKE.

A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

ADR.

No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister  
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul<sup>208</sup>  
As this is false he burdens me withal!

LUC.

Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

ANG.

O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:<sup>212</sup>  
In this the madman justly chargeth them!

ANT. E.

My liege, I am advised what I say:  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,<sup>216</sup>  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;<sup>220</sup>  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,<sup>224</sup>  
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,  
And in his company that gentleman.  
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,228  
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which  
He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey, and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.232  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By the way we met  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more236  
Of vile confederates: along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,240  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living-dead man. This pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,244  
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home248  
There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech252

To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

ANG.

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

DUKE.

But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

ANG.

He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

SEC. MER.

Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine<sup>260</sup>  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him  
After you first forswore it on the mart;  
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,<sup>264</sup>  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

ANT. E.

I never came within these abbey walls;  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!<sup>268</sup>  
And this is false you burden me withal.

DUKE.

Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;272

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly;

You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here

Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

DRO. E.

Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.276

COUR.

He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

ANT. E.

'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

DUKE.

Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

COUR.

As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.280

DUKE.

Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

ÆGE.

Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life,284

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

DUKE.

Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

ÆGE.

Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?288

DRO. E.

Within this hour I was his bondman, sir;

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:

Now am I Dromio and his man, unbound.

ÆGE.

I am sure you both of you remember me.292

DRO. E.

Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

ÆGE.

Why look you strange on me? you know me well.296

ANT. E.

I never saw you in my life till now.

ÆGE.

O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,

Have written strange defeatures in my face:300

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

ANT. E.

Neither.

ÆGE.

Dromio, nor thou?

DRO. E.

No, trust me, sir, not I.304

ÆGE.

I am sure thou dost.

DRO. E.

Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.308

ÆGE.

Not know my voice! O, time's extremity,  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?312  
Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,316  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses, I cannot err,  
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.320

ANT. E.

I never saw my father in my life.

ÆGE.

But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

ANT. E.

The duke and all that know me in the city<sup>325</sup>  
Can witness with me that it is not so:  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

DUKE.

I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,<sup>329</sup>  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.  
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Re-enter* Abbess, *with* Antipholus of Syracuse *and* Dromio of Syracuse.

ABB.

Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

*[All gather to see him.]*

ADR.

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!<sup>333</sup>

DUKE.

One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these: which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. S.

I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.337

DRO. E.

I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

ANT. S.

Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

DRO. S.

O! my old master; who hath bound him here?340

ABB.

Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,344

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.

O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

ÆGE.

If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:348

If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

ABB.

By men of Epidamnum, he and I,

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:352

But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth  
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;356  
I to this fortune that you see me in.

DUKE.

Why, here begins his morning story right:  
These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,360  
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea;  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.  
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?364

ANT. S.

No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

DUKE.

Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

ANT. E.

I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

DRO. E.

And I with him.368

ANT. E.

Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,  
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADR.

Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

ANT. S.

I, gentle mistress.<sup>372</sup>

ADR.

And are not you my husband?

ANT. E.

No; I say nay to that.

ANT. S.

And so do I; yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,<sup>376</sup>

Did call me brother. [*To Luciana.*] What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

ANG.

That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.<sup>380</sup>

ANT. S.

I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

ANT. E.

And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANG.

I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

ADR.

I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.385

DRO. E.

No, none by me.

ANT. S.

This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.388

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.392

DUKE.

It shall not need: thy father hath his life.

COUR.

Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

ANT. E.

There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

ABB.

Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains396

To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error400  
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour<sup>404</sup>

My heavy burdens ne'er delivered.

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me:<sup>408</sup>

After so long grief such festivity!

DUKE.

With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, *and* Attendants.

DRO. S.

Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

ANT. E.

Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?<sup>412</sup>

DRO. S.

Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

ANT. S.

He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholus of Syracuse *and* Antipholus of Ephesus, Adriana *and* Luciana.

DRO. S.

There is a fat friend at your master's house,<sup>417</sup>

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

DRO. E.

Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:420

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

DRO. S.

Not I, sir; you are my elder.

DRO. E.

That's a question: how shall we try it?

DRO. S.

We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.425

DRO. E.

Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

*[Exeunt.]*

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.  
DON JOHN, his bastard Brother.  
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence.  
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua.  
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.  
ANTONIO, his Brother.  
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.  
BORACHIO, }  
CONRADE, } followers of Don John.  
DOGBERRY, a Constable.  
VERGES, a Headborough.  
FRIAR FRANCIS.  
A Sexton.  
A Boy.  
HERO, Daughter to Leonato.  
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.  
MARGARET, }  
URSULA, } Waiting-gentlewomen attending on Hero.  
Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

Scene.—*Messina.*

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.—

#### *Before Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice and others, with a Messenger.*

LEON.

I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

MESS.

He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.<sup>4</sup>

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.<sup>11</sup>

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.<sup>17</sup>

LEON.

He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of 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?<sup>24</sup>

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!<sup>29</sup>

BEAT.

I pray you is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

MESS.

I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.33

LEON.

What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO.

My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.36

MESS.

O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEAT.

He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.45

LEON.

Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.48

MESS.

He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

BEAT.

You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.53

MESS.

And a good soldier too, lady.

BEAT.

And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?56

MESS.

A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed with all honourable virtues.

BEAT.

It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.61

LEON.

You must not, sir, mistake my niece There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.65

BEAT.

Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one! so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.74

MESS.

Is't possible?

BEAT.

Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

MESS.

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.80

BEAT.

No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?84

MESS.

He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEAT.

O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.<sup>92</sup>

MESS.

I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEAT.

Do, good friend.

LEON.

You will never run mad, niece.

BEAT.

No, not till a hot January.<sup>96</sup>

MESS.

Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter* Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, *and Others.*

D. PEDRO.

Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.<sup>100</sup>

LEON.

Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.<sup>105</sup>

D. PEDRO.

You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

LEON.

Her mother hath many times told me so.<sup>109</sup>

BENE.

Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

LEON.

Signior Benedick, no; for then you were a child.113

D. PEDRO.

You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.117

BENE.

If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.120

BEAT.

I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENE.

What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?124

BEAT.

Is it possible Disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.128

BENE.

Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved 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 none.133

BEAT.

A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.139

BENE.

God keep your ladyship still in that mind; so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEAT.

Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.144

BENE.

Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEAT.

A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENE.

I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

BEAT.

You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.152

D. PEDRO.

This is the sum of all, Leonato: Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.159

LEON.

If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John.*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. JOHN.

I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.165

LEON.

Please it your Grace lead on?

D. PEDRO.

Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

CLAUD.

Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENE.

I noted her not; but I looked on her.

CLAUD.

Is she not a modest young lady?<sup>172</sup>

BENE.

Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?<sup>176</sup>

CLAUD.

No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

BENE.

Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.<sup>184</sup>

CLAUD.

Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

BENE.

Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?<sup>188</sup>

CLAUD.

Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENE.

Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

CLAUD.

In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.197

BENE.

I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUD.

I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn to the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.206

BENE.

Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you.213

*Re-enter* Don Pedro.

D. PEDRO.

What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

BENE.

I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.217

D. PEDRO.

I charge thee on thy allegiance.

BENE.

You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance: he is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is: with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.224

CLAUD.

If this were so, so were it uttered.

BENE.

Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'228

CLAUD.

If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. PEDRO.

Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.232

CLAUD.

You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. PEDRO.

By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLAUD.

And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENE.

And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.237

CLAUD.

That I love her, I feel.

D. PEDRO.

That she is worthy, I know.

BENE.

That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. PEDRO.

Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.245

CLAUD.

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 most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, 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.256

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 ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.264

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:270

'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

BENE.

The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

CLAUD.

If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.280

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 temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.288

BENE.

I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

CLAUD.

To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it,—292

D. PEDRO.

The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

BENE.

Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you.

*[Exit.*

CLAUD.

My liege, your highness now may do me good.300

D. PEDRO.

My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUD.

Hath Leonato any son, my lord?304

D. PEDRO.

No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUD.

O! my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I looked upon her with a soldier's eye,308

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love;

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms312

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. PEDRO.

Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words.317

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,

And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?321

CLAUD.

How sweetly do you minister to love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,<sup>324</sup>  
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. PEDRO.

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?  
The fairest grant is the necessity.  
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st,  
And I will fit thee with the remedy.<sup>329</sup>  
I know we shall have revelling to-night:  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;<sup>332</sup>  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:  
Then, after to her father will I break;<sup>336</sup>  
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.  
In practice let us put it presently.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***A Room In Leonato's House.***

*Enter Leonato and Antonio, meeting.*

LEON.

How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

ANT.

He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreaunt not of.

LEON.

Are they good?7

ANT.

As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.17

LEON.

Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

ANT.

A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.21

LEON.

No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O! I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Another Room In Leonato's House.***

*Enter Don John and Conrade.*

CON.

What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. JOHN.

There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.<sup>5</sup>

CON.

You should hear reason.

D. JOHN.

And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?<sup>8</sup>

CON.

It not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

D. JOHN.

I wonder that thou, being,—as thou say'st thou art,—born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.<sup>19</sup>

CON.

Yea; but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.<sup>27</sup>

D. JOHN.

I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.<sup>39</sup>

CON.

Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. JOHN.

I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

*Enter Borachio.*

What news, Borachio?<sup>43</sup>

BORA.

I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.<sup>47</sup>

D. JOHN.

Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

BORA.

Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. JOHN.

Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

BORA.

Even he.<sup>53</sup>

D. JOHN.

A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

BORA.

Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.<sup>57</sup>

D. JOHN.

A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

BORA.

Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.66

D. JOHN.

Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

*CON.*

To the death, my lord.72

*BORA.*

To the death, my lord.72

D. JOHN.

Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?76

BORA.

We'll wait upon your lordship.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

*A Hall InLeonato'SHouse.*

*EnterLeonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice,and Others.*

LEON.

Was not Count John here at supper?

ANT.

I saw him not.

BEAT.

How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.<sup>5</sup>

HERO.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEAT.

He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.<sup>11</sup>

LEON.

Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

BEAT.

With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good will.<sup>18</sup>

LEON.

By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.<sup>21</sup>

ANT.

In faith, she's too curst.

BEAT.

Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEON.

So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?<sup>28</sup>

BEAT.

Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.<sup>33</sup>

LEON.

You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

BEAT.

What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.<sup>44</sup>

LEON.

Well then, go you into hell?

BEAT.

No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.<sup>53</sup>

ANT.

[*To Hero.*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEAT.

Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please you:'—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'<sup>60</sup>

LEON.

Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEAT.

Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a

clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.69

LEON.

Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.72

BEAT.

The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancience; and then comes Repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.84

LEON.

Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEAT.

I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by daylight.

LEON.

The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.89

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and Others, masked.*

D. PEDRO.

Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

HERO.

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?

HERO.

I may say so, when I please.96

D. PEDRO.

And when please you to say so?

HERO.

When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. PEDRO.

My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.101

HERO.

Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. PEDRO.

Speak low, if you speak love.104

*[Takes her aside.*

BALTH.

Well, I would you did like me.

MARG.

So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

BALTH.

Which is one?108

MARG.

I say my prayers aloud.

BALTH.

I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

MARG.

God match me with a good dancer!

BALTH.

Amen.113

MARG.

And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

BALTH.

No more words: the clerk is answered.117

URS.

I know you well enough: you are Signior Antonio.

ANT.

At a word, I am not.120

URS.

I know you by the waggling of your head.

ANT.

To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URS.

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.127

URS.

Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.131

BEAT.

Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENE.

No, you shall pardon me.

BEAT.

Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENE.

Not now.135

BEAT.

That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.' Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENE.

What's he?

BEAT.

I am sure you know him well enough.

BENE.

Not I, believe me.141

BEAT.

Did he never make you laugh?

BENE.

I pray you, what is he?

BEAT.

Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; 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 villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me!151

BENE.

When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEAT.

Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, 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. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

BENE.

In every good thing.160

BEAT.

Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. JOHN.

Sure 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.

BORA.

And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.168

D. JOHN.

Are you not Signior Benedick?

CLAUD.

You know me well; I am he.

D. JOHN.

Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUD.

How know you he loves her?176

D. JOHN.

I heard him swear his affection.

BORA.

So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. JOHN.

Come, let us to the banquet. 180

*[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]*

CLAUD.

Thus answer I in name of Benedick,

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so; the prince woos for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things 184

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch 188

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Re-enter Benedick.*

BENE.

Count Claudio? 192

CLAUD.

Yea, the same.

BENE.

Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD.

Whither?

BENE.

Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like a usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.201

CLAUD.

I wish him joy of her.

BENE.

Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?205

CLAUD.

I pray you, leave me.

BENE.

Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.209

CLAUD.

If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*

BENE.

Alas! poor hurt fowl. Now will he creep into sedges. But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.219

*Re-enter* Don Pedro.

D. PEDRO.

Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

BENE.

Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your Grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.229

D. PEDRO.

To be whipped! What's his fault?

BENE.

The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.233

D. PEDRO.

Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENE.

Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.240

D. PEDRO.

I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

BENE.

If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.244

D. PEDRO.

The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

BENE.

O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follow her.271

*Re-enter* Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, *and* Leonato.

D. PEDRO.

Look! here she comes.

BENE.

Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the Great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?282

D. PEDRO.

None, but to desire your good company.

BENE.

O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue.

*[Exit.*

D. PEDRO.

Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.288

BEAT.

Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.293

D. PEDRO.

You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

BEAT.

So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.299

D. PEDRO.

Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

CLAUD.

Not sad, my lord.

D. PEDRO.

How then? Sick?

CLAUD.

Neither, my lord.304

BEAT.

The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.308

D. PEDRO.

I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

LEON.

Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!317

BEAT.

Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLAUD.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.322

BEAT.

Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.325

D. PEDRO.

In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEAT.

Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.330

CLAUD.

And so she doth, cousin.

BEAT.

Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!335

D. PEDRO.

Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEAT.

I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.340

D. PEDRO.

Will you have me, lady?

BEAT.

No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.346

D. PEDRO.

Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

BEAT.

No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!352

LEON.

Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEAT.

I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon.

*[Exit.]*

D. PEDRO.

By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.358

LEON.

There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. PEDRO.

She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.365

LEON.

O! by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. PEDRO.

She were an excellent wife for Benedick.369

LEON.

O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. PEDRO.

Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?373

CLAUD.

To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

LEON.

Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.378

D. PEDRO.

Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.388

LEON.

My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

CLAUD.

And I, my lord.

D. PEDRO.

And you too, gentle Hero?392

HERO.

I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. PEDRO.

And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your

two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.<sup>406</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

*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.

BORA.

Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. JOHN.

Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?<sup>8</sup>

BORA.

Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. JOHN.

Show me briefly how.

BORA.

I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.<sup>14</sup>

D. JOHN.

I remember.

BORA.

I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. JOHN.

What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?<sup>20</sup>

BORA.

The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio,—whose estimation do you mightily hold up,—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.<sup>26</sup>

D. JOHN.

What proof shall I make of that?

BORA.

Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato.

Look you for any other issue?

D. JOHN.

Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.<sup>32</sup>

BORA.

Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding: for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.<sup>51</sup>

D. JOHN.

Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BORA.

Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.<sup>57</sup>

D. JOHN.

I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

Leonato's *Garden*.

*Enter* Benedick.

BENE.

Boy!

*Enter a* Boy.

BOY.

Signior?

BENE.

In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.<sup>4</sup>

BOY.

I am here already, sir.

BENE.

I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. *[Exit Boy.]* I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked

ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

*[Withdraws.]*

*Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio, followed by Balthazar and Musicians.*

D. PEDRO.

Come, shall we hear this music?<sup>40</sup>

CLAUD.

Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. PEDRO.

See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUD.

O! very well, my lord: the music ended,<sup>44</sup>

We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

D. PEDRO.

Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

BALTH.

O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.<sup>48</sup>

D. PEDRO.

It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection.  
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

BALTH.

Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit<sup>53</sup>  
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;  
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. PEDRO.

Nay, pray thee, come;  
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,<sup>56</sup>  
Do it in notes.

BALTH.

Note this before my notes;  
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. PEDRO.

Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;  
Notes, notes, forsooth, and nothing!

[*Music.*

BENE.

Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.<sup>64</sup>

Balthazar *Sings.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.<sup>68</sup>  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe<sup>72</sup>  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.  
Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,<sup>76</sup>  
Since summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,<sup>80</sup>  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

D. PEDRO.

By my troth, a good song.

BALTH.

And an ill singer, my lord.<sup>84</sup>

D. PEDRO.

Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

BENE.

[*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.<sup>91</sup>

D. PEDRO.

Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

BALTH.

The best I can, my lord.<sup>96</sup>

D. PEDRO.

Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.*] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick? 100

CLAUD.

O! ay:—[*Aside to D. Pedro.*] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEON.

No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 107

BENE.

[*Aside.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

LEON.

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. 113

D. PEDRO.

May be she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUD.

Faith, like enough.

LEON.

O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. PEDRO.

Why, what effects of passion shows she? 120

CLAUD.

[*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

LEON.

What effects, my lord? She will sit you; [*To Claudio.*] You heard my daughter tell you how.125

CLAUD.

She did, indeed.

D. PEDRO.

How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.129

LEON.

I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENE.

[*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

CLAUD.

[*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.136

D. PEDRO.

Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

LEON.

No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.140

CLAUD.

'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'144

LEON.

This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.149

CLAUD.

Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEON.

O! when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

CLAUD.

That. 155

LEON.

O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.' 161

CLAUD.

Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!' 165

LEON.

She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. PEDRO.

It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. 172

CLAUD.

To what end? he would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. PEDRO.

An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous. 177

CLAUD.

And she is exceeding wise.

D. PEDRO.

In everything but in loving Benedick.180

LEON.

O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.185

D. PEDRO.

I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.189

LEON.

Were it good, think you?

CLAUD.

Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.195

D. PEDRO.

She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man,—as you know all,—hath a contemptible spirit.

CLAUD.

he is a very proper man.200

D. PEDRO.

He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

CLAUD.

'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. PEDRO.

He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.205

LEON.

And I take him to be valiant.

D. PEDRO.

As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.211

LEON.

If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. PEDRO.

And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?219

CLAUD.

Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

LEON.

Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.223

D. PEDRO.

Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.228

LEON.

My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

CLAUD.

[*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. PEDRO.

[*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's

dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumbshow. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* Don Pedro, Claudio, *and* Leonato.

BENE.

[*Advancing from the arbour.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous: 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me: by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.266

*Enter* Beatrice.

BEAT.

Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENE.

Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.270

BEAT.

I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENE.

You take pleasure then in the message?

BEAT.

Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

BENE.

Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me,' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity 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 to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice

Proposing with the prince and Claudio:

Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula<sup>4</sup>

Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us,

And bid her steal into the pleached bower,

Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,<sup>8</sup>

Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,

Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office;<sup>12</sup>

Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

MARG.

I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

*[Exit.*

HERO.

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down,<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>20</sup>

Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,

That only wounds by hearsay.

*Enter Beatrice, behind.*

Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs<sup>24</sup>

Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

URS.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,

And greedily devour the treacherous bait:<sup>28</sup>

So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

HERO.

Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing<sup>32</sup>

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

*[They advance to the bower.]*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;

I know her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggerds of the rock.

URS.

But are you sure<sup>36</sup>

That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO.

So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

URS.

And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO.

They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;<sup>40</sup>

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

URS.

Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed<sup>45</sup>

As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HERO.

O god of love! I know he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man;<sup>48</sup>  
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on, and her wit<sup>52</sup>  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

URS.

Sure, I think so;<sup>56</sup>  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

HERO.

Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,  
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;  
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,  
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;<sup>64</sup>  
If low, an agate very vilely cut;  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out,68

And never gives to truth and virtue that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URS.

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO.

No; not to be so odd and from all fashions72

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.76

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:

It were a better death than die with mocks,

Which is as bad as die with tickling.80

URS.

Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

HERO.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to fight against his passion.

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders84

To stain my cousin with. One doth not know

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

URS.

O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgment,—

Having so swift and excellent a wit<sup>89</sup>

As she is priz'd to have,—as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

HERO.

He is the only man of Italy,<sup>92</sup>

Always excepted my dear Claudio.

URS.

I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,

For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,<sup>96</sup>

Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HERO.

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URS.

His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.

When are you married, madam?<sup>100</sup>

HERO.

Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

URS.

She's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam. 104

HERO.

If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

*[Exeunt Hero and Ursula.]*

BEAT.

*[Advancing.]* What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? 107

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand: 112

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

*[Exit.]*

Scene II.—

***A Room In Leonato's House.***

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.*

D. PEDRO.

I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

CLAUD.

I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.4

D. PEDRO.

Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss 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 bow-string, and the little hangman 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.

BENE.

Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEON.

So say I: methinks you are sadder.16

CLAUD.

I hope he be in love.

D. PEDRO.

Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.20

BENE.

I have the tooth-ache.

D. PEDRO.

Draw it.

BENE.

Hang it.

CLAUD.

You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.25

D. PEDRO.

What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

LEON.

Where is but a humour or a worm?

BENE.

Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.<sup>29</sup>

CLAUD.

Yet say I, he is in love.

D. PEDRO.

There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.<sup>39</sup>

CLAUD.

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat a mornings; what should that bode?

D. PEDRO.

Hath any man seen him at the barber's?<sup>44</sup>

CLAUD.

No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

LEON.

Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.<sup>49</sup>

D. PEDRO.

Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

CLAUD.

That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.53

D. PEDRO.

The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLAUD.

And when was he wont to wash his face?57

D. PEDRO.

Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

CLAUD.

Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and new-governed by stops.

D. PEDRO.

Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.64

CLAUD.

Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. PEDRO.

That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUD.

Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all, dies for him.69

D. PEDRO.

She shall be buried with her face upwards.

BENE.

Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.

Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.75

*[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. PEDRO.

For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

CLAUD.

'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.<sup>81</sup>

*Enter Don John.*

D. JOHN.

My lord and brother, God save you!

D. PEDRO.

Good den, brother.

D. JOHN.

If your leisure served, I would speak with you.<sup>85</sup>

D. PEDRO.

In private?

D. JOHN.

If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.<sup>89</sup>

D. PEDRO.

What's the matter?

D. JOHN.

*[To Claudio.]* Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?<sup>92</sup>

D. PEDRO.

You know he does.

D. JOHN.

I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUD.

If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.<sup>97</sup>

D. JOHN.

You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely suit ill-spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. PEDRO.

Why, what's the matter?<sup>104</sup>

D. JOHN.

I came hither to tell you; and circumstances shortened,—for she hath been too long a talking of,—the lady is disloyal.

CLAUD.

Who, Hero?<sup>108</sup>

D. JOHN.

Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLAUD.

Disloyal?

D. JOHN.

The word's too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.<sup>120</sup>

CLAUD.

May this be so?

D. PEDRO.

I will not think it.

D. JOHN.

If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUD.

If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. PEDRO.

And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.132

D. JOHN.

I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. PEDRO.

O day untowardly turned!136

CLAUD.

O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. JOHN.

O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

*[Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

*A Street.*

*Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.*

DOGB.

Are you good men and true?

VERG.

Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOGB.

Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERG.

Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.<sup>8</sup>

DOGB.

First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

FIRST WATCH.

Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.<sup>12</sup>

DOGB.

Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.<sup>16</sup>

SEC. WATCH.

Both which, Master constable,—

DOGB.

You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

WATCH.

How, if a' will not stand?<sup>28</sup>

DOGB.

Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERG.

If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.33

DOGB.

True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

SEC. WATCH.

We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.40

DOGB.

Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.46

WATCH.

How if they will not?

DOGB.

Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

WATCH.

Well, sir.52

DOGB.

If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.57

SEC. WATCH.

If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

DOGB.

Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.<sup>64</sup>

VERG.

You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGB.

Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERG.

If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

SEC. WATCH.

How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?<sup>72</sup>

DOGB.

Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.<sup>76</sup>

VERG.

'Tis very true.

DOGB.

This is the end of the charge. You constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.<sup>81</sup>

VERG.

Nay, by 'r lady, that I think, a' cannot.

DOGB.

Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VERG.

By 'r lady, I think it be so.<sup>88</sup>

DOGB.

Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.<sup>92</sup>

SEC. WATCH.

Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all go to bed.

DOGB.

One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.



Much Ado about Nothing, by F. Wheatly.

*[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]*

*Enter Borachio and Conrade.*

BORA.

What, Conrade!<sup>101</sup>

WATCH.

*[Aside.]* Peace! stir not.

BORA.

Conrade, I say!

CON.

Here, man, I am at thy elbow.104

BORA.

Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

CON.

I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.108

BORA.

Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

WATCH.

[*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.113

BORA.

Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

CON.

Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?117

BORA.

Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.121

CON.

I wonder at it.

BORA.

That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.125

CON.

Yes, it is apparel.

BORA.

I mean, the fashion.

CON.

Yes, the fashion is the fashion.128

BORA.

Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

WATCH.

[*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven years; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.135

BORA.

Didst thou not hear somebody?

CON.

No: 'twas the vane on the house.

BORA.

Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?146

CON.

All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?151

BORA.

Not so, neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.160

CON.

And thought they Margaret was Hero?

BORA.

Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband. 173

FIRST WATCH.

We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

SEC. WATCH.

Call up the right Master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

FIRST WATCH.

And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' wears a lock. 181

CON.

Masters, masters!

SEC. WATCH.

You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you. 184

CON.

Masters,—

FIRST WATCH.

Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

BORA.

We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills. 189

CON.

A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***A Room In Leonato's House.***

*Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

HERO.

Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URS.

I will, lady.

HERO.

And bid her come hither.<sup>4</sup>

URS.

Well.

[*Exit.*]

MARG.

Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

HERO.

No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARG.

By my troth's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO.

My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.<sup>12</sup>

MARG.

I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.16

HERO.

O! that exceeds, they say.

MARG.

By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

HERO.

God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.25

MARG.

'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO.

Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?28

MARG.

Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband?' None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

*Enter* Beatrice.

HERO.

Good morrow, coz.

BEAT.

Good morrow, sweet Hero.40

HERO.

Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

BEAT.

I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARG.

Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

BEAT.

Ye light o' love with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.<sup>48</sup>

MARG.

O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

BEAT.

'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!<sup>53</sup>

MARG.

For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEAT.

For the letter that begins them all, H.

MARG.

Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.<sup>57</sup>

BEAT.

What means the fool, trow?

MARG.

Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!<sup>60</sup>

HERO.

These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

BEAT.

I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

MARG.

A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.<sup>65</sup>

BEAT.

O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

MARG.

Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely!<sup>69</sup>

BEAT.

It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

MARG.

Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

HERO.

There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEAT.

Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.<sup>77</sup>

MARG.

Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEAT.

What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?93

MARG.

Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter* Ursula.

URS.

Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.97

HERO.

Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—

***Another Room In* Leonato's House.**

*Enter* Leonato *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

LEON.

What would you wish me, honest neighbour?

DOGB.

Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.4

LEON.

Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOGB.

Marry, this it is, sir.

VERG.

Yes, in truth it is, sir.8

LEON.

What is it, my good friends?

DOGB.

Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

VERG.

Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honester than I.17

DOGB.

Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

LEON.

Neighbours, you are tedious.20

DOGB.

It pleases 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.25

LEON.

All thy tediousness on me! ha?

DOGB.

Yea, an't were a thousand pound 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.

VERG.

And so am I.31

LEON.

I would fain know what you have to say.

VERG.

Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.35

DOGB.

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 Verges: 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 troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas! good neighbour.44

LEON.

Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOGB.

Gifts that God gives.

LEON.

I must leave you.48

DOGB.

One word, sir: our watch, sir, hath indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.52

LEON.

Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

DOGB.

It shall be suffigance.56

LEON.

Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.60

LEON.

I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt* Leonato and Messenger.

DOGB.

Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

VERG.

And we must do it wisely.65

DOGB.

We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a *non-come*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***The Inside Of A Church.***

*Enter* Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, &c.

LEON.

Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR.

You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?5

CLAUD.

No.

LEON.

To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.8

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.

Know you any, Hero?

HERO.

None, my lord.16

FRIAR.

Know you any, count?

LEON.

I dare make his answer; none.

CLAUD.

O! what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

BENE.

How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as ah! ha! he!

CLAUD.

Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul<sup>24</sup>

Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEON.

As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUD.

And what have I to give you back whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?<sup>28</sup>

D. PEDRO.

Nothing, unless you render her again.

CLAUD.

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;<sup>32</sup>

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold! how like a maid she blushes here.

O! what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal.<sup>36</sup>

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:<sup>40</sup>

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEON.

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUD.

Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.<sup>44</sup>

LEON.

Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity,—

CLAUD.

I know what you would say: if I have known her,<sup>48</sup>

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;<sup>52</sup>

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO.

And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUD.

Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:<sup>56</sup>

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals<sup>60</sup>

That rage in savage sensuality.

HERO.

Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEON.

Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. PEDRO.

What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about<sup>64</sup>

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEON.

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. JOHN.

Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.<sup>68</sup>

BENE.

This looks not like a nuptial.

HERO.

True! O God!

CLAUD.

Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?<sup>72</sup>

LEON.

All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

CLAUD.

Let me but move one question to your daughter;  
And by that fatherly and kindly power  
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.76

LEON.

I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

HERO.

O, God defend me! how am I beset!  
What kind of catechizing call you this?

CLAUD.

To make you answer truly to your name.80

HERO.

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name  
With any just reproach?

CLAUD.

Marry, that can Hero:  
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.  
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight84  
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?  
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO.

I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. PEDRA.

Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,88

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,  
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,  
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;<sup>92</sup>  
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,  
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
A thousand times in secret.

D. JOHN.

Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,<sup>96</sup>  
Not to be spoke of;  
There is not chastity enough in language  
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,  
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.<sup>100</sup>

CLAUD.

O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,  
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!  
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,  
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!<sup>105</sup>  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,<sup>108</sup>  
And never shall it more be gracious.

LEON.

Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Heroswoons.*

BEAT.

Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. JOHN.

Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light, 112

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt* Don Pedro, Don John and Claudio.

BENE.

How doth the lady?

BEAT.

Dead, I think! help, uncle!

Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!

Friar! 116

LEON.

O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand:

Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

BEAT.

How now, cousin Hero!

FRIAR.

Have comfort, lady. 120

LEON.

Dost thou look up?

FRIAR.

Yea; wherefore should she not?

LEON.

Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?<sup>124</sup>

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;

For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,<sup>128</sup>

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O! one too much by thee. Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?<sup>132</sup>

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, 'No part of it is mine;<sup>136</sup>

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,<sup>140</sup>

Valuing of her; why, she—O! she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,

And salt too little which may season give 144

To her foul-tainted flesh.

BENE.

Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

BEAT.

O! on my soul, my cousin is belied!

BENE.

Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

BEAT.

No, truly, not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

LEON.

Confirm'd, confirm'd! O! that is stronger made, 152

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die. 156

FRIAR.

Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady: I have mark'd 160

A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire, 164  
To burn the errors that these princess hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant 168  
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.

LEON.

Friar, it cannot be. 172  
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left  
Is, that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.  
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse 176  
That which appears in proper nakedness?

FRIAR.

Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

HERO.

They know that do accuse me, I know none;  
If I know more of any man alive 180  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy! O, my father!  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight<sup>184</sup>  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

FRIAR.

There is some strange misprision in the princes.

BENE.

Two of them have the very bent of honour;<sup>188</sup>  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

LEON.

I know not. If they speak but truth of her,<sup>192</sup>  
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine.  
Nor age so eat up my invention,<sup>196</sup>  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,<sup>200</sup>  
Ability in means and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them throughly.

FRIAR.

Pause awhile,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead;

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,<sup>205</sup>

And publish it that she is dead indeed:

Maintain a mourning ostentation;

And on your family's old monument<sup>208</sup>

Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites

That appertain unto a burial.

LEON.

What shall become of this? What will this do?

FRIAR.

Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf<sup>212</sup>

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:

But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,<sup>216</sup>

Upon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd

Of every hearer; for it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth

Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,

Why, then we rack the value, then we find<sup>222</sup>

The virtue that possession would not show us

Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:  
When he shall hear 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<sup>228</sup>  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate, and full of life  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn,—<sup>232</sup>  
If ever love had interest in his liver,—  
And wish he had not so accused her,  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success<sup>236</sup>  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death<sup>240</sup>  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:  
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,—  
As best befits her wounded reputation,—  
In some reclusive and religious life,<sup>244</sup>  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.  
  
BENE.  
  
Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:  
And though you know my inwardness and love

Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,248

Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this

As secretly and justly as your soul

Should with your body.

LEON.

Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me.252

FRIAR.

'Tis well consented: presently away;

For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day

Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.256

[*Exeunt* Friar, Hero, *and* Leonato.

BENE.

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEAT.

Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENE.

I will not desire that.260

BEAT.

You have no reason; I do it freely.

BENE.

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEAT.

Ah! how much might the man deserve of me that would right her.265

BENE.

Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEAT.

A very even way, but no such friend.

BENE.

May a man do it?269

BEAT.

It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENE.

I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?272

BEAT.

As strange as the thing I know not.

It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as your, but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, not I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.277

BENE.

By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEAT.

Do not swear by it, and eat it.

BENE.

I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEAT.

Will you not eat your word?

BENE.

With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.285

BEAT.

Why then, God forgive me!

BENE.

What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEAT.

You have stayed me in a happy hour:

I was about to protest I loved you.289

BENE.

And do it with all thy heart.

BEAT.

I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.292

BENE.

Come, bid me do anything for thee.

BEAT.

Kill Claudio.

BENE.

Ha! not for the wide world.

BEAT.

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.296

BENE.

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEAT.

I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENE.

Beatrice,—300

BEAT.

In faith, I will go.

BENE.

We'll be friends first.

BEAT.

You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.304

BENE.

Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEAT.

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O! that I were a man. What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.313

BENE.

Hear me, Beatrice,—

BEAT.

Talk with a man out at a window! a proper saying!316

BENE.

Nay, but Beatrice,—

BEAT.

Sweet Hero! she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

BENE.

Beat—320

BEAT.

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly Count Comfekt; a sweet gallant, surely! O! that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

BENE.

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.332

BEAT.

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENE.

Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?336

BEAT.

Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENE.

Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***A Prison.***

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*

DOGB.

Is our whole dissembly appeared?

VERG.

O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

SEXTON.

Which be the malefactors?4

DOGB.

Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERG.

Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

SEXTON.

But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master constable.

DOGB.

Yea, marry, let them come before me.

What is your name, friend?12

BORA.

Borachio.

DOGB.

Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

CON.

I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.17

DOGB.

Write down Master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

*CON.*

Yea, sir, we hope.20

*BORA.*

Yea, sir, we hope.20

*DOGB.*

Write down that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?26

*CON.*

Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*DOGB.*

A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*BORA.*

Sir, I say to you we are none.32

*DOGB.*

Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

*SEXTON.*

Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.38

*DOGB.*

Yea, marry, that's the efast way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

*FIRST WATCH.*

This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.43

DOGB.

Write down Prince John a villain.

Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORA.

Master constable,—

DOGB.

Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON.

What heard you him say else?50

SEC. WATCH.

Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGB.

Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERG.

Yea, by the mass, that it is.

SEXTON.

What else, fellow?56

FIRST WATCH.

And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGB.

O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.61

SEXTON.

What else?

SEC. WATCH.

This is all.

SEXTON.

And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination.

*[Exit.]*

DOGB.

Come, let them be opinioned.<sup>72</sup>

VERG.

Let them be in the hands—

CON.

Off, coxcomb!

DOGB.

God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

CON.

Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

DOGB.

Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any 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 gowns, and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass!<sup>93</sup>

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*Before Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato and Antonio.*

ANT.

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;  
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief  
Against yourself.

LEON.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;  
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:  
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,<sup>8</sup>  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd 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,<sup>12</sup>  
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:  
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;  
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem' when he should groan,<sup>16</sup>  
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.  
But there is no such man; for, brother, men<sup>20</sup>  
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,<sup>24</sup>  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air and agony with words.  
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,<sup>28</sup>  
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
To be so moral when he shall endure  
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.<sup>32</sup>

ANT.

Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEON.

I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;  
For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,<sup>36</sup>  
However they have writ the style of gods  
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

ANT.

Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;

Make those that do offend you suffer too.40

LEON.

There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;

And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.44

ANT.

Here come the prince and Claudio hastily.

*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.*

D. PEDRO.

Good den, good den.

CLAUD.

Good day to both of you.

LEON.

Hear you, my lords,—

D. PEDRO.

We have some haste, Leonato.

LEON.

Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:48

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. PEDRO.

Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

ANT.

If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would lie low.

CLAUD.

Who wrongs him?<sup>52</sup>

LEON.

Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;

I fear thee not.

CLAUD.

Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear.<sup>56</sup>

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

LEON.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,

As, under privilege of age, to brag<sup>60</sup>

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,<sup>64</sup>

And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child:

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,<sup>68</sup>

And she lies buried with her ancestors;

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

CLAUD.

My villany?

LEON.

Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.<sup>72</sup>

D. PEDRO.

You say not right, old man.

LEON.

My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,

Despite his nice fence and his active practice,

His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.<sup>76</sup>

CLAUD.

Away! I will not have to do with you.

LEON.

Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

ANT.

He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:<sup>81</sup>

Win me and wear me; let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.<sup>85</sup>

LEON.

Brother,—

ANT.

Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;  
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,  
That dare as well answer a man indeed<sup>89</sup>  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

LEON.

Brother Antony,—

ANT.

Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,<sup>92</sup>  
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,  
Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,  
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,  
Go antickly, show outward hideousness,<sup>96</sup>  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;  
And this is all!

LEON.

But, brother Antony,—

ANT.

Come, 'tis no matter:<sup>100</sup>

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<sup>104</sup>

But what was true and very full of proof.

LEON.

My lord, my lord—

D. PEDRO.

I will not hear you.

LEON.

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 went to seek.

CLAUD.

Now, signior, what news?

BENE.

Good day, my lord.<sup>112</sup>

D. PEDRO.

Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

CLAUD.

We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.117

D. PEDRO.

Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.120

BENE.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

CLAUD.

We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?126

BENE.

It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. PEDRO.

Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLAUD.

Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.132

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.137

BENE.

Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.140

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. 144

CLAUD.

If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

BENE.

Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUD.

God bless me from a challenge! 148

BENE.

[*Aside to Claudio.*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUD.

Well I will meet you, so I may have good cheer. 156

D. PEDRO.

What, a feast, a feast?

CLAUD.

I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.

Shall I not find a woodcock too? 161

BENE.

Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. PEDRO.

I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' said she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she. 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy. 178

CLAUD.

For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

D. PEDRO.

Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all. 184

CLAUD.

All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. PEDRO.

But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head? 189

CLAUD.

Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man!'

BENE.

Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit.*

D. PEDRO.

He is in earnest.

CLAUD.

In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.204

D. PEDRO.

And hath challenged thee?

CLAUD.

Most sincerely.

D. PEDRO.

What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!209

CLAUD.

He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. PEDRO.

But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?214

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*

DOGB.

Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. PEDRO.

How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!220

CLAUD.

Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. PEDRO.

Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOGB.

Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.229

D. PEDRO.

First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

CLAUD.

Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.236

D. PEDRO.

Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?240

BORA.

Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.256

D. PEDRO.

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

CLAUD.

I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. PEDRO.

But did my brother set thee on to this?

BORA.

Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.260

D. PEDRO.

He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:

And fled he is upon this villany.

CLAUD.

Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.264

DOGB.

Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.269

VERG.

Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Re-enter* Leonato, Antonio, *and the* Sexton.

LEON.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,272

That, when I note another man like him,

I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

BORA.

If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEON.

Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd276

Mine innocent child?

BORA.

Yea, even I alone.

LEON.

No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:

Here stand a pair of honourable men;

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.<sup>280</sup>

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death

Record it with your high and worthy deeds.

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUD.

I know not how to pray your patience;<sup>284</sup>

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not

But in mistaking.

D. PEDRO.

By my soul, nor I:<sup>288</sup>

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

LEON.

I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;<sup>292</sup>

That were impossible: but, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died; and if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,296

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.

To-morrow morning come you to my house,

And since you could not be my son-in-law,300

Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us:

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,304

And so dies my revenge.

CLAUD.

O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio.308

LEON.

To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,312

Hir'd to it by your brother.

BORA.

No, by my soul she was not;

Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous

In anything that I do know by her.316

DOGB.

Moreover, sir,—which, indeed, is not under white and black,—this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.327

LEON.

I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGB.

Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.332

LEON.

There's for thy pains.

DOGB.

God save the foundation!

LEON.

Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.336

DOGB.

I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.343

*[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]*

LEON.

Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

ANT.

Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. PEDRO.

We will not fail.

CLAUD.

To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt* Don Pedro and Claudio.]

LEON.

[*To the Watch.*] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,<sup>347</sup>

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

### Leonato's *Garden*

*Enter* Benedick and Margaret, *meeting.*

BENE.

Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MARG.

Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?<sup>5</sup>

BENE.

In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.<sup>8</sup>

MARG.

To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

BENE.

Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.12

MARG.

And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

BENE.

A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.17

MARG.

Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

BENE.

If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MARG.

Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.24

BENE.

And therefore will come.

*[Exit Margaret.*

The god of love,  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,28  
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rime; I have tried: I can find out no rime to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rime; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rime; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rime; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a riming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.42

*Enter Beatrice.*

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

BEAT.

Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

BENE.

O, stay but till then!<sup>47</sup>

BEAT.

'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.<sup>51</sup>

BENE.

Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEAT.

Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.<sup>56</sup>

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?<sup>63</sup>

BEAT.

For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?<sup>68</sup>

BENE.

'Suffer love,' a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEAT.

In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.<sup>75</sup>

BENE.

Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEAT.

It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.<sup>80</sup>

BENE.

An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.<sup>85</sup>

BEAT.

And how long is that think you?

BENE.

Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is most expedient for the wise,—if Don Worm, 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 praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEAT.

Very ill.

BENE.

And how do you?<sup>96</sup>

BEAT.

Very ill too.

BENE.

Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.<sup>100</sup>

*Enter Ursula.*

URS.

Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?<sup>106</sup>

BEAT.

Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENE.

I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Inside Of A Church.***

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and tapers.*

CLAUD.

Is this the monument of Leonato?

A LORD.

It is, my lord.

CLAUD.

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero that here lies:<sup>4</sup>  
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.  
So the life that died with shame  
Lives in doath with glorious fame.<sup>8</sup>

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,<sup>12</sup>  
Those that slew thy virgin knight;  
For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.  
Midnight, assist our moan;16  
Help us to sigh and groan,  
Heavily, heavily:  
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered,20  
Heavily, heavily.

CLAUD.

Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. PEDRO.

Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.24

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well

CLAUD.

Good morrow, masters: each his several way.29

D. PEDRO.

Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

CLAUD.

And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's,32

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

*A Room InLeonato'SHouse.*

*EnterLeonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis,andHero.*

FRIAR.

Did I not tell you she was innocent?

LEON.

So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this,<sup>4</sup>

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

ANT.

Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

BENE.

And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.<sup>9</sup>

LEON.

Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me.

*[Exeunt ladies.*

You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,  
And give her to young Claudio.16

ANT.

Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

BENE.

Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

FRIAR.

To do what, signior?

BENE.

To bind me, or undo me; one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,21

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

LEON.

That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

BENE.

And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEON.

The sight whereof I think, you had from me,25

From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

BENE.

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is your good will28

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the state of honourable marriage:

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

LEON.

My heart is with your liking.

FRIAR.

And my help.<sup>32</sup>

Here come the prince and Claudio.

*Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.*

D. PEDRO.

Good morrow to this fair assembly.

LEON.

Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:

We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?<sup>37</sup>

CLAUD.

I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

LEON.

Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.

*[Exit Antonio.]*

D. PEDRO.

Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,<sup>40</sup>

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

CLAUD.

I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,  
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,<sup>45</sup>  
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.

BENE.

Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low:<sup>48</sup>  
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,  
And got a calf in that same noble feat,  
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

CLAUD.

For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.<sup>52</sup>

*Re-enter Antonio, with the ladies masked.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

ANT.

This same is she, and I do give you her.

CLAUD.

Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

LEON.

No, that you shall not, till you take her hand<sup>56</sup>

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

CLAUD.

Give me your hand: before this holy friar,

I am your husband, if you like of me.

HERO.

And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

*[Unmasking.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.61

CLAUD.

Another Hero!

HERO.

Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd, but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.64

D. PEDRO.

The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

LEON.

She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

FRIAR.

All this amazement can I qualify:

When after that the holy rites are ended,68

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

BENE.

Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

BEAT.

*[Unmasking.]* I answer to that name. What is your will?73

BENE.

Do not you love me?

BEAT.

Why, no; no more than reason.

BENE.

Why, then, your uncle and the prince and Claudio  
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.<sup>76</sup>

BEAT.

Do not you love me?

BENE.

Troth, no; no more than reason.

BEAT.

Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,  
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

BENE.

They swore that you were almost sick for me.<sup>80</sup>

BEAT.

They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENE.

'Tis no such matter. Then, you do not love me?

BEAT.

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

LEON.

Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.<sup>84</sup>

CLAUD.

And I'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;  
For here's a paper written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

HERO.

And here's another,88  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BENE.

A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.93

BEAT.

I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.97

BENE.

Peace! I will stop your mouth.

*[Kisses her.]*

D. PEDRO.

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?100

BENE.

I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of witcrackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.113

CLAUD.

I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee. 119

BENE.

Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

LEON.

We'll have dancing afterward.

BENE.

First, of my word; therefore play, music! Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn. 127

*Enter a Messenger.*

MES.

My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BENE.

Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers!

*[Dance. Exeunt.]*

## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND,	King of Navarre.
BEROWNE, }	
LONGAVILLE, }	Lords, attending on the King.
DUMAINE, }	
BOYET, }	Lords, attending on the Princess of France.
MARCADE, }	
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO,	a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL,	a Curate.
HOLOFERNES,	a Schoolmaster.
DULL,	a Constable.
COSTARD,	a Clown.
MOTH,	Page to Armado.
A Forester.	
The PRINCESS of France.	
ROSALINE, }	
MARIA, }	Ladies, attending on the Princess.
KATHARINE, }	
JAQUENETTA,	a country Wench.
Officers and Others,	Attendants on the King and Princess.

Scene.—*Navarre.*

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.—

#### *The King Of Navarre's Park.*

*Enter the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine.*

KING.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,<sup>4</sup>

The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,<sup>8</sup>  
That war against your own affections  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;<sup>12</sup>  
Our court shall be a little academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here:<sup>18</sup>  
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,  
That his own hand may strike his honour down  
That violates the smallest branch herein.  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.  
LONG.  
I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:<sup>24</sup>  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

DUM.

My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified:

The grosser manner of these world's delights<sup>29</sup>

He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;

With all these living in philosophy.<sup>32</sup>

BER.

I can but say their protestation over;

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,

That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances;<sup>36</sup>

As, not to see a woman in that term,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there:

And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside;<sup>40</sup>

The which I hope is not enrolled there:

And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day,—

When I was wont to think no harm all night<sup>44</sup>

And make a dark night too of half the day,—

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.<sup>48</sup>

KING.

Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

BER.

Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.

I only swore to study with your Grace,

And stay here in your court for three years' space.

LONG.

You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.<sup>53</sup>

BER.

By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know.

KING.

Why, that to know which else we should not know.<sup>56</sup>

BER.

Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

KING.

Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

BER.

Come on then; I will swear to study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know;<sup>60</sup>

As thus: to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,<sup>65</sup>

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.<sup>69</sup>

KING.

These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

BER.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain<sup>72</sup>  
Which, with pain purchas'd 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:<sup>76</sup>  
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed,<sup>80</sup>  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,<sup>84</sup>  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights<sup>88</sup>  
That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.  
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.<sup>93</sup>

KING.

How well he's read, to reason against reading!

DUM.

Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

LONG.

He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.<sup>96</sup>

BER.

The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

DUM.

How follows that?

BER.

Fit in his place and time.

DUM.

In reason nothing.

BER.

Something then, in rime.

KING.

Berowne is like an envious sneaping frost<sup>100</sup>

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BER.

Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?104

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,108

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

KING.

Well, sit you out: go home, Berowne: adieu!

BER.

No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And though I have for barbarism spoke more

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,113

Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper; let me read the same;116

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

KING.

How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

BER.

Item, *That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.* Hath this been proclaimed?121

LONG.

Four days ago.

BER.

Let's see the penalty. *On pain of losing her tongue.* Who devised this penalty?124

LONG.

Marry, that did I.

BER.

Sweet lord, and why?

LONG.

To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BER.

A dangerous law against gentility!

ITEM.

*If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;132

For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace and complete majesty—

About surrender up of Aquitaine136

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

KING.

What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.140

BER.

So study evermore is overshot:

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won as towns with fire; so won, so lost.145

KING.

We must of force dispense with this decree;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

BER.

Necessity will make us all forsworn148

Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn 'on mere necessity.'153

So to the laws at large I write my name:

*[Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least degree

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:156

Suggestions are to others as to me;

But I believe, although I seem so loath,

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?160

KING.

Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;164

One whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:168

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;173

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

BER.

Armado is a most illustrious wight,176

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

LONG.

Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.*

DULL.

Which is the duke's own person?180

BER.

This, fellow. What wouldst?

DULL.

I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.184

BER.

This is he.

DULL.

Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.188

COST.

Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING.

A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BER.

How long soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.193

LONG

A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

BER.

To hear, or forbear laughing?196

LONG.

To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

BER.

Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.200

COST.

The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

BER.

In what manner?204

COST.

In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman, for the form,—in some form.

BER.

For the following, sir?212

COST.

As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

KING.

Will you hear this letter with attention?

BER.

As we would hear an oracle.216

COST.

Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

KING.

*Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,221*

COST.

Not a word of Costard yet.

KING.

*So it is,—*

COST.

It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.—225

KING.

Peace!

COST.

Be to me and every man that dares not fight.228

KING.

No words!

COST.

Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING.

*So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that most obscene and preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where, it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—249*

COST.

Me.

KING.

*that unlettered small-knowing soul,—*

COST.

Me.252

KING.

*that shallow vessel,—*

COST.

Still me.

KING.

*which, as I remember, hight Costard,—256*

COST.

O me.

KING.

*sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O! with but with this I passion to say wherewith,—*

COST.

With a wench.262

KING.

*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I,—as my everesteemed duty pricks me on,—have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.269*

DULL.

Me, an't please you; I am Antony Dull.

KING.

*For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,276*

*Don Adriano de Armado.*

BER.

This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

KING.

Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?280

COST.

Sir, I confess the wench.

KING.

Did you hear the proclamation?

COST.

I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.284

KING.

It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

COST.

I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.288

KING.

Well, it was proclaimed 'damosel.'

COST.

This was no damosel neither, sir: she was a 'virgin.'

KING.

It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'293

COST.

If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

KING.

This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

COST.

This maid will serve my turn, sir.<sup>297</sup>

KING.

Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

COST.

I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING.

And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him deliver'd o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practice that<sup>304</sup>

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

*[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumaine.]*

BER.

I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.<sup>308</sup>

COST.

I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

*The Same.*

*Enter Armado and Moth.*

ARM.

Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH.

A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARM.

Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.<sup>5</sup>

MOTH.

No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

ARM.

How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?<sup>8</sup>

MOTH.

By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

ARM.

Why tough senior? why tough senior?

MOTH.

Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?<sup>13</sup>

ARM.

I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.<sup>16</sup>

MOTH.

And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARM.

Pretty, and apt.

MOTH.

How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?21

ARM.

Thou pretty, because little.

MOTH.

Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?24

ARM.

And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH.

Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM.

In thy condign praise.

MOTH.

I will praise an eel with the same praise.29

ARM.

What! that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH.

That an eel is quick.

ARM.

I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.33

MOTH.

I am answered, sir.

ARM.

I love not to be crossed.

MOTH.

[*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him.37

ARM.

I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH.

You may do it in an hour, sir.40

ARM.

Impossible.

MOTH.

How many is one thrice told?

ARM.

I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.44

MOTH.

You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

ARM.

I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.48

MOTH.

Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM.

It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH.

Which the base vulgar do call three.

ARM.

True.<sup>53</sup>

MOTH.

Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink; 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.

ARM.

A most fine figure!

MOTH.

To prove you a cipher.<sup>60</sup>

ARM.

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 humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised curtsy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?<sup>70</sup>

MOTH.

Hercules, master.

ARM.

Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.<sup>74</sup>

MOTH.

Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the towngates on his back like a porter; and he was in love.

ARM.

O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH.

A woman, master.82

ARM.

Of what complexion?

MOTH.

Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

ARM.

Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH.

Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM.

Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH.

As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.90

ARM.

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.94

MOTH.

It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

ARM.

My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH.

Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.99

ARM.

Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH.

My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

ARM.

Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!104

MOTH.

If she be made of white and red,  
Her faults will ne'er be known,  
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
And fears by pale white shown:108  
Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
By this you shall not know,  
For still her cheeks possess the same  
Which native she doth owe.112

A dangerous rime, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM.

Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?116

MOTH.

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 neither serve for the writing nor the tune.120

ARM.

I will have that subject newly writ o'er, 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 hind Costard: she deserves well.125

MOTH.

[*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

ARM.

Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.129

MOTH.

And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM.

I say, sing.132

MOTH.

Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter*Dull, Costard,*and*Jaquenetta.

DULL.

Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance, but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.

Fare you well.139

ARM.

I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

JAQ.

Man?

ARM.

I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ.

That's hereby.

ARM.

I know where it is situate.144

JAQ.

Lord, how wise you are!

ARM.

I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ.

With that face?

ARM.

I love thee.148

JAQ.

So I heard you say.

ARM.

And so farewell.

JAQ.

Fair weather after you!

DULL.

Come, Jaquenetta, away!152

*[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.]*

ARM.

Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

COST.

Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.156

ARM.

Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COST.

I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM.

Take away this villain: shut him up.

MOTH.

Come, you transgressing slave: away!

COST.

Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.163

MOTH.

No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

COST.

Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

MOTH.

What shall some see?168

COST.

Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

*[Exeunt Moth and Costard.]*

ARM.

I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,—which is a great argument of falsehood,—if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second clause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your

manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rime, for I am sure I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### ***The King Of Navarre's Park. A Pavilion And Tents At A Distance.***

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.*

BOYET.

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider whom the king your father sends,

To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:

Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,<sup>4</sup>

To parley with the sole inheritor

Of all perfections that a man may owe,

Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.<sup>8</sup>

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace

As Nature was in making graces dear

When she did starve the general world beside,

And prodigally gave them all to you.<sup>12</sup>

PRIN.

Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth<sup>17</sup>  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,<sup>20</sup>  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:<sup>24</sup>  
Therefore to us seemth it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you<sup>28</sup>  
As our best-moving fair solicitor.  
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,  
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,  
Importunes personal conference with his Grace.  
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,<sup>33</sup>  
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

BOYET.

Proud of employment, willingly I go.

PRIN.

All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit* Boyet.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,37  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

FIRST LORD.

Lord Longaville is one.

PRIN.

Know you the man?

MAR.

I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,40  
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
Of Jacques Falconbridge, solemnized  
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.  
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;44  
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,—48  
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
It should none spare that come within his power.

PRIN.

Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?52

MAR.

They say so most that most his humours know.

PRIN.

Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

KATH.

The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd youth,<sup>56</sup>

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;<sup>61</sup>

And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.

ROS.

Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth:<sup>65</sup>

Berowne they call him; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.<sup>68</sup>

His eye begets occasion for his wit;

For every object that the one doth catch

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,<sup>72</sup>

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his tales,

And younger hearings are quite ravished;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.76

PRIN.

God bless my ladies! are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

FIRST LORD.

Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* Boyet.

PRIN.

Now, what admittance, lord?

BOYET.

Navarre had notice of your fair approach;81  
And he and his competitors in oath  
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt;  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,85  
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeeled house.88

Here comes Navarre.

*[The Ladies mask.*

*Enter* King, Longaville, Dumaine, Berowne, *and* Attendants.

KING.

Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRIN.

'Fair,' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

KING.

You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRIN.

I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.<sup>96</sup>

KING.

Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

PRIN.

Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

KING.

Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRIN.

Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.<sup>100</sup>

KING.

Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRIN.

Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,<sup>105</sup>

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.<sup>108</sup>

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

*[Gives a paper.]*

KING.

Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRIN.

You will the sooner that I were away,

For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

BER.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROS.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BER.

I know you did.

ROS.

How needless was it then!

To ask the question!

BER.

You must not be so quick.

ROS.

'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

BER.

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

ROS.

Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BER.

What time o' day?121

ROS.

The hour that fools should ask.

BER.

Now fair befall your mask!

ROS.

Fair fall the face it covers! 124

BER.

And send you many lovers!

ROS.

Amen, so you be none.

BER.

Nay, then I will be gone.127

KING.

Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he, or we,—as neither have,—132

Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,  
Although not valu'd to the money's worth. 136  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty. 140  
But that it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, 144  
To have his title live in Aquitaine;  
Which we much rather had depart withal,  
And have the money by our father lent,  
Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is. 148  
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. 152

PRIN.

You do the king my father too much wrong  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseeming to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid. 156

KING.

I do protest I never heard of it;

And if you prove it, I'll repay it back

Or yield up Aquitaine.

PRIN.

We arrest your word.

Boyet, you can produce acquittances<sup>160</sup>

For such a sum from special officers

Of Charles his father.

KING.

Satisfy me so.

BOYET.

So please your Grace, the packet is not come

Where that and other specialties are bound:<sup>164</sup>

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING.

It shall suffice me: at which interview

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand<sup>168</sup>

As honour, without breach of honour, may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,<sup>172</sup>

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.<sup>176</sup>

PRIN.

Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace!

KING.

Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

*[Exeunt King and his Train.]*

BER.

Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

ROS.

Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it. 180

BER.

I would you heard it groan.

ROS.

Is the fool sick?

BER.

Sick at the heart.

ROS.

Alack! let it blood. 184

BER.

Would that do it good?

ROS.

My physic says, 'ay.'

BER.

Will you prick't with your eye?

ROS.

No point, with my knife.188

BER.

Now, God save thy life!

ROS.

And yours from long living!

BER.

I cannot stay thanksgiving.

*[Retiring.*

DUM.

Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?192

BOYET.

The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

DUM.

A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

*[Exit.*

LONG.

I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

BOYET.

A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.196

LONG.

Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

BOYET.

She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

LONG.

Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET.

Her mother's, I have heard.200

LONG.

God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET.

Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

LONG.

Nay, my choler is ended.204

She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET.

Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit* Longaville.

BER.

What's her name, in the cap?

BOYET.

Rosaline, by good hap.208

BER.

Is she wedded or no?

BOYET.

To her will, sir, or so.

BER.

You are welcome, sir. Adieu.

BOYET.

Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

*[Exit Berowne.—Ladies unmask.*

MAR.

That last is Berowne, the merry mad-cap lord:213

Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET.

And every jest but a word.

PRIN.

It was well done of you to take him at his word.

BOYET.

I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.216

MAR.

Two hot sheeps, marry!

BOYET.

And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

MAR.

You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

BOYET.

So you grant pasture for me.

*[Offering to kiss her.*

MAR.

Not so, gentle beast.220

My lips are no common, though several they be.

BOYET.

Belonging to whom?

MAR.

To my fortunes and me.

PRIN.

Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd224

On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abus'd.

BOYET.

If my observation,—which very seldom lies,—

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.228

PRIN.

With what?

BOYET.

With that which we lovers entitle affected.

PRIN.

Your reason.

BOYET.

Why, all his behaviours did make their retire232

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire;

His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair,  
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;<sup>241</sup>  
Who, tend'ring their own worth from where they were glass'd,  
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.  
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,<sup>246</sup>  
An' you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

PRIN.

Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.

BOYET.

But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,

By adding a tongue which I know will not he.

ROS.

Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.<sup>252</sup>

MAR.

He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.

ROS.

Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

BOYET.

Do you hear, my mad wenches?

MAR.

No.

BOYET.

What, then, do you see?

ROS.

Ay, our way to be gone.

BOYET.

You are too hard for me.<sup>256</sup>

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

### Scene I.—

### ***The King Of Navarre's Park.***

*Enter Armado and Moth.*

ARM.

Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH.

*[Singing.] Concolinel,—3*

ARM.

Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

MOTH.

Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?<sup>9</sup>

ARM.

How meanest thou? brawling in French?

MOTH.

No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love by singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours, these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note,—do you note me?—that most are affected to these.<sup>27</sup>

ARM.

How hast thou purchased this experience?

MOTH.

By my penny of observation.

ARM.

But O—but O,—

MOTH.

'The hobby-horse is forgot.'<sup>32</sup>

ARM.

Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse?'

MOTH.

No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?<sup>36</sup>

ARM.

Almost I had.

MOTH.

Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM.

By heart, and in heart, boy.

MOTH.

And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.<sup>41</sup>

ARM.

What wilt thou prove?

MOTH.

A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.<sup>48</sup>

ARM.

I am all these three.

MOTH.

And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM.

Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.<sup>53</sup>

MOTH.

A message well sympathized: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

ARM.

Ha, ha! what sayest thou?<sup>56</sup>

MOTH.

Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

ARM.

The way is but short: away!

MOTH.

As swift as lead, sir.60

ARM.

Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

MOTH.

*Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARM.

I say, lead is slow.

MOTH.

You are too swift, sir, to say so:

Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?65

ARM.

Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reutes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH.

Thump then, and I flee.

[*Exit.*

ARM.

A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.<sup>72</sup>

*Re-enter Moth with Costard.*

MOTH.

A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.

ARM.

Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy *l'envoy*; begin.

COST.

No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the mail, sir. O! sir, plantain, a plain plantain: no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*: no salve, sir, but a plantain.<sup>78</sup>

ARM.

By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O! pardon me, my stars. Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?<sup>84</sup>

MOTH.

Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

ARM.

No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.<sup>88</sup>

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 *l'envoy*.<sup>92</sup>

MOTH.

I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

ARM.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.96

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 *l'envoy*.100

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

ARM.

Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.104

MOTH.

A good *l'envoy*, 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 fat.108

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see; a fat *l'envoy*; 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 shin.112

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

COST.

True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market. 116

ARM.

But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

MOTH.

I will tell you sensibly.

COST.

Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*: 121

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

ARM.

We will talk no more of this matter. 124

COST.

Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM.

Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

COST.

O! marry me to one Frances: I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this. 128

ARM.

By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

COST.

True, true, and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.133

ARM.

I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and in lieu thereof, impose upon thee nothing but this:—[*Giving a letter.*] Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta. [*Giving money.*] There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

[*Exit.*

MOTH.

Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.141

COST.

My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!

[*Exit*Moth.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration. 'What's the price of this inkle?' 'One penny.' 'No, I'll give you a remuneration.' why, it carries it Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter*Berowne.

BER.

O! my good knave Costard, exceedingly well met.152

COST.

Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband may a man buy for a remuneration?

BER.

What is a remuneration?

COST.

Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.156

BER.

Why then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

COST.

I thank your worship. God be wi' you!

BER.

Stay, slave; I must employ thee:160

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.



Love's Labour's Lost, by F. Wheatly.

COST.

When would you have it done, sir?

BER.

O, this afternoon.164

COST.

Well, I will do it, sir! fare you well.

BER.

O, thou knowest not what it is.

COST.

I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BER.

Why, villain, thou must know first. 168

COST.

I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BER.

It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this: 172

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 her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her 176

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. [*Gives him a shilling.*] There's thy guerdon: go.

COST.

Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; a 'leven-pence farthing better.

Most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print

Gardon! remuneration!

[*Exit.*]

BER.

And I,—

Forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh; 185

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! 188

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;  
Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms,  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,192  
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,  
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
Sole imperator and great general  
Of trotting 'paritors: O my little heart!196  
And I to be a corporal of his field,  
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!  
What I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman that is like a German clock,200  
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,  
And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right!  
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;204  
And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,  
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed208  
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect212  
Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***The King Of Navarre's Park.***

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRIN.

Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET.

I know not; but I think it was not he.

PRIN.

Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.<sup>4</sup>  
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;  
On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in?<sup>8</sup>

FOR.

Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

PRIN.

I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,<sup>11</sup>  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

FOR.

Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

PRIN.

What, what? first praise me, and again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

FOR.

Yes, madam, fair.

PRIN.

Nay, never paint me now:16

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass:—[*Gives money.*] Take this for telling true:

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

FOR.

Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.20

PRIN.

See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,24

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,28

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes,  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,<sup>32</sup>  
We bend to that the working of the heart;  
As I for praise alone now seek to spill  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

BOYET.

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty<sup>36</sup>  
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

PRIN.

Only for praise; and praise we may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.<sup>40</sup>

*Enter* Costard.

BOYET.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

COST.

God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

PRIN.

Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.<sup>45</sup>

COST.

Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRIN.

The thickest, and the tallest.

COST.

The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.48

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One o'these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

PRIN.

What's your will, sir? what's your will?

COST.

I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline.53

PRIN.

O! thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon.

BOYET.

I am bound to serve.56

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRIN.

We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

BOYET.

*By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon, and he it was that might rightly say veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame:*

*he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: Why did he come? to see: Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar: What saw he? the beggar. Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's; the captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's, no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.88*

*Thine, in the dearest design of Industry, Don Adriano de Armado.*

*Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar*

*'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey:92*

*Submissive fall his princely feet before,*

*And he from forage will incline to play.*

*But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?*

*Food for his rage, repasture for his den.96*

PRIN.

What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

BOYET.

I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style.

PRIN.

Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.100

BOYET.

This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the prince and his book-mates.

PRIN.

Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

COST.

I told you; my lord.104

PRIN.

To whom shouldst thou give it?

COST.

From my lord to my lady.

PRIN.

From which lord, to which lady?

COST.

From my lord Berowne, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.108

PRIN.

Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

*[Exeunt Princess and Train.*

BOYET.

Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

ROS.

Shall I teach you to know?

BOYET.

Ay, my continent of beauty.

ROS.

Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off! 113

BOYET.

My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on! 116

ROS.

Well then, I am the shooter.

BOYET.

And who is your deer?

ROS.

If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

MAR.

You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow. 120

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 it? 124

BOYET.

So may I answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it. 128

ROS.

*Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

BOYET.

*An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
An I cannot, another can.132*

[*Exeunt Rosaline and Katharine.*

COST.

By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

MAR.

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 in't, to mete at, if it may be.136

MAR.

Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith your hand is out.

COST.

Indeed a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

BOYET.

An' if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

COST.

Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.140

MAR.

Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

COST.

She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

BOYET.

I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

COST.

By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit! 146

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit,

Armado, o' the one side, O! a most dainty man.

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear! 150

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!

Ah! heavens, it is a most pathological nit.

[*Shouting within.*] Sola, sola!

[*Exit running.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same.***

*Enter* Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

NATH.

Very reverend sport, truly: and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOL.

The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.<sup>7</sup>

NATH.

Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

HOL.

Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.<sup>11</sup>

DULL.

'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

HOL.

Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.<sup>20</sup>

DULL.

I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

HOL.

Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!

O! thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!<sup>24</sup>

NATH.

Sir, he hath not fed of the dainties that are bred of a book;

he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he;

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool:

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:32

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old Father's mind,

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

DULL.

You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?36

HOL.

Dictynna, goodman Dull: Dictynna, goodman Dull.

DULL.

What is Dictynna?

NATH.

A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOL.

The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;40

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL.

'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOL.

God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.45

DULL.

And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old;  
and I say beside that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.49

HOL.

Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess killed, a pricket.53

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.57

*The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;  
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.  
The dogs did yell; put to sore, then sore jumps from thicket;60  
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.  
If sore be sore, then to sore makes fifty sores one sore!  
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one morel.*

NATH.

A rare talent!64

DULL.

[*Aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

HOL.

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.74

NATH.

Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.79

HOL.

*Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

JAQ.

God give you good morrow, Master parson.

HOL.

Master parson, *quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

COST.

Marry, Master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead. 88

HOL.

Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

JAQ.

Good Master parson [*giving a letter to Nathaniel*], be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it. 95

HOL.

*Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah! good old Mantuan. I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Venetia, Venetia*, 100  
*Chi non te vede, non te pretia.*

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sola, mi, fa*. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NATH.

Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL.

Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse: *lege, domine*. 109

NATH.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove; 112  
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd  
Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes.  
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend; 117  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire  
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder, 120  
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, O! pardon love this wrong.  
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

HOL.

You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing; so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

JAQ.

Ay, sir; from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange queen's lords. 136

HOL.

I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline*. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: *Your ladyship's, in all desired employment*, Berowne.—Sir Nathaniel, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

JAQ.

Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life! 152

COST.

Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*]

NATH.

Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain Father saith—156

HOL.

Sir, tell not me of the Father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

NATH.

Marvellous well for the pen.160

HOL.

I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.168

NATH.

And thank you too; for society—saith the text—is the happiness of life.

HOL.

And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*To Dull.*] Sir, I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Same.***

*Enter Berowne, with a paper.*

BER.

The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word! Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep: it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O! but her

eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rime, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!<sup>21</sup>

*[Gets up into a tree.*

*Enter the King, with a paper.*

KING.

Ah me!

BER.

*[Aside.]* Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

KING.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,<sup>28</sup>  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,<sup>32</sup>  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light,  
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.<sup>36</sup>  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show  
But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.<sup>40</sup>  
O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

*[Steps aside.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.<sup>45</sup>

*Enter Longaville, with a paper.*

BER.

Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

LONG.

Ay me! I am forsworn.

BER.

Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.<sup>48</sup>

KING.

In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

BER.

One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONG.

Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

BER.

I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know:<sup>52</sup>

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

LONG.

I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!<sup>56</sup>

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BER.

O! rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

LONG.

This same shall go.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,60  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,64  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.  
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:68  
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:  
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine:  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise72  
To lose an oath to win a paradise!

BER.

This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity;

A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.76

LONG.

By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

*[Steps aside.*

BER.

All hid, all hid; an old infant play.

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.80

More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish.

*Enter Dumaine, with a paper.*

Dumaine transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

DUM.

O most divine Kate!

BER.

O most profane coxcomb!<sup>84</sup>

DUM.

By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

BER.

By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.

DUM.

Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.

BER.

An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

DUM.

As upright as the cedar.

BER.

Stoop, I say;<sup>89</sup>

Her shoulder is with child.

DUM.

As fair as day.

BER.

Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

DUM.

O! that I had my wish.

LONG.

And I had mine!92

KING.

And I mine too, good Lord!

BER.

Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?

DUM.

I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.96

BER.

A fever in your blood! why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

DUM.

Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BER.

Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.100

DUM.

On a day, alack the day!  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air:104  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.108  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But alack! my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:112  
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee; 116  
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love. 120

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O! would the King, Berowne, and Longaville  
Were lovers too. Ill, to example ill, 124

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;  
For none offend where all alike do dote.

LONG.

[*Advancing.*] Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,  
That in love's grief desir'st society: 128  
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

KING.

[*Advancing.*] Come, sir, you blush: as his your case is such;  
You chide at him, offending twice as much: 132  
You do not love Maria; Longaville  
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,  
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
His loving bosom to keep down his heart. 136  
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
I heard your guilty rimes, observ'd your fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries; 141

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

[*To Longaville.*] You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To Dumaine.*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. 144

What will Berowne say, when that he shall hear

A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it! 148

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me.

BER.

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[*Descends from the tree.*]

Ah! good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me: 152

Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears: 156

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:

Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot? 160

You found his mote; the king your mote did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen;164  
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a gnat;  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,168  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!  
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine,  
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?172  
And where my liege's? all about the breast:  
A caudle, ho!

KING.

Too bitter is thy jest.  
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BER.

Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:  
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin177  
To break the vow I am engaged in;  
I am betray'd, by keeping company  
With men like men, men of inconstancy.180  
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?  
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,184

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist, leg, a limb?—

KING.

Soft! Whither away so fast? true man or a thief that gallops so?

BER.

I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.*

JAQ.

God bless the king!

KING.

What present hast thou there?

COST.

Some certain treason.

KING.

What makes treason here?

COST.

Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

KING.

If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

JAQ.

I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read: 193

Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

KING.

Berowne, read it over—

*[Giving the letter to him.*

There hadst thou it?196

JAQ.

Of Costard.

KING.

Where hadst thou it?

COST.

Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*[Berowne tears the letter.*

KING.

How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?200

BER.

A toy, my liege, a toy: your Grace needs not fear it.

LONG.

It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

DUM.

*[Picking up the pieces.]* It is Berowne's writing, and here is his name.

BER.

*[To Costard.]* Ah, you whoreson logger-head, you were born to do me shame.204

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

KING.

What?

BER.

That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;

He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,208

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUM.

Now the number is even.

BER.

True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

KING.

Hence, sirs; away!212

COST.

Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

*[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*

BER.

Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:217

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING.

What! did these rent lines show some love of thine?220

BER.

'Did they,' quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?<sup>228</sup>

KING.

What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?  
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;  
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

BER.

My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne:  
O! but for my love, day would turn to night.  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity,<sup>236</sup>  
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.  
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;<sup>240</sup>  
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.  
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,<sup>244</sup>

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O! 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

KING.

By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

BER.

Is ebony like her? O wood divine!248

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O! who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:252

No face is fair that is not full so black.

KING.

O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.256

BER.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;260

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.265

DUM.

To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

LONG.

And since her time are colliers counted bright.

KING.

And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.268

DUM.

Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

BER.

Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

KING.

'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,272

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

BER.

I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

KING.

No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

DUM.

I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

LONG.

Look, here's thy love: [*Showing his shoe.*] my foot and her face see.277

BER.

O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

DUM.

O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies<sup>280</sup>

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

KING.

But what of this? Are we not all in love?

BER.

Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

KING.

Then leave this chat; and good Berowne, now prove<sup>284</sup>

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

DUM.

Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

LONG.

O! some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

DUM.

Some salve for perjury.

BER.

O, 'tis more than need.<sup>289</sup>

Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms:

Consider what you first did swear unto,

To fast, to study, and to see no woman;<sup>292</sup>

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,<sup>297</sup>  
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence<sup>300</sup>  
Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.<sup>304</sup>  
Why, universal plodding poisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion and long-during action tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.<sup>308</sup>  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
And study too, the causer of your vow;  
For where is any author in the world<sup>312</sup>  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are our learning likewise is:  
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,<sup>316</sup>  
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 liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation have found out<sup>321</sup>  
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,<sup>324</sup>  
And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;  
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain,<sup>328</sup>  
But, with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.<sup>332</sup>  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:<sup>336</sup>  
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.  
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,<sup>340</sup>  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.345  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;  
O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,348  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,352  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;  
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.  
Then fools you were these women to forswear,  
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,357  
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;  
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,360  
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 itself fulfils the law;364  
And who can sever love from charity?  
KING.  
Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

BER.

Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!  
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.369

LONG.

Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by;  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING.

And win them too: therefore let us devise372  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BER.

First, from the park let us conduct them thither;  
Then homeward every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon376  
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 flowers.

KING.

Away, away! no time shall be omitted,  
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

BER.

*Allons! allons!* Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;  
And justice always whirls in equal measure:

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;385

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***The King Of Navarre's Park.***

*Enter* Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

HOL.

*Satis quod sufficit.*

NATH.

I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.<sup>9</sup>

HOL.

*Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue field, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.<sup>16</sup>

NATH.

A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*]

HOL.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour, neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable, which he

would call abominable,—it insinuateth me of insanie: *anne intelligis, domine?* To make frantic, lunatic.29

NATH.

*Laus Deo bone intelligo.*

HOL.

*Bone? bone, for bene:* Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.32

*Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.*

NATH.

*Videsne quis venit?*

HOL.

*Video, et gaudeo.*

ARM.

[*To Moth.*] Chirrah!

HOL.

*Quare Chirrah, not sirrah?*36

ARM.

Men of peace, well encountered.

HOL.

Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH.

[*Aside to Costard.*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.41

COST.

O! they have lived long on the almsbasket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.46

MOTH.

Peace! the peal begins.

ARM.

[*ToHolofernes.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

MOTH.

Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?<sup>52</sup>

HOL.

Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

MOTH.

Ba! most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

HOL.

*Quis, quis*, thou consonant?<sup>56</sup>

MOTH.

The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

HOL.

I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

MOTH.

The sheep; the other two concludes it,—o, u.<sup>61</sup>

ARM.

Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!<sup>65</sup>

MOTH.

Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

HOL.

What is the figure? what is the figure?

MOTH.

Horns.69

HOL.

Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gig.

MOTH.

Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*. A gig of a cuckold's horn.74

COST.

An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.83

HOL.

O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

ARM.

Arts-man, *præambula*: we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?89

HOL.

Or *mons*, the hill.

ARM.

At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.92

HOL.

I do, sans question.

ARM.

Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.97

HOL.

The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.102

ARM.

Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it pass: I do beseech thee, remember thy curtsy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass. The very all of all is, but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.126

HOL.

Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

NATH.

Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?136

HOL.

Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb, or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—140

ARM.

Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

HOL.

Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.147

MOTH.

An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.152

ARM.

For the rest of the Worthies?—

HOL.

I will play three myself.

MOTH.

Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARM.

Shall I tell you a thing?156

HOL.

We attend.

ARM.

We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

HOL.

*Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.161

DULL.

Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOL.

*Allons!* we will employ thee.

DULL.

I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.166

HOL.

Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. Before The Princess's Pavilion.***

*Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.*

PRIN.

Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in: lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving king.4

ROS.

Madam, came nothing else along with that?

PRIN.

Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rime

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,8

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

ROS.

That was the way to make his godhead wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

KATH.

Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

ROS.

You'll ne'er be friends with him: a' kill'd your sister.13

KATH.

He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been light, like you,  
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,16  
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died;  
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

ROS.

What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

KATH.

A light condition in a beauty dark.20

ROS.

We need more light to find your meaning out.

KATH.

You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

ROS.

Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.24

KATH.

So do not you, for you are a light wench.

ROS.

Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

KATH.

You weigh me not. O! that's you care not for me.

ROS.

Great reason; for, 'past cure is still past care.'<sup>28</sup>

PRIN.

Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

ROS.

I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,<sup>32</sup>

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:<sup>36</sup>

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

PRIN.

Anything like?

ROS.

Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

PRIN.

Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

KATH.

Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

ROS.

'Ware pencils! how? let me not die your debtor.

My red dominical, my golden letter:44

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

KATH.

A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

PRIN.

But what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?

KATH.

Madam, this glove.

PRIN.

Did he not send you twain?48

KATH.

Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.52

MAR.

This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:

The letter is too long by half a mile.

PRIN.

I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart  
The chain were longer and the letter short?56

MAR.

Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

PRIN.

We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

ROS.

They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same Berowne I'll torture ere I go.60  
O that I knew he were but in by the week!  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,  
And wait the season, and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rimes,64  
And shape his service wholly to my hests,  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!  
So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.68

PRIN.

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 wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.72

ROS.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

MAR.

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;<sup>76</sup>

Since all the power thereof it doth apply

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter Boyet.*

PRIN.

Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

BOYET.

O! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's her Grace?<sup>80</sup>

PRIN.

Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET.

Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are

Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:<sup>84</sup>

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

PRIN.

Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.88

BOYET.

Under the cool shade of a sycamore

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address<sup>92</sup>

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.<sup>96</sup>

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:

Action and accent did they teach him there;

'Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear.'

And ever and anon they made a doubt<sup>101</sup>

Presence majestic would put him out;

'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'<sup>104</sup>

The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;

I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'

With that all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.<sup>108</sup>

One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore

A better speech was never spoke before;

Another, with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;'  
The third he caper'd and cried, 'All goes well;'  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound, 116  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

PRIN.

But what, but what, come they to visit us?

BOYET.

They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus, 120  
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.  
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know  
By favours several which they did bestow. 125

PRIN.

And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:  
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,  
And not a man of them shall have the grace, 128  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
And then the king will court thee for his dear:  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline, 133

And change you favours too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

ROS.

Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.136

KATH.

But in this changing what is your intent?

PRIN.

The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent.140

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook and so be mock'd withal

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

With visages display'd, to talk and greet.144

ROS.

But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

PRIN.

No, to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;

But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.148

BOYET.

Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

PRIN.

Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out. 152  
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,  
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

*[Trumpets sound within.]*

BOYET.

The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come.

*[The Ladies mask.]*

*Enter Blackmoors with music; Moth; the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine in Russian habits, and masked.*

MOTH.

*All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!*

BOYET.

Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

MOTH.

*A holy parcel of the fairest dames, 160*

*[The Ladies turn their backs to him.]*

*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!*

BER.

*'Their eyes,' villain, 'their eyes.'*

MOTH.

*That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*

*Out*—164

BOYET.

True; 'out,' indeed.

MOTH.

*'Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe*

*Not to behold'*—

BER.

*'Once to behold,'* rogue.168

MOTH.

*'Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,*

*—with your sun-beamed eyes'*—

BOYET.

They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.' 172

MOTH.

They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

BER.

Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

[*Exit*Moth.

ROS.

What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will 176

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

BOYET.

What would you wish the princess?

BER.

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS.

What would they, say they? 181

BOYET.

Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

ROS.

Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

BOYET.

She says, you have it, and you may be gone. 184

KING.

Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

BOYET.

They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass. 188

ROS.

It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told.

BOYET.

If to come hither you have measur'd miles, 192

And many miles, the princess bids you tell

How many inches do fill up one mile.

BER.

Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

BOYET.

She hears herself.

ROS.

How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,197

Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

BER.

We number nothing that we spend for you:

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,200

That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

ROS.

My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

KING.

Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!205

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,

Those clouds remov'd, upon our wat'ry eyne.

ROS.

O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

KING.

Then, in our measure but vouchsafe one change.<sup>210</sup>

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

ROS.

Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.

*[Music plays.]*

Not yet! no dance! thus change I like the moon.

KING.

Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?<sup>214</sup>

ROS.

You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

KING.

Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

ROS.

Our ears vouchsafe it.

KING.

But your legs should do it.

ROS.

Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands: we will not dance.<sup>220</sup>

KING.

Why take we hands then?

ROS.

Only to part friends.

Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

KING.

More measure of this measure: be not nice.

ROS.

We can afford no more at such a price.

KING.

Prize you yourselves? what buys your company?<sup>225</sup>

ROS.

Your absence only.

KING.

That can never be.

ROS.

Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!<sup>228</sup>

KING.

If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

ROS.

In private, then.

KING.

I am best pleas'd with that.

*[They converse apart.]*

BER.

White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

PRIN.

Honey, and milk, and sugar; there are three.<sup>232</sup>

BER.

Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

PRIN.

Seventh sweet, adieu:

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

BER.

One word in secret.

PRIN.

Let it not be sweet.<sup>237</sup>

BER.

Thou griev'st my gall.

PRIN.

Gall! bitter.

BER.

Therefore meet.

*[They converse apart.]*

DUM.

Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

MAR.

Name it.

DUM.

Fair lady,—

MAR.

Say you so? Fair lord,

Take that for your fair lady.

DUM.

Please it you,241

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

*[They converse apart.]*

KATH.

What! was your visor made without a tongue?

LONG.

I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

KATH.

O! for your reason; quickly, sir; I long.245

LONG.

You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

KATH.

'Veal,' quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?248

LONG.

A calf, fair lady!

KATH.

No, a fair lord calf.

LONG.

Let's part the word.

KATH.

No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox.

LONG.

Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks.<sup>252</sup>

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

KATH.

Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

LONG.

One word in private with you, ere I die.

KATH.

Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

*[They converse apart.]*

BOYET.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen<sup>257</sup>

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense; so sensible<sup>260</sup>

Seemeth 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.

BER.

By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!264

KING.

Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.

PRIN.

Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.

[*Exeunt* King, Lords, Music, *and* Attendants.

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

BOYET.

Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.268

ROS.

Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

PRIN.

O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?272

This pert Berowne was out of countenance quite.

ROS.

O! they were all in lamentable cases.

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

PRIN.

Berowne did swear himself out of all suit.276

MAR.

Dumaine was at my service, and his sword:

'No point,' quoth I: my servant straight was mute.

KATH.

Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

PRIN.

Qualm, perhaps.280

KATH.

Yes, in good faith.

PRIN.

Go, sickness as thou art!

ROS.

Well, better wits have worn plain statutecaps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

PRIN.

And quick Berowne hath plighted faith to me.284

KATH.

And Longaville was for my service born.

MAR.

Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

BOYET.

Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here288

In their own shapes; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity.

PRIN.

Will they return?

BOYET.

They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:292

Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

PRIN.

How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

BOYET.

Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in their bud:296

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

PRIN.

Avaunt perplexity! What shall we do

If they return in their own shapes to woo?300

ROS.

Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,

Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd.

Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;304

And wonder what they were, and to what end

Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

Should be presented at our tent to us.<sup>308</sup>

BOYET.

Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

PRIN.

Whip to your tents, as roes run over land.

*[Exeunt Princess, Ros., Kath., and Maria.]*

*Enter the King, Berowne, Longaville, and Dumaine in their proper habits.*

KING.

Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

BOYET.

Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,<sup>312</sup>

Command me any service to her thither?

KING.

That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

BOYET.

I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

*[Exit.]*

BER.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease,<sup>316</sup>

And utters it again when God doth please:

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares

At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he<sup>324</sup>

That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms: nay, he can sing<sup>328</sup>

A mean most meanly, and in ushering

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,<sup>332</sup>

To show his teeth as white as whales-bone;

And consciences, that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

KING.

A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,<sup>336</sup>

That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, and Attendants.*

BER.

See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou,

Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

KING.

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!<sup>340</sup>

PRIN.

'Fair,' in 'all hail,' is foul, as I conceive.

KING.

Construe my speeches better, if you may.

PRIN.

Then wish me better: I will give you leave.

KING.

We came to visit you, and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

PRIN.

This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

KING.

Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:348

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

PRIN.

You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure352

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be356

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

KING.

O! you have liv'd in desolation here,  
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

PRIN.

Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;  
We have had pastime here and pleasant game.  
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

KING.

How, madam! Russians?

PRIN.

Ay, in truth, my lord;  
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.<sup>364</sup>

ROS.

Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:  
My lady, to the manner of the days,  
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.  
We four, indeed, confronted were with four<sup>368</sup>  
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,  
And talk'd apace; 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,<sup>372</sup>  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

BER.

This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,376  
By light we lose light: your capacity  
Is of that nature that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

ROS.

This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye—380

BER.

I am a fool, and full of poverty.

ROS.

But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

BER.

O! I am yours, and all that I possess.

ROS.

All the fool mine?

BER.

I cannot give you less.

ROS.

Which of the visors was it that you wore?

BER.

Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

ROS.

There, then, that visor; that superfluous case388

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

KING.

We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

DUM.

Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

PRIN.

Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?392

ROS.

Help! hold his brows! he'll swoond.

Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

BER.

Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—396

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;400

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue,

Nor never come in visor to my friend,405

Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's song,

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,408  
Figures pedantical; these summer flies  
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:  
I do forswear them; and I here protest,  
By this white glove,—how white the hand,  
God knows,—412  
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:  
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—  
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.416

ROS.

Sans 'sans,' I pray you.

BER.

Yet I have a trick  
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;  
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:  
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;  
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;421  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:  
These lords are visited; you are not free,  
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.424

PRIN.

No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

BER.

Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

ROS.

It is not so. For how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?<sup>428</sup>

BER.

Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

ROS.

Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

BER.

Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.

KING.

Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression<sup>432</sup>

Some fair excuse.

PRIN.

The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

KING.

Madam, I was.

PRIN.

And were you well advis'd?

KING.

I was, fair madam.

PRIN.

When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?437

KING.

That more than all the world I did respect her.

PRIN.

When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

KING.

Upon mine honour, no.

PRIN.

Peace! peace! forbear;440

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

KING.

Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

PRIN.

I will; and therefore keep it. Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?444

ROS.

Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eyesight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.448

PRIN.

God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

KING.

What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.<sup>452</sup>

ROS.

By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

KING.

My faith and this the princess I did give:  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.<sup>456</sup>

PRIN.

Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.  
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

BER.

Neither of either; I remit both twain.  
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,<sup>461</sup>  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,<sup>464</sup>  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,  
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,  
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours, and then we,469

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn, in will and error.472

Much upon this it is: [*To Boyet.*] and might not you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?476

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye481

Wounds like a leaden sword.

BOYET.

Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

BER.

Lo! he is tilting straight. Peace! I have done.484

*Enter Costard.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

COST.

O Lord, sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

BER.

What, are there but three?

COST.

No, sir; but it is vara fine,488

For every one pursents three.

BER.

And three times thrice is nine.

COST.

Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

BER.

Is not nine.492

COST.

Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

BER.

By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

COST.

O Lord, sir! it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.497

BER.

How much is it?

COST.

O Lord, sir! the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

BER.

Art thou one of the Worthies?504

COST.

It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.508

BER.

Go, bid them prepare.

COST.

We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

[*Exit.*

KING.

Berowne, they will shame us; let them not approach.

BER.

We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy512

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

KING.

I say they shall not come.

PRIN.

Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how;

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal of those which it presents;

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BER.

A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter Armado.*

ARM.

Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.<sup>524</sup>

*[Armado converses with the King, and delivers a paper to him.]*

PRIN.

Doth this man serve God?

BER.

Why ask you?

PRIN.

He speaks not like a man of God's making,

ARM.

That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too-too vain; too-too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!

*[Exit.]*

KING.

Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,

These four will change habits and present the other five.<sup>540</sup>

BER.

There is five in the first show.

KING.

You are deceived, 'tis not so.

BER.

The pedant, the braggart, the hedgepriest, the fool, and the boy:—544

Abate throw at novum, 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 amain.

*Enter Costard armed, for Pompey.*

COST.

*I Pompey am,—*

BOYET.

You lie, you are not he. 548

COST.

*I Pompey am,—*

BOYET

With libbard's head on knee.

BER.

Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

COST.

*I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—*

DUM.

'The Great.' 552

COST.

It is 'Great,' sir; *Pompey surnam'd the Great;*  
*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:*  
*And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,*  
*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.*556

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

PRIN.

Great thanks, great Pompey.

COST.

'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in 'Great.'

BER.

My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter Sir Nathaniel armed, for Alexander.*

NATH.

*When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*  
*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:*564  
*My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—*

BOYET.

Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

BER.

Your nose smells 'no,' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRIN.

The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.568

NATH.

*When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—*

BOYET.

Most true; 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

BER.

Pompey the Great,—

COST.

Your servant, and Costard.<sup>572</sup>

BER.

Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COST.

[*To Nathaniel.*] O! sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander! [*Nathaniel retires.*] There, an't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

PRIN.

Stand aside, good Pompey.<sup>588</sup>

*Enter Holofernes armed, for Judas; and Moth armed, for Hercules.*

HOL.

*Great Hercules is presented by this imp,*

*Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;*

*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,*

*Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.*

*Quoniam, he seemeth in minority,*<sup>593</sup>

*Ergo, I come with this apology.*

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.—

[*Mothretires.*

*Judas I am.*—596

DUM.

A Judas!

HOL.

Not Iscariot, sir.

*Judas I am, ycleped Maccabæus.*

DUM.

Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

BER.

A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?601

HOL.

*Judas I am.*—

DUM.

The more shame for you, Judas.

HOL.

What mean you, sir?604

BOYET.

To make Judas hang himself.

HOL.

Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BER.

Well follow'd: Judas was hanged on an elder.

HOL.

I will not be put out of countenance.608

BER.

Because thou hast no face.

HOL.

What is this?

BOYET.

A cittern-head.

DUM.

The head of a bodkin.612

BER.

A death's face in a ring.

LONG.

The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

BOYET.

The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

DUM.

The carved-bone face on a flask.616

BER.

Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUM.

Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BER.

Ay, and worn in the cap of a toothdrawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.620

HOL.

You have put me out of countenance.

BER.

False: we have given thee faces.

HOL.

But you have outfaced them all.

BER.

An thou wert a lion, we would do so.624

BOYET.

Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

DUM.

For the latter end of his name.

BER.

For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—Jud-as, away!628

HOL.

This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

BOYET.

A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

PRIN.

Alas! poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited.

*Enter Armado armed, for Hector.*

BER.

Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.633

DUM.

Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

KING.

Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.637

BOYET.

But is this Hector?

KING.

I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.640

LONG.

His calf is too big for Hector.

DUM.

More calf, certain.

BOYET.

No; he is best indued in the small.

BER.

This cannot be Hector.644

DUM.

He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

ARM.

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*

*Gave Hector a gift,—648*

DUM.

A gilt nutmeg.

BER.

A lemon.

LONG.

Stuck with cloves.

DUM.

No, cloven.652

ARM.

Peace!

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;*

*A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye656*

*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

*I am that flower,—*

DUM.

That mint.

LONG.

That columbine.

ARM.

Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

LONG.

I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.661

DUM.

Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARM.

The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess.*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.667

PRIN.

Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

ARM.

I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

BOYET.

[*Aside to Dumaine.*] Loves her by the foot.672

DUM.

[*Aside to Boyet.*] He may not by the yard.

ARM.

*This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

COST.

The party is gone; fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.677

ARM.

What meanest thou?

COST.

Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

ARM.

Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.683

COST.

Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM.

Most rare Pompey!

BOYET.

Renowned Pompey!688

BER.

Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

DUM.

Hector trembles.

BER.

Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!693

DUM.

Hector will challenge him.

BER.

Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.696

ARM.

By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COST.

I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.701

DUM.

Room for the incensed Worthies!

COST.

I'll do it in my shirt.

DUM.

Most resolute Pompey!704

MOTH.

Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.708

ARM.

Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUM.

You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.712

ARM.

Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BER.

What reason have you for't?

ARM.

The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.716

BOYET.

True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.720

*Enter Monsieur Marcade, a Messenger.*

MAR.

God save you, madam!

PRIN.

Welcome, Marcade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MAR.

I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring<sup>724</sup>

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

PRIN.

Dead, for my life!

MAR.

Even so: my tale is told.

BER.

Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.<sup>729</sup>

ARM.

For my own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt* Worthies.]

KING.

How fares your majesty?

PRIN.

Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

KING.

Madam, not so: I do beseech you, stay.<sup>736</sup>

PRIN.

Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide<sup>740</sup>

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath; your gentleness  
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!744  
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue,  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING.

The extreme part of time extremely forms748  
All causes to the purpose of his speed,  
And often, at his very loose, decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate:  
And though the mourning brow of progeny752  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love  
The holy suit which fain it would convince;  
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it756  
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost  
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable  
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRIN.

I understand you not: my griefs are double.760

BER.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;  
And by these badges understand the king.  
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,

Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,764

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents;

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains;768

All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,

Full of stray shapes, of habits and of forms,

Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll772

To every varied object in his glance:

Which parti-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,776

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested us 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 true781

To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.784

PRIN.

We have receiv'd your letters full of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,788

As bombast and as lining to the time.

But more devout than this in our respects

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment.792

DUM.

Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

LONG.

So did our looks.

ROS.

We did not quote them so.

KING.

Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

PRIN.

A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in.797

No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:

If for my love,—as there is no such cause,—800

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;804

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;808  
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,812  
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,  
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut  
My woful self up in a mourning house,816  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.820

KING.

If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!  
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.824

BER.

And what to me, my love? and what to me?

ROS.

You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd:

You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,828  
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

DUM.

But what to me, my love? but what to me?

KATH.

A wife! A beard, fair health, and honesty;832  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUM.

O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATH.

Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day  
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:  
Come when the king doth to my lady come;837  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

DUM.

I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

KATH.

Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.840

LONG.

What says Maria?

MAR.

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.

MAR.

The liker you; few taller are so young.

BER.

Studies my lady? mistress, look on me.

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

What humble suit attends thy answer there;

Impose some service on me for thy love.<sup>848</sup>

ROS.

Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,

Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,<sup>852</sup>

Which you on all estates will execute

That lie within the mercy of your wit:

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,

And therewithal to win me, if you please,—<sup>856</sup>

Without the which I am not to be won,—

You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse

With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit<sup>861</sup>

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

BER.

To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:864

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

ROS.

Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear869

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,873

And I will have you and that fault withal;

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,876

Right joyful of your reformation.

BER.

A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

PRIN.

[*To the King.*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.880

KING.

No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

BER.

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill; these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.884

KING.

Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 'twill end.

BER.

That's too long for a play.

*Enter Armado.*

ARM.

Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

PRIN.

Was not that Hector?888

DUM.

The worthy knight of Troy.

ARM.

I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.896

KING.

Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

ARM.

Holla! approach.

*Re-enter* Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, *and others*.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter; this *Ver*, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. *Ver*, begin.901

## SPRING.

### I

When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue<sup>904</sup>  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo,<sup>908</sup>  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

### II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,<sup>912</sup>  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,<sup>916</sup>  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

## WINTER.

### III.

When icicles hang by the wall,<sup>920</sup>  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,<sup>924</sup>  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who;  
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.<sup>928</sup>

## IV

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,<sup>932</sup>  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who;  
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,<sup>936</sup>  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ARM.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS,	Duke of Athens.
EGEUS,	Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, }	in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }	
PHILOSTRATE,	Master of the Revels to Theseus.
QUINCE,	a Carpenter.
SNUG,	a Joiner.
BOTTOM,	a Weaver.
FLUTE,	a Bellows-mender.
SNOUT,	a Tinker.
STARVELING,	a Tailor.
HIPPOLYTA,	Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA,	Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA,	in love with Demetrius.
OBERON,	King of the Fairies.
TITANIA,	Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK,	or Robin Goodfellow.
PEASE-BLOSSOM, }	Fairies.
COBWEB, }	
MOTH, }	
MUSTARD-SEED, }	
Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.	

Scene.—*Athens, and a Wood near it.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—

*Athens. The Palace Of Theseus.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.*

THE.

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in  
Another moon; but O! methinks how slow  
This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires,<sup>4</sup>  
Like to a step dame, or a dowager  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIP.

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;<sup>8</sup>  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

THE.

Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;<sup>12</sup>  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit* Philostrate.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword, 16

And won thy love doing thee injuries;

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter* Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius.

EGE.

Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THE.

Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

EGE.

Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord, 24

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child; 29

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy 32

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth;

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;36

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke,

Be it so she will not here before your Grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,40

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,

As she is mine, I may dispose of her;

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death, according to our law44

Immediately provided in that case.

THE.

What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid.

To you, your father should be as a god;

One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax49

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leave the figure or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.52

HER.

So is Lysander.

THE.

In himself he is;

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

HER.

I would my father look'd but with my eyes.56

THE.

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER.

I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concern my modesty60

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.64

THE.

Either to die the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whe'r, if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun,

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,72

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,76

Than that which withering on the virgin thorn  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER.

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up<sup>80</sup>  
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THE.

Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—  
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me<sup>84</sup>  
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—  
Upon that day either prepare to die  
For disobedience to your father's will,  
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;<sup>88</sup>  
Or on Diana's altar to protest  
For aye austerity and single life.

DEM.

Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.<sup>92</sup>

LYS.

You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

EGE.

Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,

And what is mine my love shall render him;96

And she is mine, and all my right of her

I do estate unto Demetrius.

LYS.

I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,

As well possess'd; my love is more than his;100

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd

If not with vantage, as Demetrius';

And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.104

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,109

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

THE.

I must confess that I have heard so much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;112

But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;

And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,

I have some private schooling for you both.116

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself

To fit your fancies to your father's will,

Or else the law of Athens yields you up,  
Which by no means we may extenuate,120  
To death, or to a vow of single life.  
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?  
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:  
I must employ you in some business124  
Against our nuptial, and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGE.

With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt* Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, Demetrius, and Train.

LYS.

How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?128

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HER.

Belike for want of rain, which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYS.

Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,132  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood,—

HER.

O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.136

LYS.

Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

HER.

O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.

LYS.

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

HER.

O hell! to choose love by another's eye.140

LYS.

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

Making it momentany as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,144

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say, 'Behold!'

The jaws of darkness do devour it up:148

So quick bright things come to confusion.

HER.

If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,152

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYS.

A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.156

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

And she respects me as her only son.160

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,

And in the wood, a league without the town,165

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,

To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee.

HER.

My good Lysander!168

I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head,

By the simplicity of Venus' doves,

By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,173

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke,—

In number more than ever women spoke,—176

In that same place thou hast appointed me,

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYS.

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter* Helena.

HER.

God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

HEL.

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars! and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, 184

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O! were favour so,

Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. 189

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'd give to be to you translated.

O! teach me how you look, and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart. 193

HER.

I frown 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.

HEL.

O! that my prayers could such affection move.

HER.

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL.

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER.

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HEL.

None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!<sup>201</sup>

HER.

Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,<sup>204</sup>

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O! then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell.

LYS.

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold<sup>209</sup>

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—  
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—  
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HER.

And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,<sup>216</sup>  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!<sup>221</sup>  
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

LYS.

I will, my Hermia.—[*Exit Hermia.*] Helena, adieu:<sup>224</sup>

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit.*

HEL.

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know;<sup>229</sup>  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,232  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:237  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where;241  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:246  
Then to the wood will he 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,250  
To have his sight thither and back again.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In Quince's House.***

*Enter* Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

QUIN.

Is all our company here?

BOT.

You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN.

Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.7

BOT.

First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.10

QUIN.

Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.13

BOT.

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.17

QUIN.

Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT.

Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.21

QUIN.

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT.

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUIN.

A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.26

BOT.

That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.<sup>33</sup>

The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks<sup>36</sup>  
Of prison gates:  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far  
And make and mar<sup>40</sup>  
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.<sup>44</sup>

QUIN.

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU.

Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN.

You must take Thisby on you.

FLU.

What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN.

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU.

Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.<sup>51</sup>

QUIN.

That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT.

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!' 57

QUIN.

No, no; you must play Pyramus; and Flute, you Thisby.

BOT.

Well, proceed. 60

QUIN.

Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STAR.

Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN.

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker. 64

SNOUT.

Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN.

You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted. 68

SNUG.

Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN.

You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring. 72

BOT.

Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.' 76

QUIN.

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.<sup>80</sup>

ALL.

That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT.

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale.<sup>87</sup>

QUIN.

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.<sup>92</sup>

BOT.

Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN.

Why, what you will.

BOT.

I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.<sup>99</sup>

QUIN.

Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.<sup>110</sup>

BOT.

We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

QUIN.

At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT.

Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.115

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### *A Wood Near Athens.*

*Enter a Fairy on one side, and Puck on the other.*

PUCK.

How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAL.

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,<sup>4</sup>  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moone's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,<sup>8</sup>  
To dew her orbs upon the green:  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,<sup>12</sup>  
In their freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone;<sup>16</sup>

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK.

The king doth keep his revels here to-night.  
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,<sup>20</sup>  
Because that she as her attendant hath  
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child<sup>24</sup>  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.  
And now they never meet in grove, or green,<sup>28</sup>  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

FAL.

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,<sup>32</sup>  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;<sup>37</sup>  
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck:41

Are you not he?

PUCK.

Fairy, thou speak'st aright;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile<sup>44</sup>

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:

And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab;<sup>48</sup>

And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;<sup>52</sup>

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear<sup>56</sup>

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

FAL.

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

*Enter Oberon from one side, with his Train; and Titania from the other, with hers.*

OBE.

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.<sup>60</sup>

TITA.

What! jealous Oberon. Fairies, skip hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBE.

Tarry, rash wanton! am not I thy lord?

TITA.

Then, I must be thy lady; but I know

When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,<sup>65</sup>

And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,<sup>68</sup>

Come from the furthest steppe of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded, and you come<sup>72</sup>

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

OBE.

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?<sup>76</sup>

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night

From Perigouna, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,

With Ariadne, and Antiopa?<sup>80</sup>

TITA.

These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,<sup>84</sup>

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,<sup>88</sup>

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,

Have every pelting river made so proud

That they have overborne their continents:<sup>92</sup>

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,<sup>96</sup>

And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;

The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green

For lack of tread are undistinguishable:<sup>100</sup>

The human mortals want their winter here:

No night is now with hymn or carol blest:

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,<sup>104</sup>

That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
And thorough this distemperature we see  
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose, 108  
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,  
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change 112  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.  
And this same progeny of evil comes  
From our debate, from our dissension: 116  
We are their parents and original.

OBE.

Do you amend it then; it lies in you.  
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120  
To be my henchman.

TITA.

Set your heart at rest;  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order:  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night, 124  
Full often hath she gossip'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  
And grow big-bellied with 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,<sup>132</sup>  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,<sup>136</sup>  
And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBE.

How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITA.

Perchance, till after Theseus' weddingday.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,<sup>140</sup>  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBE.

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITA.

Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!<sup>144</sup>  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

*[Exit Titania with her Train.]*

OBE.

Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.  
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory, 149  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song, 152  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK.

I remember.

OBE.

That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth, 156  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft 161  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,  
And the imperial votaress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free. 164  
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.168

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.172

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again

Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth

In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*

OBE.

Having once this juice176

I'll 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,180

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,

She shall pursue it with the soul of love:

And ere I take this charm off from her sight,

As I can take it with another herb,184

I'll make her render up her page to me.

But who comes here? I am invisible,

And I will overhear their conference.

DEM.

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.188

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.

Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;

And here am I, and wood within this wood,192

Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL.

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart196

Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM.

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth200

Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

HEL.

And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:204

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,

Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,208

And yet a place of high respect with me,  
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEM.

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,  
For I am sick when I do look on you.212

HEL.

And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEM.

You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city, and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;216  
To trust the opportunity of night  
And the ill counsel of a desert place  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL.

Your virtue is my privilege: for that220  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you in my respect are all the world:224  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM.

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.228

HEL.

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;

The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind<sup>232</sup>

Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

DEM.

I will not stay thy questions: let me go;

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe<sup>236</sup>

But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL.

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.<sup>240</sup>

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;

We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

*[Exit Demetrius.*

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well.

*[Exit.*

OBE.

Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,<sup>245</sup>

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

*Re-enter* Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK.

Ay, there it is.

OBE.

I pray thee, give it me.<sup>248</sup>

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:<sup>252</sup>

There sleeps Titania some time of the night,

Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:<sup>256</sup>

And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love<sup>260</sup>

With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it when the next thing he espies

May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man

By the Athenian garments he hath on.<sup>264</sup>

Effect it with some care, that he may prove

More fond on her than she upon her love.

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK.

Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Another Part Of The Wood.***

*Enter Titania, with her Train.*

TITA.

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;

Then, for the third of a minute, hence;

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,

Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,<sup>4</sup>

To make my small elves coats, and some keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;

Then to your offices, and let me rest.<sup>8</sup>

***The Fairies Sing.***

I.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;

Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;

Come not near our fairy queen.<sup>12</sup>

Philomel, with melody,

Sing in our sweet lullaby:

Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:

Never harm,<sup>16</sup>

Nor spell, nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;

So, good night, with lullaby.

## II.

Weaving spiders come not here;20  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.  
Philomel, with melody, &c.24

FAL.

Hence, away! now all is well.

One aloof stand sentinel.

*[Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.]*

*Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*

OBE.

What thou seest when thou dost wake,

Do it for thy true-love take;28

Love and languish for his sake:

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear32

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.

Wake when some vile thing is near.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Lysander and Hermia.*

LYS.

Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:36

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,

And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HER.

Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.40

LYS.

One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HER.

Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.44

LYS.

O! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence,  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it;48

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;  
So then two bosoms and a single troth.

Then by your side no bed-room me deny,  
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.52

HER.

Lysander riddles very prettily:  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy56

Lie further off; in human modesty,  
Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.  
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!<sup>61</sup>

LYS.

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
And then end life when I end loyalty!

*[Retires a little distance.]*

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

HER.

With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

*[They sleep.]*

*Enter Puck.*

PUCK.

Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve<sup>68</sup>  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence! who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
This is he, my master said,<sup>72</sup>  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie<sup>76</sup>  
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.  
*[Squeezes the flower on Lysander's eyelids.]*  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid<sup>80</sup>  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:  
So awake when I am gone;

For I must now to Oberon.

*[Exit.*

*Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.*

HEL.

Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.84

DEM.

I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL.

O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEM.

Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

*[Exit Demetrius.*

HEL.

O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.89

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.93

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear;

Therefore no marvel though Demetrius96

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! 100

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYS.

[*Awaking.*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art, 104

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O! how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword.

HEL.

Do not say so, Lysander; say not so. 108

What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

LYS.

Content with Hermia! No: I do repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent. 112

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd,

And reason says you are the worthier maid. 116

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories written in love's richest book.

HEL.

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?<sup>128</sup>

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.<sup>132</sup>

O! that a lady of one man refus'd,

Should of another therefore be abus'd.

[*Exit.*

LYS.

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near.<sup>136</sup>

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies that men do leave

Are hated most of those they did deceive:<sup>140</sup>

So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And, all my powers, address your love and might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight.

[*Exit.*

HER.

[*Awaking.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best<sup>145</sup>

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.

Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:<sup>148</sup>

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! what! remov'd?—Lysander! lord!

What! out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?<sup>152</sup>

Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves! I swound almost with fear.

No! then I well perceive you are not nigh:

Either death or you I'll find immediately.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***A Wood. Titania Lying Asleep.***

*Enter* Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

BOT.

Are we all met?

QUIN.

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOT.

Peter Quince,—

QUIN.

What sayst thou, bully Bottom?8

BOT.

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?13

SNOUT.

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

STAR.

I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.16

BOT.

Not a whit: I have a device to make 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.

QUIN.

Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.25

BOT.

No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT.

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?29

STAR.

I fear it, I promise you.

BOT.

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT.

Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.<sup>37</sup>

BOT.

Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, 'Ladies,' or, 'Fair ladies,' 'I would wish you,' or, 'I would request you,' or, 'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.<sup>48</sup>

QUIN.

Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.<sup>52</sup>

SNUG.

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT.

A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.<sup>57</sup>

QUIN.

Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT.

Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.<sup>62</sup>

QUIN.

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.69

SNUG.

You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOT.

Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.76

QUIN.

If that may be, than all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.81

*Enter Puck, behind.*

PUCK.

What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What! a play toward; I'll be an auditor;84

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN.

Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

BOT.

*Thisby, the flowers have odious savours sweet,—*

QUIN.

Odorous, odorous.88

BOT.

*—odours savours sweet:*

*So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear. But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,*

*And by and by I will to thee appear.*

*[Exit.*

PUCK.

A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

*[Exit.*

FLU.

Must I speak now?

QUIN.

Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.<sup>97</sup>

FLU.

*Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*

*Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,*

*Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,*

*As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,<sup>101</sup>*

*I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

QUIN.

'Ninus' tomb,' man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'

FLU.

O!—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.<sup>108</sup>*

*Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head.*

BOT.

*If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine.*

QUIN.

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!

*[Exeunt Clowns.*

PUCK.

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round, 112

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn, 116

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

*[Exit.*

BOT.

Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

*Re-enter Snout.*

SNOUT.

O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee? 121

BOT.

What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

*[Exit Snout.*

*Re-enter Quince.*

QUIN.

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[*Exit.*

BOT.

I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright 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.

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill, 132  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.

TITA.

[*Awaking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? 136

BOT.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay; 140

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

TITA.

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; 145

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT.

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that

some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.154

TITA.

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT.

Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITA.

Out of this wood do not desire to go:

Thou shalt remain here, whe'r thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;161

The summer still doth tend upon my state;

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,164

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.168

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

*Enter Four Fairies.*

PEAS.

Ready.

COB.

And I.

MOTH.

And I.

MUS.

And I.

ALL FOUR.

Where shall we go?

TITA.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;172  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed, and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.181

PEAS.

Hail, mortal!

COB.

Hail!

MOTH.

Hail!184

MUS.

Hail!

BOT.

I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

COB.

Cobweb.188

BOT.

I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I out my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?192

PEAS.

Pease-blossom.

BOT.

I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?198

MUS.

Mustard-seed.

BOT.

Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

TITA.

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.206

The moon methinks, looks with a watery eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.210

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***Another Part Of The Wood.***

*Enter* Oberon.

OBE.

I wonder if Titania be awak'd;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on in extremity.

Here comes my messenger.

*Enter* Puck.

How now, mad spirit!4

What night-rule 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 dull and sleeping hour,8

A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,

Were met together to rehearse a play

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.12

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

Who Pyramus presented in their sport

Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,

When I did him at this advantage take;16  
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head:  
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimick comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,20  
Or russet-pated choughs, 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,24  
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 thus strong,27  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;  
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.  
I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;32  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBE.

This falls out better than I could devise.  
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes36  
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 wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

OBE.

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.<sup>44</sup>

HER.

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,

Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,

And kill me too.<sup>49</sup>

The sun was not so true unto the day

As he to me. Would he have stol'n away

From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon<sup>52</sup>

This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease

Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;<sup>56</sup>

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

DEM.

So should the murder'd look, and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.<sup>61</sup>

HER.

What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEM.

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.<sup>64</sup>

HER.

Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;<sup>68</sup>  
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!  
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue<sup>72</sup>  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEM.

You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.<sup>76</sup>

HER.

I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEM.

An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HER.

A privilege never to see me more.

And from thy hated presence part I so;80

See me no more, whe'r he be dead or no.

*[Exit.]*

DEM.

There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here therefore for awhile I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow84

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

*[Lies down and sleeps.]*

OBE.

What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,88

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK.

Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,92

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBE.

About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer<sup>96</sup>

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here:

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK.

I go, I go; look how I go;<sup>100</sup>

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

*[Exit.*

OBE.

Flower of this purple dye,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye.<sup>104</sup>  
When his love he doth espy,  
Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,<sup>108</sup>  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter* Puck.

PUCK.

Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand,  
And the youth, mistook by me,<sup>112</sup>  
Pleading for a lover's fee.  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBE.

Stand aside: the noise they make<sup>116</sup>  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK.

Then will two at once woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone;  
And those things do best please me<sup>120</sup>  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter Lysander and Helena.*

LYS.

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.<sup>125</sup>

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.<sup>128</sup>

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,<sup>132</sup>

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYS.

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HEL.

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYS.

Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.136

DEM.

[*Awaking.*] O Helen! goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow,

This pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O! let me kiss

That princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.144

HEL.

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.148

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;152

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia,

And now both rivals, to mock Helena:156

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision! none of noble sort

Would so offend a virgin, and extort160

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYS.

You are unkind, 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;165

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HEL.

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEM.

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but as guest wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen it is home return'd,172

There to remain.

LYS.

Helen, it is not so.

DEM.

Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.

Look! where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

*Enter* Hermia.

HER.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes, 177

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense. 180

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYS.

Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go? 184

HER.

What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYS.

Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. 188

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HER.

You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HEL.

Lo! she is one of this confederacy.192

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd196

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time200

For parting us, O! is it all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needs created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grew together,208

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet an union in partition;

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;212

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:217  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER.

I am amazed at your passionate words.  
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

HEL.

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face,  
And made your other love, Demetrius,—224  
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,—  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,229  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent?  
What though I be not so in grace as you,232  
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,  
But miserable most to love unlov'd?  
This you should pity rather than despise.

HER.

I understand not what you mean by this.236

HEL.

Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;  
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:  
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.240  
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
You would not make me such an argument.  
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,  
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.244

LYS.

Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HEL.

O excellent!

HER.

Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEM.

If she cannot entreat, I can compel.248

LYS.

Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:  
Thy threats have 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,252

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, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM.

Quick, come!

HER.

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYS.

Away, you Ethiop!

DEM.

No, no, he'll . . .257

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

LYS.

[ToHermia.] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

HER.

Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,

Sweet love,—

LYS.

Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!

HER.

Do you not jest?

HEL.

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

LYS.

Demetrius, 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?<sup>269</sup>

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?<sup>272</sup>

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:

Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

LYS.

Ay, by my life;<sup>277</sup>

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,280

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HER.

O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what! have you come by night

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HEL.

Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,285

No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!288

HER.

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,292

Her height, forsooth, 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 low am I? I am not yet so low297

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HEL.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;300

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 is something lower than myself,304

That I can match her.

HER.

Lower! hark, again.

HEL.

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 Demetrius,309

I told him of your stealth unto this wood.

He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:313

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

And follow you no further: let me go:316

You see how simple and how fond I am.

HER.

Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

HEL.

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

HER.

What! with Lysander?

HEL.

With Demetrius.

LYS.

Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.321

DEM.

No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

HEL.

O! when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd.

She was a vixen when she went to school:324

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER.

'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little!'

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

LYS.

Get you gone, you dwarf;328

You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;

You bead, you acorn!

DEM.

You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;332

Take not her part, for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

LYS.

Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.337

DEM.

Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

*[Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.]*

HER.

You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

HEL.

I will not trust you, I,340

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,

My legs are longer though, to run away.

*[Exit.]*

HER.

I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

*[Exit.]*

OBE.

This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,345

Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUCK.

Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me I should know the man348

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,

That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

And so far am I glad it so did sort,352

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBE.

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The starry welking cover thou anon356

With drooping fog as black as Acheron;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;361

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,368  
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,372  
With league whose date till death shall never end.  
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release376  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK.

My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;380  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;384  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE.

But we are spirits of another sort.388  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,392  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green-streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:  
We may effect this business yet ere day.

*[Exit Oberon.*

PUCK.

Up and down, up and down;396  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town;  
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.400

*Re-enter Lysander.*

LYS.

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

PUCK.

Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYS.

I will be with thee straight.

PUCK.

Follow me, then,

To plainer ground.

*[Exit Lysander as following the voice.*

*Re-enter Demetrius.*

DEM.

Lysander! speak again.404

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

PUCK.

Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;409

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd

That draws a sword on thee.

DEM.

Yea, art thou there?

PUCK.

Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

*[Exeunt.*

*Re-enter*Lysander.

LYS.

He goes before me and still dares me on:

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;416

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. *[Lies down.]* Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,

I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.420

*[Sleeps.*

*Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.*

PUCK.

Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

DEM.

Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,

And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

PUCK.

Come hither: I am here.

DEM.

Nay then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me<sup>428</sup>

To measure out my length on this cold bed:

By day's approach look to be visited.

*[Lies down and sleeps.*

*Re-enter Helena.*

HEL.

O weary night! O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours! shine, comforts, from the east!<sup>432</sup>

That I may back to Athens by daylight,

From these that my poor company detest:

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.436

*[Lies down and sleeps.]*

PUCK.

Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds make up four.  
Here she comes, curst and sad:  
Cupid is a knavish lad,440  
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Re-enter* Hermia.

HER.

Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,  
I can no further crawl, no further go;444  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

*[Lies down and sleeps.]*

PUCK.

On the ground448  
Sleep sound:  
I'll apply  
To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy452  
*[Squeezing the juice on* Lysander's eyes.  
When thou wak'st,  
Thou tak'st  
True delight  
In the sight456  
Of thy former lady's eye:  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:460

Jack shall have Jill;  
Nought shall go ill;  
The man shall have his mare again,  
And all shall be well.  
*[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

*A Wood.* Lysander, Demetrius, Helena *And* Hermia *Lying Asleep.*

*Enter Titania and Bottom, Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.*

TITA.

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.<sup>4</sup>

BOT.

Where's Pease-blossom?

PEAS.

Ready.

BOT.

Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?<sup>8</sup>

COB.

Ready.

BOT.

Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good

mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed?18

MUST.

Ready.

BOT.

Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.

MUST.

What's your will?23

BOT.

Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.29

TITA.

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT.

I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.33

TITA.

Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOT.

Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.39

TITA.

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek

The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

BOT.

I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.<sup>45</sup>

TITA.

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

*[Exeunt Fairies.]*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle<sup>48</sup>

Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O! how I love thee; how I dote on thee!

*[They sleep.]*

*Enter Puck.*

OBE.

*[Advancing.]* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?<sup>52</sup>

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her and fall out with her;<sup>56</sup>

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,<sup>60</sup>

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,<sup>64</sup>  
I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
And now I have the boy, I will undo<sup>68</sup>  
This 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,<sup>72</sup>  
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.<sup>76</sup>

*[Touching her eyes with an herb.]*

Be as thou wast wont to be;  
See as thou wast wont to see:  
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.<sup>80</sup>

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

TITA.

My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBE.

There lies your love.

TITA.

How came these things to pass?

O! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.<sup>85</sup>

OBE.

Silence, awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TITA.

Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

[*Music.*

PUCK.

When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBE.

Sound, music! [*Still, music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,<sup>93</sup>

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair prosperity.<sup>96</sup>

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.<sup>100</sup>

OBE.

Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade;  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wandering moon. 104

TITA.

Come, my lord; and in our flight  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground. 108  
*[Exeunt. Horns winded within.]*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.*

THE.

Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
For now our observation is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds. 112  
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:  
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion 116  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP.

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear 120  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near

Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.124

THE.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;128  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:132  
Judge, when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

EGE.

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;  
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:136  
I wonder of their being here together.

THE.

No doubt they rose up early to observe  
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.140  
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGE.

It is, my lord.

THE.

Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns. 144

*[Horns and shout within. Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.]*

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS.

Pardon, my lord.

*[He and the rest kneel.]*

THE.

I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies: 148

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS.

My lord, I shall reply amazedly, 152

Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,

I cannot truly say how I came here;

But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,

And now I do bethink me, so it is,—156

I came with Hermia hither: our intent

Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,

Without the peril of the Athenian law—

EGE.

Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough: 160

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.  
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me;  
You of your wife, and me of my consent, 164  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEM.

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;  
And I in fury hither follow'd them, 168  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—  
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,  
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now 172  
As the remembrance of an idle gaud  
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, 176  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:  
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it, 181  
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE.

Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:

Of this discourse we more will hear anon.184

Egeus, I will overbear your will,

For in the temple, by and by, with us,

These couples shall eternally be knit:

And, for the morning now is something worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.189

Away with us, to Athens: three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.192

*[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and Train.]*

DEM.

These things seem small and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER.

Methinks I see these things with parted eye,

When everything seems double.

HEL.

So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,197

Mine own, and not mine own.

DEM.

Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do you not think

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?201

HER.

Yea; and my father.

HEL.

And Hippolyta.

LYS.

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM.

Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;204

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

BOT.

[*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, 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 ballad 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 duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.226

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***Athens. A Room In Quince's House.***

*Enter* Quince, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

QUIN.

Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR.

He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.4

FLU.

If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN.

It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.9

FLU

No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUIN.

Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.13

FLU.

You must say, 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

*Enter Snug.*

SNUG.

Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.19

FLU.

O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.25

*Enter Bottom.*

BOT.

Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUIN.

Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!29

BOT.

Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.<sup>33</sup>

QUIN.

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOT.

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*Athens. An Apartment In The Palace Of Theseus.*

*Enter* Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, *and* Attendants.

HIP.

'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THE.

More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend<sup>5</sup>

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact:8

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,12

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.17

Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;20

Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

HIP.

But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,24

More witnesseth than fancy's images,

And grows to something of great constancy,

But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

THE.

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.28

*Enter*Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia,*and*Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love

Accompany your hearts!

LYS.

More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THE.

Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,<sup>32</sup>

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,<sup>36</sup>

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

PHILOST.

Here, mighty Theseus.

THE.

Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we beguile<sup>40</sup>

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

PHILOST.

There is a brief how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

*[Gives a paper.]*

THE.

*The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung<sup>44</sup>*

*By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, 48*

*Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*

*Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary. 53*

That is some satire keen and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus 56*

*And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOST.

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long, 61

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 64

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, 68

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE.

What are they that do play it?

PHILOST.

Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,<sup>72</sup>

Which never labour'd in their minds till now,

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

THE.

And we will hear it.

PHILOST.

No, my noble lord;

It is not for you: I have heard it over,<sup>77</sup>

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,

To do you service.

THE.

I will hear that play;<sup>81</sup>

For never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit* Philostrate.

HIP.

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,85

And duty in his service perishing.

THE.

Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIP.

He says they can do nothing in this kind.88

THE.

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.92

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,96

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;100

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity104

In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Re-enter* Philostrate.

PHILOST.

So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

THE.

Let him approach.

*[Flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter* Quince *for the* Prologue.

PROL.

*If we offend, it is with our good will.  
That you should think, we come not to offend, 109  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then we come but in despite. 112  
We do not come as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight,  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at hand; and, by their show, 116  
You shall know all that you are like to know.*

THE.

This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS.

He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true. 122

HIP.

Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

THE.

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next? 128

*Enter* Pyramus *and* Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb show.*

PROL.

*Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;*

*But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.*

*This man is Pyramus, if you would know;*

*This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.*132

*This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present*

*Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;*

*And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content*135

*To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.*

*This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,*

*Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,*

*By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn*

*To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.*140

*This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,*

*The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,*

*Did scare away, or rather did affright;*

*And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,*144

*Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.*

*Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,*

*And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:*

*Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,*148

*He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;*

*And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,*

*His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,*

*Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,*

*At large discourse, while here they do remain.*

[*Exeunt* Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

THE.

I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

DEM.

No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do. 156

*Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall*

*That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;*

*And such a wall, as I would have you think,*

*That had in it a crannied hole or chink, 160*

*Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,*

*Did whisper often very secretly.*

*This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show*

*That I am that same wall; the truth is so; 164*

*And this the cranny is, right and sinister,*

*Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.*

THE.

Would you desire lime and hair to speak better? 168

DEM.

It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

THE.

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

*Re-enter* Pyramus.

PYR.

*O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!*172

*O night, which ever art when day is not!*

*O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!*

*I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.*

*And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!*176

*That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;*

*Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!*

*Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.*

[Wall holds up his fingers.

*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!*180

*But what see I? No Thisby do I see.*

*O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;*

*Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!*

THE.

The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.185

PYR.

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me,' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

*Re-enter*Thisbe.

THIS.

*O wall! full often hast thou heard my moans,*

*For parting my fair Pyramus and me:*192

*My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,*

*Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.*

PYR.

*I see a voice: now will I to the chink,  
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.*196

*Thisby.*

THIS.

*My love! thou art my love, I think.*

PYR.

*Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;  
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.*200

THIS.

*And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.*

PYR.

*Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.*

THIS.

*As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.*

PYR.

*O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.*204

THIS.

*I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all*

PYR.

*Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?*

THIS.

*'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.*

*[ExeuntPyramusandThisbe.*

WALL.

*Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;*208

*And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.*

[Exit

THE.

Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

DEM.

No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.213

HIP.

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THE.

The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.217

HIP.

It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THE.

If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

*Re-enter Lion and Moonshine.*

LION.

*You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear*224

*The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,*

*May now perchance both quake and tremble here,*

*When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.*

*Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am*228

*A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam:*

*For, if I should as lion come in strife*

*Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.*

THE.

A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.233

DEM.

The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYS.

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THE.

True; and a goose for his discretion.237

DEM.

Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.240

THE.

His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.244

MOON.

*This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—*

DEM.

He should have worn the horns on his head.

THE.

He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.249

MOON.

*This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;*

*Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.*

THE.

This is the greatest error of all the rest.

The man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i' the moon?

DEM.

He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.256

HIP.

I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

THE.

It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.261

LYS.

Proceed, Moon.

MOON.

All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEM.

Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.269

*Re-enter* Thisbe.

THIS.

*This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?*

LION.

*[Roaring.] Oh—.*

*[Thisbe runs off.]*

DEM.

Well roared, Lion.272

THE.

Well run, Thisbe.

HIP.

Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*[The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

THE.

Well moused, Lion.276

DEM.

And then came Pyramus.

LYS.

And so the lion vanished.

*Re-enter*Pyramus.

PYR.

*Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;*

*I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,*

*For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,*

*I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.*

*But stay, O spite!*  
*But mark, poor knight,284*  
*What dreadful dole is here!*  
*Eyes, do you see?*  
*How can it be?*  
*O dainty duck! O dear!288*  
*Thy mantle good,*  
*What! stain'd with blood!*  
*Approach, ye Furies fell!*  
*O Fates, come, come,292*

*Cut thread and thrum;  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!*

THE.

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

HIP.

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYR.

*O! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?*

*Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear?*

*Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame*

*That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.*301

*Come tears, confound;  
Out, sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus:304  
Ay, that left pap,  
Where heart doth hop:  
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.  
[Stabs himself.  
Now am I dead,308  
Now am I fled;  
My soul is in the sky:  
Tongue, lose thy light!  
Moon, take thy flight!312  
[ExitMoonshine.  
Now die, die, die, die, die.  
[Dies.*

DEM.

No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

LYS.

Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.317

THE.

With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

HIP.

How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?321

THE.

She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Re-enter* Thisbe.

HIP.

Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

DEM.

A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

LYS.

She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEM.

And thus she moans, *videlicet*:—

THIS.

*Asleep, my love?332  
What, dead, my dove?  
O Pyramus, arise!  
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?  
Dead, dead! A tomb336  
Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
These lily lips,  
This cherry nose,  
These yellow cowslip cheeks,340  
Are gone, are gone:  
Lovers, make moan!  
His eyes were green as leeks.  
O, Sisters Three,344  
Come, come to me,  
With hands as pale as milk;  
Lay them in gore,  
Since you have shore348  
With shears his thread of silk.*

*Tongue, not a word:  
Come, trusty sword:  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:352  
[Stabs herself.  
And farewell, friends;  
Thus Thisby ends:  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.  
[Dies.*

THE.

Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.357

DEM.

Ay, and Wall too.

BOT.

No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?362

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 played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

*[A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.373

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd376

The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*Enter* Puck.

PUCK.

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf behowls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.<sup>4</sup>  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
In remembrance of a shroud.<sup>8</sup>  
Now it is the time of night  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide:<sup>12</sup>  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,<sup>16</sup>  
Now are frolic; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.<sup>20</sup>

*Enter* Oberon and Titania, with their Train.

OBE.

Through the house give glimmering light  
By the dead and drowsy fire;  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier;<sup>24</sup>  
And this ditty after me  
Sing and dance it trippingly.

TITA.

First, rehearse your song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note:<sup>28</sup>  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.  
[*Song and dance.*

OBE.

Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray.<sup>32</sup>  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be;  
And the issue there create  
Ever shall be fortunate.<sup>36</sup>  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;  
And the blots of Nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand:<sup>40</sup>  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be.<sup>44</sup>  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait,  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace, with sweet peace;<sup>48</sup>  
Ever shall in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.  
Trip away;  
Make no stay;<sup>52</sup>  
Meet me all by break of day.  
*[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.]*

PUCK.

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here<sup>56</sup>  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend:<sup>60</sup>  
If you pardon, we will mend.  
And, as I'm an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,<sup>64</sup>  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call:  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,<sup>68</sup>  
And Robin shall restore amends.  
*[Exit.]*

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.	
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }	Suitors to Portia.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }	
ANTONIO,	a Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO,	his Friend.
GRATIANO, }	Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
SALANIO, }	
SALARINO, }	
LORENZO,	in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK,	a rich Jew.
TUBAL,	a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO,	a Clown, Servant to Shylock.
OLD GOBBO,	Father to Launcelot.
LEONARDO,	Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, }	Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }	
PORTIA,	a rich Heiress.
NERISSA,	her Waiting-maid.
JESSICA,	Daughter to Shylock.
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.	

Scene.—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.—

#### *Venice. A Street.*

*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.*

ANT.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:

It wearies me; you say it wearies you;

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,<sup>4</sup>

I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;<sup>8</sup>

There, where your argosies with portly sail,—

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,

Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—

Do overpeer the petty traffickers,<sup>12</sup>

That curtsy to them, do them reverence,

As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN.

Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,

The better part of my affections would<sup>16</sup>

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind;

Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;

And every object that might make me fear<sup>20</sup>

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt

Would make me sad.

SALAR.

My wind, cooling my broth,

Would blow me to an ague, when I thought

What harm a wind too great might do at sea.<sup>24</sup>

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs<sup>28</sup>  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side<sup>32</sup>  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought<sup>36</sup>  
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought  
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?  
But tell not me: I know Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.<sup>40</sup>

ANT.

Believe me, no: I thank 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:<sup>44</sup>  
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAR.

Why, then you are in love.

ANT.

Fie, fie!

SALAR.

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,<sup>49</sup>  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes  
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,<sup>53</sup>  
And other of such vinegar aspect  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.<sup>56</sup>  
*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.*

SALAN.

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:  
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR.

I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,<sup>60</sup>  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT.

Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.<sup>64</sup>

SALAR.

Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS.

Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

SALAR.

We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

*[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]*

LOR.

My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,<sup>69</sup>

We too will leave you; but, at dinner-time,

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASS.

I will not fail you.<sup>72</sup>

GRA.

You look not well, Signior Antonio;

You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it that do buy it with much care:

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.<sup>76</sup>

ANT.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

A stage where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

GRA.

Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

And let my liver rather heat with wine<sup>81</sup>

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?<sup>84</sup>

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—

There are a sort of men whose visages<sup>88</sup>

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

And do a wilful stillness entertain,

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;<sup>92</sup>

As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise<sup>96</sup>

For saying nothing; when, 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 another time:<sup>100</sup>

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.104

LOR.

Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.

I must be one of these same dumb-wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA.

Well, keep me company but two years moe,108

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT.

Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA.

Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

*[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.]*

ANT.

Is that anything now?113

BASS.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANT.

Well, tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,121

That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASS.

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,<sup>124</sup>  
By something showing a more swelling port  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care<sup>128</sup>  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money and in love;<sup>132</sup>  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots and purposes  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT.

I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;<sup>136</sup>  
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.<sup>140</sup>

BASS.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost; but if you please<sup>148</sup>  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,<sup>152</sup>  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT.

You know me well, and herein spend but time  
To wind about my love with circumstance;  
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong  
In making question of my uttermost<sup>157</sup>  
Than if you had made waste of all I have:  
Then do but say to me what I should do  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,<sup>160</sup>  
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

BASS.

In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages:<sup>165</sup>  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,168  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,172  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio! had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,176  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT.

Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea;  
Neither have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;180  
Try what my credit can in Venice do:  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,184  
Where money is, and I no question make  
To have it of my trust or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***Belmont. A Room InPortia'SHouse.***

*EnterPortiaandNerissa.*

POR.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NER.

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.<sup>10</sup>

POR.

Good sentences and well pronounced.

NER.

They would be better if well followed.

POR.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?<sup>29</sup>

NER.

Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?<sup>38</sup>

POR.

I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NER.

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.<sup>42</sup>

POR.

Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER.

Then is there the County Palatine.48

POR.

He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'An you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER.

How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?58

POR.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.69

NER.

What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR.

You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.81

NER.

What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

POR.

That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

NER.

How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?90

POR.

Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER.

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.100

POR.

Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.106

NER.

You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.113

POR.

If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.120

NER.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of the Marquis of Montferrat?124

POR.

Yes, yes: it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

NER.

True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.129

POR.

I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! what news?132

SERV.

The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.137

POR.

If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart 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 shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.143

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

*[Exeunt.]*

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.<sup>5</sup>

SHY.

Antonio shall become bound; well?

BASS.

May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?<sup>8</sup>

SHY.

Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS.

Your answer to that.

SHY.

Antonio is a good man.<sup>12</sup>

BASS.

Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY.

Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves,—I mean pirates,—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think, I may take his bond.<sup>28</sup>

BASS.

Be assured you may.

SHY.

I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?<sup>32</sup>

BASS.

If it please you to dine with us.

SHY.

Yes, to smell pork: to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?<sup>40</sup>

*Enter Antonio.*

BASS.

This is Signior Antonio.

SHY.

[*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;

But more for that in low simplicity<sup>44</sup>

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.<sup>48</sup>

He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,<sup>52</sup>

If I forgive him!

BASS.

Shylock, do you hear?

SHY.

I am debating of my present store,

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross<sup>56</sup>

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But soft! how many months

Do you desire? [*To Antonio.*] Rest you fair, good signior;<sup>60</sup>

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT.

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,<sup>64</sup>

I'll break a custom. [*To Bassanio.*] Is he yet possess'd

How much ye would?

SHY.

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT.

And for three months.

SHY.

I had forgot; three months; you told me so.<sup>68</sup>

Well then, your bond; and let me see. But hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

ANT.

I do never use it.

SHY.

When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—72

This Jacob from our holy Abram was,  
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,  
The third possessor: ay, he was the third,—

ANT.

And what of him? did he take interest?

SHY.

No; not take interest; not, as you would say,77

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the eanlings that were streak'd and pied80  
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,  
In end of autumn turned to the rams;  
And, when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,84  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,  
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time88  
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT.

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;<sup>92</sup>

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?<sup>96</sup>

SHY.

I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast: But note me, signior.

ANT.

Mark you this, Bassanio,

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,<sup>100</sup>

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHY.

Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.<sup>104</sup>

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT.

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHY.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft

In the Rialto you have rated me<sup>108</sup>  
About my moneys and my usances:  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,<sup>112</sup>  
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well then, it now appears you need my help:  
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,<sup>116</sup>  
‘Shylock, we would have moneys:’ you say so;  
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.<sup>120</sup>  
What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
‘Hath a dog money? Is it possible  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?’ or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,<sup>124</sup>  
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this:—  
‘Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn’d me such a day; another time<sup>128</sup>  
You call’d me dog; and for these courtesies  
I’ll lend you thus much moneys?’

ANT.

I am as like to call thee so again,

To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.132

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends,—for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?—

But lend it rather to thine enemy;136

Who if he break, thou mayst with better face

Exact the penalty.

SHY.

Why, look you, how you storm!

I would be friends with you, and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,140

Supply your present wants, and take no doit

Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:

This is kind I offer.

ANT.

This were kindness.

SHY.

This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there145

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are148

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me. 152

ANT.

Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS.

You shall not seal to such a bond for me:

I'll rather dwell in my necessity. 156

ANT.

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond. 160

SHY.

O father Abram! what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others. Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture? 165  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say, 168  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANT.

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY.

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
I will be with you.

ANT.

Hie thee, gentle Jew.

[*Exit* Shylock.

This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

BASS.

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind. 180

ANT.

Come on: in this there can be no dismay;  
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***Belmont. A Room In Portia's House.***

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Followers; Portia, Nerissa, and Others of her Train.*

MOR.

Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,<sup>4</sup>  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine<sup>8</sup>  
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear  
The best regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR.

In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:<sup>16</sup>  
But if my father had not scanted me  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself  
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair<sup>20</sup>  
As any comer I have look'd on yet  
For my affection.

MOR.

Even for that I thank you:

Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets

To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—<sup>24</sup>

That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince

That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—

I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,

Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,<sup>28</sup>

Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,

To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice<sup>32</sup>

Which is the better man, the greater throw

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:

So is Alcides beaten by his page;

And so may I, blind fortune leading me,<sup>36</sup>

Miss that which one unworthier may attain,

And die with grieving.

POR.

You must take your chance;

And either not attempt to choose at all,

Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,

Never to speak to lady afterward<sup>41</sup>

In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

MOR.

Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

POR.

First, forward to the temple: after dinner<sup>44</sup>

Your hazard shall be made.

MOR.

Good fortune then!

To make me blest or cursed'st among men!

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Venice. A Street.***

*Enter* Launcelot Gobbo.

LAUN.

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: '*Via!*' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an 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, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge 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 mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; 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 will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.<sup>33</sup>

*Enter* Old Gobbo, *with a basket.*

GOB.

Master young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

LAUN.

[*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my truebegotten father, who, being more than sandblind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

GOB.

Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?41

LAUN.

Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB.

By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?49

LAUN.

Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOB.

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, well to live.56

LAUN.

Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOB.

Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.60

LAUN.

But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

GOB.

Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.64

LAUN.

*Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman,—according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning,—is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB.

Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.72

LAUN.

[*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOB.

Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you, tell me, is my boy,—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

LAUN.

Do you not know me, father?

GOB.

Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.81

LAUN.

Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but, in the end, truth will out.88

GOB.

Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN.

Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.<sup>94</sup>

GOB.

I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN.

I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.<sup>98</sup>

GOB.

Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.<sup>104</sup>

LAUN.

It should seem then that Dobbin'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.<sup>108</sup>

GOB.

Lord! how art thou changed. How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUN.

Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am furnished in his service; you may tell every finger 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! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.<sup>123</sup>

*Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and other Followers.*

BASS.

You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the very furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*

LAUN.

To him, father. 129

GOB.

God bless your worship!

BASS.

Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me? 132

GOB.

Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

LAUN.

Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—136

GOB.

He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

LAUN.

Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—141

GOB.

His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

LAUN.

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 unto you,—147

GOB.

I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

LAUN.

In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASS.

One speak for both. What would you?

LAUN.

Serve you, sir.156

GOB.

That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

BASS.

I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,160

And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUN.

The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASS.

Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire168

My lodging out. [*To his followers.*] Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

LAUN.

Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a

book, I shall have good fortune. Go to; here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: a 'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. 184

*[Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.]*

BASS.

I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go. 188

LEON.

My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter Gratiano.*

GRA.

Where is your master?

LEON.

Yonder, sir, he walks.

*[Exit.]*

GRA.

Signior Bassanio!—

BASS.

Gratiano! 192

GRA.

I have a suit to you.

BASS.

You have obtain'd it.

GRA.

You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS.

Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;

Parts that become thee happily enough, 197

And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;

But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain 200

To allay with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour,

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,

And lose my hopes.

GRA.

Signior Bassanio, hear me: 204

If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen;'

Use all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his grandam, never trust me more. 212

BASS.

Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRA.

Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.

BASS.

No, that were pity:

I would entreat you rather to put on<sup>216</sup>

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment. But fare you well:

I have some business.

GRA.

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;<sup>220</sup>

But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Room In Shylock's House.***

*Enter Jessica and Launcelot.*

JES.

I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:<sup>4</sup>

And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:

Give him this letter; do it secretly;

And so farewell: I would not have my father's

See me in talk with thee.

LAUN.

Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!

JES.

Farewell, good Launcelot.

[*Exit* Launcelot.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me!

To be ashamed to be my father's child!

But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!

If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,

Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

[*Exit*.

Scene IV.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter* Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

LOR.

Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,

Disguise us at my lodging, and return

All in an hour.

GRA.

We have not made good preparation.<sup>4</sup>

SALAR.

We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SALAN.

'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR.

'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours<sup>8</sup>

To furnish us.

*Enter Launcelot, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUN.

An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

LOR.

I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;

And whiter than the paper it writ on<sup>13</sup>

Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA.

Love news, in faith.

LAUN.

By your leave, sir.

LOR.

Whither goest thou?<sup>16</sup>

LAUN.

Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

LOR.

Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her; speak it privately.<sup>21</sup>

Go, gentlemen,

*[Exit Launcelot.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.<sup>24</sup>

SALAR.

Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SALAN.

And so will I.

LOR.

Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALAR.

'Tis good we do so.<sup>28</sup>

*[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*

GRA.

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LOR.

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;32

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,36

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***The Same. Before Shylock's House.***

*Enter Shylock and Launcelot.*

SHY.

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessical—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessical—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—5

Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUN.

Why, Jessica!

SHY.

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN.

Your worship was wont to tell me that

I could do nothing without bidding.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter Jessica.*

JES.

Call you? What is your will?

SHY.

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:<sup>13</sup>

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go:<sup>16</sup>

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN.

I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.<sup>20</sup>

SHY.

So do I his.

LAUN.

And they have conspired together: I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

SHY.

What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:<sup>28</sup>

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street<sup>32</sup>  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear<sup>36</sup>  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;  
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say I will come.

LAUN.

I will go before, air. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;<sup>41</sup>

There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

[*Exit* Launcelot.

SHY.

What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?<sup>44</sup>

JES.

His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

SHY.

The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;<sup>48</sup>  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:

Perhaps I will return immediately:52

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

'Fast bind, fast find,'

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

JES.

Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*

Scene VI.—

***The Same.***

*Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.*

GRA.

This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

SALAR.

His hour is almost past.

GRA.

And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.4

SALAR.

O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRA.

That ever holds: who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?<sup>9</sup>  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.<sup>13</sup>  
How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!<sup>16</sup>  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

SALAR.

Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.<sup>20</sup>

*Enter Lorenzo.*

LOR.

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;  
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;<sup>24</sup>  
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! 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.28

JES.

Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed,  
For whom 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.32

JES.

Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see36  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LOR.

Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.40

JES.

What! must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,

And I should be obscur'd.

LOR.

So are you, sweet,44

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,

And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.48

JES.

I will make fast the doors, and gild myself

With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*[Exit above.*

GRA.

Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

LOR.

Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;52

For she is wise, if I can judge of her,

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,

Shall she be placed in my constant soul.57

*Enter Jessica.*

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

*[Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

*Enter Antonio.*

ANT.

Who's there?60

GRA.

Signior Antonio!

ANT.

Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;64

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA.

I am glad on't: I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night.68

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene VII.—

***Belmont. A Room InPortia'SHouse.***

*Flourish of Cornets. EnterPortia,with thePrince of Morocco,and their Trains.*

POR.

Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover

The several caskets to this noble prince.

Now make your choice.

MOR.

The first, of gold, which this inscription bears:4

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*<sup>9</sup>

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR.

The one of them contains my picture, prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.<sup>12</sup>

MOR.

Some god direct my judgment! Let me see:

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*<sup>16</sup>

Must give: For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;<sup>20</sup>

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.<sup>25</sup>

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:28  
And yet to be afeard 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 fortunes,32  
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;  
But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?  
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:36  
*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*  
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;  
From the four corners of the earth they come,  
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:  
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds41  
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now  
For princes to come view fair Portia:  
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head44  
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.  
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation49  
To think so base a thought: it were too gross  
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,52

Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?  
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
A coin that bears the figure of an angel<sup>56</sup>  
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;  
But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!<sup>60</sup>

POR.

There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,  
Then I am yours.

*[He unlocks the golden casket.]*

MOR.

O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;<sup>65</sup>  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:<sup>68</sup>  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:<sup>72</sup>  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:  
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!  
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart<sup>76</sup>  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

*[Exit with his Train. Flourish of Cornets.*

POR.

A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains: go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so.

*[Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—

***Venice. A Street.***

*Enter Salarino and Salanio.*

SALAR.

Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:

With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

SALAN.

The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,<sup>4</sup>

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALAR.

He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand

That in a gondola were seen together<sup>8</sup>

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the duke

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SALAN.

I never heard a passion so confus'd,<sup>12</sup>

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
‘My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!  
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!  
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stol’n from me by my daughter!  
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,<sup>20</sup>  
Stol’n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.’

SALAR.

Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SALAN.

Let good Antonio look he keep his day,<sup>25</sup>  
Or he shall pay for this.

SALAR.

Marry, well remember’d.  
I reason’d with a Frenchman yesterday,  
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part<sup>28</sup>  
The French and English,—there miscarried  
A vessel of our country richly fraught.  
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,  
And wish’d in silence that it were not his.<sup>32</sup>

SALAN.

You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR.

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:36

Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return: he answer'd 'Do not so;

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,

But stay the very riping of the time;40

And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love:

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship and such fair ostents of love44

As shall conveniently become you there:'

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible48

He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

SALAN.

I think he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heaviness52

With some delight or other.

SALAR.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IX.—

***Belmont. A Room In Portia's House.***

*Enter Nerissa, with a Servitor.*

NER.

Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,

And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their Trains.*

POR.

Behold, there stands the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

You must be gone from hence immediately.<sup>8</sup>

AR.

I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:

First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life<sup>12</sup>

To woo a maid in way of marriage;

Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.16

POR.

To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR.

And so have I address'd me. Fortune now  
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*21

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*24

What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,28

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not jump with common spirits32

And rank me with the barbarous multitude.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*36

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.<sup>40</sup>  
O! that estates, degrees, and offices  
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.  
How many then should cover that stand bare;  
How many be commanded that command;<sup>45</sup>  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour  
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times<sup>48</sup>  
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:  
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*  
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.<sup>52</sup>

*[He opens the silver casket.*

POR.

Too long a pause for that which you find there.

AR.

What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.  
How much unlike art thou to Portia!<sup>56</sup>  
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!  
*Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.*  
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?60

POR.

To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures.

AR.

What is here?

The fire seven times tried this:  
Seven times tried that judgment is64  
That did never choose amiss.  
Some there be that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss:  
There be fools alive, I wis,68  
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head:  
So be gone, sir: you are sped.72  
Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here:  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.76  
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wrath.  
*[Exit Arragon with his Train.]*

POR.

Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.81

NER.

The ancient saying is no heresy:

'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.'

POR.

Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.84

*Enter a Servant.*

SER.

Where is my lady?

POR.

Here; what would my lord?

SER.

Madam, there is alighted at your gate

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord;88

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,

To wit, — besides commends and courteous breath,—

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love.92

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR.

No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,97

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.100

NER.

Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene I.—

#### *Venice. A Street.*

*Enter Salanio and Salarino.*

SALAN.

Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR.

Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.<sup>8</sup>

SALAN.

I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—<sup>16</sup>

SALAR.

Come, the full stop.

SALAN.

Ha! what sayst thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALAR.

I would it might prove the end of his losses.<sup>21</sup>

SALAN.

Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.<sup>24</sup>

*Enter* Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SHY.

You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.<sup>28</sup>

SALAR.

That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALAN.

And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.<sup>33</sup>

SHY.

She is damned for it.

SALAR.

That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.<sup>36</sup>

SHY.

My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALAN.

Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY.

I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.<sup>41</sup>

SALAR.

There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?<sup>47</sup>

SHY.

There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to

his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.<sup>54</sup>

SALAR.

Why, I am sure, if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHY.

To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.<sup>78</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV.

Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

SALAR.

We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter Tubal.*

SALAN.

Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.<sup>85</sup>

*[Exeunt Salanio, Salarino and Servant.]*

SHY.

How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

TUB.

I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.89

SHY.

Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: 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 revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.104

TUB.

Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY.

What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB.

—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.109

SHY.

I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

TUB.

I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.113

SHY.

I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! ha, ha! Where? in Genoa?

TUB.

Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.117

SHY.

Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!120

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 am glad of it. 125

TUB.

One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY.

Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB.

But Antonio is certainly undone. 132

SHY.

Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Belmont. A Room InPortia'SHouse.***

*Enter* Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, *and* Attendants.

POR.

I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two

Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,

I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.

There's something tells me, but it is not love,

I would not lose you; and you know yourself,<sup>5</sup>  
Hate counsels not in such a quality.  
But lest you should not understand me well,—  
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—  
I would detain you here some month or two<sup>9</sup>  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;  
So will I never be: so may you miss me;<sup>12</sup>  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me:  
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,<sup>16</sup>  
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
And so all yours. O! these naughty times  
Put bars between the owners and their rights;  
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,<sup>20</sup>  
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.  
I speak too long; but 'tis to peise the time,  
To eke it and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

BASS.

Let me choose;<sup>24</sup>  
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR.

Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS.

None but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:  
There may as well be amity and life<sup>30</sup>  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR.

Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak anything.<sup>33</sup>

BASS.

Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

POR.

Well then, confess, and live.

BASS.

'Confess' and 'love'  
Had been the very sum of my confession:<sup>36</sup>

O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR.

Away then! I am lock'd in one of them:  
If you do love me, you will find me out.<sup>41</sup>

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.  
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,44

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? then music is48

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,53

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy56

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!60

Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

*[A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.]*

Tell me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart or in the head?64

How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies68

In the cradle where it lies

Let us all ring fancy's knell;

I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

ALL.

Ding, dong, bell.72

BASS.

So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,76

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?80

There is no vice so simple but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins84

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;

And these assume but valour's excrement

To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,88

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 are those crisped snaky golden locks92

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.<sup>96</sup>  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,<sup>104</sup>  
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,  
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

POR.

[*Aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air,<sup>108</sup>  
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.  
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;  
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess;<sup>112</sup>  
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,  
For fear I surfeit!

BASS.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god

Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, 117  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs 120  
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!—  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his  
And leave itself unfurnish'd: yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow 128  
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true! 132  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this  
And hold your fortune for your bliss, 136  
Turn you where your lady is  
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;

*[Kissing her.]*

I come by note, to give and to receive. 140  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt<sup>144</sup>  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;  
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.<sup>148</sup>

POR.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you<sup>152</sup>  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich;  
That only to stand high in your account,<sup>156</sup>  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old<sup>161</sup>  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit<sup>164</sup>  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord<sup>168</sup>  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;<sup>177</sup>  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear<sup>180</sup>  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:<sup>185</sup>  
O! then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

NER.

My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

GRA.

My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For I am sure you can wish none from me:192  
And when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS.

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.196

GRA.

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;  
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission.200  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;  
For wooing here until I sweat again,204  
And swearing till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,  
I got a promise of this fair one here  
To have her love, provided that your fortune208  
Achiev'd her mistress.

POR.

Is this true, Nerissa?

NER.

Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASS.

And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA.

Yes, faith, my lord.212

BASS.

Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRA.

We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

NER.

What! and stake down?216

GRA.

No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?

What! and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?220

*Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.*

BASS.

Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither,

If that the youth of my new interest here

Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,224

Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR.

So do I, my lord:

They are entirely welcome.

LOR.

I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here;228

But meeting with Salanio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,

To come with him along.

SALAN.

I did, my lord,

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio232

Commends him to you.

[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

BASS

Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SALAN.

Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there236

Will show you his estate.

GRA.

Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salanio. What's the news from Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success;241

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SALAN.

I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

POR.

There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,244

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:

Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world

Could turn so much the constitution

Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!

With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,249

And I must freely have the half of anything

That this same paper brings you.

BASS.

O sweet Portia!

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words252

That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,

I freely told you all the wealth I had

Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman:256

And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see

How much I was a braggart. When I told you

My state was nothing, I should then have told you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,261  
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;264  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salanio?  
Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,269  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALAN.

Not one, my lord.272  
Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it. Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,276  
So keen and greedy to confound a man.  
He plies the duke at morning and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,280  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea

Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.284

JES.

When I was with him, I have heard him swear  
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
Than twenty times the value of the sum288  
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

POR.

Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?292

BASS.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears296  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

POR.

What sum owes he the Jew?

BASS.

For me, three thousand ducats.

POR.

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;300

Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.  
First go with me to church and call me wife,304  
And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:308  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.  
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.312  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.315

BASS.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

POR.

O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!324

BASS.

Since I have your good leave to go away,  
I will make haste; but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Venice. A Street.***

*Enter* Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

SHY.

Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;

This is the fool that lent out money gratis:

Gaoler, look to him.

ANT.

Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHY.

I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:4

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:

The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond9

To come abroad with him at his request.

ANT.

I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHY.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:12

I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not; 16  
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*

SALAR.

It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

ANT.

Let him alone:  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know. 21  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

SALAR.

I am sure the duke 24  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT.

The duke cannot deny the course of law:  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied, 28  
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

These griefs and losses have so bated me,<sup>32</sup>  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.  
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!<sup>36</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—

***Belmont. A Room In Portia's House.***

*Enter* Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthazar.

LOR.

Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.<sup>4</sup>  
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the work<sup>8</sup>  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

POR.

I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,<sup>13</sup>

There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me think that this Antonio,<sup>16</sup>  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul<sup>20</sup>  
From out the state of hellish cruelty!  
This comes too near the praising of myself;  
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands<sup>24</sup>  
The husbandry and manage of my house  
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow  
To live in prayer and contemplation,<sup>28</sup>  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return.  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there will we abide. I do desire you<sup>32</sup>  
Not to deny this imposition,  
The which my love and some necessity  
Now lays upon you.  
LOR.  
Madam, with all my heart:  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.<sup>36</sup>

POR.

My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well till we shall meet again.<sup>40</sup>

LOR.

Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JES.

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR.

I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.  
[*Exeunt* Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,<sup>45</sup>

As I have ever found thee honest-true,  
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavour of a man<sup>48</sup>  
In speed to Padua: see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed<sup>52</sup>  
Unto the traject, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

BALTH.

Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

POR.

Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
Before they think of us.

NER.

Shall they see us?

POR.

They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit  
That they shall think we are accomplished<sup>61</sup>  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutred like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,<sup>64</sup>  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,  
And speak between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays<sup>68</sup>  
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died:  
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,<sup>72</sup>  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,

That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school  
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

NER.

Why, shall we turn to men?

POR.

Fie, what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!<sup>80</sup>  
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.<sup>84</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***The Same. A Garden.***

*Enter* Launcelot *and* Jessica.

LAUN.

Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.<sup>8</sup>

JES.

And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUN.

Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.12

JES.

That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN.

Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

JES.

I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.21

LAUN.

Truly the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.27

JES.

I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

*Enter*Lorenzo.

LOR.

I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.32

JES.

Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.39

LOR.

I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.43

LAUN.

It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.<sup>47</sup>

LOR.

How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.<sup>52</sup>

LAUN.

That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LOR.

Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.<sup>56</sup>

LAUN.

That is done too, sir; only, 'cover' is the word.

LOR.

Will you cover, then, sir?<sup>59</sup>

LAUN.

Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR.

Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.<sup>66</sup>

LAUN.

For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit.*

LOR.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory<sup>72</sup>  
An army of good words: and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;<sup>77</sup>  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

JES.

Past all expressing. It is very meet,  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,<sup>80</sup>  
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, then  
In reason he should never come to heaven.<sup>84</sup>  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

LOR.

Even such a husband<sup>89</sup>  
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

JES.

Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR.

I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.<sup>92</sup>

JES.

Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

LOR.

No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

JES.

Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***Venice. A Court Of Justice.***

*Enter the Duke: the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio, and Others.*

DUKE.

What, is Antonio here?

ANT.

Ready, so please your Grace.

DUKE.

I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch<sup>4</sup>

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.

ANT.

I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,<sup>8</sup>

And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury, and am arm'd

To suffer with a quietness of spirit<sup>12</sup>

The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE.

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALAR.

He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter Shylock.*

DUKE.

Make room, and let him stand before our face.<sup>16</sup>

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange<sup>20</sup>

Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty;

And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—

Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,<sup>24</sup>

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,

Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,28  
Enow to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.33  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY.

I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn36  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have40  
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
But say it is my humour: is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,44  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;48  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,

Cannot contain their urine: for affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:52  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a wauling bagpipe; but of force56  
Must yield to such inevitable shame  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus61  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASS.

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.64

SHY.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS.

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY.

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS.

Every offence is not a hate at first.68

SHY.

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT.

I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood bate his usual height;<sup>72</sup>

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<sup>76</sup>

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,

As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—

His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,

Make no more offers, use no further means;<sup>81</sup>

But with all brief and plain conveniency,

Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS.

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.<sup>84</sup>

SHY.

If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE.

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?<sup>88</sup>

SHY.

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,92  
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer:97  
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!101  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE.

Upon my power I may dismiss this court,104  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

SALAR.

My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,108  
New come from Padua.

DUKE.

Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

BASS.

Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, 112

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,

Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit

Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me: 116

You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,

Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

DUKE.

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER.

From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.

*[Presents a letter.]*

BASS.

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? 121

SHY.

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRA.

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness<sup>125</sup>

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY.

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA.

O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!<sup>128</sup>

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves<sup>132</sup>

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires<sup>137</sup>

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

SHY.

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall<sup>141</sup>

To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE.

This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.<sup>144</sup>

Where is he?

NER.

He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE.

With all my heart: some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.148

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

CLERK.

Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.166

DUKE.

You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

*Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

POR.

I did, my lord.

DUKE.

You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference171

That holds this present question in the court?

POR.

I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE.

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR.

Is your name Shylock?

SHY.

Shylock is my name.176

POR.

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

[ToAntonio.] You stand within his danger, do you not?180

ANT.

Ay, so he says.

POR.

Do you confess the bond?

ANT.

I do.

POR.

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY.

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd, 184

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes 188

The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway, 193

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself,

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this, 198

That in the course of justice none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy, 200

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. 205

SHY.

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR.

Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS.

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;209  
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.212

If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,216  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR.

It must not be. There is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,220  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

SHY.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!224

POR.

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY.

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

POR.

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:228

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

POR.

Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off232

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHY.

When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;236

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear240

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

ANT.

Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

POR.

Why then, thus it is:244

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHY.

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR.

For, the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,248

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY.

'Tis very true! O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR.

Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHY.

Ay, 'his breast:'

So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—

'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

POR.

It is so. Are there balance here to weigh

The flesh?256

SHY.

I have them ready.

POR.

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHY.

Is it so nominated in the bond?260

POR.

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.

POR.

You, merchant, have you anything to say?264

ANT.

But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'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 kind268  
Than is her custom: it is still her use  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance272

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 death;276  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;280  
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS.

Antonio, I am married to a wife  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;284  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.288

POR.

Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

GRA.

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:  
I would she were in heaven, so she could292  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NER.

'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY.

These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;296

Would any of the stock of Barabbas

Had been her husband rather than a Christian!

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

POR.

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:300

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY.

Most rightful judge!

POR.

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.304

SHY.

Most learned judge! A sentence! come, prepare!

POR.

Tarry a little: there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'308

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate<sup>312</sup>

Unto the state of Venice.

GRA.

O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHY.

Is that the law?

POR.

Thyself shalt see the act;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd<sup>316</sup>

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

GRA.

O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

SHY.

I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian go.

BASS.

Here is the money.<sup>320</sup>

POR.

Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:—

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA.

O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!<sup>324</sup>

POR.

Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much<sup>328</sup>  
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,<sup>332</sup>  
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA.

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

POR.

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.<sup>336</sup>

SHY.

Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS.

I have it ready for thee; here it is.

POR.

He hath refus'd it in the open court:  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.<sup>340</sup>

GRA.

A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY.

Shall I not have barely my principal?

POR.

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,<sup>344</sup>

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY.

Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

POR.

Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.<sup>348</sup>

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,<sup>352</sup>

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy<sup>356</sup>

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly and directly too<sup>360</sup>

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.364

GRA.

Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.368

DUKE.

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,  
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,372  
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

POR.

Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

SHY.

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:  
You take my house when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR.

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA.

A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!380

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 use, to render it,384

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more, that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;388

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE.

He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.393

POR.

Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHY.

I am content.

POR.

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY.

I pray you give me leave to go from hence:

I am not well. Send the deed after me,397

And I will sign it.

DUKE.

Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA.

In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,400

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit*Shylock.

DUKE.

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

POR.

I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:

I must away this night toward Padua,404

And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE.

I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt*Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.

BASS.

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,412  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANT.

And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

POR.

He is well paid that is well satisfied;416  
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:420  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASS.

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.425

POR.

You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
[ToAnt.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;  
[ToBass.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.428  
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASS.

This ring, good sir? alas! it is a trifle;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.<sup>432</sup>

POR.

I will have nothing else but only this;  
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASS.

There's more depends on this than on the value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,<sup>436</sup>  
And find it out by proclamation:  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

POR.

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASS.

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;  
And, when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should never sell nor give nor lose it.<sup>444</sup>

POR.

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,<sup>448</sup>

For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

*[Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.]*

ANT.

My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:

Let his deservings and my love withal

Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.<sup>452</sup>

BASS.

Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;

Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste.

*[Exit Gratiano.]*

Come, you and I will thither presently,<sup>456</sup>

And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

POR.

Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,

And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,

And be a day before our husbands home:

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter Gratiano.*

GRA.

Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.

My Lord Bassanio upon more advice

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat

Your company at dinner.

POR.

That cannot be:8

His ring I do accept most thankfully;

And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,

I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRA.

That will I do.

NER.

Sir, I would speak with you.12

[*Aside to Portia.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

POR.

Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;16

But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

NER.

Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*Belmont. The Avenue ToPortia'SHouse.*

*EnterLorenzoandJessica.*

LOR.

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees  
And they did make no noise, in such a night  
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,<sup>4</sup>  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES.

In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,<sup>8</sup>  
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR.

In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

JES.

In such a night<sup>12</sup>  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs

That did renew old Æson.

LOR.

In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,

As far as Belmont.

JES.

In such a night<sup>17</sup>

Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,

And ne'er a true one.

LOR.

In such a night<sup>20</sup>

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,

Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES.

I would out-night you, did no body come;

But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.<sup>24</sup>

*Enter* Stephano.

LOR.

Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

STEPH.

A friend.

LOR.

A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.

STEPH.

Stephano is my name; and I bring word

My mistress will before the break of day<sup>29</sup>

Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays

For happy wedlock hours.

LOR.

Who comes with her?<sup>32</sup>

STEPH.

None, but a holy hermit and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LOR.

He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,<sup>36</sup>

And ceremoniously let us prepare

Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter*Launcelot.

LAUN.

Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

LOR.

Who calls?<sup>40</sup>

LAUN.

Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?

Master Lorenzo! sola, sola!

LOR.

Leave hollaing, man; here.

LAUN.

Sola! where? where?44

LOR.

Here.

LAUN.

Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.

[*Exit.*

LOR.

Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.49

And yet no matter; why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;52

And bring your music forth into the air.

[*Exit* Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night56

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,<sup>61</sup>  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay<sup>64</sup>  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.

*[Music.*

JES.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.<sup>69</sup>

LOR.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,<sup>72</sup>  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,<sup>76</sup>  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;80

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;85

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

*Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.*

POR.

That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.92

POR.

So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king

Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook96

Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

NER.

It is your music, madam, of the house.

POR.

Nothing is good, I see, without respect:

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NER.

Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POR.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,<sup>104</sup>

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise and true perfection!<sup>108</sup>

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,

And would not be awak'd!

*[Music ceases.]*

LOR.

That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

POR.

He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,<sup>112</sup>

By the bad voice.

LOR.

Dear lady, welcome home.

POR.

We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

LOR.

Madam, they are not yet; 116  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

POR.

Go in, Nerissa:  
Give order to my servants that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence; 120  
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

*[A tucket sounds.]*

LOR.

Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:  
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

POR.

This night methinks is but the daylight sick; 124  
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.*

BASS.

We should hold day with the Antipodes,

If you would walk in absence of the sun.128

POR.

Let me give light, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me:  
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS.

I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:133

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,136

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT.

No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words,140

Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

GRA.

[*To Nerissa.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,144

Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

POR.

A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

GRA.

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, whose poesy was<sup>148</sup>

For all the world like cutlers' poetry

Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

NER.

What talk you of the posy, or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,<sup>152</sup>

That you would wear it till your hour of death,

And that it 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 a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRA.

He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER.

Ay, if a woman live to be a man.<sup>160</sup>

GRA.

Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk.

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:164

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 oaths upon your finger,

And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.169

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 pluck it from his finger for the wealth173

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:

An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.176

BASS.

[*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRA.

My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed180

Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;

And neither man nor master would take aught

But the two rings.

POR.

What ring gave you, my lord?184

Not that, I hope, that you receiv'd of me.

BASS.

If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.188

POR.

Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed

Until I see the ring.

NER.

Nor I in yours,

Till I again see mine.

BASS.

Sweet Portia,192

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the ring,

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

And how unwillingly I left the ring,196

When naught would be accepted but the ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR.

If you had known the virtue of the ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,200

Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to have defended it204

With any terms 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.208

BASS.

No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it; but a civil doctor,

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;213

Even he that did uphold the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him;216

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,

For, by these blessed candles of the night,220

Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR.

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,224

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you;

I'll not deny him anything I have;

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.228

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now by mine honour, which is yet mine own,232

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NER.

And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRA.

Well, do you so: let me not take him, then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.237

ANT.

I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

POR.

Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BASS.

Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And in the hearing of these many friends,241

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,

Wherein I see myself,—

POR.

Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;244

In each eye, one: swear by your double self,

And there's an oath of credit.

BASS.

Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear

I never more will break an oath with thee.248

ANT.

I once did lend my body for his wealth,

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,

My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord252

Will never more break faith advisedly.

POR.

Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANT.

Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.256

BASS.

By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!

POR.

I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,  
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.259

NER.

And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

GRA.

Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.264  
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

POR.

Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd:  
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padus, from Bellario:268  
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 even but now return'd; I have not yet272  
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;  
And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
There you shall find three of your argosies276

Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

ANT.

I am dumb.

BASS.

Were you the doctor and I knew you not?280

GRA.

Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

NER.

Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,

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.285

ANT.

Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships

Are safely come to road.

POR.

How now, Lorenzo!288

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,<sup>292</sup>  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

LOR.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

POR.

It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied<sup>296</sup>  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRA.

Let it be so: the first inter'gatory<sup>300</sup>  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,  
Whe'r till the next night she had rather stay,  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing<sup>306</sup>  
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

*[Exeunt.]*

## AS YOU LIKE IT

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE,	living in exile.
FREDERICK,	his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.
AMIENS, }	Lords attending upon the banished Duke.
JAQUES, }	
LE BEAU,	a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES,	a Wrestler.
OLIVER, }	Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
JAQUES, }	
ORLANDO, }	
ADAM, }	Servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }	
TOUCHSTONE,	a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT,	a Vicar.
CORIN, }	Shepherds.
SILVIUS, }	
WILLIAM,	a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.	
ROSALIND,	Daughter to the banished Duke.
CELIA,	Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE,	a Shepherdess.
AUDREY,	a Country Wench.
Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.	

Scene.—*First, Oliver's Orchard near his House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.*

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.—

*An Orchard Near Oliver's House. Enter Orlando And Adam.*

ORL.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call 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 feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which 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 nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.<sup>27</sup>

ADAM.

Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL.

Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Enter* Oliver.

OLI.

Now, sir! what make you here?<sup>31</sup>

ORL.

Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

OLI.

What mar you then, sir?

ORL.

Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.<sup>37</sup>

OLI.

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

ORL.

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

OLI.

Know you where you are, sir?

ORL.

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

OLI.

Know you before whom, sir?<sup>45</sup>

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 my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLI.

What, boy!<sup>56</sup>

ORL.

Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI.

Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?<sup>59</sup>

ORL.

I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; 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 railed on thyself.<sup>66</sup>

ADAM.

[*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI.

Let me go, I say.<sup>70</sup>

ORL.

I will not, 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 allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.<sup>80</sup>

OLI.

And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, 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.<sup>84</sup>

ORL.

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

OLI.

Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM.

Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

*[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.]*

OLI.

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

*Enter Dennis.*

DEN.

Calls your worship?<sup>95</sup>

OLI.

Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

DEN.

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

OLI.

Call him in. [*Exit*Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter*Charles.

CHA.

Good morrow to your worship.102

OLI.

Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHA.

There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.111

OLI.

Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA.

O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.120

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 England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI.

What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?129

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 a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil 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 intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 144

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 laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 167

CHA.

I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*

OLI.

Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

Scene II.—

*A Lawn Before The Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

CEL.

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

ROS.

Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.<sup>7</sup>

CEL.

Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.<sup>15</sup>

ROS.

Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL.

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.<sup>25</sup>

ROS.

From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?<sup>28</sup>

CEL.

Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.<sup>33</sup>

ROS.

What shall be our sport then?

CEL.

Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.<sup>37</sup>

ROS.

I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL.

'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.<sup>43</sup>

ROS.

Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Enter Touchstone.*

CEL.

No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?<sup>51</sup>

ROS.

Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CEL.

Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?<sup>61</sup>

TOUCH.

Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL.

Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH.

No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.66

ROS.

Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH.

Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.73

CEL.

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

ROS.

Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH.

Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.79

CEL.

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

TOUCH.

By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.86

CEL.

Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

TOUCH.

One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL.

My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.<sup>92</sup>

TOUCH.

The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CEL.

By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.<sup>98</sup>

ROS.

With his mouth full of news.

CEL.

Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS.

Then we shall be news-cramm'd.

CEL.

All the better; we shall be more marketable.<sup>104</sup>

*Enter Le Beau.*

*Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau:* what's the news?

LE BEAU.

Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL.

Sport! Of what colour?<sup>108</sup>

LE BEAU.

What colour, madam! How shall

I answer you?

ROS.

As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH.

Or as the Destinies decree. 112

CEL.

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCH.

Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROS.

Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU.

You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of. 118

ROS.

Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU.

I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it. 123

CEL.

Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU.

There comes an old man and his three sons,—127

CEL.

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.’ 133

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. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 141

ROS.

Alas!

TOUCH.

But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost? 144

LE BEAU.

Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCH.

Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies. 148

CEL.

Or I, I promise thee.

ROS.

But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 153

LE BEAU.

You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.156

CEL.

Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.*

DUKE F.

Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.161

ROS.

Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU.

Even he, madam.

CEL.

Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.165

DUKE F.

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

ROS.

Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.169

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 fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CEL.

Call him hither, good Monsieur le Beau.

DUKE F.

Do so: I'll not be by.176

[*Duke goes apart.*

LE BEAU.

Monsieur the challenger, the princes call for you.

ORL.

I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROS.

Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?181

ORL.

No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.184

CEL.

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel 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.192

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.196

ORL.

I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.208

ROS.

The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL.

And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS.

Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!213

CEL.

Your heart's desires be with you!

CHA.

Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?216

ORL.

Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE F.

You shall try but one fall.219

CHA.

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 mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.225

ROS.

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CEL.

I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.228

[Charles and Orlandowrestle.

ROS.

O excellent young man!

CEL.

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Charles is thrown. Shout.*]

DUKE F.

No more, no more.232

ORL.

Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F.

How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU.

He cannot speak, my lord.236

DUKE F.

Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

[*Charles is borne out.*]

ORL.

Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.240

DUKE F.

I 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 deed,244

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, Train, and Le Beau.*

CEL.

Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL.

I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,<sup>249</sup>

His youngest son; and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS.

My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:<sup>253</sup>

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL.

Gentle cousin,<sup>256</sup>

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love<sup>260</sup>

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

ROS.

Gentleman,

*[Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.264

Shall we go, coz?

CEL.

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL.

Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.268

ROS.

He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies.

CEL.

Will you go, coz?272

ROS.

Have with you. Fare you well.

*[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

ORL.

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!276

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter* Le Beau.

LE BEAU.

Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause and love,

Yet such is now the duke's condition281

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

ORL.

I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this;285

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,

That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU.

Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners:288

But yet, indeed the smaller is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves292

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument<sup>296</sup>

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:

Hereafter, in a better world than this,<sup>301</sup>

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL.

I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit*Le Beau.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.<sup>305</sup>

But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit*.

Scene III.—

***A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter*Celia*and*Rosalind.

CEL.

Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?

ROS.

Not one to throw at a dog.<sup>3</sup>

CEL.

No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

ROS.

Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.<sup>9</sup>

CEL.

But is all this for your father?

ROS.

No, some of it is for my child's father:

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

CEL.

They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.<sup>16</sup>

ROS.

I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

CEL.

Hem them away.

ROS.

I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.<sup>21</sup>

CEL.

Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

ROS.

O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!<sup>24</sup>

CEL.

O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROS.

The duke my father loved his father dearly.<sup>32</sup>

CEL.

Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.<sup>36</sup>

ROS.

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

CEL.

Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

ROS.

Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the duke.<sup>42</sup>

CEL.

With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*

DUKE F.

Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,<sup>44</sup>

And get you from our court.

ROS.

Me, uncle?

DUKE F.

You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles,

Thou diest for it.

ROS.

I do beseech your Grace,48

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.

If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—52

As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,

Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your highness.

DUKE F.

Thus do all traitors:

If their purgation did consist in words,56

They are as innocent as grace itself:

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

ROS.

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.60

DUKE F.

Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

ROS.

So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;64

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.68

CEL.

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE F.

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

CEL.

I did not then entreat to have her stay:  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.73  
I was too young that time to value her;  
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I; we still have slept together,76  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

DUKE F.

She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,80  
Her very silence and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous84  
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CEL.

Pronounce that sentence then, on me, my liege:88

I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE F

You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.92

[*Exeunt* Duke Frederick and Lords.

CEL.

O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROS.

I have more cause.

CEL.

Thou hast not, cousin;96

Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

ROS.

That he hath not.

CEL.

No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? 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:104

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.108

ROS.

Why, whither shall we go?

CEL.

To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROS.

Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!112

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL.

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along116

And never stir assailants.

ROS.

Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,120  
A boar-spear in my hand; and,—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have124  
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL.

What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROS.

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.128  
But what will you be call'd?

CEL.

Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS.

But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?133  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL.

He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,136  
And get our jewels and our wealth 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<sup>140</sup>

To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***The Forest Of Arden.***

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and other Lords, like 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 envious court?<sup>4</sup>

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,

Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say<sup>9</sup>

'This is no flattery: these are counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

Sweet are the uses of adversity,<sup>12</sup>

Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;

And this our life exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,16

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

I would not change it.

AMI.

Happy is your Grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.20

DUKE S.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being native burghers of this desert city,

Should in their own confines with forked heads

Have their round haunches gor'd.

FIRST LORD.

Indeed, my lord,25

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp

Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself29

Did steal behind him as he lay along

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;32

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,

That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,

The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat<sup>37</sup>  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,<sup>40</sup>  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S.

But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?<sup>44</sup>

FIRST LORD.

O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;  
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more<sup>48</sup>  
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;  
''Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part  
The flux of company:' anon, a careless herd,<sup>52</sup>  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,  
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look<sup>56</sup>  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'

Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we<sup>60</sup>  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE S.

And did you leave him in this contemplation?<sup>64</sup>

SEC. LORD.

We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S.

Show me the place.

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.<sup>68</sup>

SEC. LORD.

I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

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 sufferance in this.

FIRST LORD.

I cannot hear of any that did see her.<sup>4</sup>

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,

Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early

They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

SEC. LORD.

My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft<sup>8</sup>

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler<sup>13</sup>

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.<sup>16</sup>

DUKE F.

Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;

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<sup>20</sup>

To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Before Oliver's House.***

*Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.*

ORL.

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 overcome

The bony priser of the humorous duke?8

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.13

O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL.

Why, what's the matter?

ADAM.

O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives.  
Your brother,—no, no brother; yet the son,—  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son<sup>20</sup>  
Of him I was about to call his father,—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it: if he fail of that,<sup>24</sup>  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practices.  
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.<sup>28</sup>

ORL.

Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM.

No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORL.

What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>36</sup>

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

ADAM.

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse<sup>40</sup>  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,<sup>44</sup>  
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<sup>48</sup>  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,<sup>52</sup>  
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

ORL.

O good old man! how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,<sup>57</sup>  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,<sup>60</sup>

And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,<sup>64</sup>  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.<sup>68</sup>

ADAM.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.<sup>72</sup>  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.<sup>76</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

### ***The Forest Of Arden.***

*Enter Rosalind in boy's clothes, Celia dressed like a shepherdess, and Touchstone.*

ROS.

O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.

TOUCH.

I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary.

ROS.

I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.8

CEL.

I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.

TOUCH.

For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.14

ROS.

Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH.

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

ROS.

Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.21

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

COR.

That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL.

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

COR.

I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

SIL.

No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—28  
As sure I think did never man love so,—  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR.

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL.

O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd:36  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd:  
Or if thou hast not broke from company40  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*

ROS.

Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.44

TOUCH.

And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.<sup>56</sup>

ROS.

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCH.

Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.<sup>60</sup>

ROS.

Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH.

And mine; but it grows something stale with me.<sup>64</sup>

CEL.

I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food:

I faint almost to death.

TOUCH.

Holla, you clown!

ROS.

Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

COR.

Who calls?<sup>68</sup>

TOUCH.

Your betters, sir.

COR.

Else are they very wretched.

ROS.

Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

COR.

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

ROS.

I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,<sup>73</sup>

Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And faints for succour.

COR.

Fair sir, I pity her,<sup>76</sup>

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 shear the fleeces that I graze:<sup>80</sup>

My master is of churlish disposition

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale; and at our sheepecote now,85  
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.88

ROS.

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 anything.

ROS.

I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,92  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CEL.

And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.96

COR.

Assuredly the thing is to be sold:  
Go with me: if you like upon report  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,100  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene V.—

*Another Part Of The Forest.*

*Enter* Amiens, Jaques, *and Others.*

SONG.

AMI.

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,<sup>4</sup>  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.<sup>8</sup>

JAQ.

More, more, I prithee, more.

AMI.

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.<sup>11</sup>

JAQ.

I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I prithee, more.

AMI.

My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.<sup>16</sup>

JAQ.

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

AMI.

What you will, Monsieur Jaques.<sup>20</sup>

JAQ.

Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMI.

More at your request than to please myself.<sup>24</sup>

JAQ.

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.

AMI.

Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.<sup>33</sup>

JAQ.

And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

## SONG

AMI.

Who doth ambition shun,  
[*All together here.*  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,<sup>40</sup>  
And pleas'd with what he gets.  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy<sup>44</sup>  
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ.

I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMI.

And I'll sing it.<sup>48</sup>

JAQ.

Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,<sup>52</sup>  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,<sup>56</sup>  
An if he will come to me.

AMI.

What's that '*ducdame?*'

JAQ.

'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.<sup>61</sup>

AMI.

And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene VI.—

### ***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

ADAM.

Dear master, I can go no further: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.<sup>3</sup>

ORL.

Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end, I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and

I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*A table set out. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Lords like Outlaws.*

DUKE S.

I think he be transform'd into a beast,  
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD.

My lord, he is but even now gone hence:  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.<sup>4</sup>

DUKE S.

If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

FIRST LORD.

He saves my labour by his own approach.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter Jaques.*

DUKE S.

Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company?  
What, you look merrily!

JAQ.

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!<sup>13</sup>

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,<sup>16</sup>

In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

And then he drew a dial from his poke,<sup>20</sup>

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;

Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,<sup>24</sup>

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear<sup>28</sup>

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

And I did laugh sans intermission<sup>32</sup>

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE S.

What fool is this?

JAQ.

O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,<sup>36</sup>  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,—  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents<sup>41</sup>  
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S.

Thou shalt have one.

JAQ.

It is my only suit;<sup>44</sup>  
Provided that you weed your better judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,<sup>48</sup>  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:<sup>52</sup>  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd<sup>56</sup>  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,<sup>60</sup>  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S.

Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JAQ.

What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

DUKE S.

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:<sup>64</sup>  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQ.

Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,<sup>72</sup>  
Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?76

Who can come in and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says his bravery is not on my cost,—80

Thinking that I mean him,—but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,85

Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.*

ORL.

Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ.

Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL.

Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.89

JAQ.

Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE S.

Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,92

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORL.

You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet I am inland bred<sup>96</sup>

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAQ.

An you will not be answered with reason,

I must die.<sup>101</sup>

DUKE S.

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORL.

I almost die for food; and let me have it.

DUKE S.

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.<sup>105</sup>

ORL.

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here,

And therefore put I on the countenance<sup>108</sup>

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;112  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,116  
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE S.

True is it that we have seen better days,120  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness124  
And take upon command what help we have  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

ORL.

Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn128  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE S.

Go find him out,133

And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORL.

I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

*[Exit.*

DUKE S.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:136

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play in.

JAQ.

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;141

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.144

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad148

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation152

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances;156

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,

His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide160

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,164

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.*

DUKE S.

Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,

And let him feed.

ORL.

I thank you most for him.168

ADAM.

So had you need:

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE S.

Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.172

Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

## SONG.

AMI.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;176  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
Then heigh-ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,184  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp188  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
Then heigh-ho! the holly!192  
This life is most jolly.

DUKE S.

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness196

Most truly limn'd and living in your face,

Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke

That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,200

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### Scene I.—

#### *A Room In The Palace.*

*Enter* Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords, *and* Attendants.

DUKE F.

Not seen him since! Sir, sir, that cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:<sup>4</sup>  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living,  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.<sup>8</sup>  
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.<sup>12</sup>

OLI.

O that your highness knew my heart in this!  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F.

More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature<sup>16</sup>

Make an extent upon his house and lands.

Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Forest Of Arden.***

*Enter Orlando, with a paper.*

ORL.

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,<sup>5</sup>

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,

That every eye, which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.<sup>8</sup>

Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Corin and Touchstone.*

COR.

And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?<sup>12</sup>

TOUCH.

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?<sup>23</sup>

COR.

No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that 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 comes of a very dull kindred.<sup>33</sup>

TOUCH.

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

COR.

No, truly.<sup>36</sup>

TOUCH.

Then thou art damned.

COR.

Nay, I hope.

TOUCH.

Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.<sup>40</sup>

COR.

For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH.

Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.<sup>46</sup>

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 courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.<sup>53</sup>

TOUCH.

Instance, briefly; come, instance.

COR.

Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.<sup>56</sup>

TOUCH.

Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.<sup>60</sup>

COR.

Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH.

Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

COR.

And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.<sup>67</sup>

TOUCH.

Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.<sup>72</sup>

COR.

You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

TOUCH.

Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.<sup>77</sup>

COR.

Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.82

TOUCH.

That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR.

Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.93

*Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.*

ROS.

From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,96  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lin'd  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind,100  
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCH.

I'll rime you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.105

ROS.

Out, fool!

TOUCH.

For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,108  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,

So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter-garments must be lin'd, 112  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap must sheaf and bind,  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind, 116  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them? 121

ROS.

Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

TOUCH.

Truly, the tree yields bad fruit. 124

ROS.

I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar. 129

TOUCH.

You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter Celia, reading a paper.*

ROS.

Peace! 132

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

CEL.

Why should this a desert be?  
For it is unpeopled? No;  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree, 136  
That shall civil sayings show.  
Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
That the stretching of a span 140  
Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows  
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:  
But upon the fairest boughs, 144  
Or at every sentence' end,  
Will I Rosalinda write;  
Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite 148  
Heaven would in little show.  
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd  
That one body should be fill'd  
With all graces wide enlarg'd: 152  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part, 156  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devis'd  
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts, 160  
To have the touches dearest priz'd.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.

ROS.

O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

CEL.

How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah. 169

TOUCH.

Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. 172

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

CEL.

Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS.

O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. 176

CEL.

That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROS.

Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.181

CEL.

But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?184

ROS.

I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.189

CEL.

Trow you who hath done this?

ROS.

Is it a man?

CEL.

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?193

ROS.

I prithee, who?

CEL.

O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.197

ROS.

Nay, but who is it?

CEL.

Is it possible?

ROS.

Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.201

CEL.

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!204

ROS.

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL.

So you may put a man in your belly.216

ROS.

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL.

Nay, he hath but a little beard.220

ROS.

Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.224

CEL.

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

ROS.

Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.228

CEL.

I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROS.

Orlando?

CEL.

Orlando.

ROS.

Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.238

CEL.

You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.242

ROS.

But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?245

CEL.

It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. 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.252

CEL.

Give me audience, good madam.

ROS.

Proceed.

CEL.

There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.256

ROS.

Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL.

Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.261

ROS.

O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL.

I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bringest me out of tune.264

ROS.

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CEL.

You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?268

ROS.

'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

*Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

JAQ.

I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL.

And so had I; but yet, for fashion' sake, I thank you too for your society.273

JAQ.

God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

ORL.

I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ.

I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL.

I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.280

JAQ.

Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL.

Yes, just.

JAQ.

I do not like her name.

ORL.

There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.285

JAQ.

What stature is she of?

ORL.

Just as high as my heart.

JAQ.

You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

ORL.

Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.293

JAQ.

You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.297

ORL.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQ.

The worst fault you have is to be in love.301

ORL.

'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ.

By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.305

ORL.

He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

JAQ.

There I shall see mine own figure.308

ORL.

Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

JAQ.

I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.312

ORL.

I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

ROS.

I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?317

ORL.

Very well: what would you?

ROS.

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

ORL.

You should ask me, what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.321

ROS.

Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.325

ORL.

And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

ROS.

By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.332

ORL.

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS.

Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.338

ORL.

Who ambles Time withal?

ROS.

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

ORL.

Who doth he gallop withal?348

ROS.

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

ORL.

Who stays it still withal?352

ROS.

With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL.

Where dwell you, pretty youth?356

ROS.

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

ORL.

Are you native of this place?360

ROS.

As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL.

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.364

ROS.

I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.<sup>373</sup>

ORL.

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

ROS.

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

ORL.

I prithee, recount some of them.<sup>380</sup>

ROS.

No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.<sup>389</sup>

ORL.

I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS.

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL.

What were his marks?<sup>396</sup>

ROS.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's

revenue. Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.409

ORL.

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS.

Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL.

I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.421

ROS.

But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

ORL.

Neither rime nor reason can express how much.425

ROS.

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

ORL.

Did you ever cure any so?432

ROS.

Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now

weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL.

I would not be cured, youth.452

ROS.

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

ORL.

Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.457

ROS.

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

ORL.

With all my heart, good youth.461

ROS.

Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.*

TOUCH.

Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?4

AUD.

Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCH.

I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.<sup>9</sup>

JAQ.

[*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

TOUCH.

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.<sup>17</sup>

AUD.

I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?<sup>20</sup>

TOUCH.

No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.<sup>24</sup>

AUD.

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

TOUCH.

I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.<sup>29</sup>

AUD.

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH.

No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.<sup>33</sup>

JAQ.

[*Aside.*] A material fool.

AUD.

Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.36

TOUCH.

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

AUD.

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.41

TOUCH.

Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQ.

[*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

AUD.

Well, the gods give us joy!49

TOUCH.

Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.67

*Enter* Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLI.

Is there none here to give the woman?<sup>72</sup>

TOUCH.

I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLI.

Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.<sup>76</sup>

JAQ.

[*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

TOUCH.

Good even, good Master What-ye-call't. how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

JAQ.

Will you be married, motley?<sup>84</sup>

TOUCH

As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.<sup>88</sup>

JAQ.

And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.<sup>95</sup>

TOUCH.

[*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.<sup>100</sup>

JAQ.

Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH.

Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not104

O sweet Oliver!  
O brave Oliver!  
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—108

Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.]

SIR OLI.

'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exit.*]

Scene IV.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter* Rosalind *and* Celia.

ROS.

Never talk to me: I will weep.

CEL.

Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROS.

But have I not cause to weep?4

CEL.

As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS.

His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL.

Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.<sup>9</sup>

ROS.

I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL.

An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.<sup>12</sup>

ROS.

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL.

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROS.

But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL.

Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS.

Do you think so?<sup>21</sup>

CEL.

Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.<sup>25</sup>

ROS.

Not true in love?

CEL.

Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.<sup>28</sup>

ROS.

You have heard him swear downright he was.

CEL.

'Was' is not 'is:' besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.<sup>35</sup>

ROS.

I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL.

O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

*Enter*Corin.

COR.

Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd<sup>48</sup>

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess

That was his mistress.

CEL.

Well, and what of him?<sup>52</sup>

COR.

If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,<sup>56</sup>  
If you will mark it.

ROS.

O! come, let us remove:  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.  
Bring us to 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 Phebe.*

SIL.

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,<sup>4</sup>  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.*

PHE.

I would not be thy executioner:8

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,12

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;16

Now counterfeit to swound; why now fall down;

Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure

Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,24

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes

That can do hurt.

SIL.

O dear Phebe,

If ever,—as that ever may be near,—28

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

PHE.

But, till that time

Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,<sup>32</sup>

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;

As, till that time I shall not pity thee.

ROS.

[*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,<sup>36</sup>

Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—

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?<sup>40</sup>

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. O's my little life!

I think she means to tangle my eyes too.<sup>44</sup>

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.<sup>48</sup>

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man

Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you<sup>52</sup>

That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her.<sup>56</sup>

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:<sup>61</sup>

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

PHE.

Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:<sup>64</sup>

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROS.

He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

PHE.

For no ill will I bear you.

ROS.

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falser than vows made in wine:<sup>73</sup>

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.76

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud: though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.80

[*Exeunt* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

PHE.

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:

'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

SIL.

Sweet Phebe,—

PHE.

Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?

SIL.

Sweet Phebe, pity me.84

PHE.

Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL.

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love your sorrow and my grief88

Were both extermin'd.

PHE.

Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

SIL.

I would have you.

PHE.

Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;92

And yet it is not that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;96

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SIL.

So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,100

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.104

PHE.

Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SIL.

Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.108

PHE.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;

But what care I for words? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear. 112

It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up. 117

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him 124

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

Have more cause to hate him than to love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me? 129

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.

I marvel why I answer'd not again: 132

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL.

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE.

I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

#### *The Forest Of Arden.*

*Enter* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

JAQ

I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROS.

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ.

I am so; I do love it better than laughing.<sup>5</sup>

ROS.

Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.<sup>8</sup>

JAQ.

Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS.

Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

JAQ.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.<sup>21</sup>

ROS.

A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.<sup>26</sup>

JAQ.

Yes, I have gained my experience.

ROS.

And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad: and to travel for it too!<sup>31</sup>

*Enter Orlando.*

ORL.

Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ.

Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

*[Exit.*

ROS.

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL.

My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.<sup>45</sup>

ROS.

Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL.

Pardon me, dear Rosalind.<sup>52</sup>

ROS.

Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL.

Of a snail!

ROS.

Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL.

What's that?<sup>60</sup>

ROS.

Why, horns; that such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.<sup>64</sup>

ORL.

Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS.

And I am your Rosalind?

CEL.

It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.<sup>69</sup>

ROS.

Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?<sup>73</sup>

ORL.

I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS.

Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking,—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.<sup>80</sup>

ORL.

How if the kiss be denied?

ROS.

Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL.

Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?<sup>85</sup>

ROS.

Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.<sup>88</sup>

ORL.

What, of my suit?

ROS.

Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORL.

I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.93

ROS.

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

ORL.

Then in mine own person I die.96

ROS.

No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.112

ORL.

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

ROS.

By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL.

Then love me, Rosalind.120

ROS.

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

ORL.

And wilt thou have me?

ROS.

Ay, and twenty such.124

ORL.

What sayest thou?

ROS.

Are you not good?

ORL.

I hope so.

ROS.

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

ORL.

Pray thee, marry us.132

CEL.

I cannot say the words.

ROS.

You must begin,—‘Will you, Orlando,’—

CEL.

Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?136

ORL.

I will.

ROS.

Ay, but when?

ORL.

Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS.

Then you must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.' 141

ORL.

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS.

I might ask you for your commission; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL.

So do all thoughts; they are winged. 148

ROS.

Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?

ORL.

For ever and a day.

ROS.

Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL.

But will my Rosalind do so? 164

ROS.

By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL.

O! but she is wise.

ROS.

Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.172

ORL.

A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say, 'Wit, whither wilt?'

ROS.

Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.177

ORL.

And what wit could wit have to excuse 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 woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.185

ORL.

For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS.

Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.189

ORL.

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

ROS.

Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL.

Ay, sweet Rosalind.197

ROS.

By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORL.

With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.209

ROS.

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

*[Exit Orlando.]*

CEL.

You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.216

ROS.

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL.

Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.222

ROS.

No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.230

CEL.

And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter* Jaques, Lords, *and* Foresters.

JAQ.

Which is he that killed the deer?

FIRST LORD.

Sir, it was I.

JAQ.

Let's present him to the duke, like a

Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?6

SECOND LORD.

Yes, sir.

JAQ.

Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home<sup>12</sup>  
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*  
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;  
It was a crest ere thou wast born:  
Thy father's father wore it,  
And thy father bore it:<sup>16</sup>  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

ROS.

How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

CEL.

I warrant you, with pure love and a troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter Silvius.*

SIL.

My errand is to you, fair youth.

My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:<sup>8</sup>

[*Giving a letter.*

I know not the contents; but, as I guess

By the stern brow and waspish action

Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;<sup>12</sup>

I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROS.

Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all:  
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;16  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.21

SIL.

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

ROS.

Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.24  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:  
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:  
I say she never did invent this letter;29  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL.

Sure, it is hers.

ROS.

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers; why, she defies me,33

Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect36

Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

SIL.

So please you, for I never heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROS.

She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*]40

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

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL.

Call you this railing?44

ROS.

[*reads.*]

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

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,48  
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,52  
Alack! in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect.  
Whiles you chid me, I did love,

How then might your prayers move!56  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me;  
And by him seal up thy mind;  
Whether that thy youth and kind60  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.64

SIL.

Call you this chiding?

CEL.

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS.

Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.

*[Exit*Silvius.

*Enter*Oliver.

OLI.

Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you if you know,77

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands

A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL.

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:80

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.<sup>84</sup>

OLI.

If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself<sup>88</sup>  
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,  
And browner than her brother.' Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CEL.

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

OLI.

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

ROS.

I am: what must we understand by this?

OLI.

Some of my shame; if you will know of me<sup>97</sup>  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

CEL.

I pray you, tell it.

OLI.

When last the young Orlando parted from you<sup>100</sup>

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,<sup>104</sup>

And mark what object did present itself:

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,<sup>108</sup>

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,<sup>112</sup>

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush; under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,<sup>116</sup>

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:<sup>120</sup>

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL.

O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
And he did render him the most unnatural<sup>124</sup>  
That liv'd 'mongst men.

OLI.

And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROS.

But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?<sup>128</sup>

OLI.

Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,<sup>132</sup>  
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CEL.

Are you his brother?

ROS.

Was it you he rescu'd?

CEL.

Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?<sup>136</sup>

OLI.

'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROS.

But, for the bloody napkin?

OLI.

By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,141  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As how I came into that desert place:—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,144  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,149  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;152  
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  
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth157

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

CEL.

[Rosalind *swoons*.] Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

OLI.

Many will swoon when they do look on blood.160

CEL.

There is more in it. Cousin! Ganymede!

OLI.

Look, he recovers.

ROS.

I would I were at home.

CEL.

We'll lead you thither. I pray you, will you take him by the arm?164

OLI.

Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.

ROS.

I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLI.

This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.173

ROS.

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI.

Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.176

ROS.

So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CEL.

Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.180

OLI.

That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS.

I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—

#### *The Forest Of Arden.*

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

TOUCH.

We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD.

Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.4

TOUCH.

A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD.

Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.10

*Enter William.*

TOUCH.

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

WILL.

Good even, Audrey.

AUD.

God ye good even, William.16

WILL.

And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH.

Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?20

WILL.

Five-and-twenty, sir.

TOUCH.

A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL.

William, sir.

TOUCH.

A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?25

WILL.

Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH.

'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?28

WILL.

Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCH.

‘So so,’ is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?<sup>32</sup>

WILL.

Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH.

Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, ‘The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.’ The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?<sup>41</sup>

WILL.

I do, sir.

TOUCH.

Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL.

No, sir.<sup>44</sup>

TOUCH.

Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.<sup>50</sup>

WILL.

Which he, sir?

TOUCH.

He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of

this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.<sup>64</sup>

AUD.

Do, good William.

WILL.

God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter*Corin.

COR.

Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!<sup>68</sup>

TOUCH.

Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

### ***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter*Orlando*and*Oliver.

ORL.

Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?<sup>5</sup>

OLI.

Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.<sup>14</sup>

ORL.

You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter* Rosalind.

ROS.

God save you, brother.<sup>20</sup>

OLI.

And you, fair sister.

*[Exit.*

ROS.

O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

ORL.

It is my arm.<sup>24</sup>

ROS.

I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL.

Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.<sup>28</sup>

ROS.

Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swound when he showed me your handkercher?

ORL.

Ay, and greater wonders than that.<sup>32</sup>

ROS.

O! I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for

your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.46

ORL.

They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.53

ROS.

Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL.

I can live no longer by thinking.56

ROS.

I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then,—for now I speak to some purpose,—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.76

ORL.

Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS.

By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

PHE.

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,<sup>84</sup>

To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROS.

I care not if I have: it is my study

To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.<sup>89</sup>

PHE.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SIL.

It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.<sup>92</sup>

PHE.

And I for Ganymede.

ORL.

And I for Rosalind.

ROS.

And I for no woman.

SIL.

It is to be all made of faith and service;

And so am I for Phebe.<sup>97</sup>

PHE.

And I for Ganymede.

ORL.

And I for Rosalind.

ROS.

And I for no woman.100

SIL.

It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance;

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;

All purity, all trial, all obeisance;105

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE.

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL.

And so am I for Rosalind.108

ROS.

And so am I for no woman.

PHE.

[*To*Rosalind.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SIL.

[*To*Phebe.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?113

ORL.

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS.

Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?' 117

ORL.

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. [ToSilvius.] I will help you, if I can: [ToPhebe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [ToPhebe.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [ToOrlando.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [ToSilvius.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [ToOrlando.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [ToSilvius.] As you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands. 134

SIL.

I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE.

NOR I.

ORL.

NOR I.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

TOUCH.

To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD.

I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.6

*Enter two Pages.*

FIRST PAGE.

Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH.

By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.9

SEC. PAGE.

We are for you: sit i' the middle.

FIRST PAGE.

Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

SEC. PAGE.

I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.17

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,20  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
Between the acres of the rye,24  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, &c.  
This carol they began that hour,28  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In the spring time, &c.  
And therefore take the present time,32  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime

In the spring time, &c.

TOUCH.

Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

FIRST PAGE.

You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.40

TOUCH.

By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.*

DUKE S.

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL.

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.4

*Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.*

ROS.

Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.

[*To the Duke.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S.

That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.<sup>8</sup>

ROS.

[*To Orlando.*] And you say, you will have her when I bring her?

ORL.

That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS.

[*To Phebe.*] You say, that you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHE.

That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS.

But if you do refuse to marry me,<sup>13</sup>

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE.

So is the bargain.

ROS.

[*To Silvius.*] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?<sup>16</sup>

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;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;<sup>20</sup>

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;  
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,  
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,<sup>24</sup>  
To make these doubts all even.

*[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]*

DUKE S.

I do remember in this shepherd boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL.

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,<sup>28</sup>  
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,<sup>32</sup>  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

JAQ.

There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.<sup>38</sup>

TOUCH.

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ.

Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.<sup>43</sup>

TOUCH.

If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.<sup>49</sup>

JAQ.

And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH.

Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.<sup>52</sup>

JAQ.

How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S.

I like him very well.

TOUCH.

God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.<sup>64</sup>

DUKE S.

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH.

According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.<sup>68</sup>

JAQ.

But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH.

Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called 'the retort courteous.'

If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the 'reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant:' if again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome': and so to the 'lie circumstantial,' and the 'lie direct.'

JAQ.

And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?88

TOUCH.

I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct;' and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQ.

Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?93

TOUCH.

O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the 'retort courteous;' the second, the 'quip modest;' the third, the 'reply churlish;' the fourth, the 'reproof valiant;' the fifth, the 'countercheck quarrelsome;' the sixth, the 'lie with circumstance;' the seventh, the 'lie direct.' All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'if.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'if,' as 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'if' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'if.'109

JAQ.

Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE S.

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman's clothes, and Celia.*

***Still Music.***

HYM.

*Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even<sup>116</sup>  
Atone together.  
Good duke, receive thy daughter;  
Hymen from heaven brought her;  
Yea, brought her hither,<sup>120</sup>  
That thou mightst join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is.*

ROS.

[*To Duke S.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Orlando.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.<sup>124</sup>

DUKE S.

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL.

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHE.

If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!<sup>128</sup>

ROS.

[*To Duke S.*] I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[*To Orlando.*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

[*To Phebe.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

HYM.

*Peace, ho! I bar confusion:<sup>132</sup>  
'Tis I must make conclusion  
Of these most strange events:  
Here's eight that must take hands*

*To join in Hymen's bands, 136*

*If truth holds true contents.*

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*] You and you no cross shall part:

[*To Oliver and Celia.*] You and you are heart in heart:

[*To Phebe.*] You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord: 141

[*To Touchstone and Audrey.*] You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing, 144

Feed yourselves with questioning,

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

## SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown: 148

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured.

Honour, high honour, and renown, 152

To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE S.

O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHE.

[*To Silvius.*] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine; 156

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter Jaques de Boys.*

JAQ. DE B.

Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 161

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot  
In his own conduct, purposely to take<sup>164</sup>  
His brother here and put him to the sword:  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted<sup>168</sup>  
Both from his enterprise and from the world;  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,<sup>172</sup>  
I do engage my life.

DUKE S.

Welcome, young man;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:  
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.<sup>176</sup>  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot;  
And after, every of this happy number  
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,<sup>181</sup>  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustic revelry.<sup>184</sup>  
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ.

Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life, 188

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQ. DE B.

He hath.

JAQ.

To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[To Duke S.] You to your former honour I bequeath; 193

Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:

[To Orlando.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

[To Oliver.] You to your land, and love, and great allies: 196

[To Silvius.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[To Touchstone.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures. 200

DUKE S.

Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ.

To see no pastime, I: what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Exit.]

DUKE S.

Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,204

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance. Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Rosalind.

*It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as 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 had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied 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 curtsy, bid me farewell.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord. }	
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker. }	Persons in the Induction.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. }	
BAPTISTA,	a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO,	an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO,	son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO,	a Gentleman of Verona; Suitor to Katharina.
GREMIO, }	Suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }	
TRANIO, }	Servants to Lucentio
BIONDELLO, }	
GRUMIO, }	Servants to Petruchio
CURTIS, }	
Pedant,	set up to personate Vincentio.
KATHARINA, the Shrew, }	Daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, }	
Widow.	
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.	

Scene.—*Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

### INDUCTION.

#### Scene I.—

#### *Before An Alehouse On A Heath.*

*Enter Hostess and Sly.*

SLY.

I'll pheeze you, in faith.

HOST.

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY.

Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide. Sessa!

HOST.

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?8

SLY.

No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

HOST.

I know my remedy: I must go fetch the third-borough.

[*Exit.*

SLY.

Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

*Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsman and Servants.*

LORD.

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:16

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?20

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

FIRST HUNT.

Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.<sup>25</sup>

LORD.

Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all:<sup>28</sup>

To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

FIRST HUNT.

I will, my lord.

LORD.

[*Sees Sly.*] What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

SEC. HUNT.

He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,<sup>32</sup>

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD.

O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.<sup>36</sup>

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?<sup>41</sup>

FIRST HUNT.

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

SEC. HUNT.

It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

LORD.

Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.<sup>44</sup>

Then take him up and manage well the jest.

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,<sup>48</sup>

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,<sup>52</sup>

And with a low submissive reverence

Say, 'What is it your honour will command?'

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,<sup>57</sup>

And say, 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;<sup>60</sup>

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease.

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;

And, when he says he is—say that he dreams,64

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty.68

FIRST HUNT.

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,

He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD.

Take him up gently, and to bed with him,

And each one to his office when he wakes.73

*[Slyis borne out. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

*[Exit* Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.76

*Re-enter* Servant.

How now! who is it?

SERV.

An it please your honour,

Players that offer service to your lordship.

LORD.

Bid them come near.

*Enter* Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS.

We thank your honour.80

LORD.

Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A PLAYER.

So please your lordship to accept our duty.

LORD.

With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:84  
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part  
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A PLAY.

I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.88

LORD.

'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.  
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.92  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;  
But I am doubtful of your modesties,  
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—  
For yet his honour never heard a play,—96

You break into some merry passion  
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A PLAYER.

Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves  
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

LORD.

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome every one:  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.  
*[Exeunt one with the Players.]*

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,  
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;  
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,—  
He bear himself with honourable action,  
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do  
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;  
And say, 'What is't your honour will command,  
Wherein your lady and your humble wife  
May show her duty, and make known her love?'  
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,  
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd<sup>120</sup>  
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,  
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift<sup>124</sup>  
To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift,  
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.<sup>128</sup>  
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:  
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit* Servant.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:<sup>132</sup>  
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,  
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter  
When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence<sup>136</sup>  
May well abate the over merry spleen  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt*.

Scene II.—

*A Bedchamber In The Lord'S House.*

*Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with Attendants: some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances; and Lord, dressed like a servant.*

SLY.

For God's sake! a pot of small ale.

FIRST SERV.

Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

SEC. SERV.

Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

THIRD SERV.

What raiment will your honour wear to-day?<sup>4</sup>

SLY.

I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet: nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.<sup>13</sup>

LORD.

Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,

Of such possessions, and so high esteem,<sup>16</sup>

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 Burtonheath; by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer

ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—

FIRST SERV.

O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.<sup>28</sup>

SEC. SERV.

O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

LORD.

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,  
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,<sup>32</sup>

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck:<sup>36</sup>

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

*[Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch  
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed<sup>40</sup>

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.<sup>44</sup>

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.48

FIRST SERV.

Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift  
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

SEC. SERV.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight  
Adonis painted by a running brook,52  
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD.

We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,  
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,57  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERV.

Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,  
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;60  
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

LORD.

Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:  
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful64  
Than any woman in this waning age.

FIRST SERV.

And till the tears that she hath shed for thee  
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,  
She was the fairest creature in the world;68  
And yet she is inferior to none.

SLY.

Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?  
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;72  
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:  
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;  
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;76  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

SEC. SERV.

Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?  
[Servants *present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*  
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!  
O, that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,81  
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

SLY.

These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.  
But did I never speak of all that time?84

FIRST SERV.

O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,  
And rail upon the hostess of the house,<sup>88</sup>  
And say you would present her at the leet,  
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY.

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.<sup>92</sup>

THIRD SERV.

Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,  
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,  
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,<sup>96</sup>  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

SLY.

Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL.

Amen.<sup>100</sup>

SLY.

I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.*

PAGE.

How fares my noble lord?

SLY.

Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?104

PAGE.

Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

SLY.

Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

PAGE.

My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;108

I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY.

I know it well. What must I call her?

LORD.

Madam.

SLY.

Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?112

LORD.

Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

SLY.

Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

PAGE.

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.117

SLY.

'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.  
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

PAGE.

Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you  
To pardon me yet for a night or two,121  
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,124  
That I should yet absent me from your bed:  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY.

Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in spite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV.

Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;132  
For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY.

Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?141

PAGE.

No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY.

What! household stuff?

PAGE.

It is a kind of history.144

SLY.

Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,  
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

[*Flourish.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—

***Padua. A Public Place.***

*Enter* Lucentio*and* Tranio.

LUC.

Tranio, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;4

And by my father's love and leave am arm'd  
With his good will and thy good company,  
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,  
Here let us breathe, and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.<sup>13</sup>  
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,  
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:<sup>16</sup>  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
Virtue and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.<sup>20</sup>  
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.<sup>24</sup>

TRA.

*Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself,  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.<sup>28</sup>

Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks<sup>32</sup>  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.



The Taming of the Shrew, by I.I. Ibbetson.  
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;  
Music and poesy use to quicken you;<sup>36</sup>  
The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;  
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.<sup>40</sup>  
LUC.

Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain<sup>44</sup>  
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
But stay awhile: what company is this?

TRA.

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*Enter* Baptista, Katharina, Blanca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand aside*.

BAP.

Gentlemen, importune me no further,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;<sup>49</sup>

That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter

Before I have a husband for the elder.

If either of you both love Katharina,<sup>52</sup>

Because I know you well and love you well,

Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GRE.

To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?<sup>56</sup>

KATH.

[*To* Baptista.] I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HOR.

Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.<sup>60</sup>

KATH.

I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:

I wis it is not half way to her heart;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.<sup>65</sup>

HOR.

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

GRE.

And me too, good Lord!

TRA.

Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:<sup>68</sup>

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUC.

But in the other's silence do I see

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!<sup>72</sup>

TRA.

Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

BAP.

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,<sup>76</sup>

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATH.

A pretty peat! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIAN.

Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:81

My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practise by myself.

LUC.

Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.84

HOR.

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

GRE.

Why will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,88

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAP.

Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.

Go in, Bianca.

[*Exit* Bianca.

And for I know she taketh most delight92

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,96

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men

I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing up;  
And so, farewell. Katharina, you may stay;100  
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[*Exit.*

KATH.

Why, and I trust I may go too; may I not?  
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[*Exit.*

GRE.

You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.  
Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast 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 on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights,  
I will wish him to her father.113

HOR.

So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet  
never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet  
again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour  
and effect one thing specially.120

GRE.

What's that, I pray?

HOR.

Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GRE.

A husband! a devil.124

HOR.

I say, a husband.

GRE.

I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?128

HOR.

Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.133

GRE.

I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.136

HOR.

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 eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?145

GRE.

I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.149

*[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]*

TRA.

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,152

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, 156  
That art to me as secret and as dear  
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl. 160  
Counsel me, Tranio, 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: 164  
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,  
*Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.*

LUC.

Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents:  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRA.

Master, you look'd so longly 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 Agenor had, 172  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

TRA.

Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister  
Began to scold and raise up such a storm<sup>176</sup>  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUC.

Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air;  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.<sup>180</sup>

TRA.

Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.  
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:  
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,<sup>184</sup>  
That till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.<sup>188</sup>

LUC.

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advis'd he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRA.

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.<sup>192</sup>

LUC.

I have it, Tranio.

TRA.

Master, for my hand,

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUC.

Tell me thine first.

TRA.

You will be schoolmaster,

And undertake the teaching of the maid:196

That's your device.

LUC.

It is: may it be done?

TRA.

Not possible; for who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends;200

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

LUC.

*Basta*; content thee; for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,

Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces204

For man, or master: then, it follows thus:

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:

I will some other be; some Florentine,208

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once

Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;212

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*[They exchange habits.]*

TRA.

So had you need.

In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient;216

For so your father charg'd me at our parting,

'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,

Although I think 'twas in another sense:

I am content to be Lucentio,220

Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUC.

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid

Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.224

Here comes the rogue.

*Enter*Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

BION.

Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,

Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?228

LUC.

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,232

And I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel since I came ashore

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,236

While I make way from hence to save my life:

You understand me?

BION.

I, sir! ne'er a whit.

LUC.

And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:

Tranio is changed to Lucentio.240

BION.

The better for him: would I were so too!

TRA.

So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise<sup>244</sup>

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else your master, Lucentio.

LUC.

Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

*[Exeunt.*

*The Presenters above speak.*

FIRST SERV.

My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.<sup>252</sup>

SLY.

Yes, by Saint Anne, I do. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

PAGE.

My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY.

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done!<sup>257</sup>

*[They sit and mark.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. Before Hortensio's House.***

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*

PET.

Verona, for awhile I take my leave,

To see my friends in Padua; but, of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.<sup>4</sup>  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRU.

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

PET.

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.<sup>8</sup>

GRU.

Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PET.

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.<sup>12</sup>

GRU.

My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PET.

Will it not be?  
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;  
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.<sup>17</sup>

[*He wrings Grumio by the ears.*]

GRU.

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PET.

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter Hortensio.*

HOR.

How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

PET.

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

*Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say.*<sup>24</sup>

HOR.

*Alla nostra casa ben venuto; molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

GRU.

Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?<sup>33</sup>

Whom would to God, I had well knock'd at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET.

A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,<sup>36</sup>

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU.

Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with 'knocking at the gate?'<sup>43</sup>

PET.

Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR.

Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.<sup>45</sup>

Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?<sup>49</sup>

PET.

Such wind as scatters young men through the world

To seek their fortunes further than at home,

Where small experience grows. But in a few,<sup>52</sup>

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,

And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.<sup>56</sup>

Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR.

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?<sup>60</sup>

Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.<sup>64</sup>

PET.

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,  
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,<sup>68</sup>  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,<sup>72</sup>  
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.<sup>76</sup>

GRU.

Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HOR.

Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,<sup>84</sup>  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young and beautiful,  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:<sup>88</sup>  
Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,—  
Is, that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,

That, were my state far worser than it is,92

I would not wed her for a mine of gold:

PET.

Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;

For I will board her, though she chide as loud

As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HOR.

Her father is Baptista Minola,98

An affable and courteous gentleman;

Her name is Katharina Minola,100

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PET.

I know her father, though I know not her;

And he knew my deceased father well.

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;104

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To give you over at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU.

I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his ropetricks. 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 withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

HOR.

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:120  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,  
And her withholds from me and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love;124  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehears'd,  
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,128  
That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRU.

Katharine the curst!  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.132

HOR.

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,  
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;136  
That so I may, by this device, at least  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

GRU.

Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

*Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha? 144

HOR.

Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by awhile.

GRU.

A proper stripling, and an amorous!

GRE.

O! very well; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir; 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 understand me. Over and beside 152

Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd;

For she is sweeter than perfume itself 156

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUC.

Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as yourself were still in place; 160

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GRE.

O! this learning, what a thing it is.

GRU.

O! this woodcock, what an ass it is.164

PET.

Peace, sirrah!

HOR.

Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio!

GRE.

And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.168

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the 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 poetry173

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

HOR.

'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,176

A fine musician to instruct our mistress:

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

GRE.

Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.180

GRU.

[*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

HOR.

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.184

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.188

GRE.

So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PET.

I know she is an irksome, brawling scold:

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.192

GRE.

No, sayst me so, friend? What countryman?

PET.

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days and long to see.196

GRE.

O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!

But if you have a stomach, to't i' God's name:

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

PET.

Will I live?200

GRU.

Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

PET.

Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?204

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?208

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear212

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

GRU.

[*Aside.*] For he fears none.

GRE.

Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,<sup>216</sup>

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

HOR.

I promis'd we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

GRE.

And so we will, provided that he win her.

GRU.

[*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.<sup>221</sup>

*Enter* Tranio, *bravely apparelled*; *and* Biondello.

TRA.

Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?<sup>224</sup>

BION.

He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?

TRA.

Even he, Biondello!

GRE.

Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

TRA.

Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?228

PET.

Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

TRA.

I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

LUC.

[*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

HOR.

Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?232

TRA.

And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

GRE.

No; if without more words you will get you hence.

TRA.

Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

GRE.

But so is not she.236

TRA.

For what reason, I beseech you?

GRE.

For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

HOR.

That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.240

TRA.

Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;244

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have,248

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

GRE.

What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

LUC.

Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.252

PET.

Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

HOR.

Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

TRA.

No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue<sup>257</sup>  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PET.

Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

GRE.

Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,  
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.<sup>261</sup>

PET.

Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,<sup>264</sup>  
And will not promise her to any man  
Until the elder sister first be wed;  
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRA.

If it be so, sir, that you are the man<sup>268</sup>  
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;  
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her  
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.<sup>273</sup>

HOR.

Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,<sup>276</sup>  
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

TRA.

Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,<sup>280</sup>  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

**GRU.**

O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

**BION.**

O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

HOR.

The motion's good indeed, and be it so:—  
Petruccio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***Padua. A Room InBaptista'SHouse.***

*EnterKatharinaandBianca.*

BIAN.

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,<sup>4</sup>  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;  
Or what you will command me will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.<sup>7</sup>

KATH.

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIAN.

Believe me, sister, of all the men alive  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.<sup>12</sup>

KATH.

Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIAN.

If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATH.

O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.<sup>17</sup>

BIAN.

Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while:20

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATH.

If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

*[Strikes her.*

*Enter*Baptista.

BAP.

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.24

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?28

KATH.

Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

*[Flies after*Bianca.

BAP.

What! in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

*[Exit*Bianca.

KATH.

What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,<sup>33</sup>

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit.*

BAP.

Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

*Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

GRE.

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAP.

Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!<sup>41</sup>

PET.

And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAP.

I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

GRE.

You are too blunt: go to it orderly.<sup>45</sup>

PET.

You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,48  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.53

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,  
*[Presenting Hortensio.*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,56  
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 Licio, born in Mantua.60

BAP.

You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET.

I see you do not mean to part with her,  
Or else you like not of my company.65

BAP.

Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PET.

Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son;

A man well known throughout all Italy.<sup>69</sup>

BAP.

I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

GRE.

Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.<sup>72</sup>

Backare! you are marvellous forward.

PET.

O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

GRE.

I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting*Lucentio.] that has been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray accept his service.<sup>84</sup>

BAP.

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio; welcome, good Cambio.—[*To*Tranio.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?<sup>88</sup>

TRA.

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.<sup>92</sup>

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  
In the preferment of the eldest sister.  
This liberty is all that I request,  
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,<sup>96</sup>  
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
And free access and favour as the rest:  
And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument,<sup>100</sup>  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAP.

Lucentio is your name, of whence, I pray?

TRA.

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.<sup>104</sup>

BAP.

A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.

[*To Hortensio.*] Take you the lute, [*To Lucentio.*] and you the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.<sup>108</sup>

Holla, within!

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my two daughters, and then tell them both

These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biondello.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard, 112  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET.

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo. 116  
You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAP.

After my death the one half of my lands,  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

PET.

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, 125  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand. 128

BAP.

Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That 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;132  
And where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;136  
So I to her, and so she yields to me;  
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAP.

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.140

PET.

Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.*

BAP.

How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

HOR.

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAP.

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?145

HOR.

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP.

Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?148

HOR.

Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,152

'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume 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,156

As on a pillory, looking through the lute;

While she did call me rascal fiddler,

And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms

As she had studied to misuse me so.160

PET.

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O! how I long to have some chat with her!

BAP.

[To Hortensio.] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:164

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruccio, will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? 168

PET.

I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, *and* Hortensio.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale: 172

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say she be mute and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility, 176

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack; I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed; I'll crave the day 180

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter* Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATH.

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing: 184

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

PET.

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate, 189  
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town, 192  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH.

Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither 196  
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,  
You were a moveable.

PET.

Why, what's a moveable?

KATH.

A joint-stool.

PET.

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATH.

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET.

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH.

No such jade as bear you, if me you mean. 202

PET.

Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KATH.

Too light for such a swain as you to catch,  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET.

Should be! should buz!

KATH.

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET.

O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?208

KATH.

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PET.

Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.

KATH.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET.

My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.212

KATH.

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET.

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

KATH.

In his tongue.

PET.

Whose tongue?

KATH.

Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.216

PET.

What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

KATH.

That I'll try.

*[Striking him.]*

PET.

I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

KATH.

So may you lose your arms:220

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PET.

A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

KATH.

What is your crest? a coxcomb?224

PET.

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATH.

No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

PET.

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATH.

It is my fashion when I see a crab.<sup>228</sup>

PET.

Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

KATH.

There is, there is.

PET.

Then show it me.

KATH.

Had I a glass, I would.

PET.

What, you mean my face?

KATH.

Well aim'd of such a young one.

PET.

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.<sup>233</sup>

KATH.

Yet you are wither'd.

PET.

'Tis with cares.

KATH.

I care not.

PET.

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

KATH.

I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.<sup>236</sup>

PET.

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,<sup>240</sup>

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;<sup>244</sup>

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue<sup>249</sup>

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

KATH.

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.252

PET.

Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

KATH.

Where did you study all this goodly speech?257

PET.

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATH.

A witty mother! witless else her son.

PET.

Am I not wise?

KATH.

Yes; keep you warm.260

PET.

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;264

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—  
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,—  
Thou must be married to no man but me:269  
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;  
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
Conformable as other household Kates.272  
Here comes your father: never make denial;  
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.  
*Re-enter*Baptista, Gremio,*and*Tranio.

BAP.

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PET.

How but well, sir? how but well?276  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAP.

Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

KATH.

Call you me daughter? now, I promise you  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,280  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET.

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,284

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:  
If she be curst, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;288  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.292

KATH.

I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GRE.

Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

TRA.

Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part!

PET.

Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:296

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe300

How much she loves me: O! the kindest Kate.

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.304

O! you are novices: 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.  
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice<sup>308</sup>  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;  
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP.

I know not what to say; but give me your hands.<sup>312</sup>  
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

*GRE.*

Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

*TRA.*

Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

PET.

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.  
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:<sup>316</sup>  
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;  
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

*[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina, severally.]*

GRE.

Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

BAP.

Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,<sup>320</sup>  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRA.

'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAP.

The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

GRE.

No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:

Now is the day we long have looked for:

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.<sup>328</sup>

TRA.

And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GRE.

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRA.

Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GRE.

But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

TRA.

But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

BAP.

Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower<sup>337</sup>

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GRE.

First, as you know, my house within the city<sup>340</sup>

Is richly furnished with plate and gold:

Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;<sup>344</sup>

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,<sup>348</sup>

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,<sup>352</sup>

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If whilst I live she will be only mine.<sup>356</sup>

TRA.

That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,360  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land, all of which shall be her jointure.364  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

GRE.

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
My land amounts not to so much in all:  
That she shall have; besides an argosy368  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

TRA.

Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less  
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,  
And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her,  
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GRE.

Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have:376  
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.

BAP.

I must confess your offer is the best;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,381  
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:  
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRA.

That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

GRE.

And may not young men die as well as old?385

BAP.

Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolv'd. On Sunday next, you know,  
My daughter Katharine is to be married:388  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, to Signior Gremio:  
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.392

GRE.

Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit*Baptista.] Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!396  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[*Exit.*

TRA.

A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:400

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, called 'suppos'd Vincentio;'

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly

Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,404

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Padua. A Room InBaptista'SHouse.***

*Enter*Lucentio, Hortensio,*and*Bianca.

LUC.

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

HOR.

But, wrangling pedant, this is4

The patroness 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.8

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?<sup>12</sup>  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HOR.

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIAN.

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,<sup>16</sup>  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.<sup>20</sup>  
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 tun'd.

HOR.

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

*[Retires.]*

LUC.

That will be never: tune your instrument.<sup>25</sup>

BIAN.

Where left we last?

LUC.

Here, madam:—

*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;28  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

BIAN.

Construe them.

LUC.

*Hac ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.<sup>37</sup>

HOR.

[*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIAN.

Let's hear.—

[*Hortensioplays.*

O fie! the treble jars.<sup>40</sup>

LUC.

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIAN.

Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not; *celsa senis*, despair not.

HOR.

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUC.

All but the base.

HOR.

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.<sup>48</sup>

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

[*Aside.*] Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

BIAN.

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUC.

Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*<sup>53</sup>

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

BIAN.

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:<sup>56</sup>

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HOR.

[*To Lucentio.*] You may go walk, and give me leave a while:<sup>60</sup>

My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUC.

Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.64

HOR.

Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,68

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN.

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.72

HOR.

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIAN.

*'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,  
'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;  
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,76  
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:  
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:  
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.*

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:80

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV.

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up:84

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN.

Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*

LUC.

Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*

HOR.

But I have cause to pry into this pedant: 88

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging, 92

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. Before Baptista's House.***

*Enter* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and* Attendants.

BAP.

[*To* Tranio.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be 4

To want the bridegroom when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATH.

No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;

Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,<sup>12</sup>

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends invite, and proclaim the banns;<sup>16</sup>

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say, 'Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,

If it would please him come and marry her.'<sup>20</sup>

TRA.

Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.<sup>25</sup>

KATH.

Would Katharine had never seen him though!

*[Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.]*

BAP.

Go, girl: I cannot blame thee now to weep,  
For such an injury would vex a very saint,<sup>28</sup>  
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter* Biondello.

BION.

Master, master! news! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

BAP.

Is it new and old too? how may that be?<sup>33</sup>

BION.

Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAP.

Is he come?<sup>36</sup>

BION.

Why, no, sir.

BAP.

What then?

BION.

He is coming.

BAP.

When will he be here?<sup>40</sup>

BION.

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRA.

But, say, what to thine old news?43

BION.

Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.65

BAP.

Who comes with him?

BION.

O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the 'humour 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 lackey.

TRA.

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.76

BAP.

I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

BION.

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP.

Didst thou not say he comes?

BION.

Who? that Petruchio came?80

BAP.

Ay, that Petruchio came.

BION.

No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

BAP.

Why, that's all one.84

BION.

Nay, by Saint Jamy,  
I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man  
Is more than one,88  
And yet not many.

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*

PET.

Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

BAP.

You are welcome, sir.

PET.

And yet I come not well.

BAP.

And yet you halt not.

TRA.

Not so well apparell'd92

As I wish you were.

PET.

Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:96

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

BAP.

Why, sir, you know this is your weddingday:100

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival.104

TRA.

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.

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,109

Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.112

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRA.

See not your bride in these unreverent robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.116

PET.

Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

BAP.

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PET.

Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.120

Could I repair what she will wear in me

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you124

When I should bid good morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Grumio, *and* Biondello.

TRA.

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,128

To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP.

I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt* Baptista, Gremio, *and* Attendants.

TRA.

But to her love concerneth us to add

Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, 132

As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be

It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa, 136

And make assurance here in Padua,

Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And marry sweet Bianca with consent. 140

LUC.

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,

'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world. 145

TRA.

That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business.

We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio, 148

The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Licio;

All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter* Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church? 152

GRE.

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRA.

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GRE.

A bridegroom say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRA.

Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

GRE.

Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRA.

Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GRE.

Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 161

Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-wouns!' quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book; 164

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff  
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:  
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.' 168

TRA.

What said the wench when he arose again?

GRE.

Trembled and shook; for why he stamp and swore,  
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done, 172

He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face; 176

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck, 180

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

That at the parting all the church did echo:

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming. 184

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*

*Re-enter* Petruccio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, *and* Train.

PET.

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day, 188

And have prepar'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.

BAP.

Is't possible you will away to-night? 192

PET.

I must away to-day, before night come.

Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all, 196

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. 200

TRA.

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PET.

It may not be.

GRE.

Let me entreat you.

PET.

It cannot be.

KATH.

Let me entreat you.

PET.

I am content.

KATH.

Are you content to stay?<sup>204</sup>

PET.

I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATH.

Now, if you love me, stay.

PET.

Grumio, my horse!

GRU.

Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.<sup>209</sup>

KATH.

Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself,<sup>212</sup>

The door is open, sir, there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,216

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PET.

O Kate! content thee: prithee, be not angry.

KATH.

I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.220

GRE.

Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

KATH.

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.224

PET.

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,228

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own.232

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he<sup>237</sup>  
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.<sup>240</sup>  
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:  
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Grumio.

BAP.

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GRE.

Went they not quickly I should die with laughing.<sup>244</sup>

TRA.

Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUC.

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIAN.

That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GRE.

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.<sup>248</sup>

BAP.

Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,252

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRA.

Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

BAP.

She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

#### *A Hall In Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter* Grumio.

GRU.

Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.12

*Enter* Curtis.

CURT.

Who is that calls so coldly?

GRU.

A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.17

CURT.

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRU.

O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.21

CURT.

Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRU.

She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURT.

Away, you three-inch-fool! I am no beast.28

GRU.

Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand,—she being now at hand,—thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURT.

I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?36

GRU.

A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.40

CURT.

There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRU.

Why, 'Jack, boy! ho, boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.44

CURT.

Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

GRU.

Why therefore fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, and carpets laid, and everything in order?53

CURT.

All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRU.

First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.57

CURT.

How?

GRU.

Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.60

CURT.

Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU.

Lend thine ear.

CURT.

Here.

GRU.

[*Striking him.*] There.64

CURT.

This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU.

And therefore it is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a fowl hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

CURT.

Both of one horse?

GRU.

What's that to thee?<sup>72</sup>

CURT.

Why, a horse.

GRU.

Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled: how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me: how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT.

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.<sup>88</sup>

GRU.

Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?<sup>97</sup>

CURT.

They are.

GRU.

Call them forth.

CURT.

Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.101

GRU.

Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT.

Who knows not that?

GRU.

Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.105

CURT.

I call them forth to credit her.

GRU.

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.108

*Enter several Servants.*

NATH.

Welcome home, Grumio!

PHIL.

How now, Grumio?

JOS.

What, Grumio!

NICH.

Fellow Grumio!112

NATH.

How now, old lad!

GRU.

Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?117

NATH.

All things is ready. How near is our master?

GRU.

E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

*Enter Petruchio and Katharina.*

PET.

Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?124

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

ALL SERV.

Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PET.

Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!128

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRU.

Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PET.

You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge! 132

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRU.

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel, 136

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing,

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; 140

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PET.

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

*[Exeunt some of the Servants.]*

*Where is the life that late I led?*

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud! 145

*Re-enter Servants with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains! When?

*It was the friar of orders grey, 148*

*As he forth walked on his way:*

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

*[Strikes him.]*

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence<sup>153</sup>

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit* Servant.

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall. Petruchio strikes him.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

KATH.

Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PET.

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!<sup>160</sup>

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—

What's this? mutton?

FIRST SERV.

Ay.

PET.

Who brought it?

FIRST SERV.

I.

PET.

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. 164

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

*[Throws the meat, &c. at them.]*

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

KATH.

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:

The meat was well if you were so contented. 172

PET.

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast, 176

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company: 180

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.]*

NATH.

Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER.

He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter* Curtis.

GRU.

Where is he? 184

CURT.

In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream. 189

Away, away! for he is coming hither.

*[Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Petruchio.

PET.

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully. 192

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard, 196

To make her come and know her keeper's call;

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 200

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 fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:  
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:208  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,  
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.212  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.  
[Exit.

Scene II.—

***Padua. Before Baptista's House.***

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

TRA.

Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HOR.

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,<sup>4</sup>  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

*[They stand aside.*

*Enter Bianca and Lucentio.*

LUC.

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIAN.

What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

LUC.

I read that I profess, the Art to Love.<sup>8</sup>

BIAN.

And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

LUC.

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

*[They retire.*

HOR.

Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.<sup>13</sup>

TRA.

O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HOR.

Mistake no more: I am not Licio,<sup>16</sup>

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorns to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:20

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRA.

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,25

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

HOR.

See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow28

Never to woo her more; but I do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

TRA.

And here I take the like unfeigned oath,

Never to marry with her though she would entreat.

Fie on her! see how beastly she doth court him.

HOR.

Would all the world, but he had quite forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,36

I will be married to a wealthy widow

Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,

In resolution as I swore before.

*[Exit Hortensio. Lucentio and Bianca advance.]*

TRA.

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace44

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,

And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIAN.

Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?48

TRA.

Mistress, we have.

LUC.

Then we are rid of Licio.

TRA.

I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIAN.

God give him joy!52

TRA.

Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIAN.

He says so, Tranio.

TRA.

Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIAN.

The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

TRA.

Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;<sup>56</sup>

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter Biondello, running.*

BION.

O master, master! I have watch'd so long

That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied<sup>60</sup>

An ancient angel coming down the hill

Will serve the turn.

TRA.

What is he, Biondello?

BION.

Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,

I know not what; but formal in apparel,<sup>64</sup>

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUC.

And what of him, Tranio?

TRA.

If he be credulous and trust my tale,

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,68

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

*[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]*

*Enter a Pedant.*

PED.

God save you, sir!

TRA.

And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?73

PED.

Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;

But then up further, and as far as Rome;

And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.76

TRA.

What countryman, I pray?

PED.

Of Mantua.

TRA.

Of Mantua, sir! marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

PED.

My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.80

TRA.

'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,—  
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,—  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.<sup>85</sup>  
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

PED.

Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;<sup>88</sup>  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

TRA.

Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you:<sup>92</sup>  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

PED.

Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

TRA.

Among them, know you one Vincentio?

PED.

I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.<sup>98</sup>

TRA.

He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

BION.

[*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

TRA.

To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;104  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,  
Look that you take upon you as you should!109  
You understand me, sir; so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city.  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.112

PED.

O sir, I do; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

TRA.

Then go with me to make the matter good.  
This, by the way, I let you understand:116  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you. 120

Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***A Room In Petruchio's House.***

*Enter Katharina and Grumio.*

GRU.

No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

KATH.

The more my wrong the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,<sup>4</sup>

Upon entreaty have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,<sup>8</sup>

Am starv'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;<sup>12</sup>

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food. 16

GRU.

What say you to a neat's foot?

KATH.

'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

GRU.

I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?<sup>20</sup>

KATH.

I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU.

I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATH.

A dish that I do love to feed upon.<sup>24</sup>

GRU.

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATH.

Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRU.

Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.<sup>28</sup>

KATH.

Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRU.

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATH.

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

*[Beats him.*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.<sup>32</sup>

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.*

PET.

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all am I?<sup>36</sup>

HOR.

Mistress, what cheer?

KATH.

Faith, as cold as can be.

PET.

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:<sup>40</sup>

*[Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

KATH.

I pray you, let it stand.<sup>44</sup>

PET.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks,  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATH.

I thank you, sir.

HOR.

Signior Petruccio, fie! you are to blame.  
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.<sup>49</sup>

PET.

[*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,<sup>52</sup>

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things;

With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,<sup>57</sup>

With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.<sup>60</sup>

*Enter* Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown.—

*Enter Haberdasher.*

What news with you, sir?

HAB.

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PET.

Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:65

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.68

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.

HOR.

[*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

KATH.

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,73

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,

And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.76

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.80

PET.

Why, thou sayst true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

KATH.

Love me or love me not, I like the cap,

And it I will have, or I will have none.85

[*Exit* Haberdasher.

PET.

Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?92

HOR.

[*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

TAL.

You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.

PET.

Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.<sup>97</sup>  
Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.  
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.<sup>100</sup>

KATH.

I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PET.

Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.<sup>104</sup>

TAL.

She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PET.

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,  
Thou thimble,<sup>108</sup>  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard113

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAI.

Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made116

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRU.

I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

TAI.

But how did you desire it should be made?120

GRU.

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAI.

But did you not request to have it cut?

GRU.

Thou hast faced many things.

TAI.

I have.124

GRU.

Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.129

TAI.

Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET.

Read it.

GRU.

The note lies in's throat if he say I said so.

TAI.

*Imprimis. A loose-bodied gown.*

GRU.

Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

PET.

Proceed.

TAI.

*With a small compassed cape.*

GRU.

I confess the cape.140

TAI.

*With a trunk sleeve.*

GRU.

I confess two sleeves.

TAI.

*The sleeves curiously cut.*

PET.

Ay, there's the villany.144

GRU.

Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI.

This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

GRU.

I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

HOR.

God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

PET.

Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.156

GRU.

You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

PET.

Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRU.

Villain, not for thy life! take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!161

PET.

Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

GRU.

O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!165

PET.

[*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

[*To Tailor.*] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

HOR.

[*Aside to Tailor.*] Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:168

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

PET.

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.172

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.176

What is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel

Because his painted skin contents the eye?180

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.185

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATH.

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;  
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.192

PET.

It shall be seven ere I go to horse.  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:  
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,196  
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HOR.

Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***Padua. Before Baptista's House.***

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.*

TRA.

Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

PED.

Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,<sup>4</sup>

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

TRA.

'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

PED.

I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;<sup>8</sup>

'Twere good he were school'd.

*Enter Biondello.*

TRA.

Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.<sup>12</sup>

BION.

Tut! fear not me.

TRA.

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BION.

I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

TRA.

Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.<sup>17</sup>

Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant.*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PED.

Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua<sup>24</sup>

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself:

And,—for the good report I hear of you,<sup>28</sup>

And for the love he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him,—to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd; and, if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement<sup>33</sup>

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd;

For curious I cannot be with you,<sup>36</sup>

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAP.

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here<sup>40</sup>

Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:  
And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him<sup>44</sup>  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done:  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRA.

I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best<sup>48</sup>  
We be affied and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

BAP.

Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.<sup>52</sup>  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,  
And happily we might be interrupted.

TRA.

Then at my lodging an it like you:  
There doth my father lie, and there this night  
We'll pass the business privately and well.<sup>57</sup>  
Send for your daughter by your servant here;  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,<sup>60</sup>  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAP.

It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;

And, if you will, tell what hath happened:64

Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,

And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

LUC.

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

TRA.

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.68

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.

Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

BAP.

I follow you.72

[*Exeunt* Tranio, Pedant, *and* Baptista.

BION.

Cambio!

LUC.

What sayst thou, Biondello?

BION.

You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?76

LUC.

Biondello, what of that?

BION.

Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.80

LUC.

I pray thee, moralize them.

BION.

Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUC.

And what of him?84

BION.

His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

LUC.

And then?

BION.

The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.89

LUC.

And what of all this?

BION.

I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To the church! take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,96

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*

LUC.

Hearst thou, Biondello?

BION.

I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*

LUC.

I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:

It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.109

[*Exit.*

Scene V.—

***A Public Road.***

*Enter* Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, *and* Servants.

PET.

Come on, i' God's name; once more toward 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.5

PET.

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.<sup>8</sup>

Go one and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

HOR.

Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH.

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,<sup>12</sup>

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PET.

I say it is the moon.

KATH.

I know it is the moon.<sup>16</sup>

PET.

Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

KATH.

Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not when you say it is not,

And the moon changes even as your mind.<sup>20</sup>

What you will have it nam'd, 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 should run,<sup>24</sup>

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft! what company is coming here?

*Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.*

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,<sup>28</sup>

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?<sup>32</sup>

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR.

A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.<sup>36</sup>

KATH.

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars<sup>40</sup>

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

PET.

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,

And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.<sup>44</sup>

KATH.

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun

That everything I look on seemeth green:

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;<sup>48</sup>

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PET.

Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.<sup>52</sup>

VIN.

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

My name is called Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa;

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit<sup>56</sup>

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PET.

What is his name?

VIN.

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PET.

Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,<sup>60</sup>

I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,

Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,<sup>64</sup>

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio;<sup>68</sup>

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VIN.

But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest<sup>72</sup>

Upon the company you overtake?

HOR.

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PET.

Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

*[Exeunt all but Hortensio.]*

HOR.

Well, Petruccio, this has put me in heart.<sup>77</sup>

Have to my widow! and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Padua. Before Lucentio's House.***

*Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.*

BION.

Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

LUC.

I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.<sup>4</sup>

BION.

Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

GRE.

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants.*

PET.

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:

My father's bears more toward the marketplace;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VIN.

You shall not choose but drink before you go.<sup>12</sup>

I think I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

*[Knocks.*

GRE.

They're busy within; you were best knock louder.16

*Enter Pedant above, at a window.*

PED.

What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VIN.

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

PED.

He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.21

VIN.

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

PED.

Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none so long as I live.25

PET.

Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PED.

Thou liest: his father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.32

VIN.

Art thou his father?

PED.

Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET.

[*To*Vincentio.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

PED.

Lay hands on the villain: I believe, a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.<sup>41</sup>

*Re-enter*Biondello.

BION.

I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.<sup>45</sup>

VIN.

[*Seeing*Biondello.] Come hither, crack-hemp.

BION.

I hope I may choose, sir.<sup>48</sup>

VIN.

Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BION.

Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.<sup>52</sup>

VIN.

What, you notorious villain! didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

BION.

What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.<sup>57</sup>

VIN.

Is't so, indeed?

*[Beats Biondello.*

BION.

Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

*[Exit.*

PED.

Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!61

*[Exit from the window.*

PET.

Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

*[They retire.*

*Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.*

TRA.

Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?65

VIN.

What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA.

How now! what's the matter?72

BAP.

What, is the man lunatic?

TRA.

Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN.

Thy father! O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.80

BAP.

You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VIN.

His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.85

PED.

Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.88

VIN.

Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name. O my son, my son! tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?92

TRA.

Call forth an officer.

*Enter one with an Officer.*

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VIN.

Carry me to the gaol!96

GRE.

Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

BAP.

Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

GRE.

Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PED.

Swear, if thou darest.

GRE.

Nay, I dare not swear it.104

TRA.

Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

GRE.

Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAP.

Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!109

VIN.

Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.*

BION.

O! we are spoiled; and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.114

LUC.

[*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

VIN.

Lives my sweetest son?

[Biondello, Tranio,*and* Pedant *run out.*

BIAN.

[*Kneeling.*] Pardon, dear father.

BAP.

How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

LUC.

Here's Lucentio, 117

Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

GRE.

Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

VIN.

Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so? 124

BAP.

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIAN.

Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

LUC.

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio, 128

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;132

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VIN.

I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

BAP.

[*To*Lucentio.] But do you hear, sir?

Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?138

VIN.

Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

[*Exit.*

BAP.

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

LUC.

Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt*Lucentio*and*Bianca.

GRE.

My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*

Petruchio*and*Katharina*advance.*

KATH.

Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.149

PET.

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATH.

What! in the midst of the street?

PET.

What! art thou ashamed of me?152

KATH.

No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PET.

Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATH.

Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PET.

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late.157

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

### ***A Room In Lucentio's House.***

*A Banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and Others, attending.*

LUC.

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,

To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,<sup>4</sup>

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,<sup>9</sup>

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

*[They sit at table.]*

PET.

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!<sup>12</sup>

BAP.

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PET.

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HOR.

For both our sakes I would that word were true.

PET.

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.<sup>16</sup>

WID.

Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

PET.

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

WID.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.<sup>20</sup>

PET.

Roundly replied.

KATH.

Mistress, how mean you that?

WID.

Thus I conceive by him.

PET.

Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

HOR.

My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.<sup>24</sup>

PET.

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 meant by that.

WID.

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,<sup>28</sup>

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.<sup>32</sup>

PET.

To her, Kate!

HOR.

To her, widow!

PET.

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HOR.

That's my office.<sup>36</sup>

PET.

Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad.

*[Drinks to Hortensio.]*

BAP.

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GRE.

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIAN.

Head and butt! a hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.41

VIN.

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIAN.

Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

PET.

Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,44

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

BIAN.

Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.48

*[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.]*

PET.

She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio;

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRA.

O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,52

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PET.

A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRA.

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAP.

O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUC.

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HOR.

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PET.

A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;60

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

BAP.

Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.64

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,68

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HOR.

Content. What is the wager?

LUC.

Twenty crowns.

PET.

Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,<sup>72</sup>

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUC.

A hundred then.

HOR.

Content.

PET.

A match! 'tis done.

HOR.

Who shall begin?

LUC.

That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.<sup>76</sup>

BION.

I go.

[*Exit.*

BAP.

Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

LUC.

I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter*Biondello.

How now! what news?

BION.

Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy and she cannot come.81

PET.

How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

GRE.

Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PET.

I hope, better.85

HOR.

Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith.

*[Exit*Biondello.

PET.

O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

HOR.

I am afraid, sir,88

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter*Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

BION.

She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come: she bids you come to her.<sup>92</sup>

PET.

Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,

I command her come to me.

*[Exit Grumio.*

HOR.

I know her answer.<sup>96</sup>

PET.

What?

HOR.

She will not.

PET.

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Re-enter Katharina.*

BAP.

Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!<sup>100</sup>

KATH.

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PET.

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATH.

They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PET.

Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come, 104

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*

LUC.

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HOR.

And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

PET.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life, 109

An awful rule and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

BAP.

Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add 113

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been. 116

PET.

Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives<sup>120</sup>

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

*Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

*[Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]*

WID.

Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,<sup>124</sup>

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIAN.

Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUC.

I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,<sup>128</sup>

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIAN.

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

PET.

Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.<sup>132</sup>

WID.

Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

PET.

Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

WID.

She shall not.

PET.

I say she shall: and first begin with her.136

KATH.

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,140

Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;144

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 keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,148

And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;152

And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince, 156  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel, 160  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
I am asham'd that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, 164  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts 168  
Should well agree with our external parts?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haply more, 172  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are. 176  
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready; may it do him ease.180

PET.

Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUC.

Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

VIN.

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUC.

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.184

PET.

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, [*To*Lucentio.] though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!188

[*Exeunt*PetruchioandKatharina.

HOR.

Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

LUC.

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt*.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.

LAVACHE, a Clown in her household.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An Old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, }  
MARIANA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

Scene.—*Rousillon, Paris, Florence, Marseilles.*

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.—

#### ***Rousillon. A Room In The Countess's Palace.***

*Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.*

COUNT.

In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

BER.

And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.<sup>6</sup>

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.<sup>12</sup>

COUNT.

What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

LAF.

He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.<sup>19</sup>

COUNT.

This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had!' how sad 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.<sup>27</sup>

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: Gerard de Narbon.<sup>32</sup>

LAF.

He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.<sup>37</sup>

BER.

What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

LAF.

A fistula, my lord.<sup>40</sup>

BER.

I heard not of it before.

LAF.

I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?<sup>44</sup>

COUNT.

His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.<sup>53</sup>

LAF.

Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNT.

'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than have it.<sup>62</sup>

HEL.

I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.<sup>64</sup>

LAF.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

HEL.

If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.<sup>68</sup>

BER.

Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

LAF.

How understand we that?

COUNT.

Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue<sup>72</sup>  
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend<sup>76</sup>  
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;<sup>80</sup>  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,  
Advise him.

LAF.

He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

COUNT.

Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit.*

BER.

[*To Helena.*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you!  
Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.<sup>88</sup>

LAF.

Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

HEL.

O! were that all. I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more<sup>92</sup>  
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
I have forgot him: my imagination  
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.  
I am undone: there is no living, none,<sup>96</sup>  
If Bertram be away. It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral light<sup>100</sup>  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw<sup>105</sup>  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table; heart too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:<sup>108</sup>  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?  
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,<sup>112</sup>  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see<sup>116</sup>

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Enter* Parolles.

PAR.

Save you, fair queen!

HEL.

And you, monarch!

PAR.

No.120

HEL.

And no.

PAR.

Are you meditating on virginity?

HEL.

Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?126

PAR.

Keep him out.

HEL.

But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some war-like resistance.

PAR.

There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.132

HEL.

Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

PAR.

Virginitie being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginitie. Loss of virginitie is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginitie, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with't!

HEL.

I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin. 148

PAR.

There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginitie is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginitie murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginitie is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't! Out with't! within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't! 164

HEL.

How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

PAR.

Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity that will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginitie, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginitie, your old virginitie, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear. Will you anything with it? 180

HEL.

Not my virginitie yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, 184

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;

His humble ambition, proud humility,

His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, 188

His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,

That blinking 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—193

PAR.

What one, i' faith?

HEL.

That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

PAR.

What's pity? 196

HEL.

That wishing well had not a body in't,

Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends, 200

And show what we alone must think, which never

Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

PAGE.

Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit.*

PAR.

Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

HEL.

Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.208

PAR.

Under Mars, I.

HEL.

I especially think, under Mars.

PAR.

Why under Mars?

HEL.

The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.213

PAR.

When he was predominant.

HEL.

When he was retrograde, I think rather.

PAR.

Why think you so?216

HEL.

You go so much backward when you fight.

PAR.

That's for advantage.

HEL.

So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.223

PAR.

I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; 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 diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell.

[*Exit.*

HEL.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie

Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky236

Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull

Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

What power is it which mounts my love so high;

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?

The mightiest space in fortune nature brings241

To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those

That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose

What hath been cannot be: who ever strove245

To show her merit, that did miss her love?

The king's disease,—my project may deceive me,

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***Paris. A Room In TheKing'sPalace.***

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter theKing of France,with letters; Lords and Others attending.*

KING.

The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving war.

FIRST LORD.

So 'tis reported, sir.

KING.

Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it<sup>4</sup>  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem<sup>8</sup>  
To have us make denial.

FIRST LORD.

His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

KING.

He hath arm'd our answer,

And Florence is denied before he comes:12

Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see

The Tuscan service, freely have they leave

To stand on either part.

SEC. LORD.

It well may serve

A nursery to our gentry, who are sick16

For breathing and exploit.

KING.

What's he comes here?

*Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.*

FIRST LORD.

It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,

Young Betram.

KING.

Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,20

Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

BER.

My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

KING.

I would I had that corporal soundness now,24

As when thy father and myself in friendship

First tried our soldiership! He did look far  
Into the service of the time and was  
Discipl'd of the bravest: he lasted long;<sup>28</sup>  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth  
He had the wit which I can well observe<sup>32</sup>  
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness<sup>36</sup>  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and at this time<sup>40</sup>  
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him  
He us'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,<sup>44</sup>  
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times,  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward.

BER.

His good remembrance, sir,<sup>48</sup>

Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;

So in approval lives not his epitaph

As in your royal speech.

KING.

Would I were with him! He would always say,—52

Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

To grow there and to bear. 'Let me not live,'—

Thus his good melancholy oft began,56

On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,

When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,

'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff

Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses60

All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies

Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:

I, after him, do after him wish too,64

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,

To give some labourers room.

SEC. LORD.

You are lov'd, sir;

They that least lend it you shall lack you first.68

KING.

I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,

Since the physician at your father's died?

He was much fam'd.

BER.

Some six months since, my lord.

KING.

If he were living, I would try him yet:

Lend me an arm: the rest have worn me out<sup>73</sup>

With several applications: nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;

My son's no dearer.

BER.

Thank your majesty.<sup>76</sup>

*[Exeunt. Flourish.]*

Scene III.—

***Rousillon. A Room In The Countess's Palace.***

*Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.*

COUNT.

I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

STEW.

Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.<sup>8</sup>

COUNT.

What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

CLO.

'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.16

COUNT.

Well, sir.

CLO.

No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

COUNT.

Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

CLO.

I do beg your good will in this case.

COUNT.

In what case?24

CLO.

In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body, for they say barnes are blessings.28

COUNT.

Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

CLO.

My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.33

COUNT.

Is this all your worship's reason?

CLO.

Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.36

COUNT.

May the world know them?

CLO.

I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.40

COUNT.

Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

CLO.

I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.44

COUNT.

Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

CLO.

You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together like any deer i' the herd.60

COUNT.

Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

CLO.

A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:64

For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.68

COUNT.

Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

STEW.

May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.<sup>72</sup>

COUNT.

Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

CLO.

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?<sup>76</sup>  
Fond done, done fond,  
Was this King Priam's joy?  
With that she sighed as she stood,  
With that she sighed as she stood,<sup>80</sup>  
And gave this sentence then;  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
Among nine bad if one be good,  
There's yet one good in ten.<sup>84</sup>

COUNT.

What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

CLO.

One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out ere a' pluck one.

COUNT.

You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!<sup>96</sup>

CLO.

That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit.*

COUNT.

Well, now.

STEW.

I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.105

COUNT.

Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.111

STEW.

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 betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.128

COUNT.

You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit* Steward.

*Enter* Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:136

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,140

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,

Such were our faults; or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.144

HEL.

What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNT.

You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

HEL.

Mine honourable mistress.

COUNT.

Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I said, 'a mother,'

Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother'149

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen152

Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds;

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care.156

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood

To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?160

Why? that you are my daughter?

HEL.

That I am not.

COUNT.

I say, I am your mother.

HEL.

Pardon, madam;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;164

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.

COUNT.

Nor I your mother?168

HEL.

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,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,172

So I were not his sister. Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

COUNT.

Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother<sup>176</sup>

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son: invention is ashamed, <sup>181</sup>

Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks <sup>184</sup>

Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours

That in their kind they speak it: only sin

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, <sup>188</sup>

That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;

If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, <sup>192</sup>

To tell me truly.

HEL.

Good madam, pardon me!

COUNT.

Do you love my son?

HEL.

Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNT.

Love you my son?

HEL.

Do not you love him, madam?

COUNT.

Go not about; my love hath in't a bond<sup>196</sup>

Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions

Have to the full appeach'd.

HEL.

Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you<sup>200</sup>

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<sup>204</sup>

That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;

Yet never know how that desert should be.<sup>208</sup>

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,<sup>212</sup>  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love<sup>216</sup>  
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever in so true a flame of liking  
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and Love; O! then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such 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.<sup>225</sup>

COUNT.

Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
To go to Paris?

HEL.

Madam, I had.

COUNT.

Wherefore? tell true.

HEL.

I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.  
You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience had collected  
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,<sup>233</sup>  
As notes whose faculties inclusive were  
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down<sup>236</sup>  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The king is render'd lost.

COUNT.

This was your motive  
For Paris, was it? speak.

HEL.

My lord your son made me to think of this;<sup>240</sup>  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had from the conversation of my thoughts  
Haply been absent then.

COUNT.

But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,<sup>244</sup>  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,<sup>248</sup>  
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The danger to itself?

HEL.

There's something in't,  
More than my father's skill, which was the great'st  
Of his profession, that his good receipt<sup>252</sup>  
Shall for my legacy be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour  
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture  
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,<sup>256</sup>  
By such a day, and hour.

COUNT.

Dost thou believe't?

HEL.

Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNT.

Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,  
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings<sup>260</sup>  
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.  
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.<sup>264</sup>

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

*Paris. A Room In TheKing'sPalace.*

*Flourish. Enter theKing,with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;Bertram, Parolles,and Attendants.*

KING.

Farewell, young lords: these war-like principles  
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:  
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all  
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,<sup>4</sup>  
And is enough for both.

FIRST LORD.

'Tis our hope, sir,  
After well enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your Grace in health.

KING.

No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes the malady<sup>9</sup>  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy—<sup>12</sup>  
Those bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy—see that you come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.<sup>17</sup>

SEC. LORD.

Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

KING.

Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:

They say, our French lack language to deny<sup>20</sup>

If they demand: beware of being captives,

Before you serve.

BOTH LORDS.

Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING.

Farewell. Come hither to me.

*[Exit attended.]*

FIRST LORD.

O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!<sup>24</sup>

PAR.

'Tis not his fault, the spark.

SEC. LORD.

O! 'tis brave wars.

PAR.

Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

BER.

I am commanded here, and kept a coil with

'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and ''tis too early.'28

PAR.

An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

BER.

I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn32  
But one to dance with! By heaven! I'll steal away.

FIRST LORD.

There's honour in the theft.

PAR.

Commit it, count.

SEC. LORD.

I am your accessory; and so farewell.

BER.

I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.37

FIRST LORD.

Farewell, captain.

SEC. LORD.

Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

PAR.

Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me46

SEC. LORD.

We shall, noble captain.

*[Exeunt Lords.]*

PAR.

Mars dote on you for his novices! What will ye do?

BER.

Stay; the king.<sup>50</sup>

*Re-enter King; Parolles and Bertram retire.*

PAR.

Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

BER.

And I will do so.<sup>60</sup>

PAR.

Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen.

*[Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.]*

*Enter Lafeu.*

LAF.

*[Kneeling.]* Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

KING.

I'll fee thee to stand up.<sup>64</sup>

LAF.

Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,  
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

KING.

I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for't.<sup>69</sup>

LAF.

Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;  
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

KING.

No.<sup>72</sup>

LAF.

O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?  
Yes, but you will my noble grapes an if  
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine  
That's able to breathe life into a stone,<sup>76</sup>  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary  
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,  
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand<sup>80</sup>  
And write to her a love-line.

KING.

What 'her' is this?

LAF.

Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one arriv'd

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts<sup>84</sup>  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,  
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,<sup>88</sup>  
For that is her demand, and know her business?  
That done, laugh well at me.

KING.

Now, good Lafeu,  
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine<sup>92</sup>  
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

LAF.

Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither.

[*Exit.*

KING.

Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter* Lafeu, *with* Helena.

LAF.

Nay, come your ways.

KING.

This haste hath wings indeed.

LAF.

Nay, come your ways;97

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together. Fare you well.101

[*Exit.*

KING.

Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

HEL.

Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;104

In what he did profess well found.

KING.

I knew him.

HEL.

The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,108

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling,

He bade me store up as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd113

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it and my appliance, 116

With all bound humbleness.

KING.

We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us, and

The congregated college have concluded 120

That labouring art can never ransom nature

From her inaidable estate; I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady 124

To empirics, or to dissever 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 for my pains:

I will no more enforce mine office on you; 129

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts

A modest one, to bear me back again.

KING.

I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful. 132

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, thou no art. 136

HEL.

What I can do can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher

Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140

So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown

From simple sources; and great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there 145

Where most it promises; and oft it hits

Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

KING.

I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind maid. 148

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:

Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

HEL.

Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.

It is not so with Him that all things knows, 152

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;

But most it is presumption in us when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent; 156

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim;  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,160  
My art is not past power nor you past cure.

KING.

Art thou so confident? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure?

HEL.

The great'st grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring164  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass168  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

KING.

Upon thy certainty and confidence  
What dar'st thou venture?

HEL.

Tax of impudence,173  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,  
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise; nay worse—if worse—extended176

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

KING.

Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,

His powerful sound within an organ weak;

And what impossibility would slay<sup>180</sup>

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all<sup>184</sup>

That happiness and prime can happy call:

Thou this to hazard needs must intimate

Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,<sup>188</sup>

That ministers thine own death if I die.

HEL.

If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,

And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;<sup>192</sup>

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

KING.

Make thy demand.

HEL.

But will you make it even?

KING.

Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

HEL.

Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand<sup>196</sup>

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<sup>200</sup>

With any branch or image of thy state;

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

KING.

Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,<sup>204</sup>

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:

So make the choice 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,<sup>209</sup>

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.

Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed<sup>212</sup>

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***Rousillon. 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.

CLO.

I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.<sup>5</sup>

COUNT.

To the court! why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? 'But to the court!'<sup>8</sup>

CLO.

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's cap, kiss his hand, and 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 bountiful answer that fits all questions.<sup>17</sup>

CLO.

It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.<sup>20</sup>

COUNT.

Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

CLO.

As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean

to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

COUNT.

Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?32

CLO.

From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNT.

It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.36

CLO.

But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.40

COUNT.

To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?44

CLO.

O Lord, sir! there's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

COUNT.

Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.48

CLO.

O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

COUNT.

I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.52

CLO.

O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

COUNT.

You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.56

CLO.

O Lord, sir! Spare not me.

COUNT.

Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare not me?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.62

CLO.

I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.65

COUNT.

I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

CLO.

O Lord, sir! why, there't serves well again.68

COUNT.

An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.

This is not much.72

CLO.

Not much commendation to them.

COUNT.

Not much employment for you: you understand me?

CLO.

Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

COUNT.

Haste you again.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene III.—

***Paris. A Room In The King's Palace.***

*Enter* Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

LAF.

They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

PAR.

Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.<sup>8</sup>

BER.

And so 'tis.

LAF.

To be relinquished of the artists,—

PAR.

So I say.

LAF.

Both of Galen and Paracelsus.<sup>12</sup>

PAR.

So I say.

LAF.

Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

PAR.

Right; so I say.

LAF.

That gave him out incurable,—16

PAR.

Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

LAF.

Not to be helped,—

PAR.

Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

LAF.

Uncertain life, and sure death.20

PAR.

Just, you say well: so would I have said.

LAF.

I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.24

PAR.

It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there—

LAF.

A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.29

PAR.

That's it I would have said; the very same.

LAF.

Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—33

PAR.

Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—37

LAF.

Very hand of heaven—

PAR.

Ay, so I say.

LAF.

In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be generally thankful.<sup>44</sup>

PAR.

I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

*Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.*

LAF.

*Lustig*, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.<sup>49</sup>

PAR.

*Mort du vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

LAF.

'Fore God, I think so.

KING.

Go, call before me all the lords in court.

*[Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:53

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promised gift,56

Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice60

I have to use: thy frank election make;

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

HEL.

To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one.

LAF.

I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,65

My mouth no more were broken than these boys'

And writ as little beard.

KING.

Peruse them well:

Not one of those but had a noble father.68

HEL.

Gentlemen,

Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

ALL.

We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

HEL.

I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest<sup>72</sup>

That I protest I simply am a maid.

Please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

'We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,<sup>76</sup>

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;

We'll ne'er come there again.'

KING.

Make choice; and see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

HEL.

Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,<sup>80</sup>

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

FIRST LORD.

And grant it.

HEL.

Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

LAF.

I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.85

HEL.

The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above88

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

SEC. LORD.

No better, if you please.

HEL.

My wish receive,

Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

LAF.

Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

HEL.

[*To third Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:96

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAF.

These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.101

HEL.

You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

FOURTH LORD.

Fair one, I think not so.104

LAF.

There's one grape yet. I am sure thy father drunk wine. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.108

HEL.

[*To Bertram.*] I dare not say I take you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

Into your guiding power. This is the man.

KING.

Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.112

BER.

My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness

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;116

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

KING.

Thou know'st she has rais'd 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.121  
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever!

KING.

'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which124  
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be128  
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:  
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,132  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone  
Is good without a name: vileness is so:136  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
In these to nature she's immediate heir,  
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn  
Which challenges itself as honour's born,141

And is not like the sire: honours thrive  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,  
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave<sup>145</sup>  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,<sup>149</sup>  
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.<sup>153</sup>

HEL.

That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:  
Let the rest go.

KING.

My honour's at the stake, which to defeat<sup>156</sup>  
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love and her desert; thou canst not dream  
We, poising us in her defective scale,<sup>161</sup>  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where  
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:165  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever169  
Into the staggers and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate  
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,172  
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

BER.

Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider  
What great creation and what dole of honour176  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,  
Is, as 'twere, born so.

KING.

Take her by the hand,180  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate  
A balance more replete.

BER.

I take her hand.

KING.

Good fortune and the favour of the king<sup>184</sup>

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony

Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast

Shall more attend upon the coming space,<sup>188</sup>

Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,

Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, *and* Attendants.

LAF.

Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

PAR.

Your pleasure, sir?<sup>192</sup>

LAF.

Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAR.

Recantation! My lord! my master!

LAF.

Ay; is it not a language I speak?<sup>196</sup>

PAR.

A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

LAF.

Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?200

PAR.

To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF.

To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.204

PAR.

You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

LAF.

I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.208

PAR.

What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

LAF.

I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

PAR.

Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—220

LAF.

Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

PAR.

My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.228

LAF.

Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

PAR.

I have not, my lord, deserved it.

LAF.

Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.233

PAR.

Well, I shall be wiser.

LAF.

E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.241

PAR.

My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

LAF.

I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*

PAR.

Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again!255

*Re-enter*Lafeu.

LAF.

Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

PAR.

I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.261

LAF.

Who? God?

PAR.

Ay, sir.

LAF.

The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.272

PAR.

This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

LAF.

Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[*Exit.*

PAR.

Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good. Let it be concealed awhile.

*Re-enter* Bertram.

BER.

Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

PAR.

What is the matter, sweet heart?285

BER.

Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

PAR.

What, what, sweet heart?288

BER.

O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

PAR.

France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!292

BER.

There's letters from my mother: what the import is

I know not yet.

PAR.

Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,296

That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,

Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!300

France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades;

Therefore, to the war!

BER.

It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,<sup>304</sup>  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak: his present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife<sup>308</sup>  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

PAR.

Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

BER.

Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow<sup>312</sup>  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

PAR.

Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard:  
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:<sup>316</sup>  
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Same. Another Room In The Palace.***

*Enter Helena and Clown.*

HEL.

My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

CLO.

She is not well; but yet she has her health; she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

HEL.

If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well?8

CLO.

Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

HEL.

What two things?

CLO.

One, that she's not in heaven, whither

God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter Parolles.*

PAR.

Bless you, my fortunate lady!

HEL.

I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.17

PAR.

You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O! my knave, how does my old lady?20

CLO.

So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

PAR.

Why, I say nothing.

CLO.

Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.<sup>28</sup>

PAR.

Away! thou'rt a knave.

CLO.

You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.<sup>32</sup>

PAR.

Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

CLO.

Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

PAR.

A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.<sup>40</sup>

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,<sup>44</sup>

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,<sup>48</sup>

And pleasure drown the brim.

HEL.

What's his will else?

PAR.

That you will take your instant leave o' the king,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think<sup>52</sup>  
May make it probable need.

HEL.

What more commands he?

PAR.

That, having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

HEL.

In everything I wait upon his will.<sup>56</sup>

PAR.

I shall report it so.

HEL.

I pray you. Come, sirrah.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene V.—

***Another Room In The Same.***

*Enter Lafeu and Bertram.*

LAF.

But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

BER.

Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

LAF.

You have it from his own deliverance.<sup>4</sup>

BER.

And by other warranted testimony.

LAF.

Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

BER.

I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.<sup>9</sup>

LAF.

I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

*Enter Parolles.*

PAR.

[*To Bertram.*] These things shall be done, sir.<sup>17</sup>

LAF.

Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

PAR.

Sir?

LAF.

O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.<sup>21</sup>

BER.

[*Aside to Parolles.*] Is she gone to the king?

PAR.

She is.<sup>24</sup>

BER.

Will she away to-night?

PAR.

As you'll have her.

BER.

I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given orders for our horses; and to-night,<sup>28</sup>

When I should take possession of the bride,

End ere I do begin.

LAF.

A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.<sup>35</sup>

BER.

Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

PAR.

I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.<sup>39</sup>

LAF.

You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

BER.

It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.<sup>45</sup>

LAF.

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 consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*

PAR.

An idle lord, I swear.

BER.

I think not so.<sup>56</sup>

PAR.

Why, do you not know him?

BER.

Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter* Helena.

HEL.

I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,<sup>60</sup>

Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave

For present parting; only, he desires

Some private speech with you.

BER.

I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,<sup>64</sup>  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office  
On my particular: prepar'd I was not  
For such a business; therefore am I found<sup>68</sup>  
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you  
That presently you take your way for home;  
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;  
For my respects are better than they seem,<sup>72</sup>  
And my appointments have in them a need  
Greater than shows itself at the first view  
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

*[Giving a letter.]*

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so<sup>76</sup>  
I leave you to your wisdom.

HEL.

Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

BER.

Come, come, no more of that.

HEL.

And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that<sup>80</sup>  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

BER.

Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

HEL.

Pray sir, your pardon.

BER.

Well, what would you say?

HEL.

I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,<sup>85</sup>

Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

BER.

What would you have?

HEL.

Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.<sup>89</sup>

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—

Faith, yes;

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.<sup>92</sup>

BER.

I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

HEL.

I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

BER.

[*ToParolles.*] Where are my other men, monsieur? [*ToHelena.*] Farewell.

[*ExitHelena.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.

Away! and for our flight.

PAR.

Bravely, *coragio!*<sup>98</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Florence. A Room In TheDuke'SPalace.***

*Flourish. Enter theDuke,attended; two French Lords, and Soldiers.*

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.

FIRST LORD.

Holy seems the quarrel<sup>4</sup>

Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful

On the opposer.

DUKE.

Therefore we marvel much our cousin France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom<sup>8</sup>  
Against our borrowing prayers.

FIRST 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<sup>12</sup>  
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it, since I have found  
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

DUKE.

Be it his pleasure.<sup>16</sup>

SEC. LORD.

But I am sure the younger of our nature,  
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
Come here for physic.

DUKE.

Welcome shall they be,  
And all the honours that can fly from us<sup>20</sup>  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell.  
To-morrow to the field.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***Rousillon. A Room In The Countess's Palace.***

*Enter Countess and Clown.*

COUNT.

It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

CLO.

By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.<sup>4</sup>

COUNT.

By what observance, I pray you?

CLO.

Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

COUNT.

[*Opening a letter.*] Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.<sup>12</sup>

CLO.

I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

COUNT.

What have we here?<sup>19</sup>

CLO.

E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*

COUNT.

*I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am ran away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

*Your unfortunate son,28*

*Bertram.*

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,

To fly the favours of so good a king!

To pluck his indignation on thy head<sup>32</sup>

By the misprising of a maid too virtuous

For the contempt of empire!

*Re-enter Clown.*

CLO.

O madam! yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady.<sup>36</sup>

COUNT.

What is the matter?

CLO.

Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.<sup>40</sup>

COUNT.

Why should he be killed?

CLO.

So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

*[Exit.*

*Enter Helena and Gentlemen.*

FIRST GEN.

Save you, good madam.

HEL.

Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

SEC. GEN.

Do not say so.<sup>49</sup>

COUNT.

Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,

That the first face of neither, on the start,<sup>52</sup>

Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray you?

SEC. GEN.

Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,

And, after some dispatch in hand at court,<sup>56</sup>

Thither we bend again.

HEL.

Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'*

This is a dreadful sentence.<sup>64</sup>

COUNT.

Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

FIRST GEN.

Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

COUNT.

I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,<sup>68</sup>

Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

SEC. GEN.

Ay, madam.

COUNT.

And to be a soldier?<sup>72</sup>

SEC. GEN.

Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

COUNT.

Return you thither?

FIRST GEN.

Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.<sup>76</sup>

HEL.

*Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

COUNT.

Find you that there?

HEL.

Ay, madam.

FIRST GEN.

'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.80

COUNT.

Nothing in France until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him

But only she; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,84

And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

FIRST GEN.

A servant only, and a gentleman

Which I have some time known.

COUNT.

Parolles, was it not?

FIRST GEN.

Ay, my good lady, he.88

COUNT.

A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature

With his inducement.

FIRST GEN.

Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that too much,<sup>92</sup>

Which holds him much to have.

COUNT.

Y<sup>'</sup>are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,

To tell him that his sword can never win<sup>96</sup>

The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you

Written to bear along.

SEC. GEN.

We serve you, madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs.

COUNT.

Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near?<sup>101</sup>

*[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.]*

HEL.

'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I<sup>105</sup>

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the non-sparing war? and is it I<sup>108</sup>

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire, 112  
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,  
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast, 116  
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected: better 'twere  
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,  
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, 124  
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;  
My being here it is that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house, 128  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!  
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. 132

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

***Florence. Before The Duke's Palace.***

*Flourish. Enter Duke, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers. Drum and Trumpets.*

DUKE.

The general of our horse thou art; and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

BER.

Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

DUKE.

Then go thou forth,  
And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm  
As thy auspicious mistress!

BER.

This very day,<sup>8</sup>  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***Rousillon. A Room In The Countess'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' pilgrim, thither gone: 4*

*Ambitious love hath so in me offended  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:  
His taken labours bid him me forgive; 12  
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:  
He is too good and fair for Death and me; 16  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.*

COUNT.

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,

As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, 20

I could have well diverted 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'erta'en; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNT.

What angel shall<sup>25</sup>  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,<sup>29</sup>  
To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth  
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.<sup>33</sup>  
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:  
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return; and hope I may that she,<sup>36</sup>  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.<sup>40</sup>  
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.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter a Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, Mariana, and other Citizens.*

WID.

Nay, come; for if they do approach the city we shall lose all the sight.

DIA.

They say the French Count has done most honourable service.<sup>4</sup>

WID.

It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.<sup>9</sup>

MAR.

Come; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

WID.

I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.<sup>15</sup>

MAR.

I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, 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 wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.<sup>29</sup>

DIA.

You shall not need to fear me.

WID.

I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim:

I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her.<sup>33</sup>

*Enter Helen in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

HEL.

To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

WID.

At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.<sup>37</sup>

HEL.

Is this the way?

WID.

Ay, marry, is't. Hark you!

*[A march afar off.]*

They come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,<sup>40</sup>

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd:

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

HEL.

Is it yourself?

WID.

If you shall please so, pilgrim.<sup>44</sup>

HEL.

I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

WID.

You came, I think, from France?

HEL.

I did so.

WID.

Here you shall see a countryman of yours

That has done worthy service.

HEL.

His name, I pray you.<sup>48</sup>

DIA.

The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

HEL.

But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;

His face I know not.

DIA.

Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him<sup>53</sup>

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

HEL.

Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

DIA.

There is a gentleman that serves the count<sup>56</sup>

Reports but coarsely of her.

HEL.

What's his name?

DIA.

Monsieur Parolles.

HEL.

O! I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great count himself, she is too mean<sup>60</sup>

To have her name repeated: all her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examin'd.

DIA.

Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife<sup>64</sup>

Of a detesting lord.

WID.

Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her

A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

HEL.

How do you mean?<sup>68</sup>

May be the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

WID.

He does, indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:72

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

MAR.

The gods forbid else!

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, Bertram and Parolles.*

WID.

So, now they come.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;76

That, Escalus.

HEL.

Which is the Frenchman?

DIA.

He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honester,

He were much goodlier; is't not a handsome gentleman?80

HEL.

I like him well.

DIA.

'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave

That leads him to these places: were I his lady

I would poison that vile rascal.

HEL.

Which is he?84

DIA.

That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

HEL.

Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

PAR.

Lose our drum! well.88

MAR.

He's shrewdly vexed at something.

Look, he has spied us.

WID.

Marry, hang you!

MAR.

And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, Officers, *and* Soldiers.]

WID.

The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents

There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,

Already at my house.

HEL.

I humbly thank you.<sup>96</sup>

Please it this matron and this gentle maid

To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this virgin<sup>100</sup>

Worthy the note.

BOTH.

We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—

***Camp Before Florence.***

*Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.*

FIRST LORD.

Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

SEC. LORD.

If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.<sup>4</sup>

FIRST LORD.

On my life, my lord, a bubble.

BER.

Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

FIRST LORD.

Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.12

SEC. LORD.

It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.16

BER.

I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

SEC. LORD.

None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.21

FIRST LORD.

I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hood wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.34

SEC. LORD.

O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.41

FIRST LORD.

O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.44

*Enter Parolles.*

BER.

How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

SEC. LORD.

A pox on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.48

PAR.

'But a drum!' Is't 'but a drum?' A drum so lost! There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!52

SEC. LORD.

That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.56

BER.

Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

PAR.

It might have been recovered.60

BER.

It might; but it is not now.

PAR.

It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.65

BER.

Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAR.

By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.76

BER.

But you must not now slumber in it.

PAR.

I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

BER.

May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?84

PAR.

I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

BER.

I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.89

PAR.

I love not many words.

[*Exit.*

FIRST LORD.

No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?95

SEC. LORD.

You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out you have him ever after.100

BER

Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

FIRST LORD.

None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect. 108

SEC. LORD.

We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. 113

FIRST LORD.

I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

BER.

Your brother he shall go along with me.

FIRST LORD.

As't please your lordship: I'll leave you.

*[Exit.]*

BER.

Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

SEC. LORD.

But you say she's honest. 120

BER.

That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,

Tokens and letters which she did re-send; 124

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

SEC. LORD.

With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—

***Florence. A Room In The Widow'S House.***

*Enter Helena and Widow.*

HEL.

If you misdoubt me that I am not she,

I know not how I shall assure you further,

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

WID.

Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,<sup>4</sup>

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;

And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

HEL.

Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the county is my husband,

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken

Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,

Err in bestowing it.

WID.

I should believe you:12

For you have show'd me that which well approves

You're great in fortune.

HEL.

Take this purse of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

Which I will over-pay and pay again16

When I have found it. The county woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolv'd to carry her: let her in fine consent,

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.20

Now, his important blood will nought deny

That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,

That down ward hath succeeded in his house

From son to son, some four or five descents24

Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,

Howe'er repented after.

WID.

Now I see28

The bottom of your purpose.

HEL.

You see it lawful then. It is no more,

But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,<sup>32</sup>  
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent. After this,  
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

WID.

I have yielded.<sup>36</sup>  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place with this deceit so lawful  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd<sup>40</sup>  
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists  
As if his life lay on't.

HEL.

Why then to-night  
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,<sup>44</sup>  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.<sup>47</sup>  
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

*Without The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

FIRST LORD.

He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.<sup>7</sup>

FIRST SOLD.

Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

FIRST LORD.

Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

FIRST SOLD.

No, sir, I warrant you.<sup>12</sup>

FIRST LORD.

But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

FIRST SOLD.

Even such as you speak to me.

FIRST LORD.

He must think us some band of strangers i' the 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: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.<sup>26</sup>

*Enter Parolles.*

PAR.

Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have 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 his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

FIRST LORD.

This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.<sup>36</sup>

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 exploit. 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 butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

FIRST LORD.

Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?<sup>49</sup>

PAR.

I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn or the breaking of my Spanish sword.<sup>52</sup>

FIRST LORD.

We cannot afford you so.

PAR.

Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

FIRST LORD.

'Twould not do.<sup>56</sup>

PAR.

Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

FIRST LORD.

Hardly serve.

PAR.

Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—61

FIRST LORD.

How deep?

PAR.

Thirty fathom.

FIRST LORD.

Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.65

PAR.

I would I had any drum of the enemy's:

I would swear I recovered it.

FIRST LORD.

Thou shalt hear one anon.68

PAR.

A drum now of the enemy's!

*[Alarum within.*

FIRST LORD.

*Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

ALL.

*Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*[They seize and blindfold him.*

PAR.

O! ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes.72

FIRST SOLD.

*Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

PAR.

I know you are the Muskos' regiment;

And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,76

Italian, or French, let him speak to me:

I will discover that which shall undo

The Florentine.

FIRST SOLD.

*Boskos vauvado:*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:

*Kerelybonto:* Sir,81

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards

Are at thy bosom.

PAR.

O!

FIRST SOLD.

O! pray, pray, pray.

*Manka revania dulce.*

FIRST LORD.

*Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

FIRST SOLD.

The general is content to spare thee yet;85  
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform  
Something to save thy life.

PAR.

O! let me live,88  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

FIRST SOLD.

But wilt thou faithfully?

PAR.

If I do not, damn me.

FIRST SOLD.

*Acordo linta.*92

Come on; thou art granted space.

*[Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.]*

FIRST LORD.

Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,  
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled  
Till we do hear from them.

SEC. SOLD.

Captain, I will.96

FIRST LORD.

A' will betray us all unto ourselves:

Inform on that.

SEC. SOLD.

So I will, sir.

FIRST LORD.

Till then, I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Florence. A Room In The Widow'S House.***

*Enter Bertram and Diana.*

BER.

They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIA.

No, my good lord, Diana.

BER.

Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?<sup>4</sup>

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;<sup>8</sup>

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got.

DIA.

She then was honest.

BER.

So should you be.

DIA.

No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,<sup>12</sup>

As you owe to your wife.

BER.

No more o' that!

I prithee do not strive against my vows.

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

DIA.

Ay, so you serve us<sup>17</sup>

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

And mock us with our bareness.

BER.

How have I sworn!<sup>20</sup>

DIA.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,24  
If I should swear by God's great attributes  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,28  
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths  
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd;  
At least in my opinion.

BER.

Change it, change it.  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;32  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever  
My love as it begins shall so persever.37

DIA.

I see that men make ropes in such a scarr  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

BER.

I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power40  
To give it from me.

DIA.

Will you not, my lord?

BER.

It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world<sup>44</sup>  
In me to lose.

DIA.

Mine honour's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world<sup>48</sup>  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion honour on my part  
Against your vain assault.

BER.

Here, take my ring:  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,<sup>52</sup>  
And I'll be bid by thee.

DIA.

When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:  
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,<sup>56</sup>  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:60

And on your finger in the night I'll put

Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.65

BER.

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*

DIA.

For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end.68

My mother told me just how he would woo

As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men

Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,73

Marry that will, I live and die a maid:

Only in this disguise I think't no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

*The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

FIRST LORD.

You have not given him his mother's letter?

SEC. LORD.

I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

FIRST LORD.

He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.<sup>9</sup>

SEC. 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.

FIRST LORD.

When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.<sup>16</sup>

SEC. LORD.

He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

FIRST LORD.

Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!<sup>24</sup>

SEC. 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 abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.<sup>30</sup>

FIRST LORD.

Is it not most damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

SEC. LORD.

Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.<sup>35</sup>

FIRST LORD.

That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.<sup>40</sup>

SEC. LORD.

We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

FIRST LORD.

In the meantime what near you of these wars?

SEC. LORD.

I hear there is an overture of peace.

FIRST LORD.

Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.<sup>48</sup>

SEC. LORD.

What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

FIRST LORD.

I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.<sup>53</sup>

SEC. LORD.

Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

FIRST LORD.

Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

SEC. LORD.

How is this justified?<sup>64</sup>

FIRST LORD.

The stronger part of it by her own letters, which make 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.<sup>69</sup>

SEC. LORD.

Hath the count all this intelligence?

FIRST LORD.

Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.<sup>73</sup>

SEC. LORD.

I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

FIRST LORD.

How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!<sup>77</sup>

SEC. 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.<sup>82</sup>

FIRST 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 crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! where's your master?88

SERV.

He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

SEC. LORD.

They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

FIRST LORD.

They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.96

*Enter* Bertram.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

BER.

I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.106

SEC. LORD.

If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

BER.

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 model: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.115

SEC. LORD.

Bring him forth. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.] Has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

BER.

No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?121

FIRST LORD.

I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench 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 i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

BER.

Nothing of me, has a'?'130

SEC. LORD.

His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.*

BER.

A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!136

FIRST LORD.

Hoodman comes! *Porto tartarossa.*

FIRST SOLD.

He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?140

PAR.

I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

FIRST SOLD.

*Bosko chimurcho.*144

FIRST LORD.

*Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

FIRST SOLD.

You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.148

PAR.

And truly, as I hope to live.

FIRST SOLD.

*First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

PAR.

Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.155

FIRST SOLD.

Shall I set down your answer so?

PAR.

Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

BER.

All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!160

FIRST LORD.

You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.165

SEC. LORD.

I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.169

FIRST SOLD.

Well, that's set down.

PAR.

Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth. 173

FIRST LORD.

He's very near the truth in this.

BER.

But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it. 176

PAR.

Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

FIRST SOLD.

Well, that's set down.

PAR.

I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor. 180

FIRST SOLD.

*Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.* What say you to that?

PAR.

By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces. 193

BER.

What shall be done to him?

FIRST LORD.

Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke. 197

FIRST SOLD.

Well, that's set down. *You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What say you to this? what do you know of it?205

PAR.

I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.208

FIRST SOLD.

Do you know this Captain Dumain?

PAR.

I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.214

*[Dumainlifts up his hand in anger.*

BER.

Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.217

FIRST SOLD.

Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

PAR.

Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.220

FIRST LORD.

Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

FIRST SOLD.

What is his reputation with the duke?224

PAR.

The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.228

FIRST SOLD.

Marry, we'll search.

PAR.

In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.232

FIRST SOLD.

Here 'tis; here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

PAR.

I do not know if it be it or no.

BER.

Our interpreter does it well.236

FIRST LORD.

Excellently.

FIRST SOLD.

*Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold—*

PAR.

That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.244

FIRST SOLD.

Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

PAR.

My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

BER.

Damnably both-sides rogue!252

FIRST SOLD.

*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:*

*Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;*

*He ne'er pays after-debts; take it before,256*

*And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,*

*Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss;*

*For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,*

*Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

*Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,261*

*Parolles.*

BER.

He shall be whipped through the army with this rime in's forehead.264

FIRST LORD.

This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

BER.

I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.269

FIRST SOLD.

I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

PAR.

My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.276

FIRST SOLD.

We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?281

PAR.

He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus; he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules; he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.294

FIRST LORD.

I begin to love him for this.

BER.

For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he is more and more a cat.

FIRST SOLD.

What say you to his expertness in war?299

PAR.

Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.307

FIRST LORD.

He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

BER.

A pox on him! he's a cat still.

FIRST SOLD.

His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.313

PAR.

Sir, for a cardecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.317

FIRST SOLD.

What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

SEC. LORD.

Why does he ask him or me?

FIRST SOLD.

What's he?321

PAR.

E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.328

FIRST SOLD.

If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

PAR.

Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.332

FIRST SOLD.

I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

PAR.

[*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?340

FIRST SOLD.

There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAR.

O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!349

FIRST SOLD.

That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you: know you any here?352

BER.

Good morrow, noble captain.

SEC. LORD.

God bless you, Captain Parolles.

FIRST LORD.

God save you, noble captain.

SEC. LORD.

Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.357

FIRST LORD.

Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

FIRST SOLD.

You are undone, captain; all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

PAR.

Who cannot be crushed with a plot?364

FIRST SOLD.

If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

PAR.

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft372

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 braggart shall be found an ass.376

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's place and means for every man alive.

I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.—

***Florence. A Room In The Widow'S House.***

*Enter* Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

HEL.

That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.<sup>4</sup>  
Time was I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd<sup>8</sup>  
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know,  
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,<sup>12</sup>  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be before our welcome.

WID.

Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

HEL.

Nor you, mistress,<sup>16</sup>  
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive<sup>20</sup>

And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play<sup>24</sup>  
With what it loathes for that which is away.  
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

DIA.

Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours<sup>29</sup>  
Upon your will to suffer.

HEL.

Yet, I pray you:  
But with the word the time will bring on summer,  
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;<sup>33</sup>  
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:  
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.<sup>36</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***Rousillon. A Room In The Countess's Palace.***

*Enter* Countess, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

LAF.

No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.7

COUNT.

I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.13

LAF.

'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.16

CLO.

Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

LAF.

They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.20

CLO.

I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

LAF.

Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?24

CLO.

A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

LAF.

Your distinction?

CLO.

I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.29

LAF.

So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

CLO.

And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.<sup>33</sup>

LAF.

I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

CLO.

At your service.<sup>36</sup>

LAF.

No, no, no.

CLO.

Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

LAF.

Who's that? a Frenchman?<sup>40</sup>

CLO.

Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

LAF.

What prince is that?<sup>44</sup>

CLO.

The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

LAF.

Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.<sup>49</sup>

CLO.

I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great 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's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.<sup>59</sup>

LAF.

Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.<sup>63</sup>

CLO.

If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jade's tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

[*Exit.*

LAF.

A shrewd knave and an unhappy.<sup>67</sup>

COUNT.

So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.<sup>72</sup>

LAF.

I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?<sup>83</sup>

COUNT.

With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

LAF.

His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.<sup>89</sup>

COUNT.

It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.<sup>93</sup>

LAF.

Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

COUNT.

You need but plead your honourable privilege.<sup>97</sup>

LAF.

Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

CLO.

O madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.<sup>105</sup>

LAF.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

CLO.

But it is your carbonadoed face.<sup>108</sup>

LAF.

Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

CLO.

Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Marseilles. A Street.***

*Enter* Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two* Attendants.

HEL.

But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:  
But since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,<sup>4</sup>  
Be bold you do so grow in my requital  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

*Enter a gentle* Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

GENT.

And you.<sup>9</sup>

HEL.

Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

GENT.

I have been sometimes there.

HEL.

I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which<sup>16</sup>  
I shall continue thankful.

GENT.

What's your will?

HEL.

That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king,  
And aid me with that store of power you have  
To come into his presence.<sup>21</sup>

GENT.

The king's not here.

HEL.

Not here, sir!

GENT.

Not, indeed:  
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

WID.

Lord, how we lose our pains!<sup>24</sup>

HEL.

All's well that ends well yet,  
Though time seems so adverse and means unfit.  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

GENT.

Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;<sup>28</sup>  
Whither I am going.

HEL.

I do beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;  
Which I presume shall render you no blame<sup>32</sup>  
But rather make you thank your pains for it.  
I will come after you with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.

GENT.

This I'll do for you.

HEL.

And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,<sup>36</sup>  
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again:  
Go, go, provide.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***Rousillon. The Inner Court Of The Countess's Palace.***

*Enter Clown and Parolles.*

PAR.

Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure. 6

CLO.

Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

PAR.

Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I spake but by a metaphor. 12

CLO.

Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

PAR.

Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper. 16

CLO.

Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

*Enter Lafeu.*

Here is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat—but not a musk-cat—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit.*

PAR.

My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.29

LAF.

And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a carducu for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.37

PAR.

I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

LAF.

You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.41

PAR.

My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAF.

You beg more than one word then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?45

PAR.

O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

LAF.

Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.49

PAR.

It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

LAF.

Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.59

PAR.

I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Room In The Countess's Palace.***

*Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

KING.

We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem  
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home.

COUNT.

'Tis past, my liege;<sup>4</sup>  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it and burns on.

KING.

My honour'd lady,<sup>8</sup>  
I have forgiven and forgotten all,  
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

LAF.

This I must say,—

But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord<sup>12</sup>  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note, but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey<sup>16</sup>  
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,  
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve  
Humbly call'd mistress.

KING.

Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;<sup>20</sup>  
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon:  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury<sup>24</sup>  
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender; and inform him  
So 'tis our will he should.

GENT.

I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*

KING.

What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?<sup>28</sup>

LAF.

All that he is hath reference to your highness.

KING.

Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,

That set him high in fame.

*Enter* Bertram.

LAF.

He looks well on't.

KING.

I am not a day of season,<sup>32</sup>

For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail

In me at once; but to the brightest beams

Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;

The time is fair again.

BER.

My high-repented blames,<sup>36</sup>

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

KING.

All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let's take the instant by the forward top,

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees<sup>40</sup>

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time

Steals ere we can effect them. You remember

The daughter of this lord?

BER.

Admiringly, my liege:44

At first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,

Where the impression of mine eye infixing,

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour:49

Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;

Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous object: thence it came52

That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

KING.

Well excus'd:

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away56

From the great compt. But love that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,

To the great sender turns a sour offence,

Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rasher faults60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,

Not knowing them until we know their grave:

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,

Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:64

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:68  
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay  
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

COUNT.

Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!  
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!72

LAF.

Come 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.

[Bertram gives a ring. By my old beard,76  
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,  
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,  
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,  
I saw upon her finger.

BER.

Hers it was not.80

KING.

Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood84

Necessitated to help, that by this token

I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her

Of what should stead her most?

BER.

My gracious sovereign,

Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,88

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.

LAF.

I am sure I saw her wear it.

BER.

You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:92

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought

I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd96

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 ceas'd,

In heavy satisfaction, and would never100

Receive the ring again.

KING.

Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science

Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's, 104

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know

That you are well acquainted with yourself,

Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement

You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety, 108

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 us

Upon her great disaster.

BER.

She never saw it. 112

KING.

Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me

Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;— 116

And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close

Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,

More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120

[Guards *seize* Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!  
We'll sift this matter further.

BER.

If you shall prove<sup>124</sup>  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was.

*[Exit guarded.]*

KING.

I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Enter the gentle Astringer.*

GENT.

Gracious sovereign,<sup>128</sup>  
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath, for four or five removes come short  
To tender it herself. I undertook it,<sup>132</sup>  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage, and she told me,<sup>136</sup>  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

KING.

*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.* 147

*Diana Capilet.*

LAF.

I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.

KING.

The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,  
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors: 152  
Go speedily and bring again the count.

*[Exeunt the gentle Astringer, and some Attendants.*

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

COUNT.

Now, justice on the doers!

*Re-enter Bertram, guarded.*

KING.

I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you, 156  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.  
*Re-enter the gentle Astringer, with Widow and Diana.*

What woman's that?

DIA.

I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,

Derived from the ancient Capilet:160

My suit, as I do understand, you know,

And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WID.

I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,164

And both shall cease, without your remedy.

KING.

Come hither, county; do you know these women?

BER.

My lord, I neither can nor will deny

But that I know them: do they charge me further?168

DIA.

Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

BER.

She's none of mine, my lord.

DIA.

If you shall marry,

You give away this hand, and that is mine;

You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;172

You give away myself, which is known mine;

For I by vow am so embodied yours

That she which marries you must marry me;

Either both or none.176

LAF.

[ToBertram.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

BER.

My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,180

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour

Than for to think that I would sink it here.

KING.

Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,184

Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,

Than in my thought it lies.

DIA.

Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think

He had not my virginity.188

KING.

What sayst thou to her?

BER.

She's impudent, my lord;

And was a common gamester to the camp.

DIA.

He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,

He might have bought me at a common price:

Do not believe him. O! behold this ring,193

Whose high respect and rich validity

Did lack a parallel; yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,196

If I be one.

COUNT.

He blushes, and 'tis it:

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem

Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:

That ring's a thousand proofs.

KING.

Methought you said201

You saw one here in court could witness it.

DIA.

I did, my lord, but loath am to produce

So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.204

LAF.

I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

KING.

Find him, and bring him hither.

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

BER.

What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots of the world tax'd and debosh'd,208

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.

Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,

That will speak anything?

KING.

She hath that ring of yours.

BER.

I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.213

She knew her distance and did angle for me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course216

Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate; she got the ring,

And I had that which any inferior might220

At market-price have bought.

DIA.

I must be patient;

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,

May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—

Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,—224

Send for your ring; I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

BER.

I have it not.

KING.

What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIA.

Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.228

KING.

Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

DIA.

And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

KING.

The story then goes false you threw it him

Out of a casement.

DIA.

I have spoke the truth.232

*Re-enter Attendant with Parolles.*

BER.

My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

KING.

You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?

DIA.

Ay, my lord.

KING.

Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,236

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,—

Which, on your just 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 have.

KING.

Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?244

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.248

KING.

How is that?

PAR.

He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

KING.

As thou art a knave, and no knave.

What an equivocal companion is this!252

PAR.

I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

LAF.

He is a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.256

DIA.

Do you know he promised me marriage?

PAR.

Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

KING.

But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?260

PAR.

Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her, for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, 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 which would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.270

KING.

Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

DIA.

Ay, my good lord.

KING.

Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?276

DIA.

It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING.

Who lent it you?

DIA.

It was not lent me neither.

KING.

Where did you find it, then?

DIA.

I found it not.

KING.

If it were yours by none of all these ways,280

How could you give it him?

DIA.

I never gave it him.

LAF.

This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

KING.

This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.284

DIA.

It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

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 hadst this ring

Thou diest within this hour.

DIA.

I'll never tell you.289

KING.

Take her away.

DIA.

I'll put in bail, my liege.

KING.

I think thee now some common customer.

DIA.

By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

KING.

Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?293

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.296

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to*Lafeu.

KING.

She does abuse our ears: to prison with her!

DIA.

Good mother, fetch my bail. [*Exit* Widow.] Stay, royal sir;300

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,

And he shall surety me. But for this lord,  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:  
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,305  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:  
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick;  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter* Widow, *with* Helena.

KING.

Is there no exorcist309  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is't real that I see?

HEL.

No, my good lord;  
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;312  
The name and not the thing.

BER.

Both, both. O! pardon.

HEL.

O my good lord! when I was like this maid,  
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;  
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:  
*When from my finger you can get this ring,317*  
*And are by me with child, &c.* This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

BER.

If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,320

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

HEL.

If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O! my dear mother; do I see you living?324

LAF.

Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon. [*ToParolles.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones.329

KING.

Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*ToDiana.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,332

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou keptst a wife herself, thyself a maid.

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,336

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

### *Spoken By The King.*

*The king's a beggar, now the play is done:  
All is well ended if this suit be won  
That you express content; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:<sup>4</sup>  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.  
[Exeunt.*

## TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO,	Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN,	Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO,	a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain,	Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, }	Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }	
SIR TOBY BELCH,	Uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.	
MALVOLIO,	Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, }	Servants to Olivia.
FESTE, a Clown, }	
OLIVIA,	a rich Countess.
VIOLA,	in love with the Duke.
MARIA,	Olivia's Woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.	

Scene.—*A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.*

## ACT I.

### Scene I.—

*A Room In The Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, Curio, 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! it had a dying fall:4  
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour. Enough! no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.8  
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 soe'er,12  
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, Curio?16

CUR.

The hart.

DUKE.

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence.20  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,

E'er since pursue me.

*Enter Valentine.*

How now! what news from her?

VAL.

So please my lord, I might not be admitted;<sup>24</sup>

But from her handmaid do return this answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,

Shall not behold her face at ample view;

But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,<sup>28</sup>

And water once a day her chamber round

With eve-offending brine: all this, to season

A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.<sup>32</sup>

DUKE.

O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else<sup>36</sup>

That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;<sup>40</sup>

Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Sea-coast.***

*Enter* Viola, Captain, *and* Sailors.

VIO.

What country, friends, is this?

CAP.

This is Illyria, lady.

VIO.

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you sailors?4

CAP.

It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

VIO.

O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAP.

True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,8

When you and those poor number sav'd with you

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself,—

Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,—12

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves

So long as I could see.

VIO.

For saying so there's gold.<sup>16</sup>

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,

The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAP.

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born<sup>20</sup>

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIO.

Who governs here?

CAP.

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIO.

What is his name?<sup>24</sup>

CAP.

Orsino.

VIO.

Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

CAP.

And so is now, or was so very late;<sup>28</sup>

For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,  
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.<sup>32</sup>

VIO.

What's she?

CAP.

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,<sup>36</sup>  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,  
They say she hath abjur'd the company  
And sight of men.

VIO.

O! that I serv'd that lady,  
And might not be deliver'd to the world,<sup>40</sup>  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is.

CAP.

That were hard to compass,  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.<sup>44</sup>

VIO.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits<sup>48</sup>  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become<sup>52</sup>  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:  
Thou shalt present me as a eunuch to him:  
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music<sup>56</sup>  
That will allow me very worth his service.  
What else may hap to time I will commit;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAP.

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:<sup>60</sup>  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIO.

I thank thee: lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***A Room In Olivia's House.***

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

SIR TO.

What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's  
an enemy to life.

MAR.

By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.<sup>6</sup>

SIR TO.

Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR.

Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TO.

Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.<sup>14</sup>

MAR.

That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TO.

Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MAR.

Ay, he.<sup>20</sup>

SIR TO.

He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR.

What's that to the purpose?

SIR TO.

Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.<sup>24</sup>

MAR.

Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO.

Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.<sup>30</sup>

MAR.

He hath indeed, almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.<sup>36</sup>

SIR TO.

By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR.

They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.<sup>40</sup>

SIR TO.

With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter* Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

SIR AND.

Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!<sup>49</sup>

SIR TO.

Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR AND.

Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR.

And you too, sir.<sup>52</sup>

SIR TO.

Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR AND.

What's that?

SIR TO.

My niece's chambermaid.

SIR AND.

Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.<sup>57</sup>

MAR.

My name is Mary, sir.

SIR AND.

Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TO.

You mistake, knight: 'accost' is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.<sup>61</sup>

SIR AND.

By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost?'<sup>64</sup>

MAR.

Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO.

An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

SIR AND.

An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?<sup>70</sup>

MAR.

Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR AND.

Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MAR.

Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.<sup>76</sup>

SIR AND.

Wherefore, sweetheart? 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?<sup>84</sup>

MAR.

Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

*[Exit.*

SIR TO.

O knight! thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?<sup>88</sup>

SIR AND.

Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary 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.<sup>93</sup>

SIR TO.

No question.

SIR AND.

An I thought that, I'd forswear it.

I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.<sup>96</sup>

SIR TO.

*Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

SIR AND.

What is '*pourquoi*?' do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O! had I but followed the arts!<sup>101</sup>

SIR TO.

Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR AND.

Why, would that have mended my hair?<sup>105</sup>

SIR TO.

Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR AND.

But it becomes me well enough, does't not?<sup>109</sup>

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.<sup>112</sup>

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 hard by woos her.<sup>116</sup>

SIR TO.

She'll none o' 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 in't, man.120

SIR AND.

I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TO.

Art thou good at these kickchawses, knight?125

SIR AND.

As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.128

SIR TO.

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND.

Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO.

And I can cut the mutton to't.132

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 curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is 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.144

SIR AND.

Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TO.

What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?149

SIR AND.

Taurus! that's sides and heart.

SIR TO.

No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***A Room In The Duke's Palace.***

*Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.*

VAL.

If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.4

VIO.

You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VAL.

No, believe me.8

VIO.

I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.*

DUKE.

Who saw Cesario? ho!

VIO.

On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE.

Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario, 12

Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul:

Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her,

Be not denied access, stand at her doors, 16

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience.

VIO.

Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

DUKE.

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds

Rather than make unprofit'd return.

VIO.

Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE.

O! then unfold the passion of my love;

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: 25

It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth

Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.<sup>28</sup>

VIO.

I think not so, my lord.

DUKE.

Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years

That say thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;<sup>33</sup>

And all is semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affair. Some four or five attend him;

All, if you will; for I myself am best<sup>37</sup>

When least in company. Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

VIO.

I'll do my best<sup>40</sup>

To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

*A Room In Olivia's House.*

*Enter Maria and Clown.*

MAR.

Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.4

CLO.

Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

MAR.

Make that good.

CLO.

He shall see none to fear.8

MAR.

A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, 'I fear no colours.'

CLO.

Where, good Mistress Mary?

MAR.

In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.13

CLO.

Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.16

MAR.

Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO.

Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.<sup>22</sup>

MAR.

You are resolute then?

CLO.

Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.<sup>25</sup>

MAR.

That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLO.

Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.<sup>30</sup>

MAR.

Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*

CLO.

Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

*Enter Olivia with Malvolio.*

God bless thee, lady!<sup>40</sup>

OLI.

Take the fool away.

CLO.

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLI.

Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.45

CLO.

Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.58

OLI.

Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLO.

Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLI.

Can you do it?64

CLO.

Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLI.

Make your proof.

CLO.

I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.68

OLI.

Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

CLO.

Good madonna, why mournest thou?

OLI.

Good fool, for my brother's death.72

CLO.

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLI.

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLO.

The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.77

OLI.

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MAL.

Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.82

CLO.

God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLI.

How say you to that, Malvolio?87

MAL.

I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.95

OLI.

O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLO.

Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!105

*Re-enter* Maria.

MAR.

Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLI.

From the Count Orsino, is it?108

MAR.

I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLI.

Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR.

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.112

OLI.

Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit* Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLO.

Thou hast spoken for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch.

OLI.

By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?124

SIR TO.

A gentleman.

OLI.

A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TO.

'Tis a gentleman here,—a plague o' these pickle herring! How now, sot!128

CLO.

Good Sir Toby.

OLI.

Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TO.

Lechery! I defy lechery! There's one at the gate.133

CLO.

Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TO.

Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

*[Exit.*

OLI.

What's a drunken man like, fool?137

CLO.

Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

OLI.

Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.144

CLO.

He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Malvolio.

MAL.

Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.154

OLI.

Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL.

Ha's been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLI.

What kind o' man is he?160

MAL.

Why, of mankind.

OLI.

What manner of man?

MAL.

Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.164

OLI.

Of what personage and years is he?

MAL.

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.172

OLI.

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MAL.

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

*[Exit.*

*Re-enter* Maria.

OLI.

Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.176

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter* Viola *and* Attendants.

VIO.

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI.

Speak to me; I shall answer for her.

Your will?181

VIO.

Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.189

OLI.

Whence came you, sir?

VIO.

I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLI.

Are you a comedian?195

VIO.

No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI.

If I do not usurp myself, I am.199

VIO.

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 commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.204

OLI.

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

VIO.

Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.208

OLI.

It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.215

MAR.

Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIO.

No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLI.

Tell me your mind.220

VIO.

I am a messenger.

OLI.

Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.224

VIO.

It alone concerns 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.228

OLI.

Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIO.

The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.235

OLI.

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir; what is your text?

VIO.

Most sweet lady,—

OLI.

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?241

VIO.

In Orsino's bosom.

OLI.

In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?244

VIO.

To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI.

O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?248

VIO.

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI.

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 show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was as this present: is't not well done?

VIO.

Excellently done, if God did all.256

OLI.

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIO.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,261

If you will lead these graces to the grave

And leave the world no copy.

OLI.

O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as *Item*, Two lips, indifferent red; *Item*, Two grey eyes, with lids to them; *Item*, One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIO.

I see you what you are: you are too proud;  
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.<sup>272</sup>  
My lord and master loves you: O! such love  
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd  
The nonpareil of beauty.

OLI.

How does he love me?

VIO.

With adorations, with fertile tears,<sup>276</sup>  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLI.

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him;  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;<sup>280</sup>  
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;  
And, in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:  
He might have took his answer long ago.<sup>284</sup>

VIO.

If I did love you in my master's flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense;

I would not understand it.

OLI.

Why, what would you?288

VIO.

Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house;

Write loyal cantons of contemned love,

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,293

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out, 'Olivia!' O! you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,296

But you should pity me!

OLI.

You might do much. What is your parentage?

VIO.

Above my fortune, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.

OLI.

Get you to your lord:300

I cannot love him. Let him send no more,

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIO.

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:305

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,

And let your fervour, like my master's, be308

Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*

OLI.

'What is your parentage?'

'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art:312

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast: soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now!

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?316

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What, ho! Malvolio!

*Re-enter* Malvolio.

MAL.

Here, madam, at your service.320

OLI.

Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,  
Would I, or not: tell him I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,<sup>324</sup>  
Nor hold him up with hopes: I'm not for him.  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MAL.

Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

OLI.

I do I know not what, and fear to find<sup>329</sup>  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;  
What is decreed must be, and be this so!

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### ***The Sea-coast.***

*Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

ANT.

Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB.

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.<sup>8</sup>

ANT.

Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEB.

No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.<sup>24</sup>

ANT.

Alas the day!

SEB.

A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.<sup>33</sup>

ANT.

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB.

O good Antonio! forgive me your trouble!<sup>36</sup>

ANT.

If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEB.

If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

[*Exit.*

ANT.

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,<sup>48</sup>

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 go.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***A Street.***

*Enter* Viola; Malvolio *following.*

MAL.

Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

VIO.

Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.<sup>4</sup>

MAL.

She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.<sup>12</sup>

VIO.

She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

MAL.

Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*

VIO.

I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,<sup>20</sup>

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.<sup>24</sup>

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,<sup>28</sup>

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we!<sup>32</sup>

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.<sup>36</sup>

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman,—now alas the day!—

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;<sup>41</sup>

It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

***A Room In Olivia's House.***

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

SIR TO.

Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,—

SIR AND.

Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.<sup>5</sup>

SIR TO.

A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR AND.

Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.<sup>12</sup>

SIR TO.

Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

*Enter* Clown.

SIR AND.

Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLO.

How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of 'we three?' 17

SIR TO.

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND.

By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 27

CLO.

I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottleale houses.

SIR AND.

Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 33



Twelfth-Night, by E.A. Abbey.

SIR TO.

Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR AND.

There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—37

CLO.

Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TO.

A love-song, a love-song.40

SIR AND.

Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

CLO.

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?  
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low.44  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND.

Excellent good, i' faith.48

SIR TO.

Good, good.

CLO.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:52  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR AND.

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.57

SIR TO.

A contagious breath.

SIR AND.

Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TO.

To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?64

SIR AND.

An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

CLO.

By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.68

SIR AND.

Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

CLO.

Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.73

SIR AND.

'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'76

CLO.

I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR AND.

Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

*[They sing a catch.]*

*Enter Maria.*

MAR.

What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.<sup>82</sup>

SIR TO.

My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady!

*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

CLO.

Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.<sup>89</sup>

SIR AND.

Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TO.

*O! the twelfth day of December,—*

MAR.

For the love o' God, peace!<sup>94</sup>

*Enter Malvolio.*

MAL.

My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?<sup>101</sup>

SIR TO.

We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek 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 misdemeanours, 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 heart, since I must needs be gone.* 112

MAR.

Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO.

*His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

MAL.

Is't even so?

SIR TO.

*But I will never die.* 116

CLO.

Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL.

This is much credit to you.

SIR TO.

*Shall I bid him go?*

CLO.

*What an if you do?* 120

SIR TO.

*Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

CLO.

*O! no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

SIR TO.

'Out o' time!' Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLO.

Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.128

SIR TO.

Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MAL.

Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*

MAR.

Go shake your ears.135

SIR AND.

'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TO.

Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.142

MAR.

Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TO.

Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.152

MAR.

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

SIR AND.

O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.156

SIR TO.

What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND.

I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.160

MAR.

The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.169

SIR TO.

What wilt thou do?

MAR.

I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TO.

Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND.

I have't in my nose too.180

SIR TO.

He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

MAR.

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.185

SIR AND.

And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR.

Ass, I doubt not.188

SIR AND.

O! 'twill be admirable.

MAR.

Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

SIR TO.

Good night, Penthesilea.196

SIR AND.

Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TO.

She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR AND.

I was adored once too.200

SIR TO.

Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR AND.

If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.204

SIR TO.

Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR AND.

If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.208

SIR TO.

Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***A Room In The Duke's Palace.***

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Others.*

DUKE.

Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends:

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antique song we heard last night;

Me thought it did relieve my passion much,<sup>4</sup>

More than light airs and recollected terms

Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:

Come; but one verse.

CUR.

He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.<sup>9</sup>

DUKE.

Who was it?

CUR.

Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.<sup>13</sup>

DUKE.

Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

*[Exit Curio. Music.]*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it remember me;<sup>16</sup>

For such as I am all true lovers are:

Unstaid and skittish in all motions else

Save in the constant image of the creature

That is below'd. How dost thou like this tune?<sup>20</sup>

VIO.

It gives a very echo to the seat

Where love is thron'd.

DUKE.

Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;<sup>24</sup>

Hath it not, boy?

VIO.

A little, by your favour.

DUKE.

What kind of woman is't?

VIO.

Of your complexion.

DUKE.

She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

VIO.

About your years, my lord.<sup>28</sup>

DUKE.

Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take

An elder than herself, so wears she to him,

So sways she level in her husband's heart:

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,<sup>32</sup>

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

VIO.

I think it well, my lord.

DUKE.

Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,<sup>36</sup>

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;

For women are as roses, whose fair flower

Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIO.

And so they are: alas, that they are so;40

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter Curio with Clown.*

DUKE.

O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,44

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.48

CLO.

Are you ready, sir?

DUKE.

Ay; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*

CLO.

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;52  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O! prepare it56  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown,60

Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O! where<sup>64</sup>  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.

DUKE.

There's for thy pains.

CLO.

No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.<sup>69</sup>

DUKE.

I'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLO.

Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.<sup>72</sup>

DUKE.

Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLO.

Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

DUKE.

Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,<sup>81</sup>

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;84

The parts that fortune hath 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 attracts my soul.88

VIO.

But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE.

I cannot be so answer'd.

VIO.

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart92

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 passion96

As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,

No motion of the liver, but the palate,100

That suffer surfeit, 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 me104

And that I owe Olivia.

VIO.

Ay, but I know,—

DUKE.

What dost thou know?

VIO.

Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.108

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

DUKE.

And what's her history?

VIO.

A blank, my lord. She never told her love,112

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy,

She sat like Patience on a monument,116

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We 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.120

DUKE.

But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO.

I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE.

Ay, that's the theme.<sup>124</sup>

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say

My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

**Olivia's Garden.**

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, *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.<sup>4</sup>

SIR TO.

Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB.

I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.<sup>10</sup>

SIR TO.

To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, Sir Andrew?<sup>13</sup>

SIR AND.

An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TO.

Here comes the little villain.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter Maria.*

How now, my metal 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 the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there: [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Malvolio.*

MAL.

'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on't?<sup>33</sup>

SIR TO.

Here's an over-weening rogue!

FAB.

O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!<sup>37</sup>

SIR AND.

'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TO.

Peace! I say.

MAL.

To be Count Malvolio!<sup>40</sup>

SIR TO.

Ah, rogue!

SIR AND.

Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO.

Peace! peace!

MAL.

There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR AND.

Fie on him, Jezebel!

FAB.

O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.<sup>49</sup>

MAL.

Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TO.

O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!<sup>53</sup>

MAL.

Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a daybed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—<sup>56</sup>

SIR TO.

Fire and brimstone!

FAB.

O, peace! peace!

MAL.

And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

SIR TO.

Bolts and shackles!

FAB.

O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.<sup>64</sup>

MAL.

Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me,—<sup>69</sup>

SIR TO.

Shall this fellow live?

FAB.

Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!<sup>72</sup>

MAL.

I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TO.

And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?<sup>76</sup>

MAL.

Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

SIR TO.

What, what?80

MAL.

'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TO.

Out, scab!

FAB.

Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.84

MAL.

'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

SIR AND.

That's me, I warrant you.

MAL.

'One Sir Andrew,'—88

SIR AND.

I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MAL.

[*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?92

FAB.

Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO.

O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MAL.

[*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND.

Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that—101

MAL.

[*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes:* her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB.

This wins him, liver and all.

MAL.

Jove knows I love;108  
But who?  
Lips, do not move  
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know:' if this should be thee, Malvolio!

SIR TO.

Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL.

I may command where I adore;116  
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:  
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

FAB.

A fustian riddle! 120

SIR TO.

Excellent wench, say I.

MAL.

'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

FAB.

What dish o' poison has she dressed him! 125

SIR TO.

And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

MAL.

'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end, what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

SIR TO.

O! ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent. 136

FAB.

Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MAL.

M, Malvolio; M, why, that begins my name. 140

FAB.

Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

MAL.

M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does. 145

FAB.

And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TO.

Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O! 148

MAL.

And then I comes behind.

FAB.

Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 152

MAL.

M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. 156

If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee. 173

The Fortunate-Unhappy.

Daylight and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. 190

Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit.*

FAB.

I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TO.

I could marry this wench for this device.201

SIR AND.

So could I too.

SIR TO.

And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.204

SIR AND.

Nor I neither.

FAB.

Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Re-enter* Maria.

SIR TO.

Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR AND.

Or o' mine either?208

SIR TO.

Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR AND.

I' faith, or I either?

SIR TO.

Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MAR.

Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?216

SIR TO.

Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MAR.

If you will, then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady; he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TO.

To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!228

SIR AND.

I'll make one too.

*[Exeunt.]*

### ACT III.

#### Scene I.—

#### Olivia's *Garden*.

*Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.*

VIO.

Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLO.

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO.

Art thou a churchman?4

CLO.

No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIO.

So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.11

CLO.

You have said, sir. To see this age!

A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!15

VIO.

Nay, that's certain: they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLO.

I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir.20

VIO.

Why, man?

CLO.

Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.25

VIO.

Thy reason, man?

CLO.

Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.29

VIO.

I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

CLO.

Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIO.

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?36

CLO.

No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO.

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.43

CLO.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.48

VIO.

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's sixpence for thee.

*[Gives a piece of money.]*

CLO.

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!52

VIO.

By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO.

*[Pointing to the coin.]* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?57

VIO.

Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLO.

I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.60

VIO.

I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

CLO.

The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin; I might say 'element,' but the word is overworn.

[*Exit.*

VIO.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,68

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time,

And, like the haggard, check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art;74

For folly that he wisely shows is fit;

But wise men folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch*and* Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

SIR TO.

Save you, gentleman.

VIO.

And you, sir.

SIR AND.

*Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

VIO.

*Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.* 80

SIR AND.

I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

SIR TO.

Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her. 85

VIO.

I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TO.

Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion. 89

VIO.

My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. 92

SIR TO.

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO.

I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you! 97

SIR AND.

That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!' well.

VIO.

My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear. 101

SIR AND.

'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed.' I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLI.

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. 105

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.

VIO.

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI.

What is your name? 108

VIO.

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLI.

My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth. 112

VIO.

And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI.

For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,  
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me! 116

VIO.

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts  
On his behalf.

OLI.

O! by your leave, I pray you,  
I bade you never speak again of him:  
But, would you undertake another suit, 120  
I had rather hear you to solicit that  
Than music from the spheres.

VIO.

Dear lady,—

OLI

Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here, 125  
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse  
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:  
Under your hard construction must I sit, 128  
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,  
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?  
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,  
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving 133

Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,  
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIO.

I pity you.136

OLI.

That's a degree to love.

VIO.

No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof  
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI.

Why, then methinks 'tis time to smile again.140

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud.  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

*[Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:  
There lies your way, due west.

VIO.

Then westward-ho!148

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!  
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI.

Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.152

VIO.

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLI.

If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO.

Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLI.

I would you were as I would have you be!156

VIO.

Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLI.

O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip.160

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,165

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter, 169  
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.

VIO.

By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, 172  
And that no woman has; nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
And so adieu, good madam: never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore. 176

OLI.

Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move  
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***A Room In Olivia's House.***

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, *and* Fabian.

SIR AND.

No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TO.

Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

FAB.

You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew. 5

SIR AND.

Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.8

SIR TO.

Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

SIR AND.

As plain as I see you now.

FAB.

This was a great argument of love in her toward you.13

SIR AND.

'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

FAB.

I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.17

SIR TO.

And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

FAB.

She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, firenew from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.33

SIR AND.

An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.36

SIR TO.

Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

FAB.

There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.<sup>44</sup>

SIR AND.

Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TO.

Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.<sup>56</sup>

SIR AND.

Where shall I find you?

SIR TO.

We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit* Sir Andrew.

FAB.

This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.<sup>60</sup>

SIR TO.

I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB.

We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it.<sup>64</sup>

SIR TO.

Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB.

And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.<sup>72</sup>

SIR TO.

Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

*Enter Maria.*

MAR.

If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.<sup>81</sup>

SIR TO.

And cross-gartered?

MAR.

Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.<sup>92</sup>

SIR TO.

Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

*A Street.*

*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*

SEB.

I would not by my will have troubled you;  
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

ANT.

I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;<sup>5</sup>  
And not all love to see you,—though so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,<sup>8</sup>  
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and inhospitable: my willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,<sup>12</sup>  
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB.

My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks, and ever thanks; for oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:<sup>16</sup>  
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do?  
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANT.

To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.<sup>20</sup>

SEB.

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame

That do renown this city.

ANT.

Would you'd pardon me;

I do not without danger walk these streets:25

Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys,

I did some service; of such note indeed,

That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.28

SEB.

Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANT.

The offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel

Might well have given us bloody argument.32

It might have since been answer'd in repaying

What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out;

For which, if I be lapsed in this place,36

I shall pay dear.

SEB.

Do not then walk too open.

ANT.

It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,<sup>40</sup>

Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

SEB.

Why I your purse?

ANT.

Haply your eye shall light upon some toy<sup>44</sup>

You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB.

I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.<sup>48</sup>

ANT.

To the Elephant.

SEB.

I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

Olivia's *Garden*.

*Enter Olivia and Maria.*

OLI.

I have sent after him: he says he'll come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.<sup>4</sup>

Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:

Where is Malvolio?

MAR.

He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.<sup>9</sup>

OLI.

Why, what's 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's wits.

OLI.

Go call him hither.

[*Exit* Maria.

I am as mad as he,<sup>16</sup>

If sad and merry madness equal be.

*Re-enter* Maria, *with* Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL.

Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLI.

Smil'st thou?<sup>20</sup>

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL.

Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this crossgartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one and please all.'

OLI.

Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?28

MAL.

Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.32

OLI.

Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL.

To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

OLI.

God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?37

MAR.

How do you, Malvolio?

MAL.

At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.40

MAR.

Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MAL.

'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'Twas well writ.

OLI.

What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL.

‘Some are born great,’—

OLI.

Ha!

MAL.

‘Some achieve greatness,’—48

OLI.

What sayst thou?

MAL.

‘And some have greatness thrust upon them.’

OLI.

Heaven restore thee!52

MAL.

‘Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,’—

OLI.

Thy yellow stockings!

MAL.

‘And wished to see thee cross-gartered.’

OLI.

Cross-gartered!57

MAL.

‘Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so,’—

OLI.

Am I made?60

MAL.

‘If not, let me see thee a servant still.’

OLI.

Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter* Servant.

SER.

Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino’s is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship’s pleasure.<sup>66</sup>

OLI.

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 miscarry for the half of my dowry.<sup>71</sup>

[*Exeunt* Olivia and Maria.

MAL.

Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. ‘Cast thy humble slough,’ says she; ‘be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;’ and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, ‘Let this fellow be looked to;’ fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.<sup>94</sup>

*Re-enter* Maria, with Sir Toby Belch and Fabian.

SIR TO.

Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess’d him, yet I’ll speak to him.

FAB.

Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?100

MAL.

Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

MAR.

Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.105

MAL.

Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TO.

Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL.

Do you know what you say?112

MAR.

La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB.

Carry his water to the wise-woman.116

MAR.

Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MAL.

How now, mistress!120

MAR.

O Lord!

SIR TO.

Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.124

FAB.

No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TO.

Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?128

MAL.

Sir!

SIR TO.

Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!132

MAR.

Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL.

My prayers, minx!

MAR.

No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.137

MAL.

Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*

SIR TO.

Is't possible?141

FAB.

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TO.

His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.145

MAR.

Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

FAB.

Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MAR.

The house will be the quieter.149

SIR TO.

Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.157

*Enter* Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

FAB.

More matter for a May morning.

SIR AND.

Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.160

FAB.

Is't so saucy?

SIR AND.

Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TO.

Give me. *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.* 165

FAB.

Good, and valiant.

SIR TO.

*Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't,* 169

FAB.

A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TO.

*Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

FAB.

Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less. 177

SIR TO.

*I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

FAB.

Good. 180

SIR TO.

*Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

FAB.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good. 184

SIR TO.

*Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*

*Andrew Aguecheek.*

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.

I'll give't him.192

MAR.

You may have very fit occasion for for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.195

SIR TO.

Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

SIR AND.

Nay, let me alone for swearing.204

[*Exit.*

SIR TO.

Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman,—as I know his youth will aptly receive it,—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.219

FAB.

Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TO.

I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

*[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]*

*Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.*

OLI.

I have said too much unto a heart of stone,<sup>224</sup>

And laid mine honour too unchary out:

There's something in me that reproves my fault,

But such a headstrong potent fault it is

That it but mocks reproof.<sup>228</sup>

VIO.

With the same haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's griefs.

OLI.

Here; wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;<sup>232</sup>

And I beseech you come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

VIO.

Nothing but this; your true love for my master.<sup>236</sup>

OLI.

How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

VIO.

I will acquit you.

OLI.

Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.240

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Sir Toby Belch*and* Fabian.

SIR TO.

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIO.

And you, sir.

SIR TO.

That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.249

VIO.

You mistake, sir: I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.253

SIR TO.

You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

VIO.

I pray you, sir, what is he?259

SIR TO.

He is knight dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word: give't or take't.266

VIO.

I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TO.

Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.279

VIO.

This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO.

I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

*[Exit.*

VIO.

Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?287

FAB.

I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIO.

I beseech you, what manner of man is he?292

FAB.

Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.299

VIO.

I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Sir Toby, *with* Sir Andrew.

SIR TO.

Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.310

SIR AND.

Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TO.

Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.313

SIR AND.

Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.318

SIR TO.

I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

*Re-enter* Fabian *and* Viola.

[*To* Fabian.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.325

FAB.

He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.328

SIR TO.

There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for his oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

VIO.

[*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.337

FAB.

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 duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.344

SIR AND.

Pray God, he keep his oath!

[*Draws.*

VIO.

I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*Draws.*

*Enter Antonio.*

ANT.

Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me:348

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*[Drawing.*

SIR TO.

You, sir! why, what are you?

ANT.

One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.<sup>352</sup>

SIR TO.

Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

*[Draws.*

FAB.

O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.<sup>356</sup>

SIR TO.

I'll be with you anon.

VIO.

*[To Sir Andrew.]* Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

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 reins well.

*Enter two Officers.*

FIRST OFF.

This is the man; do thy office.

SEC. OFF.

Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit<sup>364</sup>

Of Count Orsino.

ANT.

You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFF.

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.368

ANT.

I must obey.—[To Viola.] 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 you373

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd:

But be of comfort.

SEC. OFF.

Come, sir, away.

ANT.

I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIO.

What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability380

I'll lend you something: my having is not much:

I'll make division of my present with you.

Hold, there is half my coffer.

ANT.

Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you<sup>384</sup>

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

VIO.

I know of none;<sup>388</sup>

Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption<sup>392</sup>

Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT.

O heavens themselves!

SEC. OFF.

Come, sir: I pray you, go.

ANT.

Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death,<sup>396</sup>

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFF.

What's that to us? The time goes by: away!400

ANT.

But O! how vile an idol proves this god.  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:404  
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

FIRST OFF.

The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

ANT.

Lead me on.408

[*Exeunt Officers with Antonio.*]

VIO.

Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself; so do not I.  
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!412

SIR TO.

Come hither, knight; come hither,  
Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIO.

He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such and so<sup>417</sup>

In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate. O! if it prove,<sup>420</sup>

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*

SIR TO.

A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.<sup>425</sup>

FAB.

A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND.

'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.<sup>429</sup>

SIR TO.

Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND.

An I do not,—

[*Exit.*

FAB.

Come, let's see the event.<sup>433</sup>

SIR TO.

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***The Street Adjoining Olivia's House.***

*Enter Sebastian and Clown.*

CLO.

Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEB.

Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:

Let me be clear of thee.<sup>4</sup>

CLO.

Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.<sup>9</sup>

SEB.

I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:

Thou know'st not me.

CLO.

Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEB.

I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:

There's money for thee: if you tarry longer<sup>20</sup>

I shall give worse payment.

CLO.

By my troth, thou hast an open hand.

These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.<sup>25</sup>

*Enter* Sir Andrew.

SIR AND.

Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

[*Striking* Sebastian.

SEB.

Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there!

[*Beating* Sir Andrew.

Are all the people mad?<sup>29</sup>

*Enter* Sir Toby and Fabian.

SIR TO.

Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLO.

This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[*Exit*.

SIR TO.

[*Holding* Sebastian.] Come on, sir: hold.<sup>35</sup>

SIR AND.

Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.<sup>40</sup>

SEB.

Let go thy hand.

SIR TO.

Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.<sup>44</sup>

SEB.

I will be free from thee. [*Disengaging himself.*] What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TO.

What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*

*Enter* Olivia.

OLI.

Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!<sup>49</sup>

SIR TO.

Madam!

OLI.

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight!<sup>53</sup>

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Fabian.

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway<sup>56</sup>

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:61  
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB.

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?64  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:  
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLI.

Nay; come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!68

SEB.

Madam, I will.

OLI.

O! say so, and so be!

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***A Room In Olivia's House.***

*Enter Maria and Clown; Malvolio in a dark chamber adjoining.*

MAR.

Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

*[Exit.]*

CLO.

Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.12

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch*and* Maria.

SIR TO.

God bless thee, Master parson.

CLO.

*Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is;' so I, being Master parson, am Master parson; for, what is 'that,' but 'that,' and 'is,' but 'is?'

SIR TO.

To him, Sir Topas.20

CLO.

What ho! I say. Peace in this prison!

SIR TO.

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MAL.

[*Within*]. Who calls there?24

CLO.

Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL.

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.28

CLO.

Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TO.

Well said, Master Parson.

MAL.

[*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.<sup>35</sup>

CLO.

Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayst thou that house is dark?

MAL.

As hell, Sir Topas.<sup>40</sup>

CLO.

Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?<sup>44</sup>

MAL.

I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

CLO.

Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.<sup>49</sup>

MAL.

I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

CLO.

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?<sup>56</sup>

MAL.

That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

CLO.

What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL.

I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.<sup>61</sup>

CLO.

Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MAL.

Sir Topas! Sir Topas!

SIR TO.

My most exquisite Sir Topas!<sup>68</sup>

CLO.

Nay, I am for all waters.

MAR.

Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TO.

To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

*[Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.]*

CLO.

Hey Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.<sup>80</sup>

MAL.

Fool!

CLO.

My lady is unkind, perdy!

MAL.

Fool!

CLO.

Alas, why is she so?84

MAL.

Fool, I say!

CLO.

She loves another.

Who calls, ha?

MAL.

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 live to be thankful to thee for't.

CLO.

Master Malvolio!92

MAL.

Ay, good fool.

CLO.

Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

MAL.

Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO.

But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.100

MAL.

They have here propertyed me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLO.

Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MAL.

Sir Topas!108

CLO.

Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.112

MAL.

Fool, fool, fool, I say!

CLO.

Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent 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 in Illyria.

CLO.

Well-a-day, that you were, sir!119

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.123

CLO.

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.128

CLO.

Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MAL.

Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.133

CLO.

I am gone, sir,  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again136  
In a trice,  
Like to the old Vice,  
Your need to sustain;  
Who with dagger of lath,140  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, Ah, ah! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad;144  
Adieu, goodman drivell.  
[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;5

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;8  
For though my soul disputes well 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,12  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I am mad  
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,16  
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 she does. There's something in 't  
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.21

*Enter Olivia and a Priest.*

OLI.

Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by; there, before him,24  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace. He shall conceal it28  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,

What time we will our celebration keep

According to my birth. What do you say?

SEB.

I'll follow this good man, and go with you;<sup>32</sup>

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLI.

Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***The Street Before Olivia's House. Enter Clown And Fabian.***

FAB.

Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CLO.

Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.<sup>4</sup>

FAB.

Anything.

CLO.

Do not desire to see this letter.

FAB.

This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense desire my dog again.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Attendants.*

DUKE.

Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

CLO.

Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE.

I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?<sup>12</sup>

CLO.

Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

DUKE.

Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.<sup>16</sup>

CLO.

No, sir, the worse.

DUKE.

How can that be?

CLO.

Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.<sup>26</sup>

DUKE.

Why, this is excellent.

CLO.

By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE.

Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

CLO.

But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.33

DUKE.

O, you give me ill counsel.

CLO.

Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.36

DUKE.

Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

CLO.

*Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, 'the third pays for all:' the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.43

DUKE.

You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.47

CLO.

Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit.*

VIO.

Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter Antonio and Officers.*

DUKE.

That face of his I do remember well;

Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd<sup>56</sup>  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and hulk unprizable;  
With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,<sup>61</sup>  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

FIRST OFF.

Orsino, this is that Antonio<sup>64</sup>  
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;  
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 state,<sup>68</sup>  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO.

He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;  
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:  
I know not what 'twas but distraction.<sup>72</sup>

DUKE.

Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,  
Hast made thine enemies?

ANT.

Orsino, noble sir,76

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,

Though I confess, on base and ground enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ingrateful boy there by your side,81

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:

His life I gave him, and did thereto add84

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;88

Drew to defend him when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,

Not meaning to partake with me in danger,

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,92

And grew a twenty years removed thing

While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

VIO.

How can this be?96

DUKE.

When came he to this town?

ANT.

To-day, my lord; and for three months before,—

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,—

Both day and night did we keep company.100

*Enter Olivia and Attendants.*

DUKE.

Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside.104

OLI.

What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIO.

Madam!108

DUKE.

Gracious Olivia.—

OLI.

What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

VIO.

My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLI.

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear<sup>113</sup>

As howling after music.

DUKE.

Still so cruel?

OLI.

Still so constant, lord.

DUKE.

What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,<sup>116</sup>

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLI.

Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.<sup>120</sup>

DUKE.

Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love? a savage jealousy

That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:<sup>124</sup>

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant still;<sup>128</sup>

But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.132  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;  
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

*[Going.*

VIO.

And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.137

*[Following.*

OLI.

Where goes Cesario?

VIO.

After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.140  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLI.

Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

VIO.

Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?144

OLI.

Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

[*Exit* an Attendant.

DUKE.

[*To* Viola.] Come away.

OLI.

Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE.

Husband?

OLI.

Ay, husband: can he that deny? 148

DUKE.

Her husband, sirrah?

VIO.

No, my lord, not I.

OLI.

Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up; 152

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter* Priest.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold,—though lately we intended<sup>156</sup>  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe,—what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST.

A contract of eternal bond of love,<sup>160</sup>  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;  
And all the ceremony of this compact<sup>164</sup>  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I have travell'd but two hours.

DUKE.

O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be<sup>168</sup>  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet<sup>172</sup>  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIO.

My lord, I do protest,—

OLI.

O! do not swear:

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek, with his head broken.*

SIR AND.

For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.177

OLI.

What's the matter?

SIR AND.

He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.182

OLI.

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 incarnate.186

DUKE.

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR AND.

Od's lifelings! here he is. You broke my head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIO.

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me without cause;

But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.193

SIR AND.

If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting;197

*Enter* Sir Toby Belch, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did.200

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. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?205

CLO.

O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TO.

Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.209

OLI.

Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR AND.

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.213

SIR TO.

Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!216

OLI.

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, *and* Sir Andrew.

*Enter* Sebastian.

SEB.

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,220

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:

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows224

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!

SEB.

Antonio! O my dear Antonio!228

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me

Since I have lost thee!

ANT.

Sebastian are you?

SEB.

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANT.

How have you made division of yourself?232

An apple cleft in two is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLI.

Most wonderful!

SEB.

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;236  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.  
Of charity, what kin are you to me?240  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIO.

Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb.244  
If spirits can assume both form and suit  
You come to fright us.

SEB.

A spirit I am indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate.248  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, 'Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!'

VIO.

My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEB.

And so had mine.253

VIO.

And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

SEB.

O! that record is lively in my soul.<sup>256</sup>

He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIO.

If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,<sup>260</sup>

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,<sup>264</sup>

Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.<sup>268</sup>

SEB.

[To Olivia.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,<sup>272</sup>

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE.

Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack.

[*To Viola.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times<sup>277</sup>

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIO.

And all those sayings will I over-swear,

And all those swearings keep as true in soul<sup>280</sup>

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

DUKE.

Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIO.

The captain that did bring me first on shore<sup>284</sup>

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action

Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

OLI.

He shall enlarge him. Fetch Malvolio hither.<sup>288</sup>

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.<sup>292</sup>

*Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.*

How does he, sirrah?

CLO.

Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLI.

Open it, and read it.<sup>300</sup>

CLO.

Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.

*By the Lord, madam,—*

OLI.

How now! art thou mad?<sup>304</sup>

CLO.

No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

OLI.

Prithee, read i' thy right wits.<sup>308</sup>

CLO.

So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLI.

[*To Fabian.*] Read it you, sirrah.<sup>312</sup>

FAB.

*By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the*

*semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

*The madly-used Malvolio.*

OLI.

Did he write this?324

CLO.

Ay, madam.

DUKE.

This savours not much of distraction.

OLI.

See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit*Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,328

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE.

Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.332

[*To*Viola.] Your master quits you; and, for 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,336

Here is my hand: you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

OLI.

A sister! you are she.

*Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.*

DUKE.

Is this the madman?

OLI.

Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL.

Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.

OLI.

Have I, Malvolio? no.341

MAL.

Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,

Or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention:345

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 favour,348

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,352  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.356

OLI.

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 bethink me, it was she360  
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,  
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd  
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:  
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;364  
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

FAB.

Good madam, hear me speak,  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come368  
Taint the condition of this present hour,  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,372  
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,<sup>377</sup>  
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides past.<sup>380</sup>

OLI.

Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

CLO.

Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.<sup>389</sup>

MAL.

I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

OLI.

He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

DUKE.

Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace;—<sup>392</sup>

He hath not told us of the captain yet:

When that is known and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made

Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,<sup>396</sup>

We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.400

[*Exeunt all except Clown.*]

## SONG.

CLO.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.404  
But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,  
For the rain it raineth every day.408  
But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.412  
But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day.416  
A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.  
[*Exit.*]

## THE WINTER'S TALE

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES,	King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS,	young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, }	
ANTIGONUS, }	Lords of Sicilia.
CLEOMENES, }	
DION, }	
POLIXENES,	King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL,	his Son.
ARCHIDAMUS,	a Lord of Bohemia.
A Mariner.	
A Gaoler.	
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.	
Clown, his Son.	
Servant to the old Shepherd.	
AUTOLYCUS,	a Rogue.
HERMIONE,	Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA,	Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA,	Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady, }	
Other Ladies, }	attending the Queen.
MOPSA, }	
DORCAS, }	Shepherdesses.
Sicilian Lords and Ladies, Attendants, Guards, Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c.	
Time, as Chorus.	

Scene.—*Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

### ACT I.

Scene I.—

***Sicilia. An Antechamber In Leontes' Palace.***

*Enter Camillo and Archidamus.*

ARCH.

If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.<sup>5</sup>

CAM.

I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.<sup>8</sup>

ARCH.

Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

CAM.

Beseech you,—

ARCH.

Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.<sup>17</sup>

CAM.

You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCH.

Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.<sup>22</sup>

CAM.

Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then 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 attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!<sup>35</sup>

ARCH.

I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamilius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.<sup>40</sup>

CAM.

I very well agree with you 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.<sup>45</sup>

ARCH.

Would they else be content to die?

CAM.

Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.<sup>48</sup>

ARCH.

If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room Of State In The Palace.***

*Enter* Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, *and* Attendants.

POL.

Nine changes of the watery 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 should for perpetuity<sup>5</sup>  
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe  
That go before it.

LEON.

Stay your thanks awhile,<sup>9</sup>  
And pay them when you part.

POL.

Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance  
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow<sup>12</sup>  
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,  
'This is put forth too truly!' Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

LEON.

We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

POL.

No longer stay.<sup>16</sup>

LEON.

One seven-night longer.

POL.

Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON.

We'll part the time between's then; and in that  
I'll no gainsaying.

POL.

Press me not, beseech you, so.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,<sup>20</sup>

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although

'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder<sup>24</sup>

Were in your love a whip to me; my stay

To you a charge and trouble: to save both,

Farewell, our brother.

LEON.

Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

HER.

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until<sup>28</sup>

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

You, sir,

Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,<sup>32</sup>

He's beat from his best ward.

LEON.

Well said, Hermione.

HER.

To tell he longs to see his son were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,36

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

[To Polixenes.] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission

To let him there a month behind the gest41

Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

POL.

No, madam.44

HER.

Nay, but you will?

POL.

I may not, verily.

HER.

Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,48

Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,

You shall not go: a lady's 'verily' 's

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,52

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread 'verily,'

One of them you shall be.

POL.

Your guest, then, madam:56

To be your prisoner should import offending;

Which is for me less easy to commit

Than you to punish.

HER.

Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:61

You were pretty lordings then.

POL.

We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,64

And to be boy eternal.

HER.

Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

POL.

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd68

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd

That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd<sup>72</sup>  
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven  
Boldly, 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.

HER.

By this we gather  
You have tripp'd since.

POL.

O! my most sacred lady,<sup>76</sup>  
Temptations have since then been born to's; for  
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
Of my young playfellow.

HER.

Grace to boot!<sup>80</sup>  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils; yet, go on:  
The offences we have made you do we'll answer;  
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us<sup>84</sup>  
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
With any but with us.

LEON.

Is he won yet?

HER.

He'll stay, my lord.

LEON.

At my request he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st<sup>88</sup>

To better purpose.

HER.

Never?

LEON.

Never, but once.

HER.

What! have I twice said well? when was't before?

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and make's

As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,<sup>92</sup>

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: you may ride's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:<sup>96</sup>

My last good deed was to entreat his stay:

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O! would her name were Grace.

But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON.

Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand

And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter, 104

'I am yours for ever.'

HER.

'Tis grace indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,

The other for some while a friend. 108

[*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*]

LEON.

[*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me: my heart dances;

But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment 112

May a free face put on, derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well become the agent: 't may I grant:

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,

As now they are, and making practis'd smiles, 117

As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o' the deer; O! that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows. Mamillius,

Art thou my boy?

MAM.

Ay, my good lord.

LEON.

I' fecks?121

Why, that's my bawcock. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,125

Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

Upon his palm! How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

MAM.

Yes, if you will, my lord.128

LEON.

Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,

To be full like me: yet they say we are

Almost as like as eggs; women say so,

That will say anything: but were they false132

As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters, false

As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes

No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true

To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,

Look on me with your wolkin eye: sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:

Thou dost make possible things not so held, 140

Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—

With what's unreal thou co-active art,

And fellow'st nothing: then, 'tis very credent

Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost, 144

And that beyond commission, and I find it,

And that to the infection of my brains

And hardening of my brows.

POL.

What means Sicilia?

HER.

He something seems unsettled.

POL.

How, my lord! 148

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

HER.

You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

LEON.

No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly, 152

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,  
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,  
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. Mine honest friend, 161  
Will you take eggs for money?

MAM.

No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON.

You will? why, happy man be his dole! My brother,  
Are you so fond of your young prince as we 164  
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: 168  
He makes a July's day short as December,  
And with his varying childness cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON.

So stands this squire

Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,172

And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome:

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's176

Apparent to my heart.

HER.

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there?

LEON.

To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,180

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife184

To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt* Polixenes, Hermione, *and* Attendants.

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

Go play, boy, play; thy mother plays, and I

Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue188

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play. There have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is even at this present,  
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,196  
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,  
As mine, against their will. Should all despair  
That have revolted wives the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;200  
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,  
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly: know't;204  
It will let in and out the enemy  
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's  
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy!

MAM.

I am like you, they say.

LEON.

Why, that's some comfort.208

What! Camillo there?

CAM.

Ay, my good lord.

LEON.

Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.

[*Exit* Mamillius.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.212

CAM.

You had much ado to make his anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON.

Didst note it?

CAM.

He would not stay at your petitions; made

His business more material.

LEON.

Didst perceive it?216

[*Aside.*] They're here with me already, whispering, rounding

'Sicilia is a so-forth.' 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay?

CAM.

At the good queen's entreaty.220

LEON.

At the queen's, be't: 'good' should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking; will draw in224

More than the common blocks: not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes  
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

CAM.

Business, my lord! I think most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON.

Ha!

CAM.

Stays here longer.

LEON.

Ay, but why?

CAM.

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties<sup>232</sup>  
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON.

Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd<sup>240</sup>

In that which seems so.

CAM.

Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON.

To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining<sup>244</sup>  
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,<sup>248</sup>  
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM.

My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
In every one of these no man is free,  
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,<sup>252</sup>  
Among the infinite doings of the world,  
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,  
If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
It was my folly; if industriously<sup>256</sup>  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Whereof the execution did cry out<sup>260</sup>

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
Is never free of: but, beseech your Grace,<sup>264</sup>  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass  
By its own visage; if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.

LEON.

Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—  
But that's past doubt; you have, or your eyeglass<sup>268</sup>  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—  
For to a vision so apparent rumour  
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think,—  
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,—<sup>273</sup>  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,—then say  
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name<sup>276</sup>  
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

CAM.

I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without<sup>280</sup>  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You never spoke what did become you less

Than this; which to reiterate were sin

As deep as that, though true.

LEON.

Is whispering nothing?284

Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible

Of breaking honesty,—horsing foot on foot?288

Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing;293

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,

If this be nothing.

CAM.

Good my lord, be cur'd296

Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;

For 'tis most dangerous.

LEON.

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAM.

No, no, my lord.

LEON.

It is; you lie, you lie:

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;300

Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,

Or else a hovering temporizer, that

Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,

Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver304

Infected as her life, she would not live

The running of one glass.

CAM.

Who does infect her?

LEON.

Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I308

Had servants true about me, that bare eyes

To see alike mine honour as their profits,

Their own particular thrifts, they would do that

Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,

His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form313

Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,

How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,316

To give mine enemy a lasting wink;

Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM.

Sir, my lord,

I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingering dram that should not work  
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot<sup>321</sup>  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable:  
I have lov'd thee,—

LEON.

Make that thy question, and go rot!  
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,<sup>325</sup>  
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully  
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted  
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?<sup>329</sup>  
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,  
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,  
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
Could man so blench?

CAM.

I must believe you, sir:<sup>333</sup>  
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;  
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highness  
Will take again your queen as yours at first,<sup>336</sup>  
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms

Known and allied to yours.

LEON.

Thou dost advise me

Even so as I mine own course have set down:

I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.341

CAM.

My lord,

Go then; and with a countenance as clear

As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;345

If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant.

LEON.

This is all:

Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

CAM.

I'll do't, my lord.349

LEON.

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

*[Exit.]*

CAM.

O miserable lady! But, for me,

What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't<sup>353</sup>  
Is the obedience to a master; one  
Who, in rebellion with himself will have  
All that are his so too. To do this deed<sup>356</sup>  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since  
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,<sup>360</sup>  
Let villany itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Re-enter Polixenes.*

POL.

This is strange: methinks<sup>364</sup>  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—  
Good day, Camillo.

CAM.

Hail, most royal sir!

POL.

What is the news i' the court?

CAM.

None rare, my lord.

POL.

The king hath on him such a countenance<sup>368</sup>  
As he had lost some province and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment, when he,  
Wafting his eyes, to the contrary, and falling<sup>372</sup>  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

CAM.

I dare not know, my lord.<sup>376</sup>

POL.

How! dare not! do not! Do you know, and dare not  
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts:  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,  
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror  
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with't.

CAM.

There is a sickness<sup>384</sup>  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

POL.

How! caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk:388

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—

As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto

Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns392

Our gentry than our parents' noble names,

In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not396

In ignorant concealment.

CAM.

I may not answer.

POL.

A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo;

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man400

Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare

What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented if to be;405

If not, how best to bear it.

CAM.

Sir, I will tell you;

Since I am charg'd in honour and by him

That I think honourable. Therefore mark my counsel,408

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as

I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me

Cry 'lost,' and so good night!

POL.

On, good Camillo.

CAM.

I am appointed him to murder you.412

POL.

By whom, Camillo?

CAM.

By the king.

POL.

For what?

CAM.

He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen't or been an instrument

To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen

Forbiddenly.

POL.

O, then my best blood turn417

To an infected jelly, and my name  
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,  
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
That e'er was heard or read!

CAM.

Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue  
The standing of his body.

POL.

How should this grow?

CAM.

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 bear along impawn'd, away to-night!  
Your followers I will whisper to the business,

And will by twos and threes at several posterns  
Clear them o'the city. For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here<sup>440</sup>  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth, which, if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer<sup>444</sup>  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon  
His execution sworn.

POL.

I do believe thee:  
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand:  
Be pilot to me and thy places shall<sup>448</sup>  
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<sup>452</sup>  
Must it be great, and, as his person's mighty  
Must it be violent, and, as he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must<sup>456</sup>  
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:  
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come. Camillo;<sup>460</sup>

I will respect thee as a father if

Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAM.

It is in mine authority to command

The keys of all the posterns: please your highness<sup>464</sup>

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***Sicilia. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* Hermione, Mamillius, *and* Ladies.

HER.

Take the boy to you: he so troubles me, 'Tis past enduring.

FIRST LADY.

Come, my gracious lord, Shall I be your playfellow?

MAM.

No, I'll none of you.

FIRST LADY.

Why, my sweet lord?<sup>4</sup>

MAM.

You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if

I were a baby still. I love you better.

SEC. LADY.

And why so, my lord?

MAM.

Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, 8

Become some women best, so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

SEC. LADY.

Who taught you this?

MAM.

I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now, 12

What colour are your eyebrows?

FIRST LADY.

Blue, my lord.

MAM.

Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

SEC. LADY.

Hark ye;

The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince 17

One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,

If we would have you.

FIRST LADY.

She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!<sup>20</sup>

HER.

What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come sir, now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,

And tell's a tale.

MAM.

Merry or sad shall't be?

HER.

As merry as you will.

MAM.

A sad tale's best for winter.<sup>24</sup>

I have one of sprites and goblins.

HER.

Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

MAM.

There was a man,—

HER.

Nay, come, sit down; then on.<sup>28</sup>

MAM

Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it softly;

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HER.

Come on then,

And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter* Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and Others.*

LEON.

Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?<sup>32</sup>

FIRST LORD.

Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them

Even to their ships

LEON.

How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!<sup>36</sup>

Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd

In being so blest! There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge<sup>40</sup>

Is not infected; but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.<sup>44</sup>

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:48

He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For them to play at will. How came the posterns

So easily open?

FIRST LORD.

By his great authority;52

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so

On your command.

LEON.

I know't too well.

[*To Hermione.*] Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you

Have too much blood in him.

HER.

What is this? sport?

LEON.

Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;

Away with him!—[*Exit Mamillius, attended.*] and let her sport herself

With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes60

Has made thee swell thus.

HER.

But I'd say he had not,

And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

LEON.

You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about<sup>64</sup>

To say, 'she is a goodly lady,' and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:'

Praise her but for this her without-door form,—

Which, on my faith deserves high speech,—and straight<sup>69</sup>

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands

That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!—

That mercy does, for calumny will sear<sup>72</sup>

Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,

When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between,

Ere you can say 'she's honest.' But be't known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,<sup>76</sup>

She's an adulteress.

HER.

Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,

He were as much more villain: you, my lord,

Do but mistake.

LEON.

You have mistook, my lady,<sup>80</sup>

Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,<sup>84</sup>  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said  
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:  
More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is<sup>88</sup>  
A federary with her, and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those<sup>92</sup>  
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

HER.

No, by my life,  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge that  
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,<sup>97</sup>  
You scarce can right me throughly then to say  
You did mistake.

LEON.

No; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,<sup>100</sup>  
The centre is not big enough to bear  
A schoolboy's top. Away with her to prison!

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty

But that he speaks.

HER.

There's some ill planet reigns:104

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

Commonly are; the want of which vain dew108

Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have

That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns

Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities112

Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so

The king's will be perform'd!

LEON.

[*To the Guards.*] Shall I be heard?

HER.

Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,

My women may be with me; for you see116

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears

As I come out: this action I now go on120

Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

LEON.

Go, do our bidding: hence!124

*[Exeunt Queen guarded, and Ladies.]*

FIRST LORD.

Beseech your highness call the queen again.

ANT.

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

FIRST LORD.

For her, my lord,128

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,

Please you to accept it,—that the queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you: I mean,

In this which you accuse her.

ANT.

If it prove132

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;

Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;

For every inch of woman in the world,136

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,

If she be.

LEON.

Hold your peaces!

FIRST LORD.

Good my lord,—

ANT.

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on<sup>140</sup>

That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,

The second and the third, nine and some five;<sup>144</sup>

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,

To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;

And I had rather glib myself than they<sup>148</sup>

Should not produce fair issue.

LEON.

Cease! no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't,

As you feel doing thus, and see withal<sup>152</sup>

The instruments that feel.

ANT.

If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty:

There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

LEON.

What! lack I credit?156

FIRST LORD.

I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,  
Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion,  
Be blam'd for't how you might.

LEON.

Why, what need we160  
Commune with you of this, but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness  
Imparts this; which if you,—or stupified164  
Or seeming so in skill,—cannot or will not  
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice: the matter,  
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all168  
Properly ours.

ANT.

And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

LEON.

How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,172

Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,

Added to their familiarity,

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation

But only seeing, all other circumstances177

Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,—

For in an act of this importance 'twere180

Most piteous to be wild,—I have dispatch'd in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle184

They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

FIRST LORD.

Well done, my lord.

LEON.

Though I am satisfied and need no more188

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others, such as he

Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good192

From our free person she should be confin'd,  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:  
We are to speak in public; for this business<sup>196</sup>  
Will raise us all.

ANT.

[*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. The Outer Room Of A Prison.***

*Enter Paulina and Attendants.*

PAUL.

The keeper of the prison, call to him;  
Let him have knowledge who I am.—[*Exit an Attendant.*] Good lady,  
No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
What dost thou then in prison?

*Re-enter Attendant with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,<sup>4</sup>  
You know me, do you not?

GAOL.

For a worthy lady  
And one whom much I honour.

PAUL.

Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

GAOL.

I may not, madam: to the contrary<sup>8</sup>

I have express commandment.

PAUL.

Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia?<sup>12</sup>

GAOL.

So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I

Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAUL.

I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

GAOL.

And, madam,<sup>16</sup>

I must be present at your conference.

PAUL.

Well, be't so, prithee.

[*Exit* Gaoler.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,

As passes colouring.

*Re-enter* Gaoler, *with* Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,<sup>20</sup>

How fares our gracious lady?

EMIL.

As well as one so great and so forlorn

May hold together. On her frights and griefs,—

Which never tender lady hath borne greater,—

She is something before her time deliver'd.<sup>25</sup>

PAUL.

A boy?

EMIL.

A daughter; and a goodly babe,

Lusty and like to live: the queen receives

Much comfort in't; says, 'My poor prisoner,<sup>28</sup>

I am innocent as you.'

PAUL.

I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lures i' the king, beshrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office

Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.<sup>32</sup>

If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,

And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,  
Commend my best obedience to the queen:36  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I'll show it to the king and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight of the child:40  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

EMIL.

Most worthy madam,  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident  
That your free undertaking cannot miss44  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living  
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship  
To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,48  
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
Lest she should be denied.

PAUL.

Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't52  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
I shall do good.

EMIL.

Now be you blest for it!

I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer.

GAOL.

Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,56

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 and process of great nature thence60

Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to

The anger of the king, nor guilty of,

If any be, the trespass of the queen.

GAOL.

I do believe it.64

PAUL.

Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I

Will stand betwixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

LEON.

Nor night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,  
She the adultress; for the harlot king<sup>4</sup>  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest<sup>8</sup>  
Might come to me again. Who's there?

FIRST ATTEN.

[*Advancing.*] My lord?

LEON.

How does the boy?

FIRST ATTEN.

He took good rest to-night;  
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

LEON.

To see his nobleness!<sup>12</sup>  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,<sup>16</sup>  
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Attendant.*]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,20  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:24  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor  
Shall she within my power.

*Enter Paulina, with a Child.*

FIRST LORD.

You must not enter.

PAUL.

Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,28  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

ANT.

That's enough.

SEC. ATTEN.

Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded  
None should come at him.

PAUL.

Not so hot, good sir;32  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,

That creep like shadows by him and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings, such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I36  
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

LEON

What noise there, ho?

PAUL.

No noise, my lord; but needful conference<sup>40</sup>  
About some gossips for your highness.

LEON.

How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:  
I knew she would.

ANT.

I told her so, my lord,<sup>44</sup>  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

LEON.

What! canst not rule her?

PAUL.

From all dishonesty he can: in this,

Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,49  
He shall not rule me.

ANT.

La you now! you hear;  
When she will take the rein I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

PAUL.

Good my liege, I come,52  
And I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares  
Less appear so in comforting your evils56  
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come  
From your good queen.

LEON.

Good queen!

PAUL.

Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say, good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

LEON.

Force her hence.61

PAUL.

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;  
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,<sup>64</sup>  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:  
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

*[Laying down the Child.]*

LEON.

Out!  
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:  
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAUL.

Not so;<sup>68</sup>  
I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON.

Traitors!<sup>72</sup>  
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.  
*[To Antigonus.]* Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted  
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;  
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

PAUL.

For ever<sup>76</sup>

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't!

LEON.

He dreads his wife.

PAUL.

So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,<sup>80</sup>  
You'd call your children yours.

LEON.

A nest of traitors!

ANT.

I am none, by this good light.

PAUL.

Nor I; nor any  
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,<sup>84</sup>  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—  
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't,—once remove<sup>88</sup>  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
As ever oak or stone was sound.

LEON.

A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:93

Hence with it; and, together with the dam

Commit them to the fire!

PAUL.

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,96

‘So like you, ’tis the worse.’ Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,

The trick of’s frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,100

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast104

The ordering of the mind too, ’mongst all colours

No yellow in’t; lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband’s.

LEON.

A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang’d,108

That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT.

Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

LEON.

Once more, take her hence.

PAUL.

A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

LEON.

I'll ha' thee burn'd.

PAUL.

I care not:

It is a heretic that makes the fire,

Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen,—116

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,—something savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,

Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEON.

On your allegiance,120

Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so

If she did know me one. Away with her!

PAUL.

I pray you do not push me; I'll be gone.124

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! What need these hands?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,

Will never do him good, not one of you.128

So, so: farewell; we are gone.

[*Exit.*

LEON.

Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child! away with't!—even thou, that hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence132

And see it instantly consum'd with fire:

Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,—

And by good testimony,—or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;140

For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANT.

I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,

Can clear me in't.

FIRST LORD.

We can, my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither. 144

LEON.

You are liars all.

FIRST LORD.

Beseech your highness, give us better credit:  
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you  
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg, 148  
As recompense of our dear services  
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,  
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel. 152

LEON.

I am a feather for each wind that blows.  
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? Better burn it now  
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live: 156  
It shall not neither.—[To Antigonus.] You, sir, come you hither;  
You that have been so tenderly officious  
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,  
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard, 160  
So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you adventure  
To save this brat's life?

ANT.

Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much:164  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

LEON.

It shall be possible. Swear by this sword  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT.

I will, my lord.168

LEON.

Mark and perform it,—seest thou!—for the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,  
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry173  
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desart place quite out  
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,  
Without more mercy, to its own protection,177  
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,  
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,180  
That thou commend it strangely to some place,

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANT.

I swear to do this, though a present death  
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens<sup>185</sup>  
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside have done  
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous<sup>188</sup>  
In more than this deed doth require! And blessing  
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

*[Exit with the Child.*

LEON.

No; I'll not rear  
Another's issue.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV.

Please your highness, posts<sup>192</sup>  
From those you sent to the oracle are come  
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,  
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

FIRST LORD.

So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

LEON.

Twenty-three days

They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells

The great Apollo suddenly will have

The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;

Summon a session, that we may arraign<sup>201</sup>

Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath

Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have

A just and open trial. While she lives<sup>204</sup>

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,

And think upon my bidding.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

*A Sea-port In Sicilia.*

*Enter Cleomenes and Dion.*

CLEO.

The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing

The common praise it bears.

DION.

I shall report,

For most it caught me, the celestial habits,—<sup>4</sup>

Methinks I so should term them,—and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!

How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly

It was i' the offering!

CLEO.

But of all, the burst<sup>8</sup>

And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,

Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,

That I was nothing.

DION.

If the event o' the journey

Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so! —

As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,<sup>13</sup>

The time is worth the use on't.

CLEO.

Great Apollo

Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,<sup>16</sup>

I little like.

DION.

The violent carriage of it

Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,

Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,

Shall the contents discover, something rare<sup>20</sup>

Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go:—fresh horses!

And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***Sicilia. A Court Of Justice.***

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers.

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 too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt or the purgation.  
Produce the prisoner.8

OFFI.

It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

*Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.*

LEON.

Read the indictment.11

OFFI.

*Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

HER.

Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation, and<sup>24</sup>  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  
To say 'Not guilty:' mine integrity  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine<sup>29</sup>  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny<sup>32</sup>  
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,—  
Who least will seem to do so,—my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more<sup>36</sup>  
Than history can pattern, though devis'd  
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it.  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,<sup>44</sup>  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,<sup>48</sup>  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond  
The bound of honour, or in act or will<sup>52</sup>  
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry fie upon my grave!

LEON.

I ne'er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted<sup>56</sup>  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first.

HER.

That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON.

You will not own it.

HER.

More than mistress of<sup>60</sup>  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,—  
With whom I am accus'd,—I do confess  
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,<sup>64</sup>

With such a kind of love as might become  
A lady like me; with a love even such,  
So and no other, as yourself commanded:  
Which not to have done I think had been in me  
Both disobedience and ingratitude<sup>69</sup>  
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,  
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,<sup>72</sup>  
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.<sup>77</sup>

LEON.

You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

HER.

Sir,<sup>80</sup>

You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

LEON.

Your actions are my dreams:  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,<sup>84</sup>  
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—

Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:  
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as  
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,88  
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou  
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

HER.

Sir, spare your threats:92  
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.  
To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,96  
But know not how it went. My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,100  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs104  
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i'the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,108

That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.

But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,

I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,

Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd 112

Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else

But what your jealousies awake, I tell you

'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,

I do refer me to the oracle: 116

Apollo be my judge!

FIRST LORD.

This your request

Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,

And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

*[Exeunt certain Officers.]*

HER.

The Emperor of Russia was my father:

O! that he were alive, and here beholding 121

His daughter's trial; that he did but see

The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes

Of pity, not revenge! 124

*Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.*

OFFI.

You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have

Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd 128  
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,  
Nor read the secrets in't.

*CLEO.*

All this we swear.

*DION.*

All this we swear.

LEON.

Break up the seals, and read. 132

OFFI.

*Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found! 137*

LORDS.

Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER.

Praised!

LEON.

Hast thou read truth?

OFFI.

Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down. 140

LEON.

There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant.*

SER.

My lord the king, the king!

LEON.

What is the business?

SER.

O sir! I shall be hated to report it:144

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEON.

How! gone!

SER.

Is dead.

LEON.

Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice.

[*Hermioneswoons.*

How now, there!148

PAUL.

This news is mortal to the queen:— look down,

And see what death is doing.

LEON.

Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her<sup>153</sup>

Some remedies for life.—

*[Exeunt Paulina, and Ladies, with Hermione.]*

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,<sup>156</sup>

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose<sup>160</sup>

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command; though I with death and with<sup>164</sup>

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,<sup>168</sup>

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety<sup>172</sup>

Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re-enter* Paulina.

PAUL.

Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,

Break too!

FIRST LORD.

What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL.

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me? 176

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? or what boiling

In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture

Must I receive, whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny, 180

Together working with thy jealousies,

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

For girls of nine, O! think what they have done,

And then run mad indeed, stark mad; for all 184

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;

That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant

And damnable ingrateful; nor was't much 188

Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,

More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter 192

To be or none or little; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't:  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,—  
Thoughts high for one so tender,—cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords!200  
When I have said, cry, 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,  
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead, and vengeance for't  
Not dropp'd down yet.

FIRST LORD.

The higher powers forbid!

PAUL.

I say she's dead; I'll swear't: if word nor oath204  
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!208  
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,212  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods

To look that way thou wert.

LEON.

Go on, go on;

Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

FIRST LORD.

Say no more:217

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault

I' the boldness of your speech.

PAUL.

I am sorry for't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,220

I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd

To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction224

At my petition; I beseech you, rather

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:228

The love I bore your queen,—lo, 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,232

And I'll say nothing.

LEON.

Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth, which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:236  
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall  
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 nature241  
Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
Unto these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Bohemia. A Desert Country Near The Sea.***

*Enter* Antigonus, *with the Child; and a Mariner.*

ANT.

Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
The desarts of Bohemia?

MAR.

Ay, my lord; and fear  
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,4

The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
And frown upon's.

ANT.

Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;  
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee.

MAR.

Make your best haste, and go not  
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;  
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon't.

ANT.

Go thou away:  
I'll follow instantly.

MAR.

I am glad at heart  
To be so rid of the business.

*[Exit.*

ANT.

Come, poor babe:  
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead  
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

Sometimes her head on one side, some another;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,<sup>20</sup>  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes<sup>24</sup>  
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out<sup>28</sup>  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,<sup>32</sup>  
I prithee, call't: for this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more:' and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,<sup>36</sup>  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys;  
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe<sup>40</sup>  
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,

Either for life or death, upon the earth<sup>44</sup>

Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

*[Laying down Child.*

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

*[Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch!<sup>48</sup>

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd

To loss and what may follow. Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!<sup>52</sup>

The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:<sup>56</sup>

I am gone for ever.

*[Exit, pursued by a bear.*

*Enter a Shepherd.*

SHEP.

I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? *[Taking up the Child.]* Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one; sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work; they were warmer that got this

than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!79

*Enter Clown.*

CLO.

Hilloa, loa!

SHEP.

What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?83

CLO.

I have seen two such sights by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a see, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP.

Why, boy, how is it?88

CLO.

I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O! the most piteous cry of the poor souls; sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service: to see how the bear tore out his shoulderbone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship: to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.104

SHEP.

Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

CLO.

Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.109

SHEP.

Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

CLO.

I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.114

SHEP.

Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling.—Open't. What's within, boy?123

CLO.

You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP.

This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

CLO.

Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.136

SHEP.

That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

CLO.

Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.141

SHEP.

'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, the Chorus.*

TIME.

*I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror  
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime<sup>4</sup>  
To me or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour<sup>8</sup>  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was  
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale<sup>13</sup>  
The glistering of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing<sup>16</sup>  
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,—  
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,  
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be<sup>20</sup>  
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,  
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel*

*I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace<sup>24</sup>  
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues  
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news  
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,<sup>29</sup>  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:  
If never, yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may.*

[Exit.

Scene I.—

***Bohemia. A Room In The Palace Of Polixenes.***

*Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

POL.

I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.<sup>3</sup>

CAM.

It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.<sup>10</sup>

POL.

As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered,—as too

much I cannot,—to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

CAM.

Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.<sup>37</sup>

POL.

I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.<sup>45</sup>

CAM.

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.<sup>49</sup>

POL.

That's likewise part of my intelligence; but I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt 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 uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.<sup>58</sup>

CAM.

I willingly obey your command.

POL.

My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Road Near The Shepherd's Cottage.***

*Enter Autolycus, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.<sup>4</sup>  
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king<sup>8</sup>  
The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,  
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.<sup>12</sup>

I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?  
The pale moon shines by night;<sup>16</sup>  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.  
If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin bowget,<sup>20</sup>  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it

My traffic 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 die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!<sup>32</sup>

*Enter Clown.*

CLO.

Let me see: Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUT.

[*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.37

CLO.

I cannot do't without compters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? 'Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice,' what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace, dates,—none; that's out of my note:—nutmegs seven; a race or two of ginger,—but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.53

AUT.

O! that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

CLO.

I' the name of me!—

AUT.

O! help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then death, death!57

CLO.

Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.60

AUT.

O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLO.

Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.65

AUT.

I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.68

CLO.

What, by a horseman or a footman?

AUT.

A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLO.

Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman'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, O!76

CLO.

Alas, poor soul!

AUT.

O! good sir; softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLO.

How now! canst stand?80

AUT.

Softly, dear sir; *[Picks his pocket.]* good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO.

Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.84

AUT.

No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or anything I want: offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.89

CLO.

What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUT.

A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: 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 court.96

CLO.

His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.100

AUT.

Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.108

CLO.

Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUT.

Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.112

CLO.

Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT.

I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.118

CLO.

How do you now?

AUT.

Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLO.

Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT.

No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.124

CLO.

Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT.

Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue.132

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tares in a mile-a.  
[Exit.]

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Lawn Before The Shepherd'S Cottage.***

*Enter Florizeland and Perdita.*

FLO.

These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,<sup>4</sup>

And you the queen on't.

PER.

Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:

O! pardon, that I name them. Your high self,

The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders

Digest it with a custom, I should blush<sup>12</sup>

To see you so attired,—swoon, I think,

To show myself a glass.

FLO.

I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across

Thy father's ground.

PER.

Now, Jove afford you cause!<sup>16</sup>

To me the difference forges dread; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

To think, your father, by some accident,

Should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates!

How would he look, to see his work, so noble,<sup>21</sup>

Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold

The sternness of his presence?

FLO.

Apprehend<sup>24</sup>

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,

Humbling their deities to love, have taken

The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter

Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,<sup>29</sup>

Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,

As I seem now. Their transformations

Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,<sup>32</sup>

Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires

Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts

Burn hotter than my faith.

PER.

O! but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis<sup>36</sup>

Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king.

One of these two must be necessities,

Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

FLO.

Thou dearest Perdita,<sup>40</sup>

With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not

The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's; for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor anything to any, if44  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:48  
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which  
We two have sworn shall come.

PER.

O lady Fortune,  
Stand you auspicious!

FLO.

See, your guests approach:52  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised; Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and Others.*

SHEP.

Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon  
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;56  
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all,  
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,  
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;

On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire<sup>60</sup>  
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid<sup>64</sup>  
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,<sup>68</sup>  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

PER.

[*To Polixenes.*] Sir, welcome:

It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day:—[*To Camillo.*] You're welcome, sir.<sup>72</sup>  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,<sup>76</sup>  
And welcome to our shearing!

POL.

Shepherdess,—  
A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

PER.

Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth<sup>80</sup>  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not<sup>84</sup>  
To get slips of them.

POL.

Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

PER.

For I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature.

POL.

Say there be;<sup>88</sup>  
Yet nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry<sup>92</sup>  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but

The art itself is nature.

PER.

So it is.<sup>97</sup>

POL.

Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,

And do not call them bastards.

PER.

I'll not put

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;<sup>100</sup>

No more than, were I painted, I would wish

This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;<sup>104</sup>

The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,

And with him rises weeping: these are flowers

Of middle summer, and I think they are given

To men of middle age. You're very welcome.<sup>108</sup>

CAM.

I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,

And only live by gazing.

PER.

Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January

Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,<sup>112</sup>

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina! 116  
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 121  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale prime-roses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady 124  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLO

What! like a corse? 129

PER.

No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,  
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers: 132  
Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine

Does change my disposition.

FLO.

What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet, 136

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,

I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;

Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,

To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you 140

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do

Nothing but that; move still, still so,

And own no other function: each your doing,

So singular in each particular, 144

Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,

That all your acts are queens.

PER.

O Doricles!

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,

And the true blood which fairly peeps through it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,

You woo'd me the false way.

FLO.

I think you have

As little skill to fear as I have purpose 152

To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray.

Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair

That never mean to part.

PER.

I'll swear for 'em.

POL.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever<sup>156</sup>

Ran on the green-sord: nothing she does or seems

But smacks of something greater than herself;

Too noble for this place.

CAM.

He tells her something

That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is<sup>160</sup>

The queen of curds and cream.

CLO.

Come on, strike up.

DOR.

Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,

To mend her kissing with.

MOP.

Now, in good time!

CLO.

Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners.<sup>164</sup>

Come, strike up.

*[Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.]*

POL.

Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this

Which dances with your daughter?

SHEP.

They call him Doricles, and boasts himself<sup>168</sup>

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it

Upon his own report and I believe it:

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon<sup>172</sup>

Upon the water as he'll stand and read

As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

POL.

She dances featly.<sup>176</sup>

SHEP.

So she does any thing, though I report it

That should be silent. If young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.<sup>180</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV.

O master! if 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 ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.<sup>186</sup>

CLO.

He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.190

SERV.

He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretchmouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'201

POL.

This is a brave fellow.

CLO.

Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

SERV.

He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't.

CLO

Prithee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.214

PER.

Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

[*Exit* Servant.

CLO.

You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

PER.

Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter Autolycus, singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;220  
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces and for noses;  
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,224  
Perfume for a lady's chamber;  
Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;228  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
Come buy.232

CLO.

If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.236

MOP.

I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DOR.

He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.240

MOP.

He hath paid you all he promised you: may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

CLO.

Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

MOP.

I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves.252

CLO.

Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

AUT.

And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.256

CLO.

Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUT.

I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.260

CLO.

What hast here? ballads?

MOP.

Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a-life, for then we are sure they are true.

AUT.

Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

MOP.

Is it true, think you?268

AUT.

Very true, and but a month old.

DOR.

Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUT.

Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOP.

Pray you now, buy it.274

CLO.

Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT.

Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.284

DOR.

Is it true too, think you?

AUT.

Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLO.

Lay it by too: another.288

AUT.

This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOP.

Let's have some merry ones.

AUT.

Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.295

MOP.

We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR.

We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT.

I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.300

AUT.

Get you hence, for I must go,  
Where it fits not you to know.

DOR.

Whither?

MOP.

O! whither?304

DOR.

Whither?

MOP.

It becomes thy oath full woll,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

DOR.

Me too: let me go thither.308

MOP.

Or thou go'st to the grange or mill.

DOR.

If to either, thou dost ill.

AUT.

Neither.

DOR.

What, neither?312

AUT.

Neither.

DOR.

Thou hast sworn my love to be

MOP.

Thou hast sworn it more to me:  
Then whither go'st? say whither?316

CLO.

We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

*[Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.]*

AUT.

And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,324  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,328  
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedlar;  
Money's a meddler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a.332

*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter Servant.*

SERV.

Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind,—if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling,—it will please plentifully.341

SHEP.

Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.344

POL.

You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERV.

One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.350

SHEP.

Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased let them come in: but quickly now.

SERV.

Why, they stay at door, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

POL.

[*To Shep.*] O, father! you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Camillo.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.356

He's simple and tells much. [*To Florizel.*] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont<sup>360</sup>  
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd  
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass<sup>364</sup>  
Interpretation should abuse and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

FLO.

Old sir, I know<sup>368</sup>  
She prizes not such trifles as these are.  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart, which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd. O! hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,<sup>373</sup>  
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow<sup>376</sup>  
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

POL.

What follows this?  
How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:  
But to your protestation: let me hear<sup>381</sup>

What you profess.

FLO.

Do, and be witness to't.

POL.

And this my neighbour too?

FLO.

And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all;384

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth

That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them388

Without her love: for her employ them all;

Commend them and condemn them to her service

Or to their own perdition.

POL.

Fairly offer'd.

CAM.

This shows a sound affection.

SHEP.

But, my daughter,392

Say you the like to him?

PER.

I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his.

SHEP.

Take hands; a bargain;396

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

FLO.

O! that must be399

I' 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 us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEP.

Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

POL.

Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.

Have you a father?

FLO.

I have; but what of him?

POL.

Knows he of this?

FLO.

He neither does nor shall.

POL.

Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest<sup>408</sup>

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?<sup>412</sup>

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing

But what he did being childish?

FLO.

No, good sir:

He has his health and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age.

POL.

By my white beard,<sup>417</sup>

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial. Reason my son

Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason<sup>420</sup>

The father,—all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity,—should hold some counsel

In such a business.

FLO.

I yield all this;

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,<sup>424</sup>

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

POL.

Let him know't.

FLO.

He shall not.

POL.

Prithee, let him.

FLO.

No, he must not.

SHEP.

Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve<sup>428</sup>

At knowing of thy choice.

FLO.

Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

POL.

Mark your divorce, young sir,

*[Discovering himself.]*

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,<sup>432</sup>

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,  
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can  
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

SHEP.

O, my heart!<sup>437</sup>

POL.

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made  
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh<sup>440</sup>  
That thou no more shalt see this knack,—as never  
I mean thou shalt,—we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,  
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:  
Follow us to the court. Thou, churl, for this time,<sup>445</sup>  
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—  
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,<sup>448</sup>  
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,<sup>452</sup>  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to't.

[*Exit.*

PER.

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly,<sup>456</sup>

The self-same sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,<sup>460</sup>

Of your own state take care: this dream of mine—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,

But milk my ewes and weep.

CAM.

Why, how now, father!

Speak, ere thou diest.

SHEP.

I cannot speak, nor think,<sup>464</sup>

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,<sup>468</sup>

To lie close by his honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure<sup>472</sup>

To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

FLO.

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,476

But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:

More straining on for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

CAM.

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time480

He will allow no speech, which I do guess

You do not purpose to him; and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,484

Come not before him.

FLO.

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

CAM.

Even he, my lord.

PER.

How often have I told you 'twould be thus!

How often said my dignity would last<sup>488</sup>

But till 'twere known!

FLO.

It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I<sup>493</sup>

Am heir to my affection.

CAM.

Be advis'd.

FLO.

I am; and by my fancy: if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;<sup>496</sup>

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

CAM.

This is desperate, sir.

FLO.

So call it; but it does fulfil my vow,

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,<sup>500</sup>

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or  
The close earth wombs or the profound sea hides  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath<sup>504</sup>  
To this my fair below'd. Therefore, I pray you,  
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not  
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels  
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune<sup>509</sup>  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know  
And so deliver, I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And most opportune to our need, I have<sup>513</sup>  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor<sup>516</sup>  
Concern me the reporting.

CAM.

O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need.

FLO.

Hark, Perdita. [*Takes her aside.*

[*To Camillo.*] I'll hear you by and by.

CAM.

He's irremovable,<sup>520</sup>

Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn,  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia<sup>524</sup>  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

FLO.

Now, good Camillo,  
I am so fraught with curious business that  
I leave out ceremony.

CAM.

Sir, I think<sup>528</sup>  
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
That I have borne your father?

FLO.

Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music  
To speak your deeds, not little of his care<sup>532</sup>  
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM.

Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king  
And through him what's nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,  
If your more ponderous and settled project<sup>537</sup>

May suffer alteration, on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress,—from the whom, I see,541  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As, heavens forbend! your ruin,—marry her;  
And with my best endeavours in your absence  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,545  
And bring him up to liking.

FLO.

How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that trust to thee.

CAM.

Have you thought on549  
A place whereto you'll go?

FLO.

Not any yet;  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess552  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

CAM.

Then list to me:

This follows; if you will not change your purpose  
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,556  
And there present yourself and your fair princess,—  
For so, I see, she must be,—’fore Leontes;  
She shall be habited as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see560  
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping  
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness  
As ’twere i’ the father’s person; kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess; o’er and o’er divides him564  
’Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

FLO.

Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I568  
Hold up before him?

CAM.

Sent by the king your father  
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you as from your father shall deliver,572  
Things known betwixt us three, I’ll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say; that he shall not perceive

But that you have your father's bosom there<sup>576</sup>

And speak his very heart.

FLO.

I am bound to you.

There is some sap in this.

CAM.

A course more promising

Than a wild dedication of yourselves

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain<sup>580</sup>

To miseries enough: no hope to help you,

But as you shake off one to take another;

Nothing so certain as your anchors, who

Do their best office, if they can but stay you<sup>584</sup>

Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know

Prosperity's the very bond of love,

Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together

Affliction alters.

PER.

One of these is true:<sup>588</sup>

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,

But not take in the mind.

CAM.

Yea, say you so?

There shall not at your father's house these seven years

Be born another such.

FLO.

My good Camillo,592

She is as forward of her breeding as

She is i' the rear o' her birth.

CAM.

I cannot say 'tis pity

She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress

To most that teach.

PER.

Your pardon, sir; for this596

I'll blush you thanks.

FLO.

My prettiest Perdita!

But O! the thorns we stand upon. Camillo,

Preserver of my father, now of me,

The med'cine of our house, how shall we do?600

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAM.

My lord,

Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes

Do all lie there: it shall be so my care604

To have you royally appointed as if

The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,

That you may know you shall not want, one word.

*[They talk aside.]*

*Enter Autolycus.*

AUT.

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown,—who wants but something to be a reasonable man,—grew so in love with the wenches' song that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.634

*[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.]*

CAM.

Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.636

FLO.

And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

CAM.

Shall satisfy your father.

PER.

Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

CAM.

*[Seeing Autolycus.]* Whom have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this: omit640

Nothing may give us aid.

AUT.

[*Aside.*] If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAM.

How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT.

I am a poor fellow, sir.647

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, discase thee instantly,—thou must think, there's a 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.

AUT.

I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.656

CAM.

Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

AUT.

Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside.*] I smell the trick on't.660

FLO.

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUT.

Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAM.

Unbuckle, unbuckle.—664

[FlorizelandAutolycusexchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself

Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken<sup>669</sup>

The truth of your own seeming; that you may,—

For I do fear eyes over you,—to shipboard

Get undescried.

PER.

I see the play so lies<sup>672</sup>

That I must bear a part.

CAM.

No remedy.

Have you done there?

FLO.

Should I now meet my father

He would not call me son.

CAM.

Nay, you shall have no hat.

[Giving it toPerdita.

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUT.

Adieu, sir.<sup>676</sup>

FLO.

O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word.

*[They converse apart.]*

CAM.

*[Aside.]* What I do next shall be to tell the king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;680

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after: in whose company

I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

FLO.

Fortune speed us!684

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAM.

The swifter speed the better.

*[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.]*

AUT.

I understand the business; I hear 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 connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession. Aside, aside: here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.704

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*

CLO.

See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEP.

Nay, but hear me.708

CLO.

Nay, but hear me.

SHEP.

Go to, then.

CLO.

She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.717

SHEP.

I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.722

CLO.

Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

AUT.

[*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!727

SHEP.

Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

AUT.

[*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.732

CLO.

Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUT.

[*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?738

SHEP.

To the palace, an it like your worship.740

AUT.

Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.745

CLO.

We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUT.

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 stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.752

CLO.

Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.755

SHEP.

Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

AUT.

Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pe, and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP.

My business, sir, is to the king.768

AUT.

What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEP.

I know not, an't like you.

CLO.

Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.772

SHEP.

None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

AUT.

How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,

Therefore I'll not disdain.776

CLO.

This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP.

His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

CLO.

He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

AUT.

The fardel there? what's i' the fardel?

Wherefore that box?784

SHEP.

Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour if I may come to the speech of him. 788

AUT.

Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP.

Why, sir?

AUT.

The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

SHEP.

So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter. 797

AUT.

If that shepherd be not now in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the torture he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster. 801

CLO.

Think you so, sir?

AUT.

Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. 813

CLO.

Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

AUT.

He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me,—for you seem to be honest plain men,—what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.833

CLO.

He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive!'839

SHEP.

An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

AUT.

After I have done what I promised?845

SHEP.

Ay, sir.

AUT.

Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?848

CLO.

In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUT.

O! that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.853

CLO.

Comfort, good comfort! we must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.860

AUT.

I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

CLO.

We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.865

SHEP.

Let's before as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

*[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.]*

AUT.

If I had a mind to be honest I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it.

*[Exit.]*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Sicilia. A Room In The Palace Of***Leontes.

*Enter*Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina,*and others.*

CLEO.

Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,<sup>4</sup>  
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;  
With them forgive yourself.

LEON.

Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them, and so still think of<sup>8</sup>  
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL.

True, too true, my lord;<sup>12</sup>  
If one by one you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd  
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON.

I think so. Kill'd!<sup>16</sup>  
She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me  
Sorely to say I did: it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now  
Say so but seldom.

CLEO.

Not at all, good lady:20

You might have spoken a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd

Your kindness better.

PAUL.

You are one of those

Would have him wed again.

DION.

If you would not so,24

You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name; consider little

What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,

May drop upon his kingdom and devour28

Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy

Than to rejoice the former queen is well?

What holier than for royalty's repair,

For present comfort, and for future good,32

To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to 't?

PAUL.

There is none worthy,

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;36

For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason<sup>41</sup>  
As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel<sup>44</sup>  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills.—[To Leontes.] Care not for issue;  
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor<sup>48</sup>  
Was like to be the best.

LEON.

Good Paulina,  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour; O! that ever I  
Had squar'd me 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.

LEON.

Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,<sup>56</sup>

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse and on this stage,—  
Where we're offenders now,—appear soul-vex'd,  
And begin, 'Why to me?'

PAUL.

Had she such power,<sup>60</sup>  
She had just cause.

LEON.

She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

PAUL.

I 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<sup>64</sup>  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be 'Remember mine.'

LEON.

Stars, stars!  
And all eyes else dead coals. Fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAUL.

Will you swear<sup>69</sup>  
Never to marry but by my free leave?

LEON.

Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

PAUL.

Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.<sup>72</sup>

CLEO.

You tempt him over much.

PAUL.

Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,

Affront his eye.

CLEO.

Good madam,—

PAUL.

I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,<sup>76</sup>

No remedy, but you will,—give me the office

To choose you a queen, she shall not be so young

As was your former; but she shall be such

As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy<sup>80</sup>

To see her in your arms.

LEON.

My true Paulina,

We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

PAUL.

That

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;

Never till then.<sup>84</sup>

*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.

LEON.

What with him? he comes not<sup>88</sup>

Like to his father's greatness; his approach,

So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us

'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd

By need and accident. What train?

GENT.

But few,<sup>92</sup>

And those but mean.

LEON.

His princess, say you, with him?

GENT.

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAUL.

O Hermione!

As every present time doth boast itself<sup>96</sup>  
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 had not been,  
Nor was not to be equal'd;’ thus your verse<sup>101</sup>  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd  
To say you have seen a better.

GENT.

Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,<sup>105</sup>  
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else, make proselytes<sup>108</sup>  
Of who she but bid follow.

PAUL.

How! not women?

GENT.

Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

LEON.

Go, Cleomenes; 112

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt* Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.

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 their births.

LEON.

Prithee, no more: cease! thou know'st  
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure, 120  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that which may  
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.  
*Re-enter* Cleomenes, with Florizel, Perdita, and Others.  
Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off, 125  
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother, 128  
As I did him; and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!

And you, fair princess,—goddess! O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth<sup>132</sup>  
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as  
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—  
All mine own folly—the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,<sup>136</sup>  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

FLO.

By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him  
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,<sup>140</sup>  
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,—  
Which waits upon worn times,—hath something seiz'd  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The land and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves—<sup>145</sup>  
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres  
And those that bear them living.

LEON.

O, my brother!—  
Good gentleman,—the wrongs I have done thee stir<sup>148</sup>  
A fresh within me, and these thy offices  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage—153  
At least ungentle—of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
The adventure of her person?

FLO.

Good my lord,156  
She came from Libya.

LEON.

Where the war-like Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

FLO.

Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter  
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence—160  
A 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 dismiss'd;164  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival and my wife's, in safety  
Here where we are.

LEON.

The blessed gods168  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you

Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:172  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd—  
As he from heaven merits it—with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD.

Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,180  
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has—  
His dignity and duty both cast off—  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

LEON.

Where's Bohemia? speak.185

LORD.

Here in your city; I now came from him:  
I speak amazedly, and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your court188

Whiles he was hastening,—in the chase it seems  
Of this fair couple,—meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

FLO.

Camillo has betray'd me;193  
Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endur'd all weathers.

LORD.

Lay't so to his charge:  
He's with the king your father.

LEON.

Who? Camillo?196

LORD.

Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:200  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

PER.

O my poor father!  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have

Our contract celebrated.

LEON.

You are married?204

FLO.

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:

The odds for high and low's alike.

LEON.

My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

FLO.

She is,208

When once she is my wife.

LEON.

That 'once,' I see, by your good father's speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking212

Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry

Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her.

FLO.

Dear, look up:

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,216

Should chase us with my father, power no jot

Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time  
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request<sup>221</sup>  
My father will grant precious things as trifles

LEON.

Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL.

Sir, my liege,<sup>224</sup>  
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes  
Than what you look on now.

LEON.

I thought of her,  
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*] But your petition<sup>228</sup>  
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am friend to them and you; upon which errand  
I now go toward him. Therefore follow me,<sup>232</sup>  
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

*The Same. Before The Palace.*

*Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.*

AUT.

Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

GENT.

I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.<sup>8</sup>

AUT.

I would most gladly know the issue of it.

GENT.

I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.<sup>21</sup>

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

SEC. GENT.

Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?<sup>32</sup>

THIRD GENT.

Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?<sup>44</sup>

SEC. GENT.

No.

THIRD GENT.

Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so, and in such manner that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.<sup>64</sup>

SEC. GENT.

What, pray you, became of Antigonus that carried hence the child?

THIRD GENT.

Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence—which seems much—to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.<sup>73</sup>

FIRST GENT.

What became of his bark and his followers?

THIRD GENT.

Wracked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it

was found. But, O! the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina. She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.<sup>87</sup>

FIRST GENT.

The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENT.

One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes,—caught the water though not the fish,—was when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it,—bravely confessed and lamented by the king,—how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'alas!' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swounded, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.<sup>103</sup>

FIRST GENT.

Are they returned to the court?

THIRD GENT.

No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.<sup>116</sup>

SEC. GENT.

I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?<sup>122</sup>

FIRST GENT.

Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.<sup>126</sup>

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.]

AUT.

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 fardel and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter,—so he 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 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.141

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

SHEP.

Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.144

CLO.

You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now gentleman born.

AUT.

I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.153

CLO.

Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEP.

And so have I, boy.156

CLO.

So you have: but 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 my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.164

SHEP.

We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLO.

Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUT.

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.

SHEP.

Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.173

CLO.

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT.

Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLO.

Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.178

SHEP.

You may say it, but not swear it.

CLO.

Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEP.

How if it be false, son?182

CLO.

If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it 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 would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUT.

I will prove so, sir, to my power.191

CLO.

Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.197

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Chapel InPaulina'SHouse.***

*Enter*Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, *and* Attendants.

LEON.

O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

PAUL.

What, sovereign sir,

I did not well, I meant well. All my services

You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,4

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never

My life may last to answer.

LEON.

O Paulina!8

We honour 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<sup>12</sup>  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

PAUL.

As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon<sup>16</sup>  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 'tis well.<sup>20</sup>  
*[Paulina draws back a curtain, and discovers Hermione as a statue.]*  
I like your silence: it the more shows off  
Your wonder; but yet speak: first you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near?

LEON.

Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed<sup>24</sup>  
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing  
So aged as this seems.

POL.

O! not by much.<sup>29</sup>

PAUL.

So much the more our carver's excellence;  
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

LEON.

As now she might have done,<sup>32</sup>  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty,—warm life,  
As now it coldly stands,—when first I woo'd her.  
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me<sup>37</sup>  
For being more stone than it? O, royal piece!  
There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and<sup>40</sup>  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee.

PER.

And give me leave,  
And do not say 'tis superstition, that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,<sup>44</sup>  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAUL.

O, patience!

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's

Not dry.48

CAM.

My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

So many summers dry: scarce any joy

Did ever so long live; no sorrow52

But kill'd itself much sooner.

POL.

Dear my brother,

Let him that was the cause of this have power

To take off so much grief from you as he

Will piece up in himself.

PAUL.

Indeed, my lord,56

If I had thought the sight of my poor image

Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine,—

I'd not have show'd it.

LEON.

Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL.

No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy60

May think anon it moves.

LEON.

Let be, let be!

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins<sup>64</sup>

Did verily bear blood?

POL.

Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEON.

The fixure of her eye has motion in't,

As we are mock'd with art.

PAUL.

I'll draw the curtain;<sup>68</sup>

My lord's almost so far transported that

He'll think anon it lives.

LEON.

O sweet Paulina!

Make me to think so twenty years together:

No settled senses of the world can match<sup>72</sup>

The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

PAUL.

I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but

I could afflict you further.

LEON.

Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet<sup>76</sup>

As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,

For I will kiss her.

PAUL.

Good my lord, forbear.<sup>80</sup>

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:

You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own

With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEON.

No, not these twenty years.

PER.

So long could I<sup>84</sup>

Stand by, a looker-on.

PAUL.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you

For more amazement. If you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,<sup>88</sup>

And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,—

Which I protest against,—I am assisted

By wicked powers.

LEON.

What you can make her do,

I am content to look on: what to speak,<sup>92</sup>

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy

To make her speak as move.

PAUL.

It is requir'd

You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still;

Or those that think it is unlawful business<sup>96</sup>

I am about, let them depart.

LEON.

Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

PAUL.

Music, awake her: strike!

[*Music.*

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;

I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;<sup>101</sup>

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:

[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not; her actions shall be holy as<sup>104</sup>

You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her  
Until you see her die again, for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:  
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age 108  
Is she become the suitor!

LEON.

[*Embracing her.*] O! she's warm.

If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

POL.

She embraces him.

CAM.

She hangs about his neck: 112  
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

POL.

Ay; and make't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or how stol'n from the dead.

PAUL.

That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at 116  
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. Turn, good lady; 120

Our Perdita is found.

*[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.]*

HER.

You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found<sup>124</sup>

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

Myself to see the issue.

PAUL.

There's time enough for that;<sup>128</sup>

Lest they desire upon this push to trouble

Your joys with like relation. Go together,

You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,<sup>132</sup>

Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament till I am lost.

LEON.

O! peace, Paulina.

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,<sup>136</sup>

As I by thine a wife: this is a match,

And made between's by 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<sup>140</sup>  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—  
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty<sup>144</sup>  
Is richly noted, and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,  
That e'er I put between your holy looks<sup>148</sup>  
My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king,—whom heavens directing,  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely<sup>152</sup>  
Each one demand and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first  
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.  
*[Exeunt.]*

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY,

Son to the King.

ARTHUR,

Duke of Britaine, Nephew to the King.

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

THE LORD BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,

Son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP THE BASTARD,

his half-brother.

JAMES GURNEY,

Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER OF POMFRET,

a Prophet.

PHILIP,

King of France.

LEWIS,

the Dauphin.

LYMOGES,

Duke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH,

the Pope's Legate.

MELUN,

a French Lord.

CHATILLON,

Ambassador from France.

QUEEN ELINOR,

Mother to King John.

CONSTANCE,

Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH OF SPAIN,

Niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene.—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

### ACT I.

Scene I.—

#### *A Room Of State In The Palace.*

*Enter* King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, *and Others,*  
*with* Chatillon.

K. JOHN.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHAT.

Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,  
In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.<sup>4</sup>

ELI.

A strange beginning; 'borrow'd majesty!'

K. JOHN.

Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

CHAT.

Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,<sup>8</sup>  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island and the territories,  
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword<sup>12</sup>  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. JOHN.

What follows if we disallow of this?

CHAT.

The proud control of fierce and bloody war,<sup>17</sup>  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. JOHN.

Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

CHAT.

Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,<sup>21</sup>  
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. JOHN.

Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;<sup>24</sup>  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.  
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath  
And sullen presage of your own decay.<sup>28</sup>

An honourable conduct let him have:

Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

*[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.]*

ELI.

What now, my son! have I not ever said  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease  
Till she had kindled France and all the world<sup>33</sup>  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented and made whole  
With very easy arguments of love,<sup>36</sup>  
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. JOHN.

Our strong possession and our right for us.

ELI.

Your strong possession much more than your right,40

Or else it must go wrong, with you and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

*Enter a Sheriff, who whispers*Essex.

ESSEX.

My liege, here is the strangest controversy,44

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,

That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. JOHN.

Let them approach.

*[Exit Sheriff.*

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay48

This expedition's charge.

*Re-enter Sheriff, with*Robert Faulconbridge*and*Philip,*his Bastard Brother.*

What men are you?

BAST.

Your faithful subject I, a gentleman

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,52

A soldier, by the honour-giving hand

Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

K. JOHN.

What art thou?

ROB.

The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.<sup>56</sup>

K. JOHN.

Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

BAST.

Most certain of one mother, mighty king,

That is well known: and, as I think, one father:

But for the certain knowledge of that truth<sup>61</sup>

I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

ELI.

Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother<sup>64</sup>

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

BAST.

I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, a' pops me out<sup>68</sup>

At least from fair five hundred pound a year:

Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. JOHN.

A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?72

BAST.

I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whe'r I be as true-begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;76

But that I am as well-begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,80

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 us here!84

ELI.

He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?88

K. JOHN.

Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak:

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

BAST.

Because he hath a half-face, like my father.92

With half that face would he have all my land;

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

ROB.

My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much,—96

BAST.

Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

ROB.

And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there with the emperor100

To treat of high affairs touching that time.

The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,104

But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,—

As I have heard my father speak himself,—

When this same lusty gentleman was got.108

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and took it on his death

That this my mother's son was none of his;

An if he were, he came into the world112

Full fourteen weeks before the 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 if my brother,

Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,<sup>121</sup>

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf bred from his cow from all the world;

In sooth he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;

My mother's son did get your father's heir;<sup>128</sup>

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?

BAST.

Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.<sup>133</sup>

ELI.

Whe'r hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion, 136  
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

BAST.

Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
Lest men should say, 'Look, where three-far-things goes!'  
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land, 144  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face:  
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

ELI.

I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune, 148  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier and now bound to France.

BAST.

Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.  
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELI.

Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BAST.

Our country manners give our betters way.156

K. JOHN.

What is thy name?

BAST.

Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. JOHN.

From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;

Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

BAST.

Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.164

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

ELI.

The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so.168

BAST.

Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,  
And have is have, however men do catch.173  
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. JOHN.

Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;176  
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.  
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed  
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

BAST.

Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!180  
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

*[Exeunt 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.184  
'Good den, Sir Richard!' 'God-a-mercy, fellow!'  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:  
'Tis too respective and too sociable188  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize192

My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'—  
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—  
'I shall beseech you,'—that is question now;  
And then comes answer like an absey-book:196  
'O, sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;  
At your employment; at your service, sir:'  
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'  
And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
Saving in dialogue of compliment,201  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.204  
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;208  
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 deliver212  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.216  
But who comes in such haste in riding-robos?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.*

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

LADY F.

Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST.

My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son? 224

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY F.

Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert? 228

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

BAST.

James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

GUR.

Good leave, good Philip.

BAST.

Philip! sparrow! James,

There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

*[Exit Gurney.]*

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:233

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,236

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:

We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?

Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.240

LADY F.

Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

BAST.

Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.244

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.248

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

LADY F.

Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BAST.

As faithfully as I deny the devil.252

LADY F.

King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father:  
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed.  
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,<sup>257</sup>  
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

BAST.

Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.<sup>260</sup>  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,<sup>264</sup>  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts<sup>268</sup>  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.<sup>272</sup>  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not.<sup>276</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### ***France. Before The Walls Of Angiers.***

*Enter, on one side, the Duke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, Philip, King of France, and Forces, Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and Attendants.*

K. PHI.

Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart

And fought the holy wars in Palestine,<sup>4</sup>

By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hither is he come,

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,<sup>8</sup>

And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTH.

God shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death<sup>12</sup>

The rather that you give his offspring life,

Shadowing their right under your wings of war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love:<sup>16</sup>

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

K. PHI.

A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

AUST.

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love,<sup>20</sup>  
That to my home I will no more return  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides<sup>24</sup>  
And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,<sup>28</sup>  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONST.

O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,<sup>32</sup>  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
To make a more requital to your love.

AUST.

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
In such a just and charitable war.<sup>36</sup>

K. PHI.

Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent  
Against the brows of this resisting town.  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages:40  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONST.

Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace which here we urge in war;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood48  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter* Chatillon.

K. PHI.

A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd!  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;52  
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

CHAT.

Then turn your forces from this paltry siege  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,56

Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I;  
His marches are expedient to this town,<sup>60</sup>  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;  
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd;<sup>65</sup>  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,<sup>68</sup>  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits<sup>72</sup>  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.  
*[Drums heard within.*  
The interruption of their churlish drums<sup>76</sup>  
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.  
K. PHIL.  
How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

AUST.

By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence,81

For courage mounteth with occasion:

Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter* King John, Elinor, Blanch, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and Forces*.

K. JOHN.

Peace be to France, if France in peace permit84

Our just and lineal entrance to our own;

If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.88

K. PHI.

Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace.

England we love; and, for that England's sake

With burden of our armour here we sweat:92

This toil of ours should be a work of thine;

But thou from loving England art so far

That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,

Cut off the sequence of posterity,96

Out-faced infant state, and done a rape

Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;100

This little abstract doth contain that large  
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,104  
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right  
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God  
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. JOHN.

From whom hast thou this great commission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. PHI.

From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts112  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right:  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,116  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. JOHN.

Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. PHI.

Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

ELI.

Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?120

CONST.

Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

ELI.

Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

CONST.

My bed was ever to thy son as true

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy125

Liker in feature to his father Geffrey

Than thou and John in manners; being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.128

My boy a bastard! By my soul I think

His father never was so true begot:

It cannot be an if thou wert his mother.

ELI.

There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.132

CONST.

There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

AUST.

Peace!

BAST.

Hear the crier.

AUST.

What the devil art thou?

BAST.

One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.136  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I'll smoke your skin coat, an I catch you right.  
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.140

BLANCH.

O! well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

BAST.

It lies as sightly on the back of him  
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:144  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUST.

What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?148  
King,—Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

K. PHIL.

Women and fools, break off your conference.  
King John, this is the very sum of all:

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.153

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. JOHN.

My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand;156

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Submit thee, boy.

ELI.

Come to thy grandam, child.

CONST.

Do, child, go to it grandam, child;160

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandam.

ARTH.

Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave:164

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

ELI.

His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

CONST.

Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,168

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.172

ELI.

Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CONST.

Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp

The dominations, royalties, and rights176

Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him,180

Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. JOHN.

Bedlam, have done.

CONST.

I have but this to say,

That he's not only plagued for her sin,184

But God hath made her sin and her the plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,

And with her plague, her sin; his injury

Her injury, the beadle to her sin, 188

All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her. A plague upon her!

ELI.

Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son. 192

CONST.

Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. PHI.

Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim 196

To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. 200

*Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.*

FIRST CIT.

Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. PHI.

'Tis France, for England.

K. JOHN.

England for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. PHI.

You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,204

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

K. JOHN.

For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,208

Have hither march'd to your endamage:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:212

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about,217

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made220

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But on the sight of us your lawful king,—

Who painfully with much expedient march

Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—225

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,228  
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears:  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,233  
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. PHI.

When I have said, make answer to us both.  
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection236  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:240  
For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In war-like march these greens before your town,  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,244  
In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;  
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,249  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;

Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;252  
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruise'd,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again  
Which here we came to spout against your town,256  
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war,260  
Though all these English and their discipline  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?264  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

FIRST CIT.

In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.268

K. JOHN.

Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

FIRST CIT.

That can we not; but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal: till that time  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. JOHN.

Doth not the crown of England prove the king?273

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

BAST.

Bastards, and else.276

K. JOHN.

To verify our title with their lives.

K. PHI.

As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

BAST.

Some bastards too.

K. PHI.

Stand in his face to contradict his claim.280

FIRST CIT.

Till thou compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. JOHN.

Then God forgive the sins of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence,284

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. PHI.

Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

BAST.

Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since<sup>288</sup>

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence! [*To Austria.*] Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,<sup>292</sup>

And make a monster of you.

AUST.

Peace! no more.

BAST

O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. JOHN.

Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.<sup>296</sup>

BAST.

Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. PHI.

It shall be so; [*To Lewis.*] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums and excursions; then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. HER.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,<sup>300</sup>

And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in,

Who, by the hand of France this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons he scatter'd on the bleeding ground;  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,305  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French,308  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors and to proclaim  
Arthur of Britaine England's king and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with trumpets.*

E. HER.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;312  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
There stuck no plume in any English crest317  
That is removed by a staff of France;  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth;320  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands  
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
Open your gates and give the victors way.324

FIRST CIT.

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censured:328  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:  
Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,332  
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.  
*Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers, severally.*

K. JOHN.

France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?  
Say, shall the current of our right run on?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,336  
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell  
With course disturb'd even thy confling shores,  
Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean.340

K. PHI.

England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,  
In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,344  
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
Or add a royal number to the dead,  
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss<sup>348</sup>  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

BAST.

Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O! now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;<sup>352</sup>  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?<sup>356</sup>  
Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,  
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!<sup>360</sup>

K. JOHN.

Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. PHI.

Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

FIRST CIT.

The King of England, when we know the king.

K. PHI.

Know him in us, that here hold up his right.<sup>364</sup>

K. JOHN.

In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here,  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

FIRST CIT.

A greater power than we denies all this;368  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,  
Kings of ourselves; until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.372

BAST.

By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,  
And stand securely on their battlements  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.376  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:  
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.380  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,  
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:384  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,388  
And part your mingled colours once again;  
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;  
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,392  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?396

K. JOHN.

Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then after fight who shall be king of it?400

BAST.

An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;404  
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.

K. PHI.

Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?408

K. JOHN.

We from the west will send destruction

Into this city's bosom.

AUST.

I from the north.

K. PHI.

Our thunder from the south

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.412

BAST.

O, prudent discipline! From north to south

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

FIRST CIT.

Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,416

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field.420

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. JOHN.

Speak on with favour: we are bent to hear.

FIRST CIT.

That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,

Is near to England: look upon the years424

Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,<sup>428</sup>  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,<sup>432</sup>  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete of, say he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not that she is not he:<sup>436</sup>  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.<sup>440</sup>  
O! two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,<sup>444</sup>  
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,<sup>448</sup>  
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 confident, mountains and rocks<sup>452</sup>  
More free from motion, no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

BAST.

Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death<sup>456</sup>  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.<sup>460</sup>  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his<sup>464</sup>  
But buffets better than a fist of France.  
'Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

ELI.

[*Aside to King John.*] Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;<sup>468</sup>  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,

That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe<sup>472</sup>

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark how they whisper: urge them while their souls

Are capable of this ambition,<sup>476</sup>

Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

FIRST CIT.

Why answer not the double majesties<sup>480</sup>

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. PHI.

Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. JOHN.

If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,<sup>484</sup>

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea,—<sup>488</sup>

Except this city now by us besieg'd,—

Find liable to our crown and dignity,

Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions,<sup>492</sup>

As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. PHI.

What sayst thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

LEW.

I do, my lord; and in her eye I find<sup>496</sup>

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;

Which, being but the shadow of your son

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:

I do protest I never lov'd myself<sup>501</sup>

Till now infix'd I beheld myself,

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* Blanch.

BAST.

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,

That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be<sup>508</sup>

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

BLANCH.

My uncle's will in this respect is mine:

If he see aught in you that makes him like,

That anything he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;<sup>513</sup>

Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,516  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this: that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,  
That I can find should merit any hate.520

K. JOHN.

What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

BLANCH.

That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. JOHN.

Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?524

LEW.

Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. JOHN.

Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,528  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. PHI.

It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.533

AUST.

And your lips too; for I am well assur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd.

K. PHI.

Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,536

Let in that amity which you have made;

For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.

Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?540

I know she is not; for this match made up

Her presence would have interrupted much:

Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

LEW.

She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.544

K. PHI.

And, by my faith, this league that we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;548

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.

K. JOHN.

We will heal up all;  
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine  
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance:  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,<sup>556</sup>  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.<sup>560</sup>

*[Exeunt all except the Bastard. The Citizens retire from the walls.]*

BAST.

Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part;  
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,<sup>564</sup>  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,<sup>569</sup>  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,  
Who having no external thing to lose

But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,572

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,

Commodity, the bias of the world;

The world, who of itself is peized well,

Made to run even upon even ground,576

Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this Commodity,

Makes it take head from all indifferency,

From all direction, purpose, course, intent:580

And this same bias, this Commodity,

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,

Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war,585

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

And why rail I on this Commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet.588

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand

When his fair angels would salute my palm;

But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.592

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,

And say there is no sin but to be rich;

And being rich, my virtue then shall be

To say there is no vice but beggary.596

Since kings break faith upon Commodity,  
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***France. The French King'S Tent.***

*Enter* Constance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.

CONST.

Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!  
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!  
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?  
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;<sup>4</sup>  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.  
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man:<sup>8</sup>  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick and capable of fears;<sup>12</sup>  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,<sup>16</sup>

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?20  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?24  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SAL.

As true as I believe you think them false  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.28

CONST.

O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so  
As doth the fury of two desperate men32  
Which in the very meeting fall and die.  
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy! then where art thou?  
France friend with England what becomes of me?  
Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight:36  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

SAL.

What other harm have I, good lady, done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

CONST.

Which harm within itself so heinous is

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.<sup>41</sup>

ARTH.

I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CONST.

If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,<sup>44</sup>

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,

I would not care, I then would be content;<sup>48</sup>

For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou

Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,

Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast<sup>53</sup>

And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O!

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:

She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,<sup>56</sup>

And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,

And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,<sup>60</sup>

That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone  
And leave those woes alone which I alone<sup>64</sup>  
Am bound to underbear.

SAL.

Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.

CONST.

Thou mayst, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.  
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;<sup>68</sup>  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.  
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<sup>72</sup>  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

*[Seats herself on the ground.]*

*Enter* King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, *the* Bastard, Duke of Austria, *and* Attendants.

K. PHI.

'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
Ever in France shall be kept festival:<sup>76</sup>  
To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,

Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:80  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holiday.

CONST.

[*Rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day!  
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done  
That it in golden letters should be set85  
Among the high tides in the calendar?  
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:88  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
But on this day let seamen fear no wrack;92  
No bargains break that are not this day made;  
This day all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. PHI.

By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause96  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

CONST.

You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit  
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,100

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,105  
And our oppression hath made up this league.  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!  
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!108  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!  
Hear me! O, hear me!

AUST.

Lady Constance, peace!

CONST.

War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.113  
O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil. thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!  
Thou little valiant, great in villany!116  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,120  
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp and swear

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST.

O! that a man should speak those words to me.

BAST.

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST.

Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

BAST.

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. JOHN.

We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter Pandolph.*

K. PHI.

Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

PAND.

Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandolph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do in his name religiously demand<sup>140</sup>  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?<sup>144</sup>  
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. JOHN.

What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?<sup>148</sup>  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England<sup>152</sup>  
Add thus much more: that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So under him that great supremacy,<sup>156</sup>  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart  
To him, and his usurp'd authority.<sup>160</sup>

K. PHI.

Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. JOHN.

Though you and all the kings of Christendom  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust, 165  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;  
Though you and all the rest so grossly led 168  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

PAND.

Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to a heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, 176  
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

CONST.

O! lawful let it be  
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.  
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen 181  
To my keen curses; for without my wrong

There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

PAND.

There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.184

CONST.

And for mine too: when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,

For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,189

How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

PAND.

Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,192

And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

ELI.

Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

CONST.

Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,196

And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

AUST.

King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

BAST.

And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

AUST.

Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,200

Because—

BAST.

Your breeches best may carry them.

K. JOHN.

Philip, what sayst thou to the cardinal?

CONST.

What should he say, but as the cardinal?

LEW.

Bethink you, father; for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,205

Or the light loss of England for a friend:

Forego the easier.

BLANCH.

That's the curse of Rome.

CONST.

O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,208

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

BLANCH.

The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

CONST.

O! if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith,212

That need must needs infer this principle,

That faith would live again by death of need:

O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. JOHN.

The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.217

CONST.

O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

AUST.

Do so, King Philip: hang no more in doubt.

BAST.

Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.220

K. PHI.

I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

PAND.

What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. PHI.

Good reverend father, make my person yours,224

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;229  
The latest breath that gave the sound of words  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,  
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;232  
And even before this truce, but new before,  
No longer than we well could wash our hands  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd236  
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed kings:  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,240  
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,  
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,248  
My reverend father, let it not be so!  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd  
To do your pleasure and continue friends.252

PAND.

All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.<sup>257</sup>  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,<sup>260</sup>  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. PHI.

I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PAND.

So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith:  
And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath,<sup>264</sup>  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;  
That is, to be the champion of our church.  
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself  
And may not be performed by thyself;<sup>269</sup>  
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.<sup>273</sup>  
The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect,  
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,276  
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire  
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.  
It is religion that doth make vows kept;  
But thou hast sworn against religion280  
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,  
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;284  
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 later vows against thy first288  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;  
And better conquest never canst thou make  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against these giddy loose suggestions:292  
Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know  
The peril of our curses light on thee  
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,296  
But in despair die under their black weight.

AUST.

Rebellion, flat rebellion!

BAST.

Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

LEW.

Father, to arms!

BLANCH.

Upon thy wedding-day?300

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?304

O husband, hear me! ay, alack! how new

Is husband in my mouth; even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms308

Against mine uncle.

CONST.

O! upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Forethought by heaven.312

BLANCH.

Now shall I see thy love: what motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

CONST.

That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,

His honour: O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.316

LEW.

I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

PAND.

I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. PHI.

Thou shalt not need. England, I'll fall from thee.320

CONST.

O fair return of banish'd majesty!

ELI.

O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. JOHN.

France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

BAST.

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,324

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

BLANCH.

The sun's o'er-cast with blood: fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;328

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder 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;333

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss before the match be play'd.336

LEW.

Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCH.

There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. JOHN.

Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

*[Exit Bastard.]*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,341

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

K. PHI.

Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn344

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. JOHN.

No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. Plains Near Angiers.***

*Alarums; excursions. Enter the Bastard, with the Duke of Austria's head.*

BAST.

Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

While Philip breathes.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.*

K. JOHN.

Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up,

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear.

BAST.

My lord, I rescu'd her;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not:<sup>8</sup>

But on, my liege; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to a happy end.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Same.***

*Alarums; excursions; retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. JOHN.

[*To Elinor.*] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind  
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur.*] Cousin, look not sad:  
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.<sup>4</sup>

ARTH.

O! this will make my mother die with grief.

K. JOHN.

[*To the Bastard.*] Cousin, away for England! haste before;  
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty<sup>8</sup>  
Imprison'd angels: 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<sup>12</sup>  
When gold and silver beck 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.<sup>16</sup>

ELI.

Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. JOHN.

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit* Bastard.

ELI.

Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[*She takes* Arthur's side.

K. JOHN.

Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh<sup>20</sup>  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.<sup>24</sup>  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.<sup>28</sup>

HUB.

I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN.

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;  
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.<sup>32</sup>  
I had a thing to say, but let it go:  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds<sup>36</sup>

To give me audience: if the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy race of night;  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;<sup>41</sup>  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,  
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes<sup>45</sup>  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes;  
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,<sup>48</sup>  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,<sup>52</sup>  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
But ah! I will not: yet I love thee well;  
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

HUB.

So well, that what you bid me undertake,<sup>56</sup>  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I would do it.

K. JOHN.

Do not I know thou wouldst?

Good Hubert! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,60  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread  
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?  
Thou art his keeper.

HUB.

And I'll keep him so64  
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN.

Death.

HUB.

My lord?

K. JOHN.

A grave.

HUB.

He shall not live.

K. JOHN.

Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:68  
Remember. Madam, fare you well:  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

ELI.

My blessing go with thee!

K. JOHN.

For England, cousin; go:

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you<sup>72</sup>

With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***The Same. The French King'S Tent.***

*Enter* King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph,*and* Attendants.

K. PHI.

So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,

A whole armado of convicted sail

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

PAND.

Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.<sup>4</sup>

K. PHI.

What can go well when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody England into England gone,<sup>8</sup>

O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

LEW.

What he hath won that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,12  
Doth want example: who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. PHI.

Well could I bear that England had this praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.16

*Enter* Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.  
I prithee lady, go away with me.20

CONST.

Lo now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. PHI.

Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

CONST.

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,24  
Death, death: O, amiable lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,28  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,

And ring these fingers with thy household worms,  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:33  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st  
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,  
O! come to me.

K. PHI

O fair affliction, peace!36

CONST.

No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:  
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world,  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy40  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.

PAND.

Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONST.

Thou art not holy to belie me so;44  
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!  
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!48  
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O! if I could, what grief should I forget.

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;52  
For being not mad but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:56  
If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.  
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.60

K. PHI.

Bind up those tresses. O! what love I note  
In the fair multitude of those her hairs:  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends64  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

CONST.

To England, if you will.

K. PHI.

Bind up your hairs.68

CONST.

Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?  
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud

'O! that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'72  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say76  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,80  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,84  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never88  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

PAND.

You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONST.

He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. PHI.

You are as fond of grief as of your child.92

CONST.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,<sup>96</sup>  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.<sup>100</sup>  
I will not keep this form upon my head  
When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!<sup>104</sup>  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

*[Exit.*

K. PHI.

I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

*[Exit.*

LEW.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,<sup>108</sup>  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd 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,113  
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?116

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.120  
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won.  
Are not you griev'd 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.125  
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 rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead129  
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.  
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,

That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins<sup>132</sup>

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand

Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;

And he that stands upon a slippery place<sup>137</sup>

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.<sup>140</sup>

LEW.

But what shall I gain by 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 lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PAND.

How green you are and fresh in this old world!<sup>145</sup>

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood

Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.<sup>148</sup>

This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts

Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,

That none so small advantage shall step forth

To check his reign, but they will cherish it;<sup>152</sup>

No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause<sup>156</sup>  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LEW.

May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,<sup>160</sup>  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAND.

O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him<sup>165</sup>  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,  
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.<sup>168</sup>  
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:  
And, O! what better matter breeds for you  
Than I have nam'd. The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England ransacking the church,<sup>172</sup>  
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, tumbled about, 176  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin!  
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful  
What may be wrought out of their discontent  
Now that their souls are topful of offence. 180  
For England go; I will whet on the king.

LEW.

Strong reasons make strong actions. 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.

Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

FIRST ATTEND.

I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB.

Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.

[*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 merrier.

ARTH.

Mercy on me! 12

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, 16

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 doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me: 20

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB.

[*Aside.*] If I talk to him with his innocent prate<sup>25</sup>  
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

ARTH.

Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:<sup>28</sup>  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you:  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

HUB.

[*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.<sup>32</sup>  
Read here, young Arthur.

[*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!  
Turning despiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.<sup>36</sup>  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

ARTH.

Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB.

Young boy, I must.

ARTH.

And will you?

HUB.

And I will.<sup>40</sup>

ARTH.

Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—

And I did never ask it you again;<sup>44</sup>

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, 'What lack you?' and, 'Where lies your grief?'<sup>48</sup>

Or, 'What good love may I perform for you?'

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick-service had a prince.<sup>52</sup>

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning: do an if you will.

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?<sup>56</sup>

These eyes that never did nor never shall

So much as frown on you?

HUB.

I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH.

Ah! none but in this iron age would do it!<sup>60</sup>

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears

And quench this fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence;<sup>64</sup>

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me<sup>68</sup>

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hubert's.

HUB.

[*Stamps.*] Come forth.

*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.<sup>72</sup>

ARTH.

O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB.

Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH.

Alas! what need you be so boisterousrough?76

I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.84

HUB.

Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

FIRST ATTEND.

I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

ARTH.

Alas! I then have chid away my friend:

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.88

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

HUB.

Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH.

Is there no remedy?

HUB.

None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH.

O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,<sup>92</sup>

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense;

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.<sup>96</sup>

HUB.

Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH.

Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:

Or Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,<sup>101</sup>

So I may keep mine eyes: O! spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you:

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold<sup>104</sup>

And would not harm me.

HUB.

I can heat it, boy.

ARTH.

No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;108

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB.

But with my breath I can revive it, boy.112

ARTH.

An if you do you will but make it blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;

And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,116

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.121

HUB.

Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,124

With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH.

O! now you look like Hubert, all this while

You were disguised.

HUB.

Peace! no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead;

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:129

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,

That Hubert for the wealth of all the world

Will not offend thee.

ARTH.

O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

HUB.

Silence! no more, go closely in with me:133

Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room Of State In The Palace.***

*Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his state.*

K. JOHN.

Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEM.

This 'once again,' but that your highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,5

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land

With any long'd-for change or better state.<sup>8</sup>

SAL.

Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,<sup>12</sup>

To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.<sup>16</sup>

PEM.

But that your royal pleasure must be done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,

And in the last repeating troublesome,

Being urged at a time unseasonable.<sup>20</sup>

SAL.

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 fetch about,

Startles and frights consideration,<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>28</sup>

They do confound their skill in covetousness;

And oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

As patches set upon a little breach<sup>32</sup>

Discredit more in hiding of the fault

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

SAL.

To this effect, before you were newcrown'd,

We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness<sup>36</sup>

To overbear 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<sup>40</sup>

I have possess'd you with and think them strong;

And more, more strong,—when lesser is my fear,—

I shall indue you with: meantime but ask

What you would have reform'd that is not well;

And well shall you perceive how willingly<sup>45</sup>

I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEM.

Then I,—as one that am the tongue of these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,—<sup>48</sup>

Both for myself and them,—but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies,—heartily request  
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent<sup>53</sup>  
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 choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise?<sup>60</sup>  
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<sup>64</sup>  
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

*Enter* Hubert.

K. JOHN.

Let it be so: I do commit his youth  
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

*[Taking him apart.]*

PEM.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;<sup>69</sup>

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:  
The image of a wicked hemous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his<sup>72</sup>  
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;  
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL.

The colour of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience,<sup>77</sup>  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

PEM.

And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence<sup>80</sup>  
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

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.<sup>85</sup>

SAL.

Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

PEM.

Indeed we heard how near his death he was  
Before the child himself felt he was sick:<sup>88</sup>

This must be answer'd, either here or hence.

K. JOHN.

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?92

SAL.

It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

PEM.

Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,96

And find the inheritance of this poor child,

His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,

Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!100

This must not be thus borne: this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

K. JOHN.

They burn in indignation. I repent:

There is no sure foundation set on blood,104

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: 108

Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

MESS.

From France to England. Never such a power

For any foreign preparation

Was levied in the body of a land. 112

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? 116

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care

That such an army could be drawn in France,

And she not hear of it?

MESS.

My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April died 120

Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,

The Lady Constance in a frenzy died

Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue

I idly heard; if true or false I know not. 124

K. JOHN.

Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!

O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd

My discontented peers. What! mother dead!

How wildly then walks my estate in France!128

Under whose conduct came those powers of France

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

MESS.

Under the Dauphin.

K. JOHN.

Thou hast made me giddy

With these ill tidings.

*Enter the Bastard, and Peter of Pomfret.*

Now, what says the world132

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff

My head with more ill news, for it is full.

BAST.

But if you be afeard to hear the worst,

Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. JOHN.

Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd137

Under the tide; but now I breathe again

Aloft the flood, and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.140

BAST.

How I have sped among the clergymen,

The sums I have collected shall express.

But as I travell'd hither through the land,

I find the people strangely fantasied, 144  
Possess'd with rumours, 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 148  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rimes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown. 152

K. JOHN.

Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

PETER.

Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. JOHN.

Hubert, away with him; imprison him:

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says, 156

I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.

Deliver him to safety, and return,

For I must use thee.

*[Exit Hubert, with Peter.]*

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

BAST.

The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it: 161

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,

With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
And others more, going to seek the grave<sup>164</sup>  
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

K. JOHN.

Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies.  
I have a way to win their loves again;<sup>168</sup>  
Bring them before me.

BAST.

I will seek them out.

K. JOHN.

Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.  
O! let me have no subject enemies  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns<sup>172</sup>  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.

BAST.

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.<sup>176</sup>

K. JOHN.

Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.

[*Exit* Bastard.

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;

And be thou he.

MESS.

With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. JOHN.

My mother dead!

*Re-enter* Hubert.

HUB.

My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about

The other four in wondrous motion. 184

K. JOHN.

Five moons!

HUB.

Old men and beldams in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously:

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads 188

And whisper one another in the ear;

And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes. 192

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.200  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. JOHN.

Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause205  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUB.

No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. JOHN.

It is the curse of kings to be attended208  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life,  
And on the winking of authority  
To understand a law, to know the meaning212  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

HUB.

Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. JOHN.

O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth<sup>216</sup>

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,<sup>221</sup>

Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind;

But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,<sup>224</sup>

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,<sup>228</sup>

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB.

My lord,—

K. JOHN.

Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,<sup>232</sup>

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:236

But thou didst understand me by my signs

And didst in signs again parley with sin;

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act<sup>240</sup>

The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!

My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,<sup>245</sup>

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB.

Arm you against your other enemies,

I'll make a peace between your soul and you.

Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,<sup>252</sup>

Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

Within this bosom never enter'd yet

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;

And you have slander'd nature in my form,<sup>256</sup>

Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind

Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN.

Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers,260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,

And make them tame to their obedience.

Forgive the comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,264

And foul imaginary eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

O! answer not; but to my closet bring

The angry lords, with all expedient haste.268

I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. Before The Castle.***

*Enter Arthur, on the Walls.*

ARTH

The wall is high; and yet will I leap down

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!

There's few or none do know me; if they did,

This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.4

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:

As good to die and go, as die and stay.8

*[Leaps down.*

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

*[Dies.*

*Enter* Pembroke, Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

SAL.

Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury.

It is our safety, and we must embrace<sup>12</sup>

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

PEM.

Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SAL.

The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love,<sup>16</sup>

Is much more general than these lines import.

BIG.

To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

SAL.

Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be

Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

*Enter the* Bastard.

BAST.

Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!<sup>21</sup>

The king by me requests your presence straight.

SAL.

The king hath dispossest himself of us:

We will not line his thin bestained cloak<sup>24</sup>

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.

BAST.

Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.<sup>28</sup>

SAL.

Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

BAST.

But there is little reason in your grief;

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

PEM.

Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

BAST.

'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.<sup>33</sup>

SAL.

This is the prison.

[*Seeing* Arthur.

What is he lies here?

PEM.

O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.<sup>36</sup>

SAL.

Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

BIG.

Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.<sup>40</sup>

SAL.

Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without this object,<sup>44</sup>

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,<sup>48</sup>

That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

PEM.

All murders past do stand excus'd in this:

And this, so sole and so unmatched,<sup>52</sup>

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.<sup>56</sup>

BAST.

It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

SAL.

If that it be the work of any hand!60  
We had a kind of light what would ensue:  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
The practice and the purpose of the king:  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,64  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,68  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.72

*PEM.*

Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*BIG.*

Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter* Hubert.

HUB.

Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:

Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

SAL.

O! he is bold and blushes not at death.

Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.<sup>77</sup>

HUB.

I am no villain.

SAL.

[*Drawing his sword.*] Must I rob the law?

BAST.

Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

SAL.

Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

HUB.

Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say:<sup>81</sup>

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;<sup>84</sup>

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

BIG.

Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

HUB.

Not for my life; but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor.<sup>89</sup>

SAL.

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.<sup>92</sup>

PEM.

Cut him to pieces.

BAST.

Keep the peace, I say.

SAL.

Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

BAST.

Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,<sup>96</sup>

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime:

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

BIG.

What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?<sup>101</sup>

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<sup>105</sup>

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

SAL.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum;<sup>108</sup>

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;

For I am stifled with this smell of sin.<sup>113</sup>

BIG.

Away toward Bury; to the Dauphin there!

PEM.

There tell the king he may inquire us out.

*[Exeunt Lords.]*

BAST.

Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?<sup>116</sup>

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.

BAST.

Ha! I'll tell thee what;120

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.124

HUB.

Upon my soul,—

BAST.

If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb128

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,132

Enough to stifle such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

HUB.

If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath136

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me.

I left him well.

BAST.

Go, bear him in thine arms.

I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way<sup>140</sup>

Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right and truth of all this realm<sup>144</sup>

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left

To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth

The unow'd interest of proud swelling state.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty<sup>148</sup>

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:

Now powers from home and discontents at home

Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,—<sup>152</sup>

As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,—

The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

Now happy he whose cloak and ceinture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child

And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:<sup>157</sup>

A thousand businesses are brief in hand,

And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*The Same. A Room In The Palace.*

*Enter* King John, Pandulph *with the crown, and* Attendants.

K. JOHN.

Thus have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory.

PAND.

[*Giving* John *the crown.*] Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,

Your sovereign greatness and authority.<sup>4</sup>

K. JOHN.

Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,

And from his holiness use all your power

To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties do revolt,<sup>8</sup>

Our people quarrel with obedience,

Swearing allegiance and the love of soul

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour<sup>12</sup>

Rests by you only to be qualified:

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.<sup>16</sup>

PAND.

It was my breath that blew this tempest up  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
But since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war<sup>20</sup>  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

*[Exit.*

K. JOHN.

Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet<sup>25</sup>  
Say that before Ascension-day at noon  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose it should be on constraint;<sup>28</sup>  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter theBastard.*

BAST.

All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out  
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone<sup>33</sup>  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.<sup>36</sup>

K. JOHN.

Would not my lords return to me again

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST

They found him dead and cast into the streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life<sup>40</sup>

By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN.

That villain Hubert told me he did live.

BAST.

So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;<sup>45</sup>

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;<sup>48</sup>

Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example and put on<sup>52</sup>

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away! and glister like the god of war

When he intendeth to become the field:

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.<sup>56</sup>

What! shall they seek the lion in his den

And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

O! let it not be said. Forage, and run

To meet displeasure further from the doors,60

And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. JOHN.

The legate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers64

Led by the Dauphin.

BAST.

O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley and base truce68

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a war-like soul,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,72

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:

Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence.76

K. JOHN.

Have thou the ordering of this present time.

BAST.

Away then, with good courage! yet, I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***A Plain, Near St. Edmundsbury. The French Camp.***

*Enter, in arms,* Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and* Soldiers.

LEW.

My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,

And keep it safe for our remembrance.

Return the precedent to these lords again;

That, having our fair order written down,<sup>4</sup>

Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,

May know wherefore we took the sacrament,

And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SAL.

Upon our sides it never shall be broken.<sup>8</sup>

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear

A voluntary zeal, an unurg'd faith

To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,

I am not glad that such a sore of time<sup>12</sup>

Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,

And heal the inveterate canker of one wound

By making many. O! it grieves my soul

That I must draw this metal from my side<sup>16</sup>  
To be a widow-maker! O! and there  
Where honourable rescue and defence  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.  
But such is the infection of the time,<sup>20</sup>  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.  
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!<sup>24</sup>  
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 fill up<sup>28</sup>  
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here?<sup>32</sup>  
What, here? O nation! that thou couldst remove;  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And gripple thee unto a pagan shore;<sup>36</sup>  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

LEW.

A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom<sup>41</sup>  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect.<sup>44</sup>  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation;<sup>48</sup>  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven<sup>52</sup>  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes<sup>56</sup>  
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep<sup>60</sup>  
Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter Pandulph attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:64

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,

And on our actions set the name of right

With holy breath.

PAND.

Hail, noble prince of France!68

The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd

Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in

That so stood out against the holy church,

The great metropolis and see of Rome.72

Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,

And 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,76

And be no further harmful than in show.

LEW.

Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:

I am too high-born to be propertied,

To be a secondary at control,80

Or useful serving-man and instrument

To any sovereign state throughout the world.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars

Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,84

And brought in matter that should feed 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 face of right,88  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
And come you now to tell me John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?92  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?96  
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,  
What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action? is't not I  
That undergo this charge? who else but I,100  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?104  
Have I not here 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 set?  
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.108

PAND.

You look but on the outside of this work.

LEW.

Outside or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promised<sup>112</sup>  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To outlook conquest and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.<sup>116</sup>

*[Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*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 Milan, from the king<sup>120</sup>  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PAND.

The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties:<sup>125</sup>  
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

BAST.

By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well. Now hear our English king; 128  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too he should:  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel, 132  
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,  
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories. 136  
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,  
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;  
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;  
To crouch in litter of your stable planks: 140  
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow, 144  
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:  
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms, 148  
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb<sup>152</sup>  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids  
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,<sup>156</sup>  
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

LEW.

There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;  
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent<sup>161</sup>  
With such a brabblor.

PAND.

Give me leave to speak.

BAST.

No, I will speak.

LEW.

We will attend to neither.  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war<sup>164</sup>  
Plead for our interest and our being here.

BAST.

Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;  
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum, 168  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall  
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear 172  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,—  
Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,—  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits 176  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

LEW.

Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

BAST.

And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Field Of Battle.***

*Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.*

K. JOHN.

How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

HUB.

Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN.

This fever, that hath troubled me so long,

Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field,

And send him word by me which way you go.

K. JOHN.

Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.<sup>8</sup>

MESS.

Be of good comfort: for the great supply

That was expected by the Dauphin here,

Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even now.

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.<sup>13</sup>

K. JOHN.

Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news.

Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.<sup>17</sup>

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***The Same. Another Part Of The Same.***

*Enter* Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Others.*

SAL.

I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

PEM.

Up once again; put spirit in the French:

If they miscarry we miscarry too.

SAL.

That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.<sup>5</sup>

PEM.

They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter* Melun *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

MEL.

Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SAL.

When we were happy we had other names.

PEM.

It is the Count Melun.

SAL.

Wounded to death.

MEL.

Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.<sup>12</sup>  
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many moe with me,<sup>17</sup>  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.<sup>20</sup>

SAL.

May this be possible? may this be true?

MEL.

Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax<sup>24</sup>  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I then be false, since it is true<sup>28</sup>  
That I must die here and live hence by truth?  
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:32  
But even this night, whose black contagious breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,  
Paying the fine of rated treachery37  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert with your king;40  
The love of him, and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence44  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field,  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.48  
SAL.  
We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight,52  
And like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,56  
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,  
For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;  
And happy newness, that intends old right.61  
[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

Scene V.—

***The Same. The French Camp.***

*Enter* Lewis *and his Train.*

LEW.

The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,  
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,  
When the English measur'd backward their own ground  
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,4  
When with a volley of our needless shot,  
After such bloody toil, we bid good night,  
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,  
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!8

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

LEW.

Here: what news?

MESS.

The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,  
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Are cast away and sunk, on Goodwin sands.<sup>13</sup>

LEW.

Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!  
I did not think to be so sad to-night  
As this hath made me. Who was he that said<sup>16</sup>  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

MESS.

Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LEW.

Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:<sup>20</sup>  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—

***An Open Place In The Neighbourhood Of Swinstead Abbey.***

*Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.*

HUB.

Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

BAST.

A friend. What art thou?

HUB.

Of the part of England.

BAST.

Whither dost thou go?

HUB.

What's that to thee? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?

BAST.

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.<sup>8</sup>

Who art thou?

BAST.

Who thou wilt: and if thou please,

Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think

I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUB.

Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night<sup>12</sup>

Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue

Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

BAST.

Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?16

HUB.

Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

BAST

Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUB.

O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.20

BAST.

Show me the very wound of this ill news:

I am no woman; I'll not swound at it.

HUB.

The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:

I left him almost speechless; and broke out24

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.

BAST.

How did he take it? who did taste to him?28

HUB.

A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

BAST.

Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?32

HUB.

Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,  
And brought Prince Henry in their company;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.36

BAST.

Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power!  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;40  
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them:  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—

***The Orchard Of Swinstead Abbey.***

*Enter* Prince Henry, Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

P. HEN.

It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,—  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,—  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,<sup>4</sup>  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter* Pembroke.

PEM

His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality<sup>8</sup>  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. HEN.

Let him be brought into the orchard here.  
Doth he still rage?

[*Exit* Bigot.

PEM.

He is more patient  
Than when you left him: even now he sung.<sup>12</sup>

P. HEN.

O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now<sup>16</sup>  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.<sup>20</sup>

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest<sup>24</sup>

SAL.

Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter Bigot and Attendants carrying King John in a chair.*

K. JOHN.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;<sup>28</sup>  
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 dust:  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen<sup>32</sup>  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

P. HEN.

How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN.

Poison'd, ill-fare; dead, forsook, cast off;  
And none of you will bid the winter come<sup>36</sup>  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips<sup>40</sup>  
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much:  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait  
And so ingrateful you deny me that.

P. HEN.

O! that there were some virtue in my tears,<sup>44</sup>  
That might relieve you.

K JOHN.

The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood.<sup>48</sup>

*Enter the Bastard.*

BAST.

O! I am scalded with my violent motion  
And spleen 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 burn'd,<sup>52</sup>  
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;<sup>56</sup>  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod

And module of confounded royalty.

BAST.

The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,

Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him:60

For in a night the best part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove,

Were in the Washes all unwarily

Devoured by the unexpected flood.64

[*TheKingdies.*

SAL.

You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.

My liege! my lord! But now a king, now thus.

P. HEN.

Even so must I run on, and even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay?69

BAST.

Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind

To do the office for thee of revenge,

And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.73

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,

Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,

And instantly return with me again,76

To push destruction and perpetual shame

Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.<sup>80</sup>

SAL.

It seems you know not then so much as we.

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,

And brings from him such offers of our peace<sup>84</sup>

As we with honour and respect may take,

With purpose presently to leave this war.

BAST.

He will the rather do it when he sees

Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.<sup>88</sup>

SAL.

Nay, it is in a manner done already;

For many carriages he hath dispatch'd

To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel

To the disposing of the cardinal:<sup>92</sup>

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,

If you think meet, this afternoon will post

To consummate this business happily.

BAST

Let it be so. And you, my noble prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,<sup>97</sup>

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. HEN.

At Worcester must his body be interr'd;

For so he will'd it.

BAST.

Thither shall it then.100

And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,

I do bequeath my faithful services104

And true subjection everlastingly.

SAL.

And the like tender of our love we make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. HEN.

I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,108

And knows not how to do it but with tears.

BAST.

O! let us pay the time but needful woe

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

This England never did, nor never shall,112

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms,116

And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*]

## THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, }  
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, }                      Uncles to the King.

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt:  
afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE,    Son to the Duke of York.  
THOMAS MOWBRAY,    Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }

BAGOT, }

GREEN, }

Servants to King Richard.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY,    surnamed Hotspur, his Son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

LORD MARSHAL.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

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, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene.—*Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—

*London. A Room In The Palace.*

*Enter* King Richard, *attended*; John of Gaunt, *and other* Nobles.

K. RICH.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,<sup>4</sup>  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT.

I have, my liege.

K. RICH.

Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,<sup>8</sup>  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

GAUNT.

As near as I could sift him on that argument,<sup>12</sup>  
On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. RICH.

Then call them to our presence: face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accuser and the accused freely speak:17

*[Exeunt some Attendants.*

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and Mowbray.*

BOLING.

Many years of happy days befall<sup>20</sup>

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

MOW.

Each day still better other's happiness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown!<sup>24</sup>

K. RICH.

We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object<sup>28</sup>

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

BOLING.

First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—

In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>36</sup>  
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,<sup>40</sup>  
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 stuff I thy throat;<sup>44</sup>  
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.

Mow.

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,<sup>48</sup>  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast<sup>52</sup>  
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;  
Which else would post until it had return'd<sup>56</sup>  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,

And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him;60  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:  
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,  
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,64  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.  
Meantime let this defend my loyalty:  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.68

BOLING.

Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:72  
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:  
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,76  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow.

I take it up; and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,80  
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:

And when I mount, alive may I not light,

If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. RICH.

What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?<sup>84</sup>

It must be great that can inherit us

So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOLING.

Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles<sup>88</sup>

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,

The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say and will in battle prove,<sup>92</sup>

Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye,

That all the treasons for these eighteen years

Complotted and contrived in this land,<sup>96</sup>

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say and further will maintain

Upon his bad life to make all this good,

That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,

Suggest his soon believing adversaries,<sup>101</sup>

And consequently, like a traitor coward,

Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,<sup>104</sup>

Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent. 108

K. RICH.

How high a pitch his resolution soars!  
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayst thou to this?

Mow.

O! let my sovereign turn away his face  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf, 112  
Till I have told this slander of his blood  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. RICH.

Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—  
As he is but my father's brother's son,— 117  
Now, by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:  
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow.

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart, 124  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers;  
The other part reserv'd I by consent,128  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.  
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,132  
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,136  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;  
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament  
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd140  
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;144  
Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
To prove myself a loyal gentleman148  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray

Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. RICH.

Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;152

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:

This we prescribe, though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision:

Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed,156

Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.

Good uncle, let this end where it begun;

We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

GAUNT.

To be a make-peace shall become my age:160

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. RICH.

And, Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT.

When, Harry, when?

Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. RICH.

Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.164

MOW.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,—

Despite of death that lives upon my grave,—168

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,

Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,

The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood<sup>172</sup>

Which breath'd this poison.

K. RICH.

Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.

MOW.

Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,<sup>176</sup>

The purest treasure mortal times afford

Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest<sup>180</sup>

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

In that I live and for that will I die.<sup>185</sup>

K. RICH.

Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.

BOLING.

O! God defend my soul from such deep sin.

Shall I seem crest fall'n in my father's sight, 188  
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear 192  
The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. RICH.

We were not born to sue, but to command: 196  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate 200  
The swelling difference of your settled hate:  
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see  
Justice design the victor's chivalry.  
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms 204  
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

[*Exeunt*.

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Duke Of Lancaster's Palace.***

*Enter* Gaunt and Duchess of Gloucester.

GAUNT.

Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's blood  
Doth more solicit me than your exclams,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lieth in those hands<sup>4</sup>  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.<sup>8</sup>

DUCH.

Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,<sup>12</sup>  
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,  
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;  
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,  
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,<sup>17</sup>  
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all vaded,  
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.<sup>21</sup>  
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,  
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee

Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,<sup>24</sup>

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy father's death

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life.<sup>28</sup>

Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd

Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:<sup>32</sup>

That which in mean men we entitle patience

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,

The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

GAUNT.

God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,<sup>37</sup>

His deputy anointed in his sight,

Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,

Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift<sup>40</sup>

An angry arm against his minister.

DUCH.

Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

GAUNT.

To God, the widow's champion and defence.

DUCH.

Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold<sup>45</sup>  
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:  
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,  
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast.<sup>48</sup>  
Or if misfortune miss the first career,  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,<sup>52</sup>  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!  
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life.

GAUNT.

Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.  
As much good stay with thee as go with me!<sup>57</sup>

DUCH.

Yet one word more. Grief boundeth where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun,<sup>60</sup>  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.  
Lo! this is all: nay, yet depart not so;  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;<sup>64</sup>  
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—  
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.  
Alack! and what shall good old York there see

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,68

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what hear there for welcome but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.72

Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die:

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Open Space, Near Coventry. Lists Set Out, And A Throne.  
Heralds, &C., Attending.***

*Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.*

MAR.

My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

AUM.

Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

MAR.

The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.4

AUM.

Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his Throne; Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and Others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter Mowbray, in armour, defendant, preceded by a Herald.*

K. RICH.

Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms:8  
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 thou art,  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.13  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath:  
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

MOW.

My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,16  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—  
Which God defend a knight should violate!—  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,20  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:24  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*[He takes his seat.]*

*Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. RICH.

Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war;<sup>28</sup>  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

MAR.

What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,  
Before King Richard in his royal lists?<sup>32</sup>  
Against whom comest thou? and what'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,<sup>36</sup>  
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,  
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,  
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:<sup>40</sup>  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

MAR.

On pain of death, no person be so bold  
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,  
Except the marshal and such officers<sup>44</sup>  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BOLING.

Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,  
And bow my knee before his majesty:  
For Mowbray and myself are like two men<sup>48</sup>  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

MAR.

The appellant in all duty greets your highness,<sup>52</sup>  
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. RICH.

[*Descends from his throne.*] We will descend and fold him in our arms.  
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!<sup>56</sup>  
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLING.

O! let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.<sup>60</sup>  
As confident as is the falcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.  
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;  
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;<sup>64</sup>  
Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
But lusty, young, and cheerly 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,<sup>69</sup>  
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up  
To reach at victory above my head,<sup>72</sup>  
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,  
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,  
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,<sup>76</sup>  
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

GAUNT.

God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!  
Be swift like lightning in the execution;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,<sup>80</sup>  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLING.

Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

*[He takes his seat.]*

MOW.

*[Rising.]* However God or fortune cast my lot,<sup>85</sup>  
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart<sup>88</sup>  
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.<sup>92</sup>  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.  
As gentle and as jocund as to jest,  
Go I to fight: truth has a quiet breast.<sup>96</sup>

K. RICH.

Farewell, my lord: securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.  
*[The King and the Lords return to their seats.]*

MAR.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,<sup>100</sup>  
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

BOLING.

*[Rising.]* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry 'amen.'

MAR.

*[To an Officer.]* Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

FIRST HER.

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,<sup>104</sup>  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;108  
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

SEC. HER.

Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself and to approve112  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;  
Courageously and with a free desire,  
Attending but the signal to begin.116

MAR.

Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

*[A charge sounded.]*

Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. RICH.

Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
And both return back to their chairs again:120  
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound  
While we return these dukes what we decree.

*[A long flourish.]*

*[To the Combatants.]* Draw near,

And list what with our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd125

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;  
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;128  
And for we think the eagle-winged pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set on you  
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle132  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;  
Which so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,  
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,136  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace  
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:  
Therefore, we banish you our territories:  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,140  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLING.

Your will be done: this must my comfort be,144  
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;  
And those his golden beams to you here lent  
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. RICH.

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,148

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:

The sly slow hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile;

The hopeless word of 'never to return' 152

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow.

A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim 156

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego; 160

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol or a harp,

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands 164

That knows no touch to tune the harmony:

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance 168

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now:

What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?173

K. RICH.

It boots thee not to be compassionate:

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

MOW.

Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,176

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[*Retiring.*

K. RICH.

Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to God—180

Our part therein we banish with yourselves—

To keep the oath that we administer.

You never shall,—so help you truth and God!—

Embrace each other's love in banishment;184

Nor never look upon each other's face;

Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile

This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet188

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

BOLING.

I swear.

MOW.

And I, to keep all this.192

BOLING.

Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy:—

By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,196

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul.200

Mow.

No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!

But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;204

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.

Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;

Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

K. RICH.

Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes208

I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect

Hath from the number of his banish'd years

Pluck'd four away.—[*To Bolingbroke.*] Six frozen winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

BOLING.

How long a time lies in one little word!213

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs

End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

GAUNT.

I thank my liege, that in regard of me

He shortens four years of my son's exile;217

But little vantage shall I reap thereby:

For, ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons and bring their times about,220

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light

Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son.224

K. RICH.

Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT.

But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age.229

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Thy word is current with him for my death,

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. RICH.

Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,233  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

GAUNT.

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.236  
You urg'd me 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 fault I should have been more mild:240  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine own away;244  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. RICH.

Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.248

*[Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and Train.]*

AUM.

Cousin, farewell: what presence 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.252

GAUNT.

O! to what purpose dost thou hoard 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 office should be prodigal256  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

GAUNT.

Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

BOLING.

Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

GAUNT.

What is six winters? they are quickly gone.260

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 miscall it so,  
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.264

GAUNT.

The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return.

BOLING.

Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make<sup>268</sup>

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,<sup>272</sup>

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 a wise man ports and happy havens.<sup>276</sup>

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.<sup>281</sup>

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,

And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,<sup>284</sup>

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

Suppose the singing birds musicians,<sup>288</sup>

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance;  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite<sup>292</sup>  
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 Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite<sup>296</sup>  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good<sup>300</sup>  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

GAUNT.

Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way.<sup>304</sup>  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

BOLING.

Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu:  
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,<sup>308</sup>  
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***London. A Room In The King's Castle.***

*Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green at one door; Aumerle at another.*

K. RICH

We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

AUM.

I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.<sup>4</sup>

K. RICH.

And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

AUM.

Faith, none for me; except the northeast wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance<sup>8</sup>  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. RICH.

What said our cousin when you parted with him?

AUM.

'Farewell.'

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue<sup>12</sup>  
Should so profane 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<sup>16</sup>

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,<sup>20</sup>

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green

Observ'd his courtship to the common people,<sup>24</sup>

How he did seem to dive into their hearts

With humble and familiar courtesy,

What reverence he did throw away on slaves,

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles

And patient underbearing of his fortune,<sup>29</sup>

As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,<sup>32</sup>

And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.<sup>36</sup>

GREEN.

Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;

Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means<sup>40</sup>  
For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. RICH.

We will ourself in person to this war.  
And, for our coffers with too great a court  
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,  
We are enforced to farm our royal realm;<sup>45</sup>  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,<sup>49</sup>  
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants;  
For we will make for Ireland presently.<sup>52</sup>

*Enter* Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

BUSHY.

Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste  
To entreat your majesty to visit him.<sup>56</sup>

K. RICH.

Where lies he?

BUSHY.

At Ely House.

K. RICH.

Now, put it, God. in his physician's mind  
To help him to his grave immediately!<sup>60</sup>  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.  
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late.

ALL.

Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### *London. An Apartment In Ely House.*

*Gaunt on a couch; the Duke of York and Others standing by him.*

GAUNT.

Will the king come, that I may breathe my last  
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

YORK.

Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.<sup>4</sup>

GAUNT.

O! but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony:  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.8

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,12

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past:

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.16

YORK.

No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As praises of his state: then there are fond

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen:20

Report of fashions in proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—24

So it be new there's no respect how vile,—

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.28

Direct not him whose way himself will choose:

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT.

Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus expiring do foretell of him:32  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;36  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.  
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,40  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,44  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,48  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,52  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—  
For Christian service and true chivalry,—

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:56  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—  
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:60  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:64  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.  
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death.68

*Enter King Richard and Queen; Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.*

YORK.

The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;  
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

QUEEN.

How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. RICH.

What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?72

GAUNT.

O! how that name befits my composition;  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;75  
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;80  
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. RICH.

Can sick men play so nicely with their names?84

GAUNT.

No; misery makes sport to mock itself:  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. RICH.

Should dying men flatter with those that live?88

GAUNT.

No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. RICH.

Thou, now a-dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.

GAUNT.

O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. RICH.

I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.92

GAUNT.

Now, he that made me knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:96

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,100

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,104

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.108

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease;

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?112

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law,

And—

K. RICH.

And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege, 116  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.  
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,—  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

GAUNT.

O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son, 124  
For that I was his father Edward's son.  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd:  
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,—  
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—129  
May be a precedent and witness good  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:  
Join with the present sickness that I have; 132  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
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! 136

Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live that love and honour have.

*[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*

K. RICH.

And let them die that age and sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

YORK.

I do beseech your majesty, impute his words<sup>141</sup>

To wayward sickliness and age in him:

He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear

As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.<sup>144</sup>

K. RICH.

Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

NORTH.

My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. RICH.

What says he?<sup>148</sup>

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!152

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 Irish wars.156

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom else

But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us161

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

YORK.

How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long164

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke168

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,172

Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;

In war was never lion rag'd 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,<sup>177</sup>  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;  
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
And not against his friends; his noble hand<sup>180</sup>  
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.<sup>184</sup>  
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.

K. RICH.

Why, uncle, what's the matter?

YORK.

O! my liege.

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd<sup>188</sup>

Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands

The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?

Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?<sup>193</sup>

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;197  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king  
But by fair sequence and succession?200  
Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters-patent that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue204  
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
You pluck a thousand 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.209

K. RICH.

Think what you will: we seize into our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

YORK.

I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:212  
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood  
That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*

K. RICH.

Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:216

Bid him repair to us to Ely House

To see this business. To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:

And we create, in absence of ourself,<sup>220</sup>

Our uncle York lord governor of England;

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*[Flourish.*

*[Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.*

NORTH.

Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.<sup>225</sup>

ROSS.

And living too; for now his son is duke.

WILLO.

Barely in title, not in revenue.

NORTH.

Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS.

My heart is great; but it must break with silence,<sup>229</sup>

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!

WILLO.

Tends that thou'dst speak to the Duke of Hereford?233

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

ROSS.

No good at all that I can do for him,236

Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTH.

Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more240

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,244

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

ROSS.

The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd248

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

WILLO.

And daily new exactions are devis'd;

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

NORTH.

Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,253

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

ROSS.

The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.257

WILLO.

The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

NORTH.

Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

ROSS.

He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,261

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

NORTH.

His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,264

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

ROSS.

We see the very wrack that we must suffer;268

And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wrack.

NORTH.

Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death

I spy life peering; but I dare not say<sup>272</sup>

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLO.

Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

ROSS.

Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself: and, speaking so,<sup>276</sup>

Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

NORTH.

Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,<sup>280</sup>

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,

His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,<sup>284</sup>

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay<sup>289</sup>

The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
And make high majesty look like itself,  
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;296  
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS.

To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

WILLO.

Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* Queen, Bushy, *and* Bagot.

BUSHY.

Madam, your majesty is too much sad:  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.4

QUEEN.

To please the king I did; to please myself  
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest<sup>8</sup>  
As my sweet Richard: yet, again, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul<sup>11</sup>  
With nothing trembles; at some thing it grieves  
More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,<sup>16</sup>  
Divides one thing entire to many objects;  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon  
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry  
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,<sup>20</sup>  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;  
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;<sup>25</sup>  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN.

It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,<sup>29</sup>

I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,  
As, though in thinking on no thought I think,  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY.

'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.<sup>33</sup>

QUEEN.

'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd  
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something grief;<sup>36</sup>  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known; what  
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.<sup>40</sup>

*Enter Green.*

GREEN.

God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:  
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

QUEEN.

Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,<sup>43</sup>  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

GREEN.

That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,  
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,

Who strongly hath set footing in this land:48

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,

And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd

At Ravenspurgh.

QUEEN.

Now God in heaven forbid!

GREEN.

Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,52

The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,

With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

BUSHY.

Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland56

And all the rest of the revolted faction traitors?

GREEN.

We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him60

To Bolingbroke.

QUEEN.

So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,64

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

BUSHY.

Despair not, madam.

QUEEN.

Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity<sup>68</sup>

With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hope lingers in extremity.<sup>72</sup>

*Enter York.*

GREEN.

Here comes the Duke of York.

QUEEN.

With signs of war about his aged neck:

O! full of careful business are his looks.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

YORK.

Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:<sup>77</sup>

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off,<sup>80</sup>

Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

Here am I left to underprop his land,

Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV.

My lord, your son was gone before I came.

YORK.

He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,88

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring.92

SERV.

My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day, as I came by, I called there;

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

YORK.

What is't, knave?96

SERV.

An hour before I came the duchess died.

YORK.

God for his mercy! what a tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do: I would to God,—100

So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—

The king had cut off my head with my brother's.

What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?104

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow, get thee home; provide some carts

And bring away the armour that is there.

*[Exit Servant.]*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know

How or which way to order these affairs109

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:

The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; the other again113

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,116

I'll dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley Castle.

I should to Plashy too:

But time will not permit. All is uneven,120

And every thing is left at six and seven.

*[Exeunt York and Queen.]*

BUSHY.

The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
But none returns. For us to levy power  
Proportionable to the enemy<sup>124</sup>  
Is all impossible.

GREEN.

Besides, our nearness to the king in love  
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

BAGOT.

And that's the wavering commons; for their love<sup>128</sup>  
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUSHY.

Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

BAGOT.

If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
Because we ever have been near the king.<sup>133</sup>

GREEN.

Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle;  
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

BUSHY.

Thither will I with you; for little office<sup>136</sup>  
Will the hateful commons perform for us,  
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us?

BAGOT.

No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain, 141

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

BUSHY.

That's as York strives to beat back Bolingbroke.

GREEN.

Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes 144

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

BUSHY.

Well, we may meet again.

BAGOT.

I fear me, never. 148

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

***The Wolds In Gloucestershire.***

*Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.*

BOLING.

How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

NORTH.

Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:  
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways<sup>4</sup>  
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome;  
But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
But I bethink me what a weary way<sup>8</sup>  
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found  
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,  
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd  
The tediousness and process of my travel:<sup>12</sup>  
But theirs is sweeten'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<sup>16</sup>  
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done  
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BOLING.

Of much less value is my company  
Than your good words. But who comes here?

*Enter* Henry Percy.

NORTH.

It is my son, young Harry Percy,<sup>21</sup>  
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.  
Harry, how fares your uncle?

H. PERCY.

I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.<sup>24</sup>

NORTH.

Why, is he not with the queen?

H. PERCY.

No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

The household of the king.

NORTH.

What was his reason?<sup>28</sup>

He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

H. PERCY.

Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,

To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,<sup>32</sup>

And sent me over by Berkeley to discover

What power the Duke of York had levied there;

Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

NORTH.

Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?<sup>36</sup>

H. PERCY.

No, my good lord; for that is not forgot

Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge

I never in my life did look on him.

NORTH.

Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.40

H. PERCY.

My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.44

BOLING.

I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure  
I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends;  
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,48  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

NORTH.

How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir  
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

H. PERCY.

There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,53  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;  
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;  
None else of name and noble estimate.56

*Enter Ross and Willoughby.*

NORTH.

Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

BOLING.

Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues  
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury<sup>60</sup>  
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

ROSS.

Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLO.

And far surmounts our labour to attain it.<sup>64</sup>

BOLING.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;  
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

*Enter Berkeley.*

NORTH.

It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

BERK.

My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.<sup>69</sup>

BOLING.

My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;  
And I am come to seek that name in England;

And I must find that title in your tongue<sup>72</sup>

Before I make reply to aught you say.

BERK.

Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning

To raze one title of your honour out:

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,<sup>76</sup>

From the most gracious regent of this land,

The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time

And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

*Enter York, attended.*

BOLING.

I shall not need transport my words by you:<sup>81</sup>

Here comes his Grace in person.

My noble uncle!

*[Kneels.*

YORK.

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.<sup>84</sup>

BOLING.

My gracious uncle—

YORK.

Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.<sup>89</sup>  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
But then, more 'why?' why have they dar'd to march<sup>92</sup>  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war  
And ostentation of despised arms?  
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,<sup>97</sup>  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,<sup>100</sup>  
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee<sup>104</sup>  
And minister correction to thy fault!

BOLING.

My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:  
On what condition stands it and wherein?

YORK.

Even in condition of the worst degree,  
In gross rebellion and detested treason:<sup>109</sup>  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come

Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.112

BOLING.

As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:116  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?  
If that my cousin king be King of England,  
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.124  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.  
I am denied to sue my livery here,129  
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.132  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of free descent.136

NORTH.

The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

ROSS.

It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

WILLO.

Base men by his endowments are made great.

YORK.

My lords of England, let me tell you this:140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to do him right;

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,

Be his own carver and cut out his way,144

To find out right with wrong, it may not be;

And you that do abet him in this kind

Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

NORTH.

The noble duke hath sworn his coming is148

But for his own; and for the right of that

We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;

And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

YORK.

Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:152

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left;  
But if I could, by him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all and make you stoop<sup>156</sup>  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;  
Unless you please to enter in the castle<sup>160</sup>  
And there repose you for this night.

BOLING.

An offer, uncle, that we will accept:  
But we must win your Grace to go with us  
To Bristol Castle; which they say is held<sup>164</sup>  
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

YORK.

It may be I will go with you; but yet I'll pause;<sup>168</sup>  
For I am loath to break our country's laws.  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

*A Camp In Wales.*

*Enter Salisbury and a Captain.*

CAP.

My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.<sup>4</sup>

SAL.

Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
The king repositeth all his confidence in thee.

CAP.

'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd<sup>8</sup>  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change,  
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,  
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,<sup>13</sup>  
The other to enjoy by rage and war:  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.  
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,<sup>16</sup>  
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*

SAL.

Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind

I see thy glory like a shooting star

Fall to the base earth from the firmament.<sup>20</sup>

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.

Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,

And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Bristol.*** Bolingbroke's *SCamp.*

*Enter* Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Henry Percy, Willoughby, Ross; Officers *behind, with* Bushy *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 pernicious lives,<sup>4</sup>

For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men

I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,<sup>8</sup>

A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:

You have in manner with your sinful hours  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,12  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.  
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,16  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;21  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
Dispark'd my parks, and felled my forest woods,  
From mine own windows torn my household coat,24  
Raz'd out my impress, 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,28  
Condemns 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 souls33

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

BOLING.

My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and Others, with Bushy and Green.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;<sup>36</sup>

For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:

Tell her I send to her my kind commends;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

YORK.

A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.<sup>41</sup>

BOLING.

Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices:

Awhile to work, and after holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

### ***The Coast Of Wales. A Castle In View.***

*Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.*

K. RICH.

Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand?

AUM.

Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. RICH.

Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy<sup>4</sup>

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child<sup>8</sup>

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,<sup>12</sup>

Nor with thy sweets comfort his revenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>20</sup>

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king<sup>25</sup>

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

CAR.

Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.<sup>28</sup>

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 succour and redress.<sup>32</sup>

AUM.

He 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 cousin! know'st thou not<sup>36</sup>

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders and in outrage bloody here;<sup>40</sup>

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 detested sins,<sup>44</sup>

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night<sup>48</sup>

Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,<sup>52</sup>  
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose<sup>56</sup>  
The deputy elected by the Lord.  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay<sup>60</sup>  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.  
*Enter Salisbury.*

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?

SAL.

Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,<sup>64</sup>  
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.<sup>68</sup>  
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:  
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;72

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

AUM.

Comfort, my liege! why looks your Grace so pale?

K. RICH.

But now, the blood of twenty thousand men76

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And till so much blood thither come again

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;80

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

AUM.

Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

K. RICH.

I had forgot myself. Am I not king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest.84

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?88

High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

*Enter* Sir Stephen Scroop.

SCROOP.

More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!<sup>92</sup>

K. RICH.

Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?<sup>96</sup>  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God  
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:  
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;<sup>100</sup>  
They break their faith to God as well as us:  
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP.

Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd!<sup>104</sup>  
To bear the tidings of calamity.  
Like an unseasonable stormy day  
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,<sup>108</sup>  
So high above his limits swells the rage  
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.  
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps!<sup>112</sup>

Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows<sup>116</sup>  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;  
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.<sup>120</sup>

K. RICH.

Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.  
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?  
That they have let the dangerous enemy<sup>124</sup>  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP.

Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.<sup>128</sup>

K. RICH.

O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

SCROOP.

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.136  
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made  
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.140

AUM.

Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

SCROOP.

Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

AUM.

Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. RICH.

No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:144  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;  
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:148  
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death,152  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings: 156  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;  
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown 160  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene, 164  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit  
As if this flesh which walls about our life  
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin 169  
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence: throw away respect, 172  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus, 176  
How can you say to me I am a king?

CAR.

My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,  
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear and be slain; no worse can come to fight:  
And fight and die is death destroying death; 184  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

AUM.

My father hath a power; inquire of him  
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. RICH.

Thou chid'st me well. Proud Boling broke, I come 188  
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.  
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is, to win our own.—  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

SCROOP.

Men judge by the complexion of the sky  
The state and inclination of the day;  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye, 196  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.  
I play the torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.  
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, 200

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. RICH.

Thou hast said enough.

[*To Aumerle.*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth<sup>204</sup>

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? What comfort have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.<sup>208</sup>

Go to Flint Castle: there I'll pine away;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge; and let them go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none: let no man speak again<sup>213</sup>

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

AUM.

My liege, one word.

K. RICH.

He does me double wrong,

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Wales. Before Flint Castle.***

*Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, 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.<sup>4</sup>

NORTH.

The news is very fair and good, my lord:  
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

YORK.

It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
To say, 'King Richard:' alack the heavy day<sup>8</sup>  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

NORTH.

Your Grace mistakes; only to be brief  
Left I his title out.

YORK.

The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would<sup>12</sup>  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

BOLING.

Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

YORK.

Take not, good cousin, further than you should,16

Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

BOLING.

I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself

Against their will. But who comes here?

*Enter* Henry Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?20

H. PERCY.

The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,

Against thy entrance.

BOLING.

Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

H. PERCY.

Yes, my good lord,24

It doth contain a king: King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone;

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman28

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

NORTH.

O! belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

BOLING.

[*To North.*] Noble lord,

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,<sup>32</sup>

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart<sup>37</sup>

To his most royal person; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,

Provided that my banishment repeal'd,<sup>40</sup>

And lands restor'd again be freely granted.

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:<sup>44</sup>

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.<sup>48</sup>

Go, signify as much, while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements<sup>52</sup>

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.  
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
With no less terror than the elements  
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.  
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:  
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.<sup>60</sup>  
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

*A Parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.*

H. PERCY.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,  
As doth the blushing discontented sun  
From out the fiery portal of the east,<sup>64</sup>  
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the occident.

YORK.

Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth<sup>69</sup>  
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. RICH.

[*To Northumberland.*] We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood<sup>72</sup>

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?<sup>76</sup>  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,<sup>80</sup>  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
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;<sup>84</sup>  
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,<sup>88</sup>  
That lift your vassal hands against my head  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he is,—  
That every stride he makes upon my land<sup>92</sup>  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding war;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons<sup>96</sup>  
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

NORTH.

The king of heaven forbid our lord the king<sup>101</sup>

Should so with civil and uncivil arms

Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;

And by the honourable tomb he swears,<sup>105</sup>

That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods,

Currents that spring from one most gracious head,<sup>108</sup>

And by the buried hand of war-like Gaunt,

And by the worth and honour of himself,

Comprising all that may be sworn or said,

His coming hither hath no further scope<sup>112</sup>

Than for his lineal royalties and to beg

Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:

Which on thy royal party granted once,

His glittering arms he will commend to rust,<sup>116</sup>

His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart

To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;

And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.<sup>120</sup>

K. RICH.

Northumberland, say, thus the king returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;

And all the number of his fair demands

Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction: 124

With all the gracious utterance thou hast

Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

[Northumberland *retires to* Bolingbroke.

[*To* Aumerle.] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

To look so poorly and to speak so fair? 128

Shall we call back Northumberland and send

Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

AUM.

No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords. 132

K. RICH.

O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On yond proud man, should take it off again

With words of sooth. O! that I were as great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name, 137

Or that I could forget what I have been,

Or not remember what I must be now.

Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat, 140

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUM.

Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. RICH.

What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?144

The king shall be contented: must he lose

The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,

My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,148

My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,

My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,

My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,

My subjects for a pair of carved saints,152

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave;

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;

And buried once, why not upon my head?159

Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;

Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,164

And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

As thus; to drop them still upon one place,

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

Within the earth; and, there inlaid: 'There lies

Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.' 169

Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see

I talk but idly and you laugh at me.

Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,

What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

NORTH.

My lord, in the base court he doth attend 176

To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. RICH.

Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base, 180

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

*[Exeunt from above.]*

BOLING.

What says his majesty?

NORTH.

Sorrow and grief of heart184

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:

Yet he is come.

*Enter* King Richard, *and his Attendants.*

BOLING.

Stand all apart,

And show fair duty to his majesty.

*[Kneeling.*

My gracious lord,—189

K. RICH.

Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

Me rather had my heart might feel your love192

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

BOLING.

My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.196

K. RICH.

Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

BOLING.

So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. RICH.

Well you deserve: they well deserve to have<sup>200</sup>

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,<sup>204</sup>

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have I'll give, and willing too;

For do we must what force will have us do.

Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?<sup>208</sup>

BOLING.

Yea, my good lord.

K. RICH.

Then I must not say no.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***Langley. The Duke Of York's Garden.***

*Enter the Queen and two Ladies.*

QUEEN.

What sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

FIRST LADY.

Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN.

'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs;4

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

FIRST LADY.

Madam, we'll dance.

QUEEN.

My legs can keep no measure in delight

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.9

FIRST LADY.

Madam, we'll tell tales.

QUEEN.

Of sorrow or of joy?

FIRST LADY.

Of either, madam.

QUEEN.

Of neither, girl:12

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:16

For what I have I need not to repeat,

And what I want it boots not to complain.

FIRST LADY.

Madam, I'll sing.

QUEEN.

'Tis well that thou hast cause;

But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep.20

FIRST LADY.

I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN.

And I could sing would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:24

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.28

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants.*

GARD.

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.32

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.36

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

FIRST SERV.

Why should we in the compass of a pale40

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 chok'd up,44

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

GARD.

Hold thy peace:

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring48

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke;52

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

FIRST SERV.

What! are they dead?

GARD.

They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O! what pity is it  
That he hath not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
As we this garden. We at time of year<sup>57</sup>  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:<sup>60</sup>  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches  
We lop away that bearing boughs may live:<sup>64</sup>  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

FIRST SERV.

What! think you then the king shall be depos'd?

GARD.

Depress'd he is already, and depos'd  
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night<sup>69</sup>  
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings.

QUEEN.

O! I am press'd to death through want of speaking.

*[Coming forward.]*

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,<sup>73</sup>  
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news?  
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man?76  
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how  
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.80

GARD.

Pardon me, madam: little joy have I  
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,85  
And some few vanities that make him light;  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,88  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.  
Post you to London and you'll find it so;  
I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN.

Nimble mischance. that art so light of foot,92  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,96  
To meet at London London's king in woe.  
What! was I born to this, that my sad look

Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?  
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100  
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.  
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

GARD.

Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place, 104  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

#### ***London. Westminster Hall.***

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne: the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Henry Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the 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 Gloucester's death,  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end.

BAGOT.

Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

BOLING.

Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAGOT.

My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue<sup>8</sup>

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,

I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,

That reacheth from the restful English court<sup>12</sup>

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<sup>16</sup>

Than Bolingbroke's return to England;

Adding withal, how blest this land would be

In this your cousin's death.

AUM.

Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?<sup>20</sup>

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 attainder of his slanderous lips.<sup>24</sup>

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<sup>28</sup>  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLING.

Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

AUM.

Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.<sup>32</sup>

FITZ.

If that thy valour stand on sympathies,  
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:  
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,  
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.<sup>37</sup>  
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.<sup>40</sup>

AUM.

Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

FITZ.

Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUM.

Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

H. PERCY.

Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true<sup>44</sup>  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of mortal breathing: seize it if thou dar'st.<sup>48</sup>

AUM.

And if I do not may my hands rot off  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

LORD.

I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;<sup>52</sup>  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.<sup>56</sup>

AUM.

Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURREY.

My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well<sup>60</sup>  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

FITZ.

'Tis very true: you were in presence then;

And you can witness with me this is true.

SURREY.

As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.<sup>64</sup>

FITZ.

Surrey, thou best.

SURREY.

Dishonourable boy!

That he shall lie so heavy on my sword

That it shall render vengeance and revenge,

Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie<sup>68</sup>

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:

Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.

FITZ.

How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!<sup>72</sup>

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,

And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith<sup>76</sup>

To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say<sup>80</sup>

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUM.

Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.  
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,<sup>84</sup>  
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

BOLING.

These differences shall all rest under gage  
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,  
And though mine enemy, restor'd again<sup>88</sup>  
To all his lands and signories; when he's return'd,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

CAR.

That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought<sup>92</sup>  
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;  
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself<sup>96</sup>  
To Italy; and there at Venice gave  
His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
Under whose colours he had fought so long.<sup>100</sup>

BOLING.

Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

CAR.

As surely as I live, my lord.

BOLING.

Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom

Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants, 104

Your differences shall all rest under gage

Till we assign you to your days of trial.

*Enter York, attended.*

YORK.

Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul 108

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields

To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him;

And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

BOLING.

In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne. 113

CAR.

Marry, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,

Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth. 116

Would God that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of noble Richard! then, true noblesse would

Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. 120

What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;124  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,128  
And he himself not present? O! forfend it, God,  
That in a Christian climate souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed.  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,132  
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,136  
The blood of English shall manure the ground  
And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars140  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;  
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.144  
O! if you rear this house against this house,

It will the woefullest division prove  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.  
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,148  
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

NORTH.

Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,  
Of capital treason we arrest you here.  
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge152  
To keep him safely till his day of trial.  
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

BOLING.

Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
He may surrender; so we shall proceed156  
Without suspicion.

YORK.

I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*

BOLING.

Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.  
[*To Carlisle.*] Little are we beholding to your love,160  
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. RICH.

Alack! why am I sent for to a king  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:  
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The favours of these men: were they not mine?<sup>168</sup>  
Did they not sometime cry, 'All hail' to me?  
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.  
God save the king! Will no man say, amen?<sup>172</sup>  
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
God save the king! although I be not he;  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.  
To do what service am I sent for hither?<sup>176</sup>

YORK.

To do that office of thine own good will  
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,  
The resignation of thy state and crown  
To Henry Bolingbroke.<sup>180</sup>

K. RICH.

Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;  
Here cousin,  
On this side my hand and on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well<sup>184</sup>  
That owes two buckets filling one another;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen and full of water:  
That bucket down and full of tears am I,<sup>188</sup>  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BOLING.

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,<sup>192</sup>  
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

BOLING.

Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. RICH.

Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.  
My care is loss of care, by old care done;<sup>196</sup>  
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.  
The cares I give I have, though given away;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLING.

Are you contented to resign the crown?<sup>200</sup>

K. RICH.

Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  
Now mark me how I will undo myself:  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,204  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,208  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duteous rites:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;212  
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,  
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!221  
What more remains?

NORTH.

[*Offering a paper.*] No more, but that you read  
These accusations and these grievous crimes  
Committed by your person and your followers

Against the state and profit of this land;225

That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. RICH.

Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop

To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,232

There shouldst thou find one heinous article,

Containing the deposing of a king,

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,237

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates240

Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTH.

My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. RICH.

Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:244

And yet salt water blinds 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;248  
For I have given here my soul's consent  
To undeck the pompous body of a king;  
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant,252

NORTH.

My lord,—

K. RICH.

No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,  
No, not that name was given me at the font,256  
But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day!  
That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself.  
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,260  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water-drops.  
Good king, great king,—and yet not greatly good,  
An if my word be sterling yet in England,264  
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-glass.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

NORTH.

Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.269

K. RICH.

Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

BOLING.

Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTH.

The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. RICH.

They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough273

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 the glass, and therein will I read.276

No deeper 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,280

Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face

That like the sun did make beholders wink?284

Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,

And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face;288

*[Dashes the glass against the ground.]*

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

BOLING.

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd292

The shadow of your face.

K. RICH.

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see:

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of laments296

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st300

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

BOLING.

Name it, fair cousin.304

K. RICH.

‘Fair cousin!’ I am greater than a king;  
For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer.308  
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLING.

Yet ask.

K. RICH.

And shall I have?

BOLING.

You shall.312

K. RICH.

Then give me leave to go.

BOLING.

Whither?

K. RICH.

Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

BOLING.

Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.316

K. RICH.

O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king’s fall.

[*Exeunt* King Richard and Guard.]

BOLING.

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.<sup>320</sup>

*[Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.]*

ABBOT.

A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

BISHOP.

The woe's to come; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

AUM.

You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?<sup>325</sup>

ABBOT.

My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament<sup>328</sup>

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:

Come home with me to supper; I will lay<sup>333</sup>

A plot shall show us all a merry day.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*London. A Street Leading To The Tower.*

*Enter the Queen and Ladies.*

QUEEN.

This way the king will come; this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.<sup>4</sup>  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

*Enter King Richard and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,<sup>8</sup>  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.  
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand,  
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,<sup>13</sup>  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. RICH.

Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,<sup>16</sup>  
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity, and he and I<sup>21</sup>  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,<sup>24</sup>  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

QUEEN.

What! is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd! Hath Bolingbroke depos'd  
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?<sup>28</sup>  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,<sup>32</sup>  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. RICH.

A king of beasts indeed; if aught but beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men.<sup>36</sup>  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France,  
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire<sup>40</sup>

With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woeful ages, long ago betid;  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,<sup>44</sup>  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:  
For why the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And in compassion weep the fire out;<sup>48</sup>  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king.

*Enter Northumberland, attended.*

NORTH.

My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.<sup>52</sup>  
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. RICH.

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age<sup>57</sup>  
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all;<sup>61</sup>  
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way<sup>64</sup>  
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;  
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  
To worthy danger and deserved death.<sup>68</sup>

NORTH.

My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. RICH.

Doubly divorc'd! Bad men, ye violate  
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.<sup>73</sup>  
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;  
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.  
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,  
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;<sup>77</sup>  
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,  
She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.<sup>80</sup>

QUEEN.

And must we be divided? must we part?

K. RICH.

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN.

Banish us both and send the king with me.

NORTH.

That were some love but little policy.84

QUEEN.

Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. RICH.

So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.88

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

QUEEN.

So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. RICH.

Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.92

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.96

*[They kiss.]*

QUEEN.

Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

*[They kiss again.]*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.100

K. RICH.

We make woe wanton with this fond delay:  
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Duke Of York's Palace.***

*Enter York and his Duchess.*

DUCH.

My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off,  
Of our two cousins coming into London.

YORK.

Where did I leave?

DUCH.

At that sad stop, my lord,<sup>4</sup>  
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

YORK.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,<sup>8</sup>  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,<sup>8</sup>  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'  
You would have thought the very windows spake,<sup>12</sup>  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once<sup>16</sup>  
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus, 'I thank you, countrymen.'  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.<sup>21</sup>

DUCH.

Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

YORK.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,<sup>24</sup>  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, 'God save him;'<sup>28</sup>  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,<sup>32</sup>

The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.<sup>36</sup>

But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.<sup>40</sup>

DUCH.

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<sup>44</sup>  
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

*Enter* Aumerle.

DUCH.

Welcome, my son: who are the violets now  
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

AUM.

Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:<sup>48</sup>  
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

YORK.

Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?52

AUM.

For aught I know, my lord, they do.

YORK.

You will be there, I know.

AUM.

If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

YORK.

What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?56

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

AUM.

My lord, 'tis nothing.

YORK.

No matter then, who sees it:

I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

AUM.

I do beseech your Grace to pardon me:

It is a matter of small consequence,61

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YORK.

Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

DUCH.

What should you fear?64

'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

YORK.

Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.68

Boy, let me see the writing.

AUM.

I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

YORK.

I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

*[Snatches it, and reads.]*

Treason! foul treason! villain! traitor! slave!72

DUCH.

What is the matter, my lord?

YORK.

Ho! who is within there?

*Enter a Servant.*

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

DUCH.

Why, what is it, my lord?76

YORK.

Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.

Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

*[Exit Servant.*

DUCH.

What's the matter?

YORK.

Peace, foolish woman.80

DUCH.

I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?

AUM.

Good mother, be content; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

DUCH.

Thy life answer!

YORK.

Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.84

*Re-enter Servant with boots.*

DUCH.

Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.

*[To Servant.]* Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

*[Exit Servant.*

YORK.

Give me my boots, I say.

DUCH.

Why, York, what wilt thou do?<sup>88</sup>

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?<sup>93</sup>

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

YORK.

Thou fond, mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?<sup>96</sup>

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

DUCH.

He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

YORK.

Away, fond woman! were he twenty times<sup>101</sup>

My son, I would appeach him.

DUCH.

Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,105  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:  
He is as like thee as a man may be,108  
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

YORK.

Make way, unruly woman!

[*Exit.*

DUCH.

After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse;  
Spur post, and get before him to the king,112  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.  
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
And never will I rise up from the ground116  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***Windsor. A Room In The Castle.***

*Enter* Bolingbroke *as King*; Henry Percy, *and other* Lords.

BOLING.

Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last.

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found:4

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes8

And beat our watch and rob our passengers;

While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support

So dissolute a crew.12

H. PERCY.

My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

BOLING.

And what said the gallant?

H. PERCY.

His answer was: he would unto the stews,16

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

BOLING.

As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,20

I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.

But who comes here?

*Enter Aumerle.*

AUM.

Where is the king?

BOLING.

What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

AUM.

God save your Grace! I do beseech your majesty,<sup>26</sup>

To have some conference with your Grace alone.

BOLING

Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

*[Exeunt H. Percy and Lords.]*

What is the matter with our cousin now?<sup>29</sup>

AUM.

*[Kneels.]* For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.<sup>32</sup>

BOLING.

Intended or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,

To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

AUM.

Then give me leave that I may turn the key,<sup>36</sup>

That no man enter till my tale be done.

BOLING.

Have thy desire.

*[Aumerle locks the door.]*

YORK.

*[Within.]* My liege, beware! look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.<sup>40</sup>

BOLING.

*[Drawing.]* Villain, I'll make thee safe.

AUM.

Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.

YORK.

*[Within.]* Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?<sup>44</sup>

Open the door, or I will break it open.

*[Bolingbroke unlocks the door; and afterwards relocks it.]*

*Enter York.*

BOLING.

What is the matter, uncle? speak;

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.<sup>48</sup>

YORK.

Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

AUM.

Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:

I do repent me; read not my name there;<sup>52</sup>

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

YORK.

'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.<sup>56</sup>

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

BOLING.

O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!<sup>60</sup>

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,<sup>64</sup>

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

YORK.

So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,

And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.69

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,72

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

DUCH.

[*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.

BOLING.

What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

DUCH.

[*Within.*] A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.76

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

BOLING.

Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:81

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[*Aumerle unlocks the door.*

YORK.

If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.84

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Enter* Duchess.

DUCH.

O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:

Love, loving not itself, none other can.88

YORK.

Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

DUCH.

Sweet York, be-patient.

[*Kneels.*

Hear me, gentle liege.

BOLING.

Rise up, good aunt.

DUCH.

Not yet, I thee beseech.92

For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.96

AUM.

Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

YORK.

Against them both my true joints bended be.

[*Kneels.*

Ill mayst thou thrive if thou grant any grace!

DUCH.

Pleas he in earnest? look upon his face;100

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly and would be denied;

We pray with heart and soul and all beside:104

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.108

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

BOLING.

Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH.

Nay, do not say 'stand up;'

But 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,113

'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:116

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like 'pardon,' for kings' mouths so meet.

YORK.

Speak it in French, king; say, '*pardonnez moy.*'

DUCH.

Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?120

Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That sett'st the word itself against the word.

Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.124

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our plants and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.128

BOLING.

Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH.

I do not sue to stand;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

BOLING.

I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

DUCH.

O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;133

Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

BOLING.

With all my heart

I pardon him.

DUCH.

A god on earth thou art. 136

BOLING.

But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers 140

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell: and cousin too, adieu: 144

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

DUCH.

Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Another Room In The Castle.***

*Enter* Exton *and a* Servant.

EXTON.

Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'

Was it not so?

SERV.

Those were his very words.

EXTON.

‘Have I no friend?’ quoth he: he spake it twice,<sup>4</sup>

And urg’d it twice together, did he not?

SERV.

He did.

EXTON.

And speaking it, he wistly looked 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 foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***Pomfret. The Dungeon 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,<sup>4</sup>

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 beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,<sup>8</sup>  
And these 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 divine, are intermix'd<sup>12</sup>  
With scruples, 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<sup>16</sup>  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs<sup>20</sup>  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,<sup>24</sup>  
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
That many have and others must sit there:  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,<sup>28</sup>  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented: sometimes am I king;<sup>32</sup>  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am: then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king;  
Then am I king'd again; and by and by<sup>36</sup>  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,  
Nor I nor any man that but man is  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd<sup>40</sup>  
With being nothing. Music do I hear?  
*[Music.*  
Ha, ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is  
When time is broke and no proportion kept!  
So is it in the music of men's lives.<sup>44</sup>  
And here have I the daintiness of ear  
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;  
But for the concord of my state and time  
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.<sup>48</sup>  
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;  
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:  
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar  
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,<sup>52</sup>  
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is  
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart  
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans  
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.  
This music mads me: let it sound no more;<sup>61</sup>  
For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.  
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!<sup>64</sup>  
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom of the Stable.*

GROOM.

Hail, royal prince!

K. RICH.

Thanks, noble peer;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.<sup>68</sup>

What art thou? and how comest thou hither, man,

Where no man never comes but that sad dog

That brings me food to make misfortune live?

GROOM.

I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,<sup>73</sup>

With much ado at length have gotten leave

To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.

O! how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld<sup>76</sup>

In London streets, that coronation day

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,

That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,

That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.<sup>80</sup>

K. RICH.

Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,

How went he under him?

GROOM.

So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. RICH.

So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!<sup>84</sup>

That jade hath eat bread 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 neck<sup>88</sup>

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

Forgiveness, 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;<sup>92</sup>

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,

Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

*Enter Keeper, with a dish.*

KEEP.

[*To the Groom.*] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. RICH.

If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.<sup>96</sup>

GROOM.

What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

[*Exit.*

KEEP.

My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. RICH.

Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

KEEP.

My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. RICH.

The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.<sup>104</sup>

[*Strikes the Keeper.*

KEEP.

Help, help, help!

*Enter Exton and Servants, armed.*

K. RICH.

How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*

Go thou and fill another room in hell.108

*[He kills another: then Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,112

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

*[Dies.*

EXTON.

As full of valour as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O! would the deed were good;

For now the devil, that told me I did well,116

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear.

Take hence the rest and give them burial here.

*[Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—

***Windsor. An Apartment In The Castle.***

FLOURISH.

*Enter Bolingbroke and York, with Lords and Attendants.*

BOLING.

Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;

But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.4

*Enter*Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

NORTH.

First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is: I have to London sent

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.8

The manner of their taking may appear

At large discoursed in this paper here.

BOLING.

We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.12

*Enter*Fitzwater.

FITZ.

My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors

That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.16

BOLING.

Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter*Henry Percy,*with the*Bishop of Carlisle.

H. PERCY.

The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,20

Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

BOLING.

Carlisle, this is your doom:24

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;

So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,28

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin*

EXTON.

Great king, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,32

Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

BOLING.

Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand

Upon my head and all this famous land.36

EXTON.

From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

BOLING.

They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.<sup>40</sup>

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word nor princely favour:

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.<sup>44</sup>

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,

And put on sullen black incontinent.<sup>48</sup>

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,

In weeping after this untimely bier.

*[Exeunt.]*

## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, }  
JOHN OF LANCASTER, } Sons to the King.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene.—*England.*

### ACT I.

Scene I.—

#### ***London. The Palace.***

*Enter* King Henry, Westmoreland, *and Others.*

K. HEN.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.<sup>4</sup>  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs<sup>8</sup>  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock<sup>12</sup>  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:<sup>16</sup>  
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross<sup>20</sup>  
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<sup>24</sup>  
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 twelvemonth old,<sup>28</sup>

And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:

Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,

What yesternight our council did decree<sup>32</sup>

In forwarding this dear expedience.

WEST.

My liege, this haste was hot in question,

And many limits of the charge set down

But yesternight; when all athwart there came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;<sup>37</sup>

Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight

Against the irregular and wild Glendower,<sup>40</sup>

Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,

And a thousand of his people butchered;

Upon whose dead corpse' there was such misuse,

Such beastly shameless transformation<sup>44</sup>

By those Welshwomen done, as may not be

Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. HEN.

It seems then that the tidings of this broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.<sup>48</sup>

WEST.

This match'd with other like, my gracious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north and thus it did import:  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,<sup>52</sup>  
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,<sup>57</sup>  
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,<sup>60</sup>  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. HEN.

Here is a dear and true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil<sup>64</sup>  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,<sup>68</sup>  
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners Hotspur took  
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,<sup>72</sup>  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

WEST.

In faith,76

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. HEN.

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland

Should be the father to so blest a son,80

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 I, by looking on the praise of him,84

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had exchange'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,88

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet.

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,92

Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,

To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,

I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

WEST.

This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,96

Malevolent to you in all aspects;

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up

The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. HEN.

But I have sent for him to answer this;100

And for this cause a while we must neglect

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:104

But come yourself with speed to us again;

For more is to be said and to be done

Than out of anger can be uttered.

WEST.

I will, my hege.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. An Apartment Of The Prince's.***

*Enter the Prince and Falstaff.*

FAL.

Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE.

Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.13

FAL.

Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy Grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—20

PRINCE.

What! none?

FAL.

No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

PRINCE.

Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.25

FAL.

Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.33

PRINCE.

Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by;' and spent with crying 'Bring in:' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL.

By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?<sup>46</sup>

PRINCE.

As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?<sup>49</sup>

FAL.

How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?<sup>52</sup>

PRINCE.

Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL.

Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.<sup>56</sup>

PRINCE.

Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FAL.

No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.<sup>60</sup>

PRINCE.

Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FAL.

Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art their apparent.—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.<sup>70</sup>

PRINCE.

No; thou shalt.

FAL.

Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.73

PRINCE.

Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.76

FAL.

Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

PRINCE.

For obtaining of suits?80

FAL.

Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

PRINCE.

Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.84

FAL.

Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE.

What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?88

FAL.

Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince; but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.98

PRINCE.

Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.100

FAL.

O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE.

Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? 111

FAL.

Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me a villain and baffle me.

PRINCE.

I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking. 115

*Enter Poins, at a distance.*

FAL.

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand!' to a true man. 122

PRINCE.

Good morrow, Ned.

POINS.

Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg? 129

PRINCE.

Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

POINS.

Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE.

Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.136

POINS.

But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.147

FAL.

Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS.

You will, chops?

FAL.

Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE.

Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.153

FAL.

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.157

PRINCE.

Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FAL.

Why, that's well said.160

PRINCE.

Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL.

By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king. 164

PRINCE.

I care not.

POINS.

Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. 168

FAL.

Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap. 175

PRINCE.

Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer!

*[Exit Falstaff.]*

POINS.

Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders. 185

PRINCE.

But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS.

Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them. 193

PRINCE.

Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.196

POINS.

Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.201

PRINCE.

Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS.

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 fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

PRINCE.

Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS.

Farewell, my lord.

*[Exit.*

PRINCE.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold<sup>217</sup>

The unyok'd humour of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,<sup>221</sup>

That when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.<sup>225</sup>  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.<sup>229</sup>  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am<sup>232</sup>  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.<sup>237</sup>  
I'll so offend to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. The Palace.***

*Enter* King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, *and Others.*

K. HEN.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,

And you have found me; for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,<sup>4</sup>  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect<sup>8</sup>  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WOR.

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands<sup>12</sup>  
Have help to make so portly.

NORTH.

My lord,—

K. HEN.

Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.<sup>16</sup>  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.<sup>21</sup>  
[*Exit Worcester.*  
[*To Northumberland.*] You were about to speak.

NORTH.

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,<sup>24</sup>

Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault and not my son.<sup>28</sup>

HOT.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners:

But I remember, when the fight was done,

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,<sup>32</sup>

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:

He was perfumed like a milliner,<sup>36</sup>

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose and took't away again;

Who therewith angry, when it next 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 untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse<sup>44</sup>

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.<sup>48</sup>  
I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,<sup>52</sup>  
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 waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the mark!—<sup>56</sup>  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd<sup>60</sup>  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.<sup>64</sup>  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation<sup>68</sup>  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT.

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person and in such a place,<sup>72</sup>  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.<sup>76</sup>

K. HEN.

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;<sup>80</sup>  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March  
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then<sup>85</sup>  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;<sup>89</sup>  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.<sup>92</sup>

HOT.

Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war: to prove that true

Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,<sup>96</sup>

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,

In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour<sup>100</sup>

In changing hardiment with great Glendower.

Three times they breath'd and three times did they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,

Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,<sup>104</sup>

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,

And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

Never did base and rotten policy<sup>108</sup>

Colour her working with such deadly wounds;

Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly:

Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.<sup>112</sup>

K. HEN.

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him:

He never did encounter with Glendower:

I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone 116

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, 120

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son.

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. 124

*[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.]*

HOT.

An if the devil come and roar for them,

I will not send them: I will after straight

And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,

Albeit I make a hazard of my head. 128

NORTH.

What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:

Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter Worcester.*

HOT.

Speak of Mortimer!

'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul

Want mercy if I do not join with him: 132

In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i' the air as this unthankful king, 136

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTH.

Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

WOR.

Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOT.

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again 141  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. 144

WOR.

I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

NORTH.

He was; I heard the proclamation:  
And then it was when the unhappy king,—148  
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he, intercepted, did return  
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered. 152

WOR.

And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

HOT.

But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer<sup>156</sup>

Heir to the crown?

NORTH.

He did; myself did hear it.

HOT.

Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.

But shall it be that you, that set the crown<sup>160</sup>

Upon the head of this forgetful man,

And for his sake wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo,<sup>164</sup>

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O! pardon me that I descend so low,

To show the line and the predicament<sup>168</sup>

Wherein you range under this subtle king.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power,<sup>172</sup>

Did gage them both in' an unjust behalf,  
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem<sup>180</sup>  
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again;  
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,<sup>185</sup>  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say,—

WOR.

Peace, cousin! say no more:  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,<sup>188</sup>  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,<sup>192</sup>  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOT.

If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honour cross it from the north to south,196  
And let them grapple: O! the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

NORTH.

Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.200

HOT.

By heaven methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,204  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without corrival all her dignities:  
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!208

WOR.

He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOT.

I cry you mercy.

WOR.

Those same noble Scots212

That are your prisoners,—

HOT.

I'll keep them all;

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:

I'll keep them, by this hand.

WOR.

You start away,<sup>216</sup>

And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOT.

Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom Mortimer;

Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;<sup>220</sup>

But I will find him when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'

Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak<sup>224</sup>

Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,

To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR.

Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOT.

All studies here I solemnly defy,<sup>228</sup>

Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.<sup>233</sup>

WOR.

Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTH.

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool<sup>236</sup>  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOT.

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,  
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.<sup>241</sup>

In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—  
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,  
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
'Sblood!

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

NORTH.

At Berkeley Castle.<sup>249</sup>

HOT.

You say true.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'<sup>253</sup>

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin.'

O! the devil take such cozeners. God forgive me!

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.<sup>256</sup>

WOR.

Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

HOT.

I have done, i' faith.

WOR.

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean<sup>261</sup>

For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,

Will easily be granted. [*To Northumberland.*] You, my lord,<sup>264</sup>

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate well belov'd,

The Archbishop.<sup>268</sup>

HOT.

Of York, is it not?

WOR.

True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,<sup>272</sup>

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.<sup>276</sup>

HOT.

I smell it.

Upon my life it will do wondrous well.

NORTH.

Before the game's afoot thou still lett'st slip.

HOT.

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:<sup>280</sup>

And then the power of Scotland and of York,

To join with Mortimer, ha?

WOR.

And so they shall.

HOT.

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WOR.

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head;285  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,288  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOT.

He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.292

WOR.

Cousin, farewell: no further go in this,  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—  
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;296  
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,—  
As I will fashion it,—shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.300

NORTH.

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOT.

Uncle, adieu: O! let the hours be short,  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### ***Rochester. An Inn-Yard.***

*Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.*

FIRST CAR.

Heigh-ho! An't 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!4

OST.

[*Within.*] Anon, anon.

FIRST CAR.

I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.8

*Enter another Carrier.*

SEC. CAR.

Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.12

FIRST CAR.

Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

SEC. CAR.

I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.17

FIRST CAR.

Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.20

SEC. CAR.

Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

FIRST CAR.

What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.25

SEC. CAR.

I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.28

FIRST CAR.

Godsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gadshill.*

GADS.

Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

FIRST CAR.

I think it be two o'clock.37

GADS.

I prithee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

FIRST CAR.

Nay, by God, soft: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.41

GADS.

I prithee, lend me thine.

SEC. CAR.

Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a'? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.45

GADS.

Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

SEC. CAR.

Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt* Carriers.

GADS.

What, ho! chamberlain!52

CHAM.

[*Within.*] 'At hand, quoth pick-purse.'

GADS.

That's even as fair as, 'at hand, quoth the chamberlain'; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.57

*Enter* Chamberlain.

CHAM.

Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

GADS.

Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.68

CHAM.

No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.72

GADS

What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Troyans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio-purple-hued malt worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

CHAM.

What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?93

GADS.

She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.96

CHAM.

Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

GADS

Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.101

CHAM.

Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADS.

Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.106

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Road By Gadshill.***

*Enter the Prince and Poins.*

POINS.

Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE.

Stand close.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter Falstaff.*

FAL.

Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE.

Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL.

Where's Poins, Hal?<sup>8</sup>

PRINCE.

He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

*[Pretends to seek Poins, and retires.]*

FAL.

I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted

villains know it well enough. A plague upon't when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse and be hanged.34

PRINCE.

[*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fatguts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.38

FAL.

Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

PRINCE.

Thou liest: thou art not colted; thou art uncolted.45

FAL.

I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

PRINCE.

Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FAL.

Go, hang thyself in thine own heir apparent garters! If I be ta'en I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.53

*Enter* Gadshill.

GADS.

Stand.

FAL.

So I do, against my will.

POINS.

O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

*Enter Bardolph and Peto.*

BARD.

What news? 57

GADS.

Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer. 60

FAL.

You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

GADS.

There's enough to make us all.

FAL.

To be hanged. 64

PRINCE.

Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us. 68

PETO.

How many be there of them?

GADS.

Some eight or ten.

FAL.

'Zounds! will they not rob us?

PRINCE.

What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FAL.

Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal. 74

PRINCE.

Well, we leave that to the proof.

POINS.

Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needst him there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FAL.

Now cannot I strike him if I should be hanged.80

PRINCE.

[*Aside to Poins.*] Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS.

Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

FAL.

Now my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.85

*Enter Travellers.*

FIRST TRAV.

Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.88

THIEVES.

Stand!

TRAVELLERS.

Jesu bless us!

FAL.

Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

TRAVELLERS.

O! we are undone, both we and ours for ever.96

FAL.

Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.101

*[Here they rob and bind them. Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter the Prince and Poins.*

PRINCE.

The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.106

POINS.

Stand close; I hear them coming.

*Re-enter 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 valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.112

PRINCE.

Your money!

POINS.

Villains!

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind.]*

PRINCE

Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death

And lards the lean earth as he walks along: 120

Were't not for laughing I should pity him.

POINS.

How the rogue roar'd!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Warkworth. A Room In The Castle.***

*Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*

But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.

He could be contented; why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous;—8

Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 12

The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition. 16

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is 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! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? 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! Ha! you shall see now in very

sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.<sup>40</sup>

*Enter* Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY P.

O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?<sup>44</sup>

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?<sup>48</sup>

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,<sup>52</sup>

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,

Cry, 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,<sup>56</sup>

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents of a heady fight.<sup>60</sup>

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;<sup>64</sup>  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden hest. O! what portents are these?  
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,<sup>68</sup>  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOT.

What, ho!

*Enter* Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

SERV.

He is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOT.

Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?<sup>72</sup>

SERV.

One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOT.

What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

SERV.

It is, my lord.

HOT.

That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O, *Esperance!*

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.<sup>77</sup>

[*Exit* Servant.

LADY P.

But hear you, my lord.

HOT.

What sayst thou, my lady?

LADY P.

What is it carries you away?<sup>80</sup>

HOT.

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY P.

Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,<sup>84</sup>

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise. But if you go—<sup>88</sup>

HOT.

So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY P.

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,<sup>92</sup>

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOT.

Away,

Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world<sup>96</sup>

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

What sayst thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?<sup>100</sup>

LADY P.

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not, then; for since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.<sup>104</sup>

HOT.

Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me<sup>108</sup>

Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts.

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise; but yet no further wise<sup>112</sup>  
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,  
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.<sup>117</sup>

LADY P.

How! so far?

HOT.

Not an inch further. But, hark you, Kate;  
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;<sup>120</sup>  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY P.

It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Eastcheap. A Room In The Boar'S Head Tavern.***

*Enter the Prince and Poins.*

PRINCE.

Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS.

Where hast been, Hal?<sup>3</sup>

PRINCE.

With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry ‘hem!’ and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an undersinker, one that never spake other English in his life than—‘Eight shillings and sixpence,’ and—‘You are welcome,’ with this shrill addition,—‘Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,’ or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling ‘Francis!’ that his tale to me may be nothing but ‘Anon.’ Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.<sup>37</sup>

POINS.

Francis!

PRINCE.

Thou art perfect.

POINS.

Francis!

*[Exit Poins.]*

*Enter Francis.*

FRAN.

Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

PRINCE.

Come hither, Francis.

FRAN.

My lord.44

PRINCE.

How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN.

Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS.

[*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN.

Anon, anon, sir.48

PRINCE.

Five years! by'r lady a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?53

FRAN.

O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

POINS.

[*Within.*] Francis!56

FRAN.

Anon, sir.

PRINCE.

How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN.

Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—60

POINS.

[*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN.

Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE.

Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?<sup>66</sup>

FRAN.

O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

PRINCE.

I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

POINS.

[*Within.*] Francis!

FRAN.

Anon, anon.<sup>72</sup>

PRINCE.

Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!<sup>76</sup>

FRAN.

My lord?

PRINCE.

Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, pukestocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—<sup>81</sup>

FRAN.

O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

PRINCE.

Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRAN.

What, sir?

POINS.

*[Within.]* Francis!88

PRINCE.

Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

*[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]*

*Enter* Vintner.

VINT.

What! standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. *[Exit* Francis.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

PRINCE.

Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. *[Exit* Vintner.] Poins!97

*Re-enter* Poins.

POINS.

Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE.

Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?100

POINS.

As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?104

PRINCE.

I am now of all humours that have show'd themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

[Franciscrosses the stage, with wine.] What's o'clock, Francis?110

FRAN.

Anon, anon, sir.

[Exit.

PRINCE.

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, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after, 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.127

*Enter*Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, Peto,*and*Francis.

POINS.

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. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

PRINCE.

Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst then behold that compound.138

FAL.

You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villanous

coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE.

How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?152

FAL.

A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, 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!157

PRINCE.

Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FAL.

Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?161

POINS.

'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FAL.

I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned 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: call you 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 drunk to-day.172

PRINCE.

O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

FAL.

All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.176

PRINCE.

What's the matter?

FAL.

What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.180

PRINCE.

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL.

Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE.

What, a hundred, man?184

FAL.

I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by 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: *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE.

Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS.

We four set upon some dozen,—196

FAL.

Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS.

And bound them.

PETO.

No, no, they were not bound.

FAL.

You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS.

As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—204

FAL.

And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE.

What, fought ye 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 radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.212

PRINCE.

Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FAL.

Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—221

PRINCE.

What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

FAL.

Four, Hal; I told thee four.224

POINS.

Ay, 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 their seven points in my target, thus.228

PRINCE.

Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FAL.

In buckram.

POINS.

Ay, four, in buckram suits.232

FAL.

Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE.

Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.236

FAL.

Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE.

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL.

Do so, for it is worth the listening to.

These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—240

PRINCE.

So, two more already.

FAL.

Their points being broken,—

POINS.

Down fell their hose.

FAL.

Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE.

O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.248

FAL.

But, as 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, that thou couldst not see thy hand.252

PRINCE.

These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallowketch,—257

FAL.

What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE.

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?263

POINS.

Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FAL.

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds! an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.270

PRINCE.

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—273

FAL.

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O! for breath to utter what is like thee; you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck;—278

PRINCE.

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.281

POINS.

Mark, Jack.

PRINCE.

We two saw you four set on four and you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?296

POINS.

Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FAL.

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?313

PRINCE.

Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FAL.

Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!<sup>317</sup>

*Enter* Mistress Quickly.

QUICK.

O Jesu! my lord the prince!

PRINCE.

How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?<sup>320</sup>

QUICK.

Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

PRINCE.

Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FAL.

What manner of man is he?<sup>326</sup>

QUICK.

An old man.

FAL.

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

PRINCE.

Prithee, do, Jack.<sup>330</sup>

FAL.

Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*

PRINCE.

Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

BARD.

Faith, I ran when I saw others run.336

PRINCE.

Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO.

Why he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.342

BARD.

Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.348

PRINCE.

O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

BARD.

[*Pointing to his face.*] My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?357

PRINCE.

I do.

BARD.

What think you they portend?

PRINCE.

Hot livers and cold purses.360

BARD.

Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE.

No, if rightly taken, halter.—

*Re-enter* Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?366

FAL.

My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?378

POINS.

Owen Glendower.

FAL.

Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

PRINCE.

He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.385

FAL.

You have hit it.

PRINCE.

So did he never the sparrow.

FAL.

Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.389

PRINCE.

Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!

FAL.

O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot he will not budge a foot.393

PRINCE.

Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FAL.

I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.400

PRINCE.

Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.404

FAL.

By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?412

PRINCE.

Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL.

Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.417

PRINCE.

Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL.

Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.422

PRINCE.

Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!425

FAL.

Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt 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 Cambyses' vein.

*[Drinks.*

PRINCE.

Well, here is my leg.

*[Makes a bow.*

FAL.

And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.434

QUICK.

O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FAL.

Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.436

QUICK.

O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

FAL.

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.440

QUICK.

O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FAL.

Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. 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 nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; 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 woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.<sup>467</sup>

PRINCE.

What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FAL.

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE.

Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.<sup>483</sup>

FAL.

Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE.

Well, here I am set.<sup>488</sup>

FAL.

And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

PRINCE.

Now, Harry! whence come you?

FAL.

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE.

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.493

FAL.

'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay,

I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

PRINCE.

Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er 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 tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villanous but in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing?512

FAL.

I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

PRINCE.

That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FAL.

My lord, the man I know.517

PRINCE.

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 witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old 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 Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.<sup>535</sup>

PRINCE.

I do, I will.

*[A knocking heard.]*

*[Exeunt Mistress Quickly, 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.

Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Mistress Quickly.*

QUICK.

O Jesu! my lord, my lord!<sup>541</sup>

PRINCE.

Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

QUICK.

The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?<sup>546</sup>

FAL.

Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so.549

PRINCE.

And thou a natural coward without instinct.

FAL.

I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.556

PRINCE.

Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FAL.

Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.561

*[Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto.]*

PRINCE.

Call in the sheriff.

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

SHER.

First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry564

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

PRINCE.

What men?

SHER.

One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

CAR.

As fat as butter.568

PRINCE.

The man, I do assure you, is not here,  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.  
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,572  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For anything he shall be charg'd withal:  
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHER.

I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen576  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE.

It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHER.

Good night, my noble lord.580

PRINCE.

I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHER.

Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

*[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]*

PRINCE.

This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.

Go, call him forth.584

PETO.

Falstaff! fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE.

Hark, how hard he fetches breath.

Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?590

PETO.

Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE.

Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO.

Item, A capon	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce	4l.
Item, Sack, two gallons	5s. 8l.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper	2s. 6l.
Item, Bread	ob.

PRINCE.

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.608

PETO.

Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Bangor. A Room In The Archdeacon'S House.***

*Enter* Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, *and* Glendower.

MORT.

These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

HOT.

Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,  
Will you sit down?<sup>4</sup>

And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

GLEND.

No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;

For by that name as oft as Lancaster<sup>8</sup>

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with

A rising sigh he wishes you in heaven.

HOT.

And you in hell, as often as he hears

Owen Glendower spoke of.<sup>12</sup>

GLEND.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning cressets; and at my birth

The frame and huge foundation of the earth<sup>16</sup>

Shak'd like a coward.

HOT.

Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.<sup>20</sup>

GLEND.

I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT.

And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLEND.

The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.<sup>24</sup>

HOT.

O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth<sup>28</sup>

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth<sup>33</sup>

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

GLEND.

Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave<sup>36</sup>

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;<sup>41</sup>

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea<sup>44</sup>

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art<sup>48</sup>

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT.

I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.

I'll to dinner.

MORT.

Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.<sup>52</sup>

GLEND.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT.

Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

GLEND.

Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command<sup>56</sup>

The devil.

HOT.

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil

By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,<sup>60</sup>

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

MORT.

Come, come;

No more of this unprofitable chat.<sup>64</sup>

GLEND.

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him

Bootless home and weather-beaten back.<sup>68</sup>

HOT.

Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

GLEND.

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right

According to our threefold order ta'en?<sup>72</sup>

MORT.

The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits very equally.  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:76  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.80  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
A business that this night may execute,  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I84  
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,88  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.  
[To Glendower.] Within that space you may have drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

GLEND.

A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;92  
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 shed

Upon the parting of your wives and you.96

HOT.

Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:

See how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my land100

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cante out.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly:104

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,

To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEND.

Not wind! it shall, it must; you see it doth.

MORT.

Yea, but108

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.112

WOR.

Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,

And on this north side win this cape of land;

And then he runs straight and even.

HOT.

I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

GLEND.

I will not have it alter'd.

HOT.

Will not you? 117

GLEND.

No, nor you shall not.

HOT.

Who shall say me nay?

GLEND.

Why, that will I.

HOT.

Let me not understand you then:

Speak it in Welsh. 120

GLEND.

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, 124

And gave the tongue an helpful ornament;

A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT.

Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew<sup>128</sup>  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:<sup>133</sup>  
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

GLEND.

Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

HOT.

I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land<sup>136</sup>  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark you me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLEND.

The moon shines fair, you may away by night:<sup>141</sup>  
I'll haste the writer and withal  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,<sup>144</sup>  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

MORT.

Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOT.

I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 149  
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulted raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat, 152  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I'll tell thee what;  
He held me last night at least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names 156  
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum!' and 'well, go to.'  
But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far, 161  
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT.

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 164  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion  
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin? 168  
He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does.  
I warrant you, that man is not alive<sup>172</sup>  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR.

In faith, my lord, you are too wilfulblame;<sup>176</sup>  
And since your coming hither have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—<sup>180</sup>  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:<sup>184</sup>  
The least of which haunting a nobleman  
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.<sup>188</sup>

HOT.

Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!  
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.  
*Re-enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

MORT.

This is the deadly spite that angers me,  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.192

GLEND.

My daughter weeps; she will not part with you:  
She'll be a soldier too: she'll to the wars.

MORT.

Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy,  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.196

*[Glendowerspeaks toLady Mortimerin Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

GLEND.

She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon.

*[She speaks toMortimerin Welsh.*

MORT.

I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh200  
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens  
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley would I answer thee.

*[She speaks again.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,204  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,209

With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLEND.

Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

*[She speaks again.*

MORT.

O! I am ignorance itself in this.212

GLEND.

She bids you

Upon 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 eye-lids crown the god of sleep,217

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

As is the difference between day and night220

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden 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;225

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.228

HOT.

Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

LADY P.

Go, ye giddy goose.232

*[Glendowerspeaks some Welsh words, and music is heard.]*

HOT.

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;  
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.

By'r lady, he's a good musician.

LADY P.

Then should you be nothing but musical for you are altogether governed by humours.  
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOT.

I had rather hear Lady, my brach, how! in Irish.240

LADY P.

Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOT.

No.

LADY P.

Then be still.

HOT.

Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.244

LADY P.

Now, God help thee!

HOT.

To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY P.

What's that?

HOT.

Peace! she sings.<sup>248</sup>

*[A Welsh song sung by Lady Mortimer.]*

HOT.

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P.

Not mine, in good sooth.

HOT.

Not yours, 'in good sooth!' Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, 'in good sooth;' and, 'as true as I live;' and, 'as God shall mend me;' and, 'as sure as day:'

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.<sup>256</sup>

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath; and leave 'in sooth,'

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.<sup>260</sup>

Come, sing.

LADY P.

I will not sing.

HOT.

'Tis the next way to turn tailor or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

[*Exit.*

GLEND.

Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.<sup>268</sup>

By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,

And then to horse immediately.

MORT.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter King Henry, the Prince, and Lords.*

K. HEN.

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,<sup>4</sup>

For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
But thou dost in thy passages of life<sup>8</sup>  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,<sup>12</sup>  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood<sup>16</sup>  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

PRINCE.

So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge<sup>20</sup>  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,  
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.<sup>28</sup>

K. HEN.

God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,<sup>32</sup>  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood.  
The hope and expectation of thy time<sup>36</sup>  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,<sup>40</sup>  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputeless banishment,<sup>44</sup>  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;  
That men would tell their children, 'This is he;'  
Others would say, 'Where? which is Bolingbroke?'<sup>49</sup>  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,<sup>56</sup>  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
And won by rareness such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down<sup>60</sup>  
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,  
And gave his countenance, against his name,<sup>65</sup>  
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative;  
Grew a companion to the common streets,<sup>68</sup>  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little is by much too much.<sup>73</sup>  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes  
As, sick and blunted with community,<sup>77</sup>

Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;80  
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;85  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation: not an eye  
But is aweary of thy common sight,88  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE.

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,92  
Be more myself.

K. HEN.

For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.96  
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession;

For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on 104  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority, 109  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes, 112  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up 116  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us and are up. 120  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,

Base inclination, and the start of spleen, 125

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,

To show how much thou art degenerate. 128

PRINCE.

Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head, 132

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 favours in a bloody mask, 136

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140

And your unthought of Harry chance to meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,—

Would they were multitudes, and on my head

My shames redoubled!—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 up glorious deeds on my behalf; 148

And I will call him to so strict account  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart. 152  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance: 156  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. HEN.

A hundred thousand rebels die in this: 160  
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter* Sir Walter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

BLUNT.

So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word 164  
That Douglas and the English rebels met,  
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,—  
If promises be kept on every hand,— 168  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. HEN.

The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,  
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;  
For this advertisement is five days old.172  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;  
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting  
Is Bridgenorth; and Harry, you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,176  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.180

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***Eastcheap. A Room In The Boar'S Head Tavern.***

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

FAL.

Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.12

BARD.

Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

FAL.

Why, there is it: come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of 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.<sup>23</sup>

BARD.

Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.<sup>26</sup>

FAL.

Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern 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.<sup>32</sup>

FAL.

No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's head, or a *memento mori*: 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, that's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *igiús fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!<sup>55</sup>

BARD.

'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

FAL.

God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

*Enter* Mistress Quickly.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?<sup>61</sup>

QUICK.

Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.<sup>67</sup>

FAL.

You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

QUICK.

Who, I? No; I defy thee: God's light!

I was never called so in my own house before.<sup>72</sup>

FAL.

Go to, I know you well enough.

QUICK.

No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.<sup>78</sup>

FAL.

Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.<sup>81</sup>

QUICK.

Now, as I am true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.<sup>85</sup>

FAL.

He had his part of it; let him pay.

QUICK.

He! alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

FAL.

How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What! will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a sealing of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

QUICK.

O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.<sup>97</sup>

FAL.

How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.<sup>100</sup>

*Enter the Prince and Poins marching. Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

FAL

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

BARD.

Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

QUICK.

My lord, I pray you, hear me.<sup>104</sup>

PRINCE.

What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly?

How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

QUICK.

Good my lord, hear me.<sup>108</sup>

FAL.

Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE.

What sayest thou, Jack?

FAL.

The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets. 113

PRINCE.

What didst thou lose, Jack?

FAL.

Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's. 117

PRINCE.

A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

QUICK.

So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you. 122

PRINCE.

What! he did not?

QUICK.

There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else. 125

FAL.

There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

QUICK.

Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL.

What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.133

QUICK.

I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.137

FAL.

Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

QUICK.

Say, what beast, thou knave thou?140

FAL.

What beast! why, an otter.

PRINCE.

An otter, Sir John! why, an otter?

FAL.

Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.144

QUICK.

Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

PRINCE.

Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.149

QUICK.

So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

PRINCE.

Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?153

FAL.

A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

QUICK.

Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.157

FAL.

Did I, Bardolph?

BARD.

Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

FAL.

Yea; if he said my ring was copper.160

PRINCE.

I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL.

Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion s whelp.165

PRINCE.

And why not as the lion?

FAL.

The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break!170

PRINCE.

O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, or honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and

midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?183

FAL.

Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?189

PRINCE.

It appears so by the story.

FAL.

Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. Still! Nay prithee, be gone. [*Exit Mistress Quickly.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?197

PRINCE.

O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

FAL.

O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.201

PRINCE.

I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

FAL.

Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

BARD.

Do, my lord.

PRINCE.

I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.208

FAL.

I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

PRINCE.

Bardolph!

BARD.

My lord?216

PRINCE.

Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,  
To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.220

Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.224

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie.

*[Exeunt the Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.]*

FAL.

Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast; come!

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum.228

*[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

*The Rebel Camp Near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

HOT.

Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; do defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

DOUG.

Thou art the king of honour:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him.

HOT.

Do so, and 'tis well.

*Enter a Messenger, with letters.*

What letters hast thou there? [*To Douglas.*] I can but thank you.

MESS.

These letters come from your father.

HOT.

Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESS.

He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.16

HOT.

'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

MESS.

His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.20

WOR.

I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESS.

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.24

WOR.

I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

HOT.

Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect<sup>28</sup>

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp,

He writes me here, that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not<sup>32</sup>  
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul remov'd but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,<sup>36</sup>  
That with our small conjunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly possess'd<sup>40</sup>  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WOR.

Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT.

A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:  
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want<sup>44</sup>  
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?<sup>48</sup>  
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.

DOUG.

Faith, and so we should;52

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.56

HOT.

A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

WOR.

But yet, I would your father had been here.60

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 mere dislike64

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.

And think how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction

And breed a kind of question in our cause;68

For well you know we of the offering side

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:72

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

HOT.

You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:76

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here; for men must think,

If we without his help, can make a head80

To push against the kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

DOUG.

As heart can think: there is not such a word84

Spoke of 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, lord.

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 in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,<sup>92</sup>  
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOT.

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,<sup>96</sup>  
And bid it pass?

VER.

All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,  
Baited like eagles having lately bath'd,  
Glittering in golden coats, like images,<sup>100</sup>  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,<sup>104</sup>  
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus<sup>109</sup>  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOT.

No more, no more: worse than the sun in March

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;

They come like sacrifices in their trim, 113

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war

All hot and bleeding will we offer them:

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit 116

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire

To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh

And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120

Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,

Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.

O! that Glendower were come.

VER.

There is more news: 124

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,

He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

DOUG.

That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WOR.

Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound. 123

HOT.

What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VER.

To thirty thousand.

HOT.

Forty let it be:

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.<sup>132</sup>

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

DOUG.

Talk not of dying: I am out of fear

Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***A Public Road Near Coventry.***

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

FAL.

Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton-Co'fil' to-night.

BARD.

Will you give me money, captain?<sup>4</sup>

FAL.

Lay out, lay out.

BARD.

This bottle makes an angel.

FAL.

An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.10

BARD.

I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*

FAL.

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.53

*Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.*

PRINCE.

How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FAL.

What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

WEST.

Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.<sup>63</sup>

FAL.

Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE.

I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FAL.

Mine, Hal, mine.<sup>70</sup>

PRINCE.

I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FAL.

Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WEST.

Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.<sup>76</sup>

FAL.

Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.<sup>79</sup>

PRINCE.

No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FAL.

What, is the king encamped?

WEST.

He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.<sup>84</sup>

FAL.

Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Rebel Camp Near Shrewsbury.***

*Enter* Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, *and* Vernon.

HOT.

We'll fight with him to-night.

WOR.

It may not be.

DOUG.

You give him then advantage.

VER.

Not a whit.

HOT.

Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VER.

So do we.

HOT.

His is certain, ours is doubtful.<sup>4</sup>

WOR.

Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.

VER.

Do not, my lord.

DOUG.

You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VER

Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,—

And I dare well maintain it with my life,—<sup>9</sup>

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle<sup>13</sup>

Which of us fears.

DOUG.

Yea, or to-night.

VER.

Content.

HOT.

To-night, say I.

VER.

Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, 16  
Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: 20  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself. 24

HOT.

So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated and brought low:  
The better part of ours are full of rest.

WOR.

The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. 29

*[The trumpet sounds a parley.]*

*Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

BLUNT.

I come with gracious offers from the king,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOT.

Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God<sup>32</sup>

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,<sup>36</sup>

But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT.

And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty.<sup>40</sup>

But, to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land<sup>44</sup>

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which he confesseth to be manifold,—

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed<sup>48</sup>

You shall have your desires with interest,

And pardon absolute for yourself and these

Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOT.

The king is kind; and well we know the king<sup>52</sup>

Knows at what time to promise, 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,<sup>56</sup>  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,<sup>61</sup>  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,<sup>64</sup>  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,<sup>69</sup>  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him<sup>72</sup>  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,<sup>76</sup>  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform

Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,<sup>80</sup>  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for;<sup>84</sup>  
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.<sup>88</sup>

BLUNT.

Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOT.

Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March—<sup>93</sup>  
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king—to be engag'd in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;<sup>96</sup>  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;<sup>100</sup>

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;  
And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find<sup>104</sup>  
Too indirect for long continuance.

BLUNT.

Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOT.

Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.  
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd<sup>108</sup>  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

BLUNT.

I would you would accept of grace and love.<sup>112</sup>

HOT.

And may be so we shall.

BLUNT.

Pray God, you do!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***York. A Room In The Archbishop's Palace.***

*Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.*

ARCH.

Hie, 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 knew<sup>4</sup>  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

SIR M.

My good lord,  
I guess their tenour.

ARCH.

Like enough you do.  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day<sup>8</sup>  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king with mighty and quick-raised power<sup>12</sup>  
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,—  
Whose power was in the first proportion,—  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,<sup>16</sup>  
Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,—  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.<sup>20</sup>

SIR M.

Why, my good lord, you need not fear:

There is the Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCH.

No, Mortimer is not there.

SIR M.

But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,<sup>24</sup>

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:<sup>28</sup>

The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

The noble Westmoreland, and war-like Blunt;

And many moe corrivals and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms.<sup>32</sup>

SIR M.

Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

ARCH.

I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;

And, to prevent the worse, Sir Michael, speed:

For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king<sup>36</sup>

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,

For he hath heard of our confederacy,

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste. I must go write again<sup>40</sup>

To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*The King's Camp Near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* King Henry, *the* Prince, John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, *and* Sir John Falstaff.

K. HEN.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer

Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale

At his distemperature.

PRINCE.

The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,<sup>4</sup>

And by his hollow whistling in the leaves

Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. HEN.

Then with the losers let it sympathize,

For nothing can seem foul to those that win.<sup>8</sup>

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

*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 deceiv'd our trust,  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,<sup>12</sup>  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,<sup>16</sup>  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear and a portent<sup>20</sup>  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

WOR.

Hear me, my liege.  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life<sup>24</sup>  
With quiet hours; for I do protest  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. HEN.

You have not sought it! how comes it then?

FAL.

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE.

Peace, chewet, peace!<sup>29</sup>

WOR.

It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour from myself and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,<sup>32</sup>  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,<sup>36</sup>  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,<sup>41</sup>  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.<sup>45</sup>  
To this we swore our aid: but, in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,<sup>48</sup>  
What with our help, what with the absent king,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king<sup>52</sup>  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,

That all in England did repute him dead:  
And from this swarm of fair advantages  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd<sup>56</sup>  
To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And being fed by us you us'd us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,<sup>60</sup>  
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing<sup>64</sup>  
We were enforc'd, for safety's sake, to fly  
Out of your sight and raise this present head;  
Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself<sup>68</sup>  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. HEN.

These things indeed, you have articulate,<sup>72</sup>  
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,<sup>76</sup>  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news

Of hurlyburly innovation:

And never yet did insurrection want

Such water-colours to impaint his cause;80

Nor moody beggars, starving for a time

Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

PRINCE.

In both our armies there is many a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,84

If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,

This present enterprise set off his head,88

I do not think a braver gentleman,

More active-valiant or more valiant-young,

More daring or more bold, is now alive

To grace this latter age with noble deeds.92

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry;

And so I hear he doth account me too;

Yet this before my father's majesty—96

I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,

And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.100

K. HEN.

And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love<sup>104</sup>  
That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.<sup>108</sup>  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do; but if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone!<sup>112</sup>  
We will not now be troubled with reply;  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

*[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]*

PRINCE.

It will not be accepted, on my life.  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together<sup>116</sup>  
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. HEN.

Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;  
For, on their answer, will we set on them;  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!<sup>120</sup>  
*[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and John of Lancaster.]*

FAL.

Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

PRINCE.

Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FAL.

I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.126

PRINCE.

Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*

FAL.

'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.143

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***The Rebel Camp Near Shrewsbury.***

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

WOR.

O, no! my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

VER.

'Twere best he did.

WOR.

Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,<sup>4</sup>

The king should keep his word in loving us;

He will suspect us still, and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults:

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;<sup>8</sup>

For treason is but trusted like the fox,

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,<sup>12</sup>

Interpretation will misquote our looks,

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,<sup>16</sup>

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;

And an adopted name of privilege,

A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.

All his offences live upon my head<sup>20</sup>

And on his father's: we did train him on;

And, his corruption being ta'en from us,

We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know<sup>24</sup>

In any case the offer of the king.

VER.

Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.

Here comes your cousin.

*Enter Hotspur and Douglas; Officers and Soldiers behind.*

HOT.

My uncle is return'd: deliver up 28

My Lord of Westmoreland. Uncle, what news?

WOR.

The king will bid you battle presently.

DOUG.

Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOT.

Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so. 32

DOUG.

Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

*[Exit.]*

WOR.

There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT.

Did you beg any? God forbid!

WOR.

I told him gently of our grievances, 36

Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,

By now forswearing that he is forsworn:

He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.<sup>40</sup>

*Re-enter* Douglas.

DOUG.

Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WOR.

The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,<sup>45</sup>  
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

HOT.

O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day<sup>48</sup>  
But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

VER.

No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,<sup>52</sup>  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man,  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,<sup>57</sup>  
Making you ever better than his praise,

By still dispraising praise valu'd with you;  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,60  
He made a blushing cital of himself,  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he master'd there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.64  
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.68

HOT.

Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
On his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a libertine.  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night72  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
Arm, arm, with speed! And, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do,76  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My lord, here are letters for you.

HOT.

I cannot read them now.80

O gentlemen! the time of life is short;

To spend that shortness basely were too long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,

Still ending at the arrival of an hour.84

An if we live, we live to tread on kings;

If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,

When the intent of bearing them is just.88

*Enter another Messenger.*

MESS.

My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

HOT.

I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking. Only this,—

Let each man do his best: and here draw I92

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now, *Esperance!* Percy! and set on.96

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace;

For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall

A second time do such a courtesy.100

*[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

***Between The Camps.***

*Excursions and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt, meeting.*

BLUNT.

What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

DOUG.

Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus<sup>4</sup>  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT.

They tell thee true.

DOUG.

The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,<sup>8</sup>  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

BLUNT.

I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge<sup>12</sup>  
Lord Stafford's death.

*[They fight, and Blunt is slain.]*

*Enter Hotspur.*

HOT.

O, Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

DOUG.

All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.16

HOT.

Where?

DOUG.

Here.

HOT.

This, Douglas! no; I know this face full well;

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;20

Semblably furnish'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.25

DOUG.

Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

Until I meet the king.

HOT.

Up, and away!<sup>28</sup>

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter Falstaff.*

FAL.

Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, 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 vanity! 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 ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?<sup>40</sup>

*Enter the Prince.*

PRINCE.

What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are unreveng'd: prithee, lend me thy sword.<sup>44</sup>

FAL.

O Hal! I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.<sup>48</sup>

PRINCE.

He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.

I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FAL.

Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.<sup>53</sup>

PRINCE.

Give it me. What! is it in the case?

FAL.

Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.<sup>56</sup>

*[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]*

PRINCE.

What! is't a time to jest and dally now?

*[Throws it at him, and exit.]*

FAL.

Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

*[Exit.]*

Scene IV.—

### ***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter King Henry, the Prince, John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.*

K. HEN.

I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LANC.

Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.<sup>4</sup>

PRINCE.

I beseech your majesty, make up,

Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. HEN.

I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.8

WEST.

Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

PRINCE.

Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,12

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LANC.

We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.16

[*Exeunt* John of Lancaster and Westmoreland.]

PRINCE.

By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.20

K. HEN.

I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

With lustier maintenance than I did look for

Of such an ungrown warrior.

PRINCE.

O! this boy

Lends mettle to us all.

*[Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter Douglas.*

DOUG.

Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:25

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them: what art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?28

K. HEN.

The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met

And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy and thyself about the field:32

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

DOUG.

I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

*[They fight. King Henry being in danger, re-enter the Prince.*

PRINCE.

Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits<sup>40</sup>  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

*[They fight: Douglas flies.]*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace?<sup>44</sup>  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. HEN.

Stay, and breathe awhile.  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,<sup>48</sup>  
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE.

O God! they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.<sup>52</sup>  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,<sup>56</sup>  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. HEN.

Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Hotspur.

HOT.

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE.

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.<sup>60</sup>

HOT.

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE.

Why, then, I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:<sup>64</sup>

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOT.

Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come<sup>68</sup>

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE.

I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest<sup>72</sup>

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOT.

I can no longer brook thy vanities.

*[They fight.*

*Enter Falstaff.*

FAL.

Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.<sup>76</sup>

*Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.*

HOT.

O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:<sup>80</sup>

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death<sup>84</sup>

Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

*[Dies.*

PRINCE.

For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,<sup>89</sup>

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough: this earth, that bears thee dead,92  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,96  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,100  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

*[He spies Falstaff on the ground.]*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spar'd a better man.104  
O! I should have a heavy miss of thee  
If I were much in love with vanity.  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.108  
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:  
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

*[Exit.]*

FAL.

*[Rising.]* Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to

be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*He takes Hotspuron his back.*

*Re-enter the Prince and John of Lancaster.*

PRINCE.

Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd 132

Thy maiden sword.

LANC.

But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

PRINCE.

I did; I saw him dead,

Breathless and bleeding on the ground. 136

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears:

Thou art not what thou seem'st. 140

FAL.

No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE.

Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.147

FAL.

Didst thou? 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 at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.157

LANC.

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

PRINCE.

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,161

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

*[A retreat is sounded.]*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.165

*[Exeunt the Prince and John of Lancaster.]*

FAL.

I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

*[Exit.]*

Scene V.—

*Another Part Of The Field.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, the Prince, John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Others, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

K. HEN.

Thus 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?<sup>4</sup>

Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl and many a creature else

Had been alive this hour,<sup>8</sup>

If like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR.

What I have done my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,<sup>12</sup>

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 Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]*

How goes the field?<sup>16</sup>

PRINCE.

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;<sup>20</sup>  
And falling from a hill he was so bruise'd  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace  
I may dispose of him.

K. HEN.

With all my heart.<sup>24</sup>

PRINCE.

Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong.  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:<sup>28</sup>  
His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

LANC.

I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,<sup>32</sup>  
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. HEN.

Then this remains, that we divide our power.  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,<sup>36</sup>

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,<sup>41</sup>

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won.

*[Exeunt.]*

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUMOUR, the Presenter.  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.  
HENRY, Prince of Wales; afterwards King Henry the Fifth. }  
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence, } His Sons.  
JOHN OF LANCASTER, }  
HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, }  
EARL OF WARWICK, }  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, }  
EARL OF SURREY, }  
GOWER, } Of the King's party.  
HARCOURT, }  
BLUNT, }  
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.  
A Servant of the Chief Justice.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, }  
RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York, }  
LORD MOWBRAY, }  
LORD HASTINGS, } Opposites to the King.  
LORD BARDOLPH, }  
SIR JOHN COLEVILE, }  
TRAVERS and MORTON, } Retainers of Northumberland.  
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  
His Page.  
BARDOLPH.  
PISTOL.  
POINS.  
PETO.  
SHALLOW and SILENCE, } Country Justices.  
DAVY, } Servant to Shallow.  
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, } Recruits.  
FANG and SNARE, } Sheriff's Officers.  
A Porter.  
A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.  
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.  
LADY PERCY.  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, } Hostess of a tavern in  
Eastcheap.  
DOLL TEARSHEET.  
Lords and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

Scene.—*England.*

## INDUCTION.

*Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues*

RAM.

*Open your ears; for which of you will stop*

*The vent 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 tongues continual slanders ride,*

*The which in every language I pronounce,*

*Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.*<sup>8</sup>

*I speak of peace, while covert enmity*

*Under the smile of safety wounds the world:*

*And who but Rumour, who but only I,*

*Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,*<sup>12</sup>

*Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,*

*Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,*

*And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe*

*Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,*<sup>16</sup>

*And of so easy and so plain a stop*

*That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,*

*The still-discordant wavering multitude,*

*Can play upon it. But what need I thus*<sup>20</sup>

*My well-known body to anatomize*

*Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
I run before King Harry's victory;  
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury<sup>24</sup>  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? my office is<sup>28</sup>  
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.<sup>32</sup>  
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,<sup>37</sup>  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.*

[Exit.

ACT I.

Scene I.—

***Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.***

*Enter Lord Bardolph.*

L. BARD.

Who keeps the gate here? ho!

*[The Porter opens the gate.*

Where is the earl?

PORT.

What shall I say you are?

L. BARD.

Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

PORT.

His Lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:4

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,

And he himself will answer.

*Enter*Northumberland.

L. BARD.

Here comes the earl.

*[Exit* Porter.

NORTH.

What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem.8

The times are wild; contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose

And bears down all before him.

L. BARD.

Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.<sup>12</sup>

NORTH.

Good, an God will!

L. BARD.

As good as heart can wish.

The king is almost wounded to the death;

And, in the fortune of my lord your son,

Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts<sup>16</sup>

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field.

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,

Is prisoner to your son: O! such a day,<sup>20</sup>

So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,

Came not till now to dignify the times

Since Cæsar's fortunes.

NORTH.

How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. BARD.

I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;<sup>25</sup>

A gentleman well bred and of good name,

That freely render'd me these news for true.

NORTH.

Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent<sup>28</sup>

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. BARD.

My lord, I over-rode him on the way;

And he is furnish'd with no certainties

More than he haply may retail from me.<sup>32</sup>

*Enter* Travers.

NORTH.

Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

TRA.

My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,

Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard<sup>36</sup>

A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,

That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him

I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.<sup>40</sup>

He told me that rebellion had bad luck,

And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that he gave his able horse the head,

And, bending forward struck his armed heels<sup>44</sup>

Against the panting sides of his poor jade

Up to the rowel-head, and, starting so,

He seem'd in running to devour the way,

Staying no longer question.

NORTH.

Ha! Again:48

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?

Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion

Had met ill luck?

L. BARD.

My lord, I'll tell you what:

If my young lord your son have not the day,52

Upon mine honour, for a silken point

I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

NORTH.

Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

L. BARD.

Who, he?56

He was some hilding fellow that had stolen

The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter Morton.*

NORTH.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,60

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MOR.

I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask

To fright our party.

NORTH.

How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.<sup>69</sup>

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,<sup>72</sup>

And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd;

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,

And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.

This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;<sup>76</sup>

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;'

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,

Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,<sup>80</sup>

Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

MOR.

Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;

But, for my lord your son,—

NORTH.

Why, he is dead.—

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!84

He that but fears the thing he would not know

Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes

That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton:

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,88

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MOR.

You are too great to be by me gainsaid;

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.92

NORTH.

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 fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;96

The tongue offends not that reports his death:

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,

Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news100

Hath but a losing office, and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. BARD.

I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead. 104

MOR.

I am sorry I should force you to believe

That which I would to God I had not seen;

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd, 108

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

From whence with life he never more sprung up.

In few, his death,—whose spirit lent a fire 112

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,—

Being bruided once, took fire and heat away

From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;

For from his metal was his party steel'd; 116

Which once in him abated, 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, 120

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,

Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety, 124

Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain the appearance of the king, 128  
'Gan vail his stomach, 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 encounter you, my lord, 133  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

NORTH.

For this I shall have time enough to mourn. 136  
In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life, 141  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief, 144  
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!  
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoil!  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head 148  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach

The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland! 152  
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a lingering act; 156  
But let one 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 burier of the dead! 160

TRA.

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. BARD.

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MOR.

The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion must perforce decay. 165  
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,  
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise 168  
That in the dole of blows your son might drop:  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable 172

Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:  
Yet did you say, 'Go forth;' and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain<sup>176</sup>  
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be?

L. BARD.

We all that are engaged to this loss  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas  
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;<sup>184</sup>  
And since we are o'erset, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

MOR.

'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,  
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,<sup>188</sup>  
The gentle Archbishop of York is up,  
With well-appointed powers: he is a man  
Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
My lord your son had only but the corpse',<sup>192</sup>  
But shadows and the shows of men to fight;  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
As men drink potions, that their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side: but, for their spirits and souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop<sup>200</sup>  
Turns insurrection to religion:  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood<sup>204</sup>  
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;  
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;  
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,  
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;<sup>208</sup>  
And more and less do flock to follow him.

NORTH.

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,  
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
Go in with me; and counsel every man<sup>212</sup>  
The aptest way for safety and revenge:  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:  
Never so few, and never yet more need.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

*London. A Street.*

*Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

FAL.

Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PAGE.

He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.<sup>5</sup>

FAL.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?<sup>33</sup>

PAGE.

He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.<sup>37</sup>

FAL.

Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security. The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and

twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?<sup>54</sup>

PAGE.

He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

FAL.

I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.<sup>60</sup>

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.*

PAGE.

Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FAL.

Wait close; I will not see him.<sup>64</sup>

CH. JUST.

What's he that goes there?

SER.

Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

CH. JUST.

He that was in question for the robbery?<sup>68</sup>

SER.

He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.<sup>72</sup>

CH. JUST.

What, to York? Call him back again.

SER.

Sir John Falstaff!

FAL.

Boy, tell him I am deaf.76

PAGE.

You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

CH. JUST.

I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

SER.

Sir John!82

FAL.

What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

SER.

You mistake me, sir.90

FAL.

Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.94

SER.

I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.98

FAL.

I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter: hence! avaunt!

SER.

Sir, my lord would speak with you.104

CH. JUST.

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 relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.115

CH. JUST.

Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FAL.

An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.120

CH. JUST.

I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

FAL.

And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.124

CH. JUST.

Well, heaven mend him! I pray you, 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 sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.129

CH. JUST.

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 cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

CH. JUST.

I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.137

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 withal.141

CH. JUST.

To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.144

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 I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.150

CH. JUST.

I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL.

As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.156

CH. JUST.

Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

FAL.

He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.160

CH. JUST.

Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

FAL.

I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.164

CH. JUST.

You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL.

The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.168

CH. JUST.

Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.173

FAL.

My lord!

CH. JUST.

But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.176

FAL.

To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

CH. JUST.

What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.180

FAL.

A wassail candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

CH. JUST.

There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.185

FAL.

His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

CH. JUST.

You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.188

FAL.

Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.203

CH. JUST.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with 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? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!212

FAL.

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 lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box o' 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 repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.226

CH. JUST.

Well, God send the prince a better companion!

FAL.

God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.230

CH. JUST.

Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.<sup>234</sup>

FAL.

Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace 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, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust 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 rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.<sup>251</sup>

CH. JUST.

Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

FAL.

Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?<sup>255</sup>

CH. JUST.

Not a penny; not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.<sup>258</sup>

*[Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.]*

FAL.

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!<sup>264</sup>

PAGE.

Sir!

FAL.

What money is in my purse?

PAGE.

Seven groats and twopence.267

FAL.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit*Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit*.

Scene III.—

***York. A Room In The Archbishop's Palace.***

*Enter the Archbishop of York, Lord Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.*

ARCH.

Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?<sup>4</sup>

MOWB.

I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough<sup>8</sup>

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

HAST.

Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;  
And our supplies live largely in the hope<sup>12</sup>  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. BARD.

The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:  
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.<sup>17</sup>

HAST.

With him, we may.

L. BARD.

Ay, marry, there's the point:  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far<sup>20</sup>  
Till we had his assistance by the hand;  
For in a theme so bloody-fao'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.<sup>24</sup>

ARCH.

'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. BARD.

It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,<sup>28</sup>  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;  
And so, with great imagination  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,<sup>32</sup>  
And winking leap'd into destruction.

HAST.

But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. BARD.

Yes, if this present quality of war,—  
Indeed the instant action,—a cause on foot,<sup>37</sup>  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair<sup>40</sup>  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;<sup>44</sup>  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at last desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,—

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down<sup>49</sup>  
And set another up,—should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,<sup>52</sup>  
Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite; or else,  
We fortify in paper, and in figures,<sup>56</sup>  
Using the names of men instead of men:  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost<sup>60</sup>  
A naked-subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HAST.

Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation;<sup>65</sup>  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. BARD.

What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?<sup>68</sup>

HAST.

To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.  
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,

Are in three heads: one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third<sup>72</sup>  
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king  
In three divided, and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCH.

That he should draw his several strengths together<sup>76</sup>  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

HAST.

If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.<sup>80</sup>

L. BARD.

Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

HAST.

The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French<sup>84</sup>  
I have no certain notice.

ARCH.

Let us on  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.88

A habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke92

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be:

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.96

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,

And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?100

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud London he came sighing on104

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

Cry'st now, 'O earth! yield us that king again,

And take thou this!' O, thoughts of men accurst!

Past and to come seem best; things present worst.108

MOWB.

Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?

HAST.

We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### ***London. A Street.***

*Enter* Mistress Quickly: Fang, *and his Boy, with her; and* Snare *following.*

QUICK.

Master Fang, have you entered the exion?

FANG.

It is entered.

QUICK.

Where's your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?5

FANG.

Sirrah, where's Snare?

QUICK.

O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

SNARE.

Here, here.8

FANG.

Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

QUICK.

Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.12

SNARE.

It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

QUICK.

Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth if his weapon be out: he will foil like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.<sup>20</sup>

FANG.

If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

QUICK.

No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.<sup>24</sup>

FANG.

An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

QUICK.

I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle, and he's indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head in Lumbert-Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed 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. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmeynose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.<sup>47</sup>

*Enter* Sir John Falstaff, Page, *and* Bardolph.

FAL.

How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

FANG.

Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.<sup>51</sup>

FAL.

Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.<sup>54</sup>

QUICK.

Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.61

FAL.

Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG.

A rescue! a rescue!

QUICK.

Good people, bring a rescue or two! Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

FAL.

Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.68

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.*

CH. JUST.

What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

QUICK.

Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!72

CH. JUST.

How now, Sir John! what! are you brawling here?

Doth 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 upon him?76

QUICK.

O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

CH. JUST.

For what sum?80

QUICK.

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 substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

FAL.

I think I am as like to ride the mare if I have any vantage of ground to get up.88

CH. JUST.

How comes this, Sir John? Fie! 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?93

FAL.

What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

QUICK.

Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a seacoal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip 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, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down-stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it if thou canst.116

FAL.

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 the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.122

CH. JUST.

Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

QUICK.

Yea, in troth, my lord.132

CH. JUST.

Prithee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FAL.

My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make curtsy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.144

CH. JUST.

You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

FAL.

Come hither, hostess.

*[Taking her aside.*

*Enter Gower.*

CH. JUST.

Now, Master Gower! what news?

GOW.

The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*[Gives a letter.*

FAL.

As I am a gentleman.152

QUICK.

Nay, you said so before.

FAL.

As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

QUICK.

By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.158

FAL.

Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.169

QUICK.

Prithee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!172

FAL.

Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

QUICK.

Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?177

FAL.

Will I live? [*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

QUICK.

Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

FAL.

No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Mistress Quickly, Bardolph, Officers, and Page.*]

CH. JUST.

I have heard better news.

FAL.

What's the news, my good lord? 184

CH. JUST.

Where lay the king last night?

GOW.

At Basingstoke, my lord.

FAL.

I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord? 188

CH. JUST.

Come all his forces back?

GOW.

No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

FAL.

Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?193

CH. JUST.

You shall have letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

FAL

My lord!196

CH. JUST.

What's the matter?

FAL.

Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

GOW.

I must wait upon my good lord here;

I thank you, good Sir John.201

CH. JUST.

Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.204

FAL.

Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

CH. JUST.

What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

FAL.

Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.211

CH. JUST.

Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. Another Street.***

*Enter the Prince and Poins.*

PRINCE.

Before God, I am exceeding weary.

POINS.

Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.<sup>4</sup>

PRINCE.

Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?<sup>8</sup>

POINS.

Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

PRINCE.

Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.<sup>31</sup>

POINS.

How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?36

PRINCE.

Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS.

Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

PRINCE.

It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.41

POINS.

Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

PRINCE.

Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too.48

POINS.

Very hardly upon such a subject.

PRINCE.

By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.56

POINS.

The reason?

PRINCE.

What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

POINS.

I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.61

PRINCE.

It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

POINS.

Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.69

PRINCE.

And to thee.

POINS.

By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and these two things I confess I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.76

*Enter Bardolph and Page.*

PRINCE.

And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

BARD.

God save your Grace!80

PRINCE.

And yours, most noble Bardolph.

BARD.

[*To the Page.*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?86

PAGE.

A' calls me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

PRINCE.

Hath not the boy profited?92

BARD.

Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE.

Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!96

PRINCE.

Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

PAGE.

Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.100

PRINCE.

A crown's worth of good interpretation. There it is, boy.

*[Gives him money.]*

POINS.

O! that this good blossom could be kept from cankers. Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.105

BARD.

An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

PRINCE.

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 martlemas, your master? 112

BARD.

In bodily health, sir.

POINS.

Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not. 116

PRINCE.

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. 119

POINS.

'*John Falstaff, knight,*'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are akin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There is some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.' 128

PRINCE.

Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

POINS.

*Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.* Why, this is a certificate.

PRINCE.

Peace! 134

POINS.

*I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:* sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too*

*familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so farewell.*142

*Thine, by yea and no,—which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.149

PRINCE.

That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?152

POINS.

God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

PRINCE.

Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

BARD.

Yes, my lord.

PRINCE.

Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?160

BARD.

At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

PRINCE.

What company?

PAGE.

Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

PRINCE.

Sup any women with him?165

PAGE.

None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

PRINCE.

What pagan may that be?168

PAGE.

A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

PRINCE.

Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?173

POINS.

I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

PRINCE.

Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph; no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

[*Gives money.*]

BARD.

I have no tongue, sir.

PAGE.

And for mine, sir, I will govern it.180

PRINCE.

Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

POINS.

I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.185

PRINCE.

How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?188

POINS.

Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.191

PRINCE.

From a god to a bull! a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice! a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.***

*Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.*

NORTH.

I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times,

And be like them to Percy troublesome.4

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 pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.8

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 endear'd to it than now;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,<sup>12</sup>

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:<sup>16</sup>

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light

Did all the chivalry of England move<sup>20</sup>

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,<sup>24</sup>

Became 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,<sup>28</sup>

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!<sup>32</sup>

O miracle of men! him did you leave,—  
Second to none, unseconded by you,—  
To look upon the hideous god of war  
In disadvantage; to abide a field<sup>36</sup>  
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<sup>40</sup>  
With others than with him: let them alone.  
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:  
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,<sup>44</sup>  
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

NORTH.

Beshrew your heart,  
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me  
With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
But I must go and meet with danger there,<sup>48</sup>  
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 commons  
Have of their puissance made a little taste.<sup>52</sup>

LADY P.

If they get ground and vantage of the king,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves. So did your son;56  
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;  
And never shall have length of life enough  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband.61

NORTH.

Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind  
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:64  
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company.68

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***London. A Room In The Boar'S Head Tavern, In Eastcheap.***

*Enter two Drawers.*

FIRST DRAW.

What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.3

SEC. DRAW.

Mass, thou sayst true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old withered knights.' It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.10

FIRST DRAW.

Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.15

SEC. DRAW.

Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.20

FIRST DRAW.

By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

SEC. DRAW.

I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Mistress Quickly *and* Doll Tearsheet.

QUICK.

I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidege beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; in good truth, la! But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, What's this? How do you now?32

DOL.

Better than I was: hem!

QUICK.

Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes Sir John.

*Enter* Falstaff, *singing.*

FAL.

*When Arthur first in court*—Empty the jordan.—[*Exit First Drawer.*]—*And was a worthy king.* How now, Mistress Doll!38

QUICK.

Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

FAL

So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm they are sick.41

DOL.

You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FAL.

You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.44

DOL.

I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FAL.

If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.50

DOL.

Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

FAL.

‘Your brooches, pearls, and owches:’—for to serve bravely is to come halting off you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—56

DOL.

Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

QUICK.

By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.65

DOL.

Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.72

*Re-enter* First Drawer.

FIRST DRAW.

Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOL.

Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedest rogue in England.77

QUICK.

If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.84

FAL.

Dost thou hear, hostess?

QUICK.

Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

FAL.

Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.88

QUICK.

Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me,—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,—'Neighbour Quickly,' says he;—Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then;—'Neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil, for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name;' now, a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.103

FAL.

He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.108

[*Exit* First Drawer.

QUICK.

Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.113

DOL.

So you do, hostess.

QUICK.

Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter* Pistol, Bardolph,*and* Page.

PIST.

God save you, Sir John!117

FAL.

Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.120

PIST.

I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

FAL.

She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.124

QUICK.

Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PIST.

Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.129

DOL.

Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PIST.

I know you, Mistress Dorothy.134

DOL.

Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!141

PIST.

God let me not live. I will murder your ruff for this!

FAL.

No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

QUICK.

No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.148

DOL.

Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for

tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word 'occupy,' 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.162

FAL.

Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

PIST.

Not I; I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph; I could tear her. I'll be revenged of her.166

PAGE.

Pray thee, go down.

PIST.

I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down fates! Have we not Hiren here?172

QUICK.

Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

PIST.

These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,176

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,

Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,

And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with180

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

QUICK.

By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.184

BARD.

Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

PIST.

Dio men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?188

QUICK.

O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake! be quiet.

PIST.

Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack.193

*Si fortuna me tormento, sperato me contento.*

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

*[Laying down his sword.]*

Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?197

FAL.

Pistol, I would be quiet.

PIST.

Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars.200

DOL.

For God's sake, thrust him down stairs! I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

PIST.

'Thrust him down stairs!' know we not Galloway nags?204

FAL.

Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shovegroat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

BARD.

Come, get you down stairs.208

PIST.

What! shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue?

*[Snatching up his sword.]*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!212

QUICK.

Here's goodly stuff toward!

FAL.

Give me my rapier, boy.

DOL.

I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.216

FAL.

Get you down stairs.

*[Drawing.]*

QUICK.

Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these turrets and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.

*[Exeunt Bardolph and Pistol.]*

DOL.

I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you!225

QUICK.

Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter* Bardolph.

FAL.

Have you turned him out o' doors?228

BARD.

Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

FAL.

A rascal, to brave me!

DOL.

Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops. Ah, rogue! i' 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.240

DOL.

Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter* Music.

PAGE.

The music is come, sir.244

FAL.

Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

DOL.

I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?<sup>252</sup>

*Enter behind the Prince and Poins, disguised like Drawers.*

FAL.

Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

DOL.

Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

FAL.

A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would have chipped bread well.

DOL.

They say, Poins has a good wit.<sup>260</sup>

FAL.

He a good wit! hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

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 eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an

able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.277

PRINCE.

Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

POINS.

Let's beat him before his whore.280

PRINCE.

Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS.

Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?284

FAL.

Kiss me, Doll.

PRINCE.

Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

POINS.

And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lispng to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.290

FAL.

Thou dost give me flattering busses.

DOL.

By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FAL.

I am old, I am old.

DOL.

I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.296

FAL.

What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.301

DOL.

By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping an thou sayst so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end.305

FAL.

Some sack, Francis!

*PRINCE.*

[*Coming forward.*] Anon, anon, sir.308

POINS.

[*Coming forward.*] Anon, anon, sir.308

FAL.

Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

PRINCE.

Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!312

FAL.

A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

PRINCE.

Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.316

QUICK.

O! the Lord preserve thy good Grace; by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?320

FAL.

Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood [*pointing to Doll*], thou art welcome.

DOL.

How, you fat fool! I scorn you.324

POINS.

My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

PRINCE.

You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

QUICK.

Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.332

FAL.

Didst thou hear me?

PRINCE.

Yea; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.337

FAL.

No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

PRINCE.

I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

FAL.

No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.344

PRINCE.

Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

FAL.

No abuse, Hal.

POINS.

No abuse!348

FAL.

No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.355

PRINCE.

See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?362

POINS.

Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FAL.

The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privykitchen, where he doth nothing but roast maltworms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.368

PRINCE.

For the women?

FAL.

For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.373

QUICK.

No, I warrant you.

FAL.

No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

QUICK.

All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?381

PRINCE.

You, gentlewoman,—

DOL.

What says your Grace?

FAL.

His Grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

*[Knocking within.*

QUICK.

Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter Peto.*

PRINCE.

Peto, how now! what news?388

PETO.

The king your father is at Westminster;

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

Come from the north: and as I came along,

I met and overtook a dozen captains,392

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE.

By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time,<sup>396</sup>

When tempest of commotion, like the south,

Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt

And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

*[Exeunt the Prince, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.]*

FAL.

Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. *[Knocking within.]* More knocking at the door!<sup>404</sup>

*Re-enter Bardolph.*

How now! what's the matter?

BARD.

You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.<sup>407</sup>

FAL.

*[To the Page.]* Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.<sup>414</sup>

DOL.

I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.<sup>417</sup>

FAL.

Farewell, farewell.

*[Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.]*

QUICK.

Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

BARD.

[*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet!

QUICK.

What's the matter?<sup>424</sup>

BARD.

[*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

QUICK.

O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Westminster. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.*

K. HEN.

Go, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects<sup>4</sup>

Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?<sup>8</sup>  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,<sup>12</sup>  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?<sup>17</sup>  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seel up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,<sup>20</sup>  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,  
That with the hurly death itself awakes?<sup>25</sup>  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,<sup>28</sup>  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter Warwick and Surrey.*

WAR.

Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. HEN.

Is it good morrow, lords?33

WAR.

'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. HEN.

Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WAR.

We have, my liege.37

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.40

WAR.

It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,

Which to his former strength may be restor'd

With good advice and little medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.44

K. HEN.

O God! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent,—  
Weary of solid firmness,—melt itself<sup>48</sup>  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration<sup>52</sup>  
With divers liquors! O! if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
'Tis not ten years gone<sup>57</sup>  
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
Did feast together, and in two years after  
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since<sup>60</sup>  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,  
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs  
And laid his love and life under my foot;  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard<sup>64</sup>  
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,—  
[To Warwick.] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,—  
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,<sup>68</sup>  
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
'Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which  
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'

Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
But that necessity so bow'd the state<sup>73</sup>  
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss:  
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,  
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,<sup>76</sup>  
Shall break into corruption:'—so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition  
And the division of our amity.

WAR.

There is a history in all men's lives,<sup>80</sup>  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;  
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds<sup>84</sup>  
And weak leginnings lie intreasured.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
And by the necessary form of this  
King Richard might create a perfect guess<sup>88</sup>  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

K. HEN.

Are these things then necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities;<sup>93</sup>

And that same word even now cries out on us.

They say the bishop and Northumberland

Are fifty thousand strong.

WAR.

It cannot be, my lord!

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,<sup>97</sup>

The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace

To go to bed: upon my soul, my lord,

The powers that you already have sent forth<sup>100</sup>

Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

A certain instance that Glendower is dead.

Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,<sup>104</sup>

And these unseason'd hours perforce must add

Unto your sickness.

K. HEN.

I will take your counsel:

And were these inward wars once out of hand,

We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.<sup>108</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Court Before Justice Shallow's House In Gloucestershire.***

*Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf and Servants, behind.*

SHAL.

Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?4

SIL.

Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHAL.

And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?8

SIL.

Alas! a black ousel, 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?12

SIL.

Indeed, sir, to my cost.

SHAL.

A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn; where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.16

SIL.

You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

SHAL.

By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and Little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-robas* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.29

SIL.

This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHAL.

The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent; and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!<sup>38</sup>

SIL.

We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL.

Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SIL.

Truly, cousin, I was not there.<sup>44</sup>

SHAL.

Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIL.

Dead, sir.

SHAL.

Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?<sup>55</sup>

SIL.

Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHAL.

And is old Double dead?

SIL.

Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.60

*Enter Bardolph, and One with him.*

BARD.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

SHAL.

I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?66

BARD.

My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.69

SHAL.

He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARD.

Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.74

SHAL.

It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. 'Better accommodated!' it is good; yea indeed, is it: good phrases are surely and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.80

BARD.

Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. 'Phrase,' call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being, whereby, a' may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.89

*Enter Falstaff.*

SHAL.

It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.<sup>94</sup>

FAL.

I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think.

SHAL.

No, Sir John; it is my cousin, Silence, in commission with me.

FAL.

Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.<sup>100</sup>

SIL.

Your good worship is welcome.

FAL.

Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen.

Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?<sup>104</sup>

SHAL.

Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FAL.

Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHAL.

Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

MOUL.

Here, an't please you.<sup>112</sup>

SHAL.

What think you, Sir John? a goodlimbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

FAL.

Is thy name Mouldy?116

MOUL.

Yea, an't please you.

FAL.

'Tis the more time thou wert used.

SHAL.

Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good. In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.122

FAL.

Prick him.

MOUL.

I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.128

FAL.

Go to: peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

MOUL.

Spent!

SHAL.

Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see. Simon Shadow!

FAL.

Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.136

SHAL.

Where's Shadow?

SHAD.

Here, sir.

FAL.

Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHAD.

My mother's son, sir. 140

FAL.

Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance. 144

SHAL.

Do you like him, Sir John?

FAL.

Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book. 148

SHAL.

Thomas Wart?

FAL.

Where's he?

WART.

Here, sir.

FAL.

Is thy name Wart? 152

WART.

Yea, sir.

FAL.

Thou art a very ragged wart.

SHAL.

Shall I prick him, Sir John?

FAL.

It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.158

SHAL.

Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

FEE.

Here, sir.

FAL.

What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEE.

A woman's tailor, sir.

SHAL.

Shall I prick him, sir?164

FAL.

You may; but if he had been a man's tailor he'd have pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?168

FEE.

I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

FAL.

Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor; well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

FEE.

I would Wart might have gone, sir.176

FAL.

I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.181

FEE.

It shall suffice, sir.

FAL.

I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.

Who is next?184

SHAL.

Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

FAL.

Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

BULL.

Here, sir.

FAL

'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.189

BULL.

O Lord! good my lord captain,—

FAL.

What! dost thou roar before thou art pricked?192

BULL.

O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

FAL.

What disease hast thou?

BULL.

A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.197

FAL.

Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?201

SHAL.

Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.204

FAL.

Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

SHAL.

O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

FAL.

No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.212

SHAL.

Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FAL.

She lives, Master Shallow.

SHAL.

She never could away with me.216

FAL.

Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

SHAL.

By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a *bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?221

FAL.

Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHAL.

Nay she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

SIL.

That's fifty-five year ago.227

SHAL.

Ha! cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen. Ha! Sir John, said I well?

FAL.

We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.232

SHAL.

That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was, 'Hem, boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.237

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.*]

BULL.

Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's 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, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.245

BARD.

Go to; stand aside.

MOUL.

And, good Master corporal 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.

BARD.

Go to; stand aside.252

FEE.

By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

BARD.

Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

FEE.

Faith, I'll bear no base mind.260

*Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.*

FAL.

Come, sir, which men shall I have?

SHAL.

Four, of which you please.

BARD.

[*To Falstaff.*] Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

FAL.

[*Aside to Bardolph.*] Go to; well.265

SHAL.

Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

FAL.

Do you choose for me.268

SHAL.

Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

FAL.

Mouldy, and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.274

SHAL

Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.277

FAL.

Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O! give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.293

BARD.

Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

FAL.

Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good: exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.299

SHAL.

He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus: and a' would about and about, and come you in, and come you in; 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce,' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall never see such a fellow.309

FAL.

These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.314

SHAL.

Sir John, the Lord bless you! and prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.319

FAL.

'Fore God I would you would, Master Shallow.

SHAL.

Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.323

FAL.

Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord! how subject we old men are to this vice of lying. This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him

mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beefs. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

#### *A Forest In Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others.*

ARCH.

What is this forest call'd?

HAST.

'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace.

ARCH.

Here stand, my lords, and send discovers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.<sup>4</sup>

HAST.

We have sent forth already.

ARCH.

'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd

New-dated letters from Northumberland;8  
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality;  
The which he could not levy; whereupon12  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.16

MOWB.

Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

HAST.

Now, what news?

MESS.

West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy;20  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

MOWB.

The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on and face them in the field.24

*Enter Westmoreland.*

ARCH.

What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

MOWB.

I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

WEST.

Health and fair greeting from our general.

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

ARCH.

Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,<sup>29</sup>

What doth concern your coming.

WEST.

Then, my lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,<sup>33</sup>

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,<sup>36</sup>

In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection<sup>40</sup>

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,44

Whose white investments figure innocence,

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;49

Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet and a point of war?52

ARCH.

Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd;

And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,56

And we must bleed for it: of which disease

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.

But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,

I take not on me here as a physician,60

Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men;

But rather show a while like fearful war,

To diet rank minds sick of happiness64

And purge the obstructions which begin to stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly:

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,68

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We see which way the stream of time doth run

And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere

By the rough torrent of occasion;72

And have the summary of all our griefs,

When time shall serve, to show in articles,

Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,

And might by no suit gain our audience.76

When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,

We are denied access unto his person

Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,—80

Whose memory is written on the earth

With yet appearing blood,—and the examples

Of every minute's instance, present now,

Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;84

Not to break peace, or any branch of it,

But to establish here a peace indeed,

Concurring both in name and quality.

WEST.

When ever yet was your appeal denied?

Wherein have you been galled by the king?89

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,

That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,92  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

ARCH.

My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.96

WEST.

There is no need of any such redress;  
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

MOWB.

Why not to him in part, and to us all  
That feel the bruises of the days before,100  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

WEST.

O! my good Lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,104  
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me  
Either from the king or in the present time108  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on: were you not restor'd  
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,

Your noble and right well-remember'd father's?

MOWB.

What thing, in honour, had my father lost,113

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?

The king that lov'd him as the state stood then,

Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:

And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he,117

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,121

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,

Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,124

O! when the king did throw his warder down,

His own life hung upon the staff he threw;

Then threw he down himself and all their lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword128

Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

WEST.

You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then

In England the most valiant gentleman:132

Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;  
For all the country in a general voice<sup>136</sup>  
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 mere digression from my purpose.<sup>140</sup>  
Here come I from our princely general  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace  
That he will give you audience; and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,<sup>144</sup>  
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off  
That might so much as think you enemies.

MOWB.

But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.<sup>148</sup>

WEST.

Mowbray, 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<sup>152</sup>  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
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 will our hearts should be as good:

Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

MOWB.

Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

WEST.

That argues but the shame of your offence: 160

A rotten case abides no handling.

HAST.

Hath the Prince John a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,

To hear and absolutely to determine 164

Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

WEST.

That is intended in the general's name.

I muse you make so slight a question.

ARCH.

Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule, 168

For this contains our general grievances:

Each several article herein redress'd;

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action, 172

Acquitted by a true substantial form

And present execution of our wills

To us and to our purposes consign'd;

We come within our awful banks again 176

And knit 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, which God so frame!  
Or to the place of difference call the swords<sup>181</sup>  
Which must decide it.

ARCH.

My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit* Westmoreland.

MOWB.

There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.<sup>184</sup>

HAST.

Fear you not that: if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms, and so absolute  
As our condition shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWB.

Yea, but our valuation shall be such  
That every slight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason  
Shall to the king taste of this action;<sup>192</sup>  
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff  
And good from bad find no partition.196

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;200  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance; for full well he knows  
He cannot so precisely weed this land205  
As his misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,208  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up212  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

HAST.

Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack216

The very instruments of chastisement;  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

ARCH.

'Tis very true:  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,<sup>221</sup>  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWB.

Be it so.  
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.<sup>224</sup>  
*Re-enter* Westmoreland.

WEST.

The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship,  
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies?

MOWB.

Your 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, John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers, and Attendants.*

LANC.

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 Lord of York, it better show'd with you,<sup>4</sup>

When that your flock, assembled by the bell,

Encircled you to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text

Than now to see you here an iron man,<sup>8</sup>

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword and life to death.

That man that sits within a monarch's heart

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,<sup>12</sup>

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,

Alack! what mischief might he set abroad

In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken<sup>16</sup>

How deep you were within the books of God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;

To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;

The very opener and intelligencer<sup>20</sup>

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings. O! who shall believe  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,<sup>24</sup>  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
The subjects of his substitute, my father;<sup>28</sup>  
And both against the peace of heaven and him  
Have here upswarm'd them.

ARCH.

Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your father's peace;  
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,<sup>32</sup>  
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,—<sup>36</sup>  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep  
With grant of our most just and right desires,<sup>40</sup>  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWB.

If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last man.

HAST.

And though we here fall down,44

We have supplies to second our attempt:

If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;

And so success of mischief shall be born,

And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up48

Whiles England shall have generation.

LANC.

You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

WEST.

Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly52

How far forth you do like their articles.

LANC.

I like them all, and do allow them well;

And swear here, by the honour of my blood,

My father's purposes have been mistook,56

And some about him have too lavishly

Wrested his meaning and authority.

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,60

Discharge your powers unto their several counties,

As we will ours: and here between the armies  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love and amity.65

ARCH.

I take your princely word for these redresses.

LANC.

I give it you, and will maintain my word:  
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.68

HAST.

[*To an Officer.*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:  
I know it will well please them: hie thee, captain.  
[*Exit Officer.*

ARCH.

To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.72

WEST.

I pledge your Grace: and, if you knew what pains  
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely; but my love to you  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.76

ARCH.

I do not doubt you.

WEST.

I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

MOWB.

You wish me health in very happy season;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.<sup>80</sup>

ARCH.

Against ill chances men are ever merry,

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WEST.

Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus, Some good thing comes to morrow.<sup>84</sup>

ARCH.

Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

MOWB.

So much the worse if your own rule be true.

*[Shouts within.*

LANC.

The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!<sup>87</sup>

MOWB.

This had been cheerful, after victory.

ARCH.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,

And neither party loser.

LANC.

Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.<sup>92</sup>

*[Exit Westmoreland.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men

We should have cop'd withal.

ARCH.

Go, good Lord Hastings,<sup>96</sup>

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

*[Exit Hastings.*

LANC.

I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

*Re-enter Westmoreland.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

WEST.

The leaders, having charge from you to stand,<sup>100</sup>

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

LANC.

They know their duties.

*Re-enter Hastings.*

HAST.

My lord, our army is dispers'd already:

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses104

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

WEST.

Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:108

And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

MOWB.

Is this proceeding just and honourable?

WEST.

Is your assembly so?112

ARCH.

Will you thus break your faith?

LANC.

I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances

Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.116

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray:

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.<sup>124</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.*

FAL.

What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

COLE.

I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.<sup>4</sup>

FAL.

Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

COLE.

Are not you Sir John Falstaff?<sup>11</sup>

FAL.

As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.<sup>17</sup>

COLE.

I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

FAL.

I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were

simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.  
Here comes our general.26

*Enter* John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, *and Others*.

LANC.

The heat is past, follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

*[Exit* Westmoreland.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?29

When everything is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.32

FAL.

I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile 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 hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

LANC.

It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.48

FAL.

I know not: here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.61

LANC.

Thine's too heavy to mount.

FAL.

Let it shine then.

LANC.

Thine's too thick to shine.64

FAL.

Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

LANC.

Is thy name Colevile?

COLE.

It is, my lord.68

LANC.

A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

FAL.

And a famous true subject took him.

COLE.

I am, my lord, but as my betters are

That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me72

You should have won them dearer than you have.

FAL.

I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for thee.76

*Re-enter* Westmoreland.

LANC.

Have you left pursuit?

WEST.

Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

LANC.

Send Colevile with his confederates

To York, to present execution.<sup>80</sup>

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

*[Exit Blunt and Others with Colevile, guarded.]*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,<sup>84</sup>

Which, cousin *[addressing Westmoreland]*, you shall bear, to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

FAL.

My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go,

Through Gloucestershire, and when you come to court<sup>88</sup>

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

LANC.

Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.<sup>91</sup>

*[Exeunt all but Falstaff.]*

FAL.

I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but

that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and leaning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.136

*Enter*Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

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.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—

### ***Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.***

*Enter*King Henry, Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick,*and Others.*

K. HEN.

Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.<sup>4</sup>  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And everything lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;<sup>8</sup>  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WAR.

Both which we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

K. HEN.

Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,  
Where is the prince your brother?<sup>13</sup>

GLO.

I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. HEN.

And how accompanied?

GLO.

I do not know, my lord.

K. HEN.

Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?16

GLO.

No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

CLA.

What would my lord and father?

K. HEN.

Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou mayst effect24

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren:

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace28

By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:

He hath a tear for pity and a hand

Open as day for melting charity;32

Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well observ'd:36

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,<sup>40</sup>  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,<sup>44</sup>  
Mingled with venom of suggestion—  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.<sup>48</sup>

CLA.

I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. HEN.

Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

CLA.

He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. HEN.

And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?<sup>52</sup>

CLA.

With Poin and other his continual followers.

K. HEN.

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief<sup>56</sup>  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:  
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape  
In forms imaginary the unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon<sup>60</sup>  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O! with what wings shall his affections fly<sup>65</sup>  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay.

WAR.

My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:  
The prince but studies his companions<sup>68</sup>  
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,  
'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further use<sup>72</sup>  
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will in the perfectness of time  
Cast off his followers; and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,<sup>76</sup>  
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,  
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. HEN.

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb

In the dead carrion.

*Enter* Westmoreland.

Who's here? Westmoreland!80

WEST.

Health to my sovereign, and new happiness

Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand:

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all

Are brought to the correction of your law.85

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,

But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

The manner how this action hath been borne88

Here at more leisure may your highness read,

With every course in his particular.

K. HEN.

O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings92

The lifting up of day.

*Enter* Harcourt.

Look! here's more news.

HAR.

From enemies heaven keep your majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall

As those that I am come to tell you of!96  
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.  
The manner and true order of the fight100  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. HEN.

And wherefore should these good news make me sick?  
Will Fortune never come with both hands full  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach and no food;105  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast  
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.108  
I should rejoice now at this happy news,  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.  
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

GLO.

Comfort, your majesty!

CLA.

O my royal father!112

WEST.

My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!

WAR.

Be patient, princes: you do know these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary:

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well. 116

CLA.

No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in

So thin, that life looks through and will break out. 120

GLO.

The people fear me; for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over. 124

CLA.

The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,

Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died. 128

WAR.

Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

GLO.

This apoplexy will certain be his end.

K. HEN.

I pray you take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.<sup>132</sup>

Scene V.—

***Another Chamber.***

King Henry *lying on a bed* Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, *and Others in attendance.*

K. HEN.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

WAR.

Call for the music in the other room.<sup>4</sup>

K. HEN.

Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

CLA.

His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

WAR.

Less noise, less noise!

*Enter the Prince.*

PRINCE.

Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

CLA.

I am here, brother, full of heaviness.<sup>8</sup>

PRINCE.

How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

GLO.

Exceeding ill.

PRINCE.

Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

GLO.

He alter'd much upon the hearing it. 12

PRINCE.

If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.

WAR.

Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep. 16

CLA.

Let us withdraw into the other room.

WAR.

Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

PRINCE.

No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

*[Exeunt all but the Prince.]*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, 20

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet<sup>25</sup>  
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,<sup>29</sup>  
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!<sup>33</sup>  
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep  
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
So many English kings. Thy due from me<sup>36</sup>  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness  
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:  
My due from thee is this imperial crown,<sup>40</sup>  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo! here it sits,  
*[Putting it on his head.*  
Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force<sup>44</sup>  
This lineal honour from me. This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*

K. HEN.

[*Waking.*] Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

*Re-enter* Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, *and the rest.*

CLA.

Doth the king call?

WAR.

What would your majesty? How fares your Grace?<sup>48</sup>

K. HEN.

Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLA.

We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. HEN.

The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:<sup>52</sup>

He is not here.

WAR.

This door is open; he is gone this way.

GLO.

He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. HEN.

Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?<sup>56</sup>

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 hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?<sup>60</sup>

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit* Warwick.

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt<sup>64</sup>

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry;<sup>68</sup>

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises:<sup>72</sup>

When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,<sup>76</sup>

Are murder'd for our pains. 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 determin'd me?80

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 quaff'd but blood,84  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. HEN.

But wherefore did he take away the crown?

*Re-enter the Prince.*

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.89

*[Exeunt Warwick, and the rest.*

PRINCE.

I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. HEN.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.92

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.96

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<sup>100</sup>  
Were thine without offence; and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.<sup>104</sup>  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.  
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,<sup>109</sup>  
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 hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:<sup>113</sup>  
Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form.<sup>117</sup>  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now,<sup>120</sup>  
From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit<sup>124</sup>

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 fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows.<sup>132</sup>

When that my care 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.<sup>136</sup>

PRINCE.

O! pardon me, my liege; but for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech,

I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke

Ere you with grief had spoke 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,<sup>144</sup>

Let me no more from this obedience rise,—

Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending.  
God witness with me, when I here came in, 148  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,  
O! let me in my present wildness die  
And never live to show the incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed. 153  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,  
I spake unto the crown as having sense, 156  
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending  
Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, 160  
Preserving life in medicine potable:  
But thou most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head, 164  
To try with it, as with an enemy  
That had before my face murder'd my father,  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy, 168  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did with the least affection of a welcome

Give entertainment to the might of it,172

Let God for ever keep it from my head,

And make me as the poorest vassal is

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. HEN.

O my son!176

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,

That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

Come hither, Harry: sit thou by my bed;180

And hear, I think, the very latest counsel

That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,

By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways

I met this crown; and I myself know well184

How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,

Better opinion, better confirmation;

For all the soil of the achievement goes188

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me

But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,

And I had many living to upbraid

My gain of it by their assistances;192

Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears

Thou seest with peril I have answered;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene<sup>196</sup>  
Acting that argument; and now my death  
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garment wear'st successively.<sup>200</sup>  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,<sup>205</sup>  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now<sup>208</sup>  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds<sup>212</sup>  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.<sup>216</sup>  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

PRINCE.

My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;220

Then plain and right must my possession be:

Which I with more than with a common pain

'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter* John of Lancaster.

K. HEN.

Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.224

LANC.

Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

K. HEN.

Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight

My worldly business makes a period.229

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

PRINCE.

My Lord of Warwick!

*Re-enter* Warwick *and* Others.

K. HEN.

Doth any name particular belong

Unto the lodging where I first did swound?232

WAR.

'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. HEN.

Laud be to God! even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years

I should not die but in Jerusalem,<sup>236</sup>

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.

But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Gloucestershire. A Hall In Shallow's House.***

*Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.*

SHAL.

By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What! Davy, I say.

FAL.

You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.<sup>4</sup>

SHAL.

I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!<sup>8</sup>

*Enter Davy.*

DAVY.

Here, sir.

SHAL.

Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.13

DAVY.

Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?16

SHAL.

With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

DAVY.

Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.20

SHAL.

Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY.

Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?26

SHAL.

A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY.

Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?32

SHAL.

Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.36

DAVY.

No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

SHAL.

Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.40

DAVY.

I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

SHAL.

There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.46

DAVY.

I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.57

SHAL.

Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.61

BARD.

I am glad to see your worship.

SHAL.

I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—[*To the Page.*] and welcome, my tall fellow. Come, Sir John.65

FAL.

I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If

I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions,—which is four terms, or two actions,—and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O! it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!<sup>94</sup>

SHAL.

[*Within.*] Sir John!

FAL.

I come, Master Shallow: I come, Master Shallow.

[*Exit.*]

Scene II.—

***Westminster. An Apartment 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;<sup>4</sup>

And to our purposes he lives no more.

CH. JUST.

I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries.<sup>8</sup>

WAR.

Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

CH. JUST.

I know he doth not, and do arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me<sup>12</sup>

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter* Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland *and* Others.

WAR.

Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O! that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen.<sup>16</sup>

How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CH. JUST.

O God! I fear all will be overturn'd.

LANC.

Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.<sup>20</sup>

**GLO.**

Good morrow, cousin.

*CLA.*

Good morrow, cousin.

LANC.

We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WAR.

We do remember; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.<sup>24</sup>

LANC.

Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

CH. JUST.

Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

GLO.

O! good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face<sup>28</sup>

Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

LANC.

Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.<sup>32</sup>

CLA.

Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

CH. JUST.

Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;36

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,40

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WAR.

Here comes the prince.

*Enter King Henry the Fifth, attended.*

CH. JUST.

Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

K. HEN. V.

This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,44

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,48

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears

That I will deeply put the fashion on52

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,56

I'll be your father and your brother too;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:  
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;  
But Harry lives that shall convert those tears<sup>60</sup>  
By number into hours of happiness.

LANC., &C.

We hope no other from your majesty.

K. HEN. V.

You all look strangely on me: [*To the Chief Justice.*] and you most;  
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.<sup>64</sup>

CH. JUST.

I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. HEN. V.

No!  
How might a prince of my great hopes forget<sup>68</sup>  
So great indignities you laid upon me?  
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?<sup>72</sup>

CH. JUST.

I then did use the person of your father;  
The image of his power lay then in me:  
And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,76  
Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented,  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;80  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,84  
To have a son set your decrees at nought,  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person:  
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image  
And mock your workings in a second body.90  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
Be now the father and propose a son,92  
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
And then imagine me taking your part,96  
And in your power soft silencing your son:  
After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state  
What I have done that misbecame my place,100

My person, or my liege's sov'reignty.

K. HEN. V.

You are right, justice; and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase<sup>104</sup>

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:

'Happy am I, that have a man so bold<sup>108</sup>

That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son,

That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand<sup>113</sup>

The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;

With this remembrance, that you use the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit<sup>116</sup>

As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand:

You shall be as a father to my youth;

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,

And I will stoop and humble my intents<sup>120</sup>

To your well-practis'd wise directions.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;

My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my affections;<sup>124</sup>

And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world,  
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down<sup>128</sup>  
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:  
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,  
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods<sup>132</sup>  
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
Now call we our high court of parliament;  
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
That the great body of our state may go<sup>136</sup>  
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;  
That war or peace, or both at once, may be  
As things acquainted and familiar to us;  
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.  
Our coronation done, we will accite,<sup>141</sup>  
As I before remember'd, all our state:  
And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
God shorten Harry's happy life one day.<sup>145</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Gloucestershire. The Garden Of Shallow's House.***

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.*

SHAL.

Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth; come, cousin Silence; and then to bed.

FAL.

'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.6

SHAL.

Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

FAL.

This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.11

SHAL.

A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

SIL.

Ah, sirrah! quoth a', we shall16

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,  
And praise God for the merry year;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there,20  
So merrily  
And ever among so merrily.

FAL.

There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.24

SHAL.

Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY.

Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon: most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat we'll have in drink: but you must bear: the heart's all.

[*Exit.*

SHAL.

Be merry, Master Bardolph; and my little soldier there, be merry.<sup>32</sup>

SIL.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.<sup>36</sup>  
Be merry, be merry.

FAL.

I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SIL.

Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.<sup>41</sup>

*Re-enter Davy.*

DAVY.

There's a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before Bardolph.*

SHAL.

Davy!

DAVY.

Your worship! I'll be with you straight. A cup of wine, sir?<sup>45</sup>

SIL.

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine

And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.48

FAL.

Well said, Master Silence.

SIL.

And we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

FAL.

Health and long life to you, Master Silence.53

SIL.

Fill the cup, and let it come;  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

SHAL.

Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest anything and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. [*To the Page.*] Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph and to all the cavaleiroes about London.

DAVY.

I hope to see London once ere I die.61

BARD.

An I might see you there, Davy,—

SHAL.

By the mass, you'll crack a quart together: ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?64

BARD.

Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

SHAL.

By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: a' will not out; he is true bred.68

BARD.

And I'll stick by him, sir.

SHAL.

Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there. Ho! who knocks?

[*Exit Davy.*

FAL.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*]

Why, now you have done me right. 74

SIL.

Do me right,  
And dub me knight:  
Samingo 77

Is't not so?

FAL.

'Tis so.

SIL.

Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat. 81

*Re-enter Davy.*

DAVY.

An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

FAL.

From the court! let him come in. 84

*Enter Pistol.*

How now, Pistol!

PIST.

Sir John, God save you, sir!

FAL.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PIST.

Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.88

Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

SIL.

By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.92

PIST.

Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,96

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys

And golden times and happy news of price.

FAL.

I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

PIST.

A foutra for the world and worldlings base!100

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

FAL.

O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

SIL.

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.104

PIST.

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

SHAL.

Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.109

PIST.

Why then, lament therefore.

SHAL.

Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, 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, under the king, in some authority.114

PIST.

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.116

SHAL.

Under King Harry.

PIST.

Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

SHAL.

Harry the Fourth.

PIST.

A foutra for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like 121

The bragging Spaniard.

FAL.

What! is the old king dead?

PIST.

As nail in door: the things I speak are just. 124

FAL.

Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities. 128

BARD.

O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PIST.

What! I do bring good news. 131

FAL.

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 all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit* Bardolph.] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice! 143

PIST.

Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:

Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***London. A Street.***

*Enter* Beadles, *dragging in* Mistress Quickly *and* Doll Tearsheet.

QUICK.

No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

FIRST BEAD.

The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.<sup>7</sup>

DOL.

Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.<sup>12</sup>

QUICK.

O the Lord! that Sir John were come; he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

FIRST BEAD

If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions 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 you.

DOL.

I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.<sup>24</sup>

FIRST BEAD.

Come, come, you she knighterrant, come.

QUICK.

O, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

DOL.

Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.<sup>29</sup>

QUICK.

Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

DOL.

Goodman death! goodman bones!

QUICK.

Thou atomy, thou!<sup>32</sup>

DOL.

Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

FIRST BEAD.

Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***A Public Place Near Westminster Abbey.***

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

FIRST GROOM.

More rushes, more rushes.

SEC. GROOM.

The trumpets have sounded twice.<sup>3</sup>

FIRST GROOM.

It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page.*

FAL.

Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.<sup>9</sup>

PIST.

God bless thy lungs, good knight.

FAL.

Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.<sup>16</sup>

SHAL.

It doth so.

FAL.

It shows my earnestness of affection.

SHAL.

It doth so.

FAL.

My devotion.<sup>20</sup>

SHAL.

It doth, it doth, it doth.

FAL.

As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.<sup>24</sup>

SHAL.

It is most certain.

FAL.

But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

PIST.

'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*:

'Tis all in every part.<sup>32</sup>

SHAL.

'Tis so, indeed.

PIST.

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,<sup>36</sup>

Is in base durance and contagious prison;

Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,<sup>40</sup>

For Doll is in: Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FAL.

I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within and trumpets sound.*]

PIST.

There roar'd the sea, and trumpetclangor sounds.

*Enter* King Henry the Fifth *and his Train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.*

FAL.

God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!45

PIST.

The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

FAL.

God save thee, my sweet boy!48

K. HEN. V.

My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

CH. JUST.

Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

FAL.

My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

K. HEN. V.

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;52

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.56

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandising; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:60

Presume not that I am the thing I was;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;  
So will I those that kept me company.64  
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,68  
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,  
Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
For competence of life I will allow you,  
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:72  
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,  
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.76  
Set on.

[*Exeunt King Henry V. and his Train.*]

FAL.

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHAL.

Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.80

FAL.

That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.85

SHAL.

I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.89

FAL.

Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

SHAL.

A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.93

FAL.

Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.96

*Re-enter* John of Lancaster, *the* Lord Chief Justice; Officers *with them*.

CH. JUST.

Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;

Take all his company along with him.

FAL.

My lord, my lord!

CH. JUST.

I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.100

Take them away.

PIST.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.*

[*Exeunt* Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, Page, *and* Officers.

LANC.

I like this fair proceeding of the king's.

He hath intent his wonted followers104

Shall all be very well provided for;  
But all are banish'd till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CH. JUST.

And so they are. 108

LANC.

The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CH. JUST.

He hath.

LANC.

I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords and native fire<sup>112</sup>  
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.  
Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

*First, my fear; then, my curtsy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure, my curtsy, my duty, and my speech, to beg your pardon. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. 18*

*If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use 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.*<sup>27</sup>

*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 Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be 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.*<sup>38</sup>

## THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.	
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }	
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }	Brothers to the King.
DUKE OF EXETER,	Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK,	Cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.	
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.	
BISHOP OF ELY.	
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.	
LORD SCROOP.	
SIR THOMAS GREY.	
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,	Officers in King Henry's Army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.	Soldiers in the Same.
Boy.	
A Herald.	
CHARLES THE SIXTH,	King of France.
LEWIS,	the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.	
The CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.	
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ,	French Lords.
MONTJOY,	a French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur.	
Ambassadors to the King of England.	
ISABEL,	Queen of France.
KATHARINE,	Daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE,	a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.
Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.	
Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.	

Chorus.

Scene.—*England; afterwards France.*

*Enter* Chorus.

CHOR.

*O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention;  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.<sup>4</sup>  
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd<sup>9</sup>  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object: can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram<sup>12</sup>  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place a million;<sup>16</sup>  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work.  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,<sup>20</sup>  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,<sup>24</sup>*

*And make imaginary puissance;  
Think when we talk of horses that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings, 28  
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history; 32  
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.  
[Exit.*

## ACT I.

### Scene I.—

#### ***London. An Antechamber In The King's Palace.***

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.*

CANT.

My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,  
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scambling and unquiet time  
Did push 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;<sup>8</sup>  
For all the temporal lands which men devout  
By testament have given to the church  
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,<sup>12</sup>  
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,<sup>16</sup>  
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;  
And to the coffers of the king beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

ELY.

This would drink deep.

CANT.

'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY.

But what prevention?<sup>21</sup>

CANT.

The king is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY.

And a true lover of the holy church.

CANT.

The courses of his youth promis'd it not.<sup>24</sup>  
The breath no sooner left his father's body  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,<sup>28</sup>  
And whipp'd 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;<sup>32</sup>  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat and all at once<sup>36</sup>  
As in this king.

ELY.

We are blessed in the change.

CANT.

Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a prelate:<sup>40</sup>  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say it hath been all in all his study:  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:<sup>44</sup>

Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,<sup>48</sup>  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;  
So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theoric:<sup>52</sup>  
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain;  
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;<sup>56</sup>  
And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

ELY.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,<sup>60</sup>  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:  
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,<sup>64</sup>  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

CANT.

It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;

And therefore we must needs admit the means

How things are perfected.

ELY.

But, my good lord,<sup>69</sup>

How now for mitigation of this bill

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty

Incline to it, or no?

CANT.

He seems indifferent,<sup>72</sup>

Or rather swaying more upon our part

Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;

For I have made an offer to his majesty,

Upon our spiritual convocation,<sup>76</sup>

And in regard of causes now in hand,

Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,

As touching France, to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet<sup>80</sup>

Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY.

How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

CANT.

With good acceptance of his majesty;

Save that there was not time enough to hear,—<sup>84</sup>

As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,—

The severals and unhidden passages

Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,  
And generally to the crown and seat of France,  
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.<sup>89</sup>

ELY.

What was the impediment that broke this off?

CANT.

The French ambassador upon that instant  
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come  
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?<sup>93</sup>

ELY.

It is.

CANT.

Then go we in to know his embassy;  
Which I could with a ready guess declare<sup>96</sup>  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY.

I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. The Presence Chamber.***

*Enter* King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and*  
Attendants.

K. HEN.

Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

EXE.

Not here in presence.

K. HEN.

Send for him, good uncle.

WEST.

Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. HEN.

Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,<sup>4</sup>

Before we hear him, of some things of weight

That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.*

CANT.

God and his angels guard your sacred throne,

And make you long become it!

K. HEN.

Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,<sup>9</sup>

And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.<sup>12</sup>

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate, whose right<sup>16</sup>

Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
For God doth know how many now in health  
Shall drop their blood in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.<sup>20</sup>  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,  
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:  
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;  
For never two such kingdoms did contend<sup>24</sup>  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,  
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords  
That make such waste in brief mortality.<sup>28</sup>  
Under this conjuration speak, my lord,  
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism.<sup>32</sup>

CANT.

Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,  
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services  
To this imperial throne. There is no bar  
To make against your highness' claim to France  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,  
*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*<sup>38</sup>  
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond<sup>41</sup>  
The founder of this law and female bar.  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
That the land Salique is in Germany,<sup>44</sup>  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;  
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women<sup>48</sup>  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.<sup>53</sup>  
Then doth it well appear the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France;  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land<sup>56</sup>  
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years  
After defunction of King Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;  
Who died within the year of our redemption<sup>60</sup>  
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great  
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,<sup>65</sup>

Did, as heir general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.<sup>68</sup>  
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown  
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,  
To find his title with some shows of truth,—<sup>72</sup>  
Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,—  
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son<sup>76</sup>  
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,  
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied<sup>80</sup>  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,  
Daughter to Charles the aforesaid Duke of Loraine:  
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great<sup>84</sup>  
Was re-united 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<sup>88</sup>  
To hold in right and title of the female:  
So do the kings of France unto this day;

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law  
To bar your highness claiming from the female;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net<sup>93</sup>  
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles  
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. HEN.

May I with right and conscience make this claim?<sup>96</sup>

CANT.

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ:  
'When the son dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord,<sup>100</sup>  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,  
From whom you claim; invoke his war-like spirit,<sup>104</sup>  
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<sup>108</sup>  
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
Forge in blood of French nobility.  
O noble English! that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France,  
And let another half stand laughing by,<sup>113</sup>

All out of work, and cold for action.

ELY.

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,  
The blood and courage that renowned them  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,<sup>120</sup>  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXE.

Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.<sup>124</sup>

WEST.

They know your Grace hath cause and means and might;  
So hath your highness; never King of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England<sup>128</sup>  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

CANT.

O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;  
In aid whereof we of the spirituality<sup>132</sup>  
Will raise 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, 136  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

CANT.

They of those marches, gracious sovereign, 140  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. HEN.

We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,  
But fear the main intendment of the Scot, 144  
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 unfurnish'd kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, 149  
With ample and brim fulness of his force,  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;  
That England, being empty of defence, 153  
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

CANT.

She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself: 156  
When all her chivalry hath been in France  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,  
But taken and impounded as a stray 160  
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,  
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,  
And make your chronicle as rich with praise  
As is the owse and bottom of the sea 164  
With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.  
WEST.

But there's a saying very old and true;

*If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin: 168*

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat, 172  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.  
EXE.

It follows then the cat must stay at home:  
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities 176  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad

The advised head defends itself at home:

For government, though high and low and lower, 180

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,

Congreeing in a full and natural close,

Like music.

CANT.

Therefore doth heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions, 184

Setting endeavour in continual motion;

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach 188

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

They have a king and officers of sorts;

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings, 193

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;

Which pillage they with merry march bring home

To the tent-royal of their emperor: 196

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold,

The civil citizens kneading up the honey,

The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200

Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,

The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,204  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;208  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne212  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.  
Divide your happy England into four;  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.216  
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
Let us be worried and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness and policy.220

K. HEN.

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

Now are we well resolv'd; and by God's help,  
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe224

Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,  
Ruling in large and ample empery  
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,<sup>228</sup>  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:  
Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,<sup>232</sup>  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

FIRST AMB.

May't please your majesty to give us leave<sup>237</sup>  
Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?<sup>240</sup>

K. HEN.

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness<sup>244</sup>  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

FIRST AMB.

Thus then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.<sup>248</sup>

In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says that you savour too much of your youth,  
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France

That can be with a nimble galliard won;<sup>252</sup>

You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim<sup>256</sup>  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. HEN.

What treasure, uncle?

EXE.

Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. HEN.

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us:  
His present and your pains we thank you for:  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,<sup>261</sup>  
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler<sup>264</sup>

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chaces. And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.268  
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home.272  
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
For that I have laid by my majesty276  
And plodded like a man for working-days,  
But I will rise there with so full a glory  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.280  
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul  
Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows284  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.288  
But this lies all within the will of God,

To whom I do appeal; and in whose name  
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,  
To venge me as I may and to put forth<sup>292</sup>  
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin  
His jest will savour but of shallow wit  
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.<sup>296</sup>  
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

EXE.

This was a merry message.

K. HEN.

We hope to make the sender blush at it.  
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour<sup>300</sup>  
That may give furtherance to our expedition;  
For we have now no thought in us but France,  
Save those to God, that run before our business.  
Therefore let our proportions for these wars<sup>304</sup>  
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon  
That may with reasonable swiftness add  
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,<sup>307</sup>  
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
Therefore let every man now task his thought,  
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

## ACT II.

*Enter Chorus.*

CHOR.

*Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:<sup>4</sup>  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air<sup>8</sup>  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.  
The French, advis'd by good intelligence<sup>12</sup>  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes.  
O England! model to thy inward greatness,<sup>16</sup>  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!  
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out<sup>20</sup>  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,*

*One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,  
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,  
Have, for the guilt of France,—O guilt, indeed!—  
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,—28  
If hell and treason hold their promises,—  
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on; and well digest  
The abuse of distance while we force a play.<sup>32</sup>  
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
The king is set from London; and the scene  
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:  
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.<sup>40</sup>  
But, till the king come forth and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.  
[Exit.*

Scene I.—

***London. Eastcheap.***

*Enter Nyman and Bardolph.*

BARD.

Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM.

Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARD.

What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?<sup>4</sup>

NYM.

For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.<sup>11</sup>

BARD.

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.

NYM.

Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.<sup>18</sup>

BARD.

It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.<sup>21</sup>

NYM.

I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter Pistol and Hostess.*

BARD.

Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

PIST.

Base tike, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;<sup>32</sup>

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

HOST.

No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well-a-day Lady! if he be not drawn now: we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.<sup>40</sup>

BARD.

Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

NYM.

Pish!

PIST.

Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prickeared cur of Iceland!<sup>44</sup>

HOST.

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

NYM.

Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

PIST.

*Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most mervailous face;

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!<sup>53</sup>

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.<sup>56</sup>

NYM.

I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair 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 braggart vile and damned furious wight!<sup>64</sup>

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;

Therefore exhale.

BARD.

Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[*Draws.*

PIST.

An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;

Thy spirits are most tall.<sup>72</sup>

NYM.

I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

PIST.

*Coupe le gorge!*

That is the word. I thee defy again.<sup>76</sup>

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,  
And from the powdering-tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,<sup>80</sup>  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:  
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly  
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.

Go to

*Enter the Boy.*

BOY.

Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.<sup>88</sup>

BARD.

Away, you rogue!

HOST.

By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

*[Exeunt Hostess and Boy.]*

BARD.

Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?<sup>96</sup>

PIST.

Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NYM.

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

PIST.

Base is the slave that pays.100

NYM.

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

PIST.

As manhood shall compound: push home.

*[They draw.*

BARD.

By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.105

PIST.

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

BARD.

Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.109

NYM.

I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PIST.

A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,113

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.

Is not this just? for I shall sutler be116

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

NYM.

I shall have my noble?

PIST.

In cash most justly paid.

*[Paying him.]*

NYM.

Well then, that's the humour of it. 121

*Re-enter Hostess.*

HOST.

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

NYM.

The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it. 128

PIST.

Nym, thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fractured and corroborate.

NYM.

The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers. 133

PIST.

Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***Southampton. A Council-chamber.***

*Enter* Exeter, Bedford, *and* Westmoreland.

BED.

'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

EXE.

They shall be apprehended by and by.

WEST.

How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,<sup>4</sup>

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

BED.

The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

EXE.

Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,<sup>9</sup>

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell

His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound. Enter* King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN.

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.<sup>12</sup>

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:

Think you not that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France, 16

Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head assembled them?

SCROOP.

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

K. HEN.

I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded<sup>20</sup>

We carry not a heart with us from hence

That grows not in a fair consent with ours;

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.<sup>24</sup>

CAM.

Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.<sup>28</sup>

GREY.

True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. HEN.

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,<sup>32</sup>

And shall forget the office of our hand,

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

According to the weight and worthiness.

SCROOP.

So service shall with steeled sinews toil,<sup>36</sup>

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your Grace incessant services.

K. HEN.

We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday<sup>40</sup>

That rail'd against our person: we consider

It was excess of wine that set him on;

And on his more advice we pardon him.

SCROOP.

That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example<sup>45</sup>

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. HEN.

O! let us yet be merciful.

CAM.

So may your highness, and yet punish too.<sup>48</sup>

GREY.

Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life

After the taste of much correction.

K. HEN.

Alas! your too much love and care of me<sup>52</sup>  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,<sup>56</sup>  
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,  
And tender preservation of our person,  
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:<sup>60</sup>  
Who are the late commissioners?

CAM.

I one, my lord:  
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP.

So did you me, my liege.<sup>64</sup>

GREY.

And I, my royal sovereign.

K. HEN.

Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;  
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,  
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:<sup>68</sup>  
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.  
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,  
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose<sup>72</sup>  
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!  
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,  
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
Out of appearance?

CAM.

I do confess my fault,<sup>76</sup>  
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*GREY.*

To which we all appeal.

*SCROOP.*

To which we all appeal.

K. HEN.

The mercy that was quick in us but late  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:<sup>80</sup>  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.  
See you, my princes and my noble peers,<sup>84</sup>  
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,  
You know how apt our love was to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honour; and this man<sup>88</sup>  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us<sup>92</sup>  
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!  
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,<sup>97</sup>  
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold  
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use!  
May it be possible that foreign hire<sup>100</sup>  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
Treason and murder ever kept together,<sup>105</sup>  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
Working so grossly in a natural cause  
That admiration did not whoop at them:<sup>108</sup>  
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:  
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously<sup>112</sup>  
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:  
And other devils that suggest by treasons  
Do botch and bungle up damnation

With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd 116

From glistering semblances of piety;

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,

Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120

If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus

Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,

And tell the legions, 'I can never win 124

A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'

O! how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance. Show men dutiful?

Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? 128

Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?

Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, 132

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,

Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem: 137

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:  
Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
And God acquit them of their practices!144

EXE.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.  
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.148  
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of  
Northumberland.

SCROOP.

Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,  
And I repent my fault more than my death;152  
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAM.

For me, the gold of France did not seduce,  
Although I did admit it as a motive156  
The sooner to effect what I intended:  
But God be thanked for prevention;  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.160

GREY.

Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

Prevented from a damned enterprise.164

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

K. HEN.

God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,

Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers168

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,

His subjects to oppression and contempt,172

And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person seek we no revenge;

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws176

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death;

The taste whereof, God of his mercy give you

Patience to endure, and true repentance180

Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

*[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.]*

Now, lords, for France! the enterprise whereof

Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,184

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.188

Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver

Our puissance into the hand of God,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea! the signs of war advance:192

No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***London. Before A Tavern In Eastcheap.***

*Enter* Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph,*and* Boy.

HOST.

Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PIST.

No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;4

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

BARD.

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!8

HOST.

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 an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a'

babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what man! be of good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.<sup>28</sup>

NYM

They say he cried out of sack.

HOST.

Ay, that a' did.

BARD.

And of women.

HOST.

Nay, that a' did not.<sup>32</sup>

BOY.

Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

HOST.

A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.<sup>36</sup>

BOY.

A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

HOST.

A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.<sup>41</sup>

BOY.

Do you not remember a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?<sup>44</sup>

BARD.

Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM.

Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.49

PIST.

Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my moveables:

Let senses rule, the word is, 'Pitch and pay;'52

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafercakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.56

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY.

And that's but unwholesome food, they say.61

PIST.

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARD.

Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*

NYM.

I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.65

PIST.

Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

HOST.

Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***France. An Apartment In The French King's Palace.***

*Flourish. Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Britaine, the Constable, and Others.*

FR. KING.

Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Britaine,<sup>4</sup>

Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

To line and new repair our towns of war

With men of courage and with means defendant:<sup>8</sup>

For England his approaches makes as fierce

As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples<sup>12</sup>

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

DAU.

My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—

Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,—17

But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in expectation.20

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth

To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fear;

No, with no more than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:25

For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,28

That fear attends her not.

CON.

O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king.

Question your Grace the late ambassadors,

With what great state he heard their embassy,

How well supplied with noble counsellors,33

How modest in exception, and, withal

How terrible in constant resolution,

And you shall find his vanities forespent<sup>36</sup>  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring and be most delicate.<sup>40</sup>

DAU.

Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;  
But though we think it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems:<sup>44</sup>  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;  
Which of a weak and niggardly projection  
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

FR. KING.

Think we King Harry strong;<sup>48</sup>  
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain  
That haunted us in our familiar paths:<sup>52</sup>  
Witness our too much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck  
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales;<sup>56</sup>  
Whiles that his mounting sire, on mountain standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,  
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him  
Mangle the work of nature, and deface<sup>60</sup>  
The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.<sup>64</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

Ambassadors from Harry King of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

FR. KING.

We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

*[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.]*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.<sup>68</sup>

DAU.

Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten  
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short, and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head:<sup>73</sup>  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

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

FR. KING.

From our brother England?

EXE.

From him; and thus he greets your majesty.<sup>76</sup>

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,

That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,

By law of nature and of nations 'long<sup>80</sup>

To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown

And all wide-stretched honours that pertain

By custom and the ordinance of times

Unto the crown of France. That you may know

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,<sup>85</sup>

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,

He sends you this most memorable line,<sup>88</sup>

*[Gives a pedigree.]*

In every branch truly demonstrative;

Willing you overlook this pedigree;

And when you find him evenly deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,<sup>92</sup>

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger.

FR. KING.

Or else what follows?96

EXE.

Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,

In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove,100

That, if requiring fail, he will compel;

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war104

Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head

Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,108

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,

To whom expressly I bring greeting too.112

FR. KING.

For us, we will consider of this further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent

Back to our brother England.

DAU.

For the Dauphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from England?116

EXE.

Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,

And anything that may not misbecome

The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: an if your father's highness120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,

He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,

That caves and womby vaultages of France124

Shall chide your trespass and return your mock

In second accent of his ordinance.

DAU.

Say, if my father render fair return,

It is against my will; for I desire128

Nothing but odds with England: to that end,

As matching to his youth and vanity,

I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXE.

He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,132

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference—

As we his subjects have in wonder found—

Between the promise of his greener days136

And these he masters now. Now he weighs time

Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

FR. KING.

To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.140

EXE.

Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this land already.

FR. KING.

You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:144

A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

### ACT III.

*Enter Chorus.*

CHOR.

*Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:  
Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;*8

*Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,  
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea, 12  
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
For so appears this fleet majestic, 16  
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!  
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women, 20  
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:  
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
Those call'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France? 24  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;  
Behold the ordenance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back; 28  
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:  
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner 32  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,*

[Alarum; and chambers go off.

*And down goes all before them. Still be kind,*

*And eke out our performance with your mind.*

[Exit.

Scene I.—

***France. Before Harfleur.***

*Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, 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:<sup>4</sup>

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;<sup>8</sup>

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 doth a galled rock<sup>12</sup>

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd 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! On, on, you noblest English!  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.<sup>21</sup>  
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,<sup>24</sup>  
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;<sup>28</sup>  
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,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:<sup>32</sup>  
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge  
Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'  
*[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same.***

*Enter* Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *and* Boy.

BARD.

On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

NYM.

Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PIST.

The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound:8

Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;  
And sword and shield  
In bloody field  
Doth win immortal fame.12

BOY.

Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PIST.

And I:16

If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I hie.

BOY.

As duly,20  
But not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter*Fluellen.

FLU.

Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

*[Driving them forward.]*

PIST.

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!24

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM.

These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours.29

[*Exeunt* Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, followed by Fluellen.

BOY.

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed three such antiquies do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof, a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel;—I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals,—they would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Fluellen, Gower following.

GOW.

Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.62

FLU.

To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss unto the duke, look you—is digt himself four yards under the countermines; by Cheshu, I think, a' will plow up all if there is not better directions.71

GOW.

The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

FLU.

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?<sup>76</sup>

GOW.

I think it be.

FLU.

By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world:

I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.<sup>82</sup>

*Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance.*

GOW.

Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

FLU.

Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.<sup>91</sup>

JAMY.

I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

FLU.

God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

GOW.

How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

MAC.

By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!103

FLU.

Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.112

JAMY

It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: [*Aside.*] and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

MAC.

It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!125

JAMY.

By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.132

FLU.

Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—135

MAC.

Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?139

FLU.

Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities. 146

MAC.

I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head. 149

GOW.

Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY.

A! that's a foul fault.

*[A parley sounded.]*

GOW.

The town sounds a parley. 153

FLU.

Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

***The Same. Before The Gates Of Harfleur.***

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his Train.*

K. HEN.

How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or like to men proud of destruction<sup>4</sup>  
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,—  
A name that in my thoughts, becomes me best,—  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur<sup>8</sup>  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,  
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range<sup>12</sup>  
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass  
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.  
What is it then to me, if impious war,  
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,<sup>16</sup>  
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand<sup>20</sup>  
Of hot and forcing violation?  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
We may as bootless spend our vain command  
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil<sup>25</sup>  
As send precepts to the leviathan  
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of your town and of your people,<sup>28</sup>

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.<sup>32</sup>  
If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;  
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,<sup>36</sup>  
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.<sup>41</sup>  
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov.

Our expectation hath this day an end.  
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,<sup>45</sup>  
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,  
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.  
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;<sup>49</sup>  
For we no longer are defensible.

K. HEN.

Open your gates! Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,52

And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,

The winter coming on and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.56

To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;

To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish.* King Henry and his Train enter the town.

Scene IV.—

***Rouen. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter Katharine and Alice.*

KATH.

*Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

ALICE.

*Un peu, madame.3*

KATH.

*Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main en Anglois?*

ALICE.

*La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

KATH.

*De hand. Et les doigts?8*

ALICE.

*Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; ouy, de fingres.12*

KATH.

*La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*16

ALICE.

*Lesongles? nous les appellons, de nails.*

KATH.

*De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hands, de fingres, et de nails.*

ALICE.

*C'est bien dict, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*21

KATH.

*Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

ALICE.

*De arm, madame.*

KATH.

*Et le coude?*24

ALICE.

*De elbow.*

KATH.

*De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.*28

ALICE.

*Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

KATH.

*Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.*32

ALICE.

De elbow, *madame*.

KATH.

*O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?*

ALICE.

De nick, *madame*.36

KATH.

De nick. *Et le menton?*

ALICE.

De chin.

KATH.

De sin. *Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin*.40

ALICE.

*Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en vérité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

KATH.

*Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps*.45

ALICE.

*N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?*

KATH.

*Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.*

De hand, de fingre, de mails,—49

ALICE.

De nails, *madame*.

KATH.

De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

ALICE.

*Sauf vostre honneur, d'elbow.*52

KATH.

*Ainsi dis je; d'elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?*

ALICE.

De foot, *madame; et de coun.*55

KATH.

De foot, *et de coun? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot, et le coun. Néanmoins je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*64

ALICE.

*Excellent, madame!*

KATH.

*C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à diner.*

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—

***The Same. Another Room In The Palace.***

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and Others.*

FR. KING.

'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

CON.

And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.<sup>4</sup>

DAU.

*O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,<sup>8</sup>  
And overlook their grafters?

BOUR.

Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!  
*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,<sup>12</sup>  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CON.

*Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?  
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,<sup>16</sup>  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,  
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?<sup>20</sup>  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people<sup>24</sup>

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

DAU.

By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say<sup>28</sup>

Our mettle is bred out; and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

BOUR.

They bid us to the English dancing-schools,<sup>32</sup>

And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;

Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

FR. KING.

Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:<sup>36</sup>

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;<sup>40</sup>

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Berri,

Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;45

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:52

Go down upon him, you have power enough,

And in a captive chariot into Roan

Bring him our prisoner.

CON.

This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,56

His soldiers sick 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.60

FR. KING.

Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send

To know what willing ransom he will give.

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

DAU.

Not so, I do beseech your majesty.65

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.<sup>68</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—

***The English Camp In Picardy.***

*Enter Gower and Fluellen.*

GOW.

How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

FLU.

I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.<sup>4</sup>

GOW.

Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLU.

The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.<sup>17</sup>

GOW.

What do you call him?

FLU.

He is called Aunchient Pistol.

GOW.

I know him not.20

*Enter Pistol.*

FLU.

Here is the man.

PIST.

Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLU.

Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.25

PIST.

Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate

And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,28

That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

FLU.

By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.40

PIST.

Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be,

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free<sup>44</sup>

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;<sup>48</sup>

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLU.

Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.<sup>53</sup>

PIST.

Why then, rejoice therefore.

FLU.

Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for, if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

PIST.

Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship!<sup>60</sup>

FLU.

It is well.

PIST.

The fig of Spain!

*[Exit.*

FLU.

Very good.

GOW.

Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.66

FLU.

I'll assure you a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.71

Gow.

Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.88

FLU.

I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridgo.

*Enter* King Henry, Gloucester, *and* Soldiers.

FLU.

God pless your majesty!

K. HEN.

How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?96

FLU.

Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter hath very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man.104

K. HEN.

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLU.

The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out. 115

K. HEN.

We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*

MONT.

You know me by my habit. 124

K. HEN.

Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

MONT.

My master's mind.

K. HEN.

Unfold it. 127

MONT.

Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost,

the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. HEN.

What is thy name? I know thy quality.149

MONT.

Montjoy.

K. HEN.

Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,  
And tell thy king I do not seek him now,152  
But could be willing to march on to Calais  
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,—  
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—156  
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,  
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have  
Almost no better than so many French:  
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,160  
I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,  
That I do brag thus! this your air of France  
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.164  
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am:  
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,

My army but a weak and sickly guard;  
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, 168  
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, 172  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
The sum of all our answer is but this:  
We would not seek a battle as we are; 176  
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:  
So tell your master.

MONT.

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit.*

GLO.

I hope they will not come upon us now. 180

K. HEN.

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

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on to-morrow bid them march away. 184

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—

***The French Camp, Near Agincourt.***

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, the Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin, and Others.*

CON.

Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

ORL.

You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.<sup>4</sup>

CON.

It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL.

Will it never be morning?

DAU.

My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour—<sup>8</sup>

ORL.

You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAU.

What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORL.

He's of the colour of the nutmeg.<sup>20</sup>

DAU.

And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

CON.

Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.28

DAU.

It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL.

No more, cousin.32

DAU.

Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world—familiar to us, and unknown—to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature!'—44

ORL.

I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAU.

Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.49

ORL.

Your mistress bears well.

DAU.

Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.53

CON.

*Ma foi*, methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAU.

So perhaps did yours.56

CON.

Mine was not bridled.

DAU.

O! then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your straight strossers.60

CON.

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAU.

Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.65

CON.

I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAU.

I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.68

CON.

I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAU.

*Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use of any thing.73

CON.

Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress: or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.76

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.80

DAU.

Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CON.

And yet my sky shall not want.

DAU.

That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.86

CON.

Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.89

DAU.

Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.93

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.97

RAM.

Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CON.

You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.101

DAU.

'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself.

[*Exit.*

ORL.

The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAM.

He longs to eat the English.104

CON.

I think he will eat all he kills.

ORL.

By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

CON.

Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.109

ORL.

He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CON.

Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.113

ORL.

He never did harm, that I heard of.

CON.

Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.116

ORL.

I know him to be valiant.

CON.

I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

ORL.

What's he?120

CON.

Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

ORL.

He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.124

CON.

By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

ORL.

'Ill will never said well.'128

CON.

I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

ORL.

And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'132

CON.

Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with 'A pox of the devil.'

ORL.

You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'137

CON.

You have shot over.

ORL.

'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.141

CON.

Who hath measured the ground?

MESS.

The Lord Grandpré.

CON.

A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas! poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do.146

ORL.

What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fatbrained followers so far out of his knowledge!

CON.

If the English had any apprehension they would run away.151

ORL.

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

RAM.

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.157

ORL.

Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.162

CON.

Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. 168

ORL.

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON.

Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it? 173

ORL.

It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Now entertain conjecture of a time*

*When creeping murmur and the poring dark*

*Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*

*From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night, 4*

*The hum of either army stilly sounds,*

*That the fix'd sentinels almost receive*

*The secret whispers of each other's watch:*

*Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames 8*

*Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:*

*Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs*

*Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents*

*The armourers, accomplishing the knights, 12*  
*With busy hammers closing rivets up,*  
*Give dreadful note of preparation.*  
*The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,*  
*And the third hour of drowsy morning name. 16*  
*Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,*  
*The confident and over-lusty French*  
*Do the low-rated English play at dice;*  
*And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20*  
*Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp*  
*So tediously away. The poor condemned English,*  
*Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires*  
*Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè 24*  
*The morning's danger, and their gesture sad*  
*Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats*  
*Presenteth them unto the gazing moon*  
*So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold 28*  
*The royal captain of this ruin'd band*  
*Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,*  
*Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'*  
*For forth he goes and visits all his host,— 32*  
*Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,*  
*And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.*  
*Upon his royal face there is no note*  
*How dread an army hath enrounded him; 36*

*Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night:  
But freshly looks and overbears attain  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;40  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks,  
A largess universal, like the sun  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,44  
Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gentle all,  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.  
And so our scene must to the battle fly;48  
Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,  
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;52  
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.  
[Exit.*

Scene I.—

***The English Camp At Agincourt.***

*Enter* King Henry, Bedford, *and* Gloucester.

K. HEN.

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.

Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,<sup>4</sup>

Would men observingly distil it out;

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,<sup>8</sup>

And preachers to us all; admonishing

That we should dress us fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,

And make a moral of the devil himself.<sup>12</sup>

*Enter Erpingham.*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:

A good soft pillow for that good white head

Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERP.

Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,<sup>16</sup>

Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. HEN.

'Tis good for men to love their present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,<sup>20</sup>

The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move

With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp;25

Do my good morrow to them; and anon

Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLO.

We shall, my liege.28

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Bedford.*

ERP.

Shall I attend your Grace?

K. HEN.

No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.32

ERP.

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit.*

K. HEN.

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

*Enter Pistol.*

PIST.

*Qui va là?*

K. HEN.

A friend.36

PIST.

Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. HEN.

I am a gentleman of a company.

PIST.

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?40

K. HEN.

Even so. What are you?

PIST.

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. HEN.

Then you are a better than the king.

PIST.

The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,44

A lad of life, an imp of fame:

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?48

K. HEN.

Harry *le Roy*.

PIST.

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

K. HEN.

No, I am a Welshman.

PIST.

Know'st thou Fluellen?<sup>52</sup>

K. HEN.

Yes.

PIST.

Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. HEN.

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.<sup>57</sup>

PIST.

Art thou his friend?

K. HEN.

And his kinsman too.

PIST.

The figo for thee then!<sup>60</sup>

K. HEN.

I thank you. God be with you!

PIST.

My name is Pistol called.

*[Exit.]*

K. HEN.

It sorts well with your fierceness.

[Retires.

*Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.*

GOW.

Captain Fluellen!64

FLU.

Sol in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.76

GOW.

Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

FLU.

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

GOW.

I will speak lower.83

FLU.

I pray you and peseech you that you will.

[Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.

K. HEN.

Though it appear a little out of fashion,

There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.*

COURT.

Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?89

BATES.

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

WILL.

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

K. HEN.

A friend.

WILL.

Under what captain serve you?96

K. HEN.

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILL.

A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?100

K. HEN.

Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES.

He hath not told his thought to the king?104

K. HEN.

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

in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.118

BATES.

He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.123

K. HEN.

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

BATES.

Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.129

K. HEN.

I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILL.

That's more than we know.136

BATES.

Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.140

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 cry all, 'We died 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 afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of 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 disobey were against all proportion of subjection.155

K. HEN.

So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by 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 irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings 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. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated 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 before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away, 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 impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. 199

WILL.

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

BATES.

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

K. HEN.

I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed. 206

WILL.

Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. HEN.

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.211

WILL.

You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.218

K. HEN.

Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.221

WILL.

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

K. HEN.

I embrace it.224

WILL.

How shall I know thee again?

K. HEN.

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

WILL.

Here's my glove: give me another of thine.230

K. HEN.

There.

WILL.

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

K. HEN.

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.237

WILL.

Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. HEN.

Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.240

WILL.

Keep thy word: fare thee well.

BATES.

Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.244

K. HEN.

Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and tomorrow the king himself will be a clipper.249

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins lay on the king!252

We must bear all. O hard condition!

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!257

And what have kings that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?260  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
O ceremony! show me but thy worth:264  
What is thy soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,268  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.272  
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,276  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee; and I know  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,280  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp284

That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,<sup>288</sup>  
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set<sup>292</sup>  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,  
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
And follows so the ever-running year<sup>296</sup>  
With profitable labour to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.<sup>300</sup>  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.<sup>304</sup>  
*Re-enter Erpingham.*  
ERP.  
My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. HEN.

Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent:

I'll be before thee.

ERP.

I shall do't, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. HEN.

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;309

Possess them not with fear; take from them now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord!312

O! not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown.

I Richard's body have interr'd anew,

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears316

Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built320

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;

Though all that I can do is nothing worth,

Since that my penitence comes after all,324

Imploring pardon.

*Re-enter* Gloucester.

GLO.

My liege!

K. HEN.

My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay;

I know thy errand, I will go with thee:328

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The French Camp.***

*Enter the* Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, *and Others.*

ORL.

The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

DAU.

*Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! lacquais! ha!*

ORL.

O brave spirit!

DAU.

*Via! les eaux et la terre!4*

ORL.

*Rien puis? l'air et le feu.*

DAU.

*Ciel! cousin Orleans.*

*Enter* Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

CON.

Hark how our steeds for present service neigh!<sup>8</sup>

DAU.

Mount them, and make incision in their hides,  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dote them with superfluous courage: ha!

RAM.

What! will you have them weep our horses' blood?<sup>12</sup>  
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

The English are embattail'd, you French peers.

CON.

To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!  
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,<sup>16</sup>  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins<sup>20</sup>  
To give each naked curtal-axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,  
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.<sup>24</sup>

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,  
Who in unnecessary action swarm  
About our squares of battle, were enow<sup>28</sup>  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,  
Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation:  
But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,<sup>33</sup>  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket sonance and the note to mount:  
For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

*Enter Grandpré.*

GRAND.

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?  
Yon island carrions desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:<sup>40</sup>  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:<sup>44</sup>  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,48

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.52

Description cannot suit itself in words

To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CON.

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.56

DAU.

Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,

And after fight with them?

CON.

I stay but for my guard: on, to the field!60

I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!

The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

### ***The English Camp.***

*Enter the English host; Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.*

GLO.

Where is the king?

BED.

The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST.

Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

EXE.

There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.<sup>4</sup>

SAL

God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,<sup>8</sup>

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

BED.

Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

EXE.

Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:<sup>12</sup>

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* Salisbury.]

BED.

He is as full of valour as of kindness;

Princely in both.

*Enter King Henry.*

WEST.

O! that we now had here<sup>16</sup>

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to-day.

K. HEN.

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow<sup>20</sup>

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,<sup>24</sup>

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honour,<sup>28</sup>

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,<sup>32</sup>

For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,<sup>36</sup>  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:<sup>40</sup>  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,<sup>44</sup>  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'  
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,<sup>49</sup>  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words,<sup>52</sup>  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;<sup>56</sup>  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er 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;<sup>60</sup>

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed<sup>64</sup>  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Re-enter* Salisbury.

SAL.

My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed:<sup>68</sup>  
The French are bravely in their battles set,  
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. HEN.

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WEST.

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!<sup>72</sup>

K. HEN.

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WEST.

God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,  
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. HEN.

Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;<sup>76</sup>  
Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places: God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*

MONT.

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,<sup>80</sup>

Before thy most assured overthrow:

For certainly thou art so near the gulf

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind<sup>84</sup>

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. HEN.

Who hath sent thee now?<sup>88</sup>

MONT.

The Constable of France.

K. HEN.

I pray thee, bear my former answer back:

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?<sup>92</sup>

The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,<sup>96</sup>

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;  
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,  
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,100  
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark then abounding valour in our English,  
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,105  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.  
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable,108  
We are but warriors for the working-day;  
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host—112  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—  
And time hath worn us into slovenry:  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night116  
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—  
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;121

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;  
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,124  
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONT.

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

[*Exit.*

K. HEN.

I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.128

*Enter* York.

YORK.

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

K. HEN.

Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:  
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—

### ***The Field Of Battle.***

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and Boy.*

PIST.

Yield, cur!

FR. SOL.

*Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

PIST.

Quality? Calen O custure me! Art thou a gentleman?<sup>4</sup>

What is thy name? discuss.

FR. SOL.

*O Seigneur Dieu!*

PIST.

O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox<sup>9</sup>

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me

Egregious ransom.

FR. SOL.

*O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*<sup>13</sup>

PIST.

Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat

In drops of crimson blood.<sup>16</sup>

FR. SOL.

*Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

PIST.

Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,<sup>20</sup>

Offer'st me brass?

FR. SOL.

*O pardonnez moy!*

PIST.

Sayst thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French

What is his name.<sup>25</sup>

BOY.

*Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?*

FR. SOL.

*Monsieur le Fer.*

BOY.

He says his name is Master Fer.<sup>28</sup>

PIST.

Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY.

I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.<sup>33</sup>

PIST.

Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FR. SOL.

*Que dit-il, monsieur?*

BOY.

*Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

PIST.

*Ouy, cuppele gorge, permafoy.*

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;40

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FR. SOL.

*O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de*

*Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.45*

PIST.

What are his words?

BOY.

He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.49

PIST.

Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I

The crowns will take.

FR. SOL.

*Petit monsieur, que dit-il?52*

BOY.

*Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucan prisonnier; neant-moins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberte, le franchisement.57*

FR. SOL.

*Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

PIST.

Expound unto me, boy.<sup>63</sup>

BOY.

He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one—as he thinks—the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.<sup>68</sup>

PIST.

As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me!

[*Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.*]

BOY.

*Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* 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 i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[*Exit.*]

Scene V.—

### ***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, Rambures, and Others. Con. O diable!*

ORL.

*O seigneur! le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!*

DAU.

*Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame<sup>4</sup>

Sit mocking in our plumes. *O meschante fortune!*

Do not run away.

[*A short alarum.*

CON.

Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAU.

O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?8

ORL.

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR.

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour! once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,12

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.16

CON.

Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORL.

We are enough yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs,20

If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR.

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—

***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces; Exeter, and Others.*

K. HEN.

Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

EXE.

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. HEN.

Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour<sup>4</sup>

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXE.

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,—<sup>8</sup>

Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,—

The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay in steep'd,<sup>12</sup>

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven; 16  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,  
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry!'  
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:  
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,  
And with a feeble gripe says, 'Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign.'  
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck 24  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.  
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd 28  
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
And all my mother came into mine eyes  
And gave me up to tears.

K. HEN.

I blame you not; 32  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[*Alarum.*

But hark! what new alarum is this same?

The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:

Then every soldier kill his prisoners!<sup>37</sup>

Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—

***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Alarums. Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

FLU.

Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't: in your conscience now, is it not?<sup>4</sup>

GOW.

'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.<sup>11</sup>

FLU.

Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

GOW.

Alexander the Great.<sup>15</sup>

FLU.

Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.<sup>19</sup>

GOW.

I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLU.

I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.<sup>42</sup>

GOW.

Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

FLU.

It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.<sup>54</sup>

GOW.

Sir John Falstaff.

FLU.

That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men born at Monmouth.

GOW.

Here comes his majesty.<sup>58</sup>

*Alarum. Enter King Henry, with a part of the English Forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and Others.*

K. HEN.

I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;<sup>60</sup>

Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,<sup>64</sup>  
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones  
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,  
And not a man of them that we shall take<sup>68</sup>  
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

*Enter* Montjoy.

EXE.

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLO.

His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. HEN.

How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not<sup>72</sup>

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONT.

No, great king.

I come to thee for charitable licence,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field<sup>76</sup>

To book our dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men;

For many of our princes—woe the while!—

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;80  
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds  
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage  
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety and dispose  
Of their dead bodies.

K. HEN.

I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not if the day be ours or no;88  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer  
And gallop o'er the field.

MONT.

The day is yours.

K. HEN.

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

MONT.

They call it Agincourt.93

K. HEN.

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

FLU.

Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.100

K. HEN.

They did, Fluellen.

FLU.

Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.109

K. HEN.

I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLU.

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

K. HEN.

Thanks, good my countryman.116

FLU.

By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.121

K. HEN.

God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

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

EXE.

Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. HEN.

Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?127

WILL.

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

K. HEN.

An Englishman?

WILL.

An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if a' live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap,—which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive,—I will strike it out soundly.137

K. HEN.

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

FLU.

He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.141

K. HEN.

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

FLU.

Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!151

K. HEN.

Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

WILL.

So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. HEN.

Who servest thou under?

WILL.

Under Captain Gower, my liege.156

FLU.

Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge and literaturred in the wars.

K. HEN.

Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILL.

I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. HEN.

Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.167

FLU.

Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.173

K. HEN.

Knowest thou Gower?

FLU.

He is my dear friend, an't please you.

K. HEN.

Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent. 177

FLU.

I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. HEN.

My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels. 180

The glove which I have given him for a favour,

May haply purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him,—as, I judge 185

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant, 188

And touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—

***Before King Henry's Pavilion.***

*Enter Gower and Williams.*

WILL.

I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter Fluellen.*

FLU.

God's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.<sup>5</sup>

WILL.

Sir, know you this glove?

FLU.

Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

WILL.

I know this; and thus I challenge it.<sup>8</sup>

*[Strikes him.*

FLU.

'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England

GOW.

How now, sir! you villain!

WILL.

Do you think I'll be forsworn?<sup>12</sup>

FLU.

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

WILL.

I am no traitor.

FLU.

That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's.<sup>18</sup>

*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.*

WAR.

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

FLU.

My Lord of Warwick, here is,—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason 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?<sup>24</sup>

FLU.

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

WILL.

My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.<sup>33</sup>

FLU.

Your majesty hear now,—saving your majesty's manhood,—what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me; in your conscience now.

K. HEN.

Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.<sup>41</sup>

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;

And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU.

An't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. HEN.

How canst thou make me satisfaction?48

WILL.

All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. HEN.

It was ourself thou didst abuse.52

WILL.

Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.60

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 do challenge it. Give him the crowns:64

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLU.

By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

WILL.

I will none of your money.72

FLU.

It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 'tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it.<sup>77</sup>

*Enter an English Herald.*

K. HEN.

Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

HER.

Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

*[Delivers a paper.]*

K. HEN.

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?<sup>80</sup>

EXE.

Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.<sup>84</sup>

K. HEN.

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,<sup>88</sup>

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,92  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:96  
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;  
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;  
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;  
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard Dauphin;100  
John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,  
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,  
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,  
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,104  
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrals.  
Here was a royal fellowship of death!  
Where is the number of our English dead?  
[Herald *presents another paper.*  
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,  
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:109  
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,112  
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 none but thine!

EXE.

'Tis wonderful!117

K. HEN.

Come, go we in procession to the village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host

To boast of this or take the praise from God120

Which is his only.

FLU.

Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. HEN.

Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,124

That God fought for us.

FLU.

Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. HEN.

Do we all holy rites:

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*;128

The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.

We'll then to Calais; and to England then,

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter Chorus.*

CHOR.

*Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,<sup>4</sup>  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts<sup>8</sup>  
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,  
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,<sup>12</sup>  
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land  
And solemnly see him set on to London.  
So swift a pace hath thought that even now  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;<sup>16</sup>  
Where that his lords desire him to have borne  
His bruised helmet and his bended sword  
Before him through the city: he forbids it,  
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;<sup>20</sup>  
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent,  
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,*

*In the quick forge and working-house of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens.<sup>24</sup>  
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,  
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:  
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,<sup>29</sup>  
Were now the general of our gracious empress,—  
As in good time he may,—from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,<sup>32</sup>  
How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,  
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;  
As yet the lamentation of the French<sup>36</sup>  
Invites the King of England's stay at home,—  
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
To order peace between them;—and omit  
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,<sup>40</sup>  
Till Harry's back-return again to France:  
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd  
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.  
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,  
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.*

[Exit.

Scene I.—

*France. An English Court Of Guard.*

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Gow.

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

FLU.

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

Gow.

Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter Pistol.*

FLU.

'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

PIST.

Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Troyan,<sup>20</sup>

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLU.

I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.<sup>28</sup>

PIST.

Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLU.

[*Strikes him.*] There is one goat for you.

Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

PIST.

Base Troyan, thou shalt die.<sup>32</sup>

FLU.

You say very true, scald knave, when

God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

GOW.

Enough, captain: you have astonished him.<sup>41</sup>

FLU.

I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.<sup>45</sup>

PIST.

Must I bite?

FLU.

Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too and ambiguities.<sup>48</sup>

PIST.

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

FLU.

Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.<sup>53</sup>

PIST.

Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see I eat.

FLU.

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

PIST.

Good.<sup>60</sup>

FLU.

Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

PIST.

Me a groat!

FLU.

Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.<sup>66</sup>

PIST.

I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLU.

If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*

PIST.

All hell shall stir for this.<sup>72</sup>

GOW.

Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not a vouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[*Exit.*

PIST.

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?85

News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital

Of malady of France:

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.88

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:92

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***Troyes In Champagne. An Apartment In The French King's Palace.***

*Enter, from one side, King Henry, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; from the other side, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his Train.*

K. HEN.

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!  
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;  
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,<sup>5</sup>  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!<sup>8</sup>

FR. KING.

Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:  
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. ISA.

So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,<sup>13</sup>  
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 bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:<sup>17</sup>  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality, and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.<sup>20</sup>

K. HEN.

To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. ISA.

You English princes all, I do salute you.

BUR.

My duty to you both, on equal love,

Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd<sup>24</sup>

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto this bar and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd<sup>29</sup>

That face to face, and royal eye to eye,

You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me

If I demand before this royal view,<sup>32</sup>

What rub or what impediment there is,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not in this best garden of the world,<sup>36</sup>

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility.<sup>40</sup>

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas<sup>44</sup>

The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory  
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts  
That should deracinate such savagery;  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems<sup>51</sup>  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility;  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,  
Even so our houses and ourselves and children  
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,<sup>57</sup>  
The sciences that should become our country,  
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will,  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—<sup>60</sup>  
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
And every thing that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favour  
You are assembled; and my speech entreats<sup>64</sup>  
That I may know the let why gentle Peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences,  
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. HEN.

If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,<sup>68</sup>

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands;  
Whose tenours and particular effects<sup>72</sup>  
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BUR.

The king hath heard them; to the which as yet,  
There is no answer made.

K. HEN.

Well then the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.<sup>76</sup>

FR. KING

I have but with a cursorary eye  
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed<sup>80</sup>  
To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. HEN.

Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,  
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,<sup>84</sup>  
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;  
And take with you free power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,<sup>88</sup>

Anything in or out of our demands,  
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. ISA.

Our gracious brother, I will go with them.<sup>92</sup>  
Haply a woman's voice may do some good  
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. HEN.

Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:  
She is our capital demand, compris'd<sup>96</sup>  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. ISA.

She hath good leave.

*[Exeunt all except King Henry, Katharine, and Alice.]*

K. HEN.

Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,<sup>100</sup>  
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATH.

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

K. HEN.

O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?<sup>107</sup>

KATH.

*Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'*

K. HEN.

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

KATH.

*Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?113*

ALICE.

*Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. HEN.

I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.117

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?121

ALICE.

*Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.*

K. HEN.

The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy 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.

*Sauf vostre honneur, me understand vell.*

K. HEN.

Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid 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 bragging be it spoken, 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-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou caust love a fellow of this temper, Kate. whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH.

Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?178

K. HEN.

No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.185

KATH.

I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN.

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as

easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.197

KATH.

*Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*200

K. HEN.

No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me?205

KATH.

I cannot tell.

K. HEN.

Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATH.

I do not know dat.224

K. HEN.

No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divine déesse?*231

KATH.

*Your majesté ave fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*234

K. HEN.

Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?265

KATH.

Dat is as it sall please de *roy mon père*.

K. HEN.

Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.268

KATH.

Den it sall also content me.

K. HEN.

Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

KATH.

*Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*276

K. HEN.

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH.

*Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*280

K. HEN.

Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE.

Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English.284

K. HEN.

To kiss.

ALICE.

Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. HEN

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?289

ALICE.

*Ouy, vrayment.*

K. HEN.

O Kate! nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding [*Kissing her*]. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.304

*Re-enter the King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other French and English Lords.*

BUR.

God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. HEN.

I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.309

BUR.

Is she not apt?

K. HEN.

Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.315

BUR.

Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.325

K. HEN.

Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

BUR.

They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.329

K. HEN.

Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

BUR.

I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. HEN.

This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.341

BUR.

As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. HEN.

It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.346

FR. KING.

Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; 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.352

K. HEN.

I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.356

FR. KING.

We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. HEN.

Is't so, my lords of England?

WEST.

The king hath granted every article:

His daughter first, and then in sequel all,361

According to their firm proposed natures.

EXE.

Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, *Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, Héretier de France*; and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ*.

FR. KING.

Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.<sup>372</sup>

K. HEN.

I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;

And thereupon give me your daughter.

FR. KING.

Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up<sup>376</sup>

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms

Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL.

Amen!<sup>384</sup>

K. HEN.

Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

*[Flourish.*

Q. ISA.

God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,<sup>389</sup>  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other! God speak this Amen!<sup>396</sup>

ALL.

Amen!

K. HEN.

Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,  
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.<sup>400</sup>  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

*[Sennet. Exeunt.*

*Enter Chorus.*

*Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;*

*In little room confining mighty men,405*  
*Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.*  
*Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd*  
*This star of England: Fortune made his sword,*  
*By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,409*  
*And of it left his son imperial lord.*  
*Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King*  
*Of France and England, did this king succeed;*  
*Whose state so many had the managing,413*  
*That they lost France and made his England bleed:*  
*Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,*  
*In your fair minds let this acceptance take.416*

[Exit.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE  
SIXTH.  
DUKE OF  
GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.  
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, 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  
Cardinal.  
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.  
RICHARD  
PLANTAGENET, Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of  
York.  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
EARL OF SALISBURY.  
EARL OF SUFFOLK.  
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.  
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.  
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.  
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.  
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.  
SIR WILLIAM  
GLANSDALE.  
SIR THOMAS  
GARGRAVE.  
WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London. Mortimer's  
Keepers. A Lawyer.  
VERNON, of the White-Rose, or York Faction.  
BASSET, of the Red-Rose, or Lancaster Faction.  
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.  
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.  
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.  
DUKE OF ALENÇON.  
BASTARD OF  
ORLEANS.  
Governor of Paris.  
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.  
General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.  
A French Sergeant.  
A Porter.  
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.  
MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.  
COUNTESS OF  
AUVERGNE.  
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

Scene.—*Partly in England, and partly in France.*

## ACT I.

Scene I.—

### *Westminster Abbey.*

*Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth attended on by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloucester, and Exeter; the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.*

BED.

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

That have consented unto Henry's death!

King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!

England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLO.

England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,

More dazzled and drove back his enemies

Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:

He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.16

EXE.

We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend,

And death's dishonourable victory<sup>20</sup>

We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?<sup>24</sup>

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,

By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

WIN.

He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.<sup>28</sup>

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day

So dreadful will not be as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLO.

The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd<sup>33</sup>

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:

None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.36

WIN.

Gloucester, whate'er we like thou art protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,

More than God or religious churchmen may.40

GLO.

Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BED.

Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace!44

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:

Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,48

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,

Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,

And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke:52

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

A far more glorious star thy soul will make,

Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—56

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My honourable lords, health to you all!  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,<sup>60</sup>  
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

BED.

What sayst thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?  
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.<sup>64</sup>

GLO.

Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again  
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

EXE.

How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?<sup>68</sup>

MESS.

No treachery; but want of men and money.  
Among the soldiers this is muttered,  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,<sup>72</sup>  
You are disputing of your generals.  
One would have lingering wars with little cost;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third thinks, without expense at all,<sup>76</sup>

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;80

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

EXE.

Were our tears wanting to this funeral

These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

BED.

Me they concern; Regent I am of France.84

Give me my steeled coat: I'll fight for France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.88

*Enter another Messenger.*

SEC. MESS.

Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,

Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;92

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

EXE.

The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!96

O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?

GLO.

We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BED.

Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

THIRD MESS.

My gracious lords, to add to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight105

Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

WIN.

What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

THIRD MESS.

O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:108

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,

Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,112

By three-and-twenty thousand of the French

Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;116  
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges  
They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
More than three hours the fight continued;120  
Where valiant Talbot above human thought  
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.  
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;  
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:  
The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms;125  
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.  
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,128  
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.  
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.  
He, being in the vaward,—plac'd behind,132  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,—  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;  
Enclosed were they with their enemies.136  
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.140

BED.

Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,  
For living idly here in pomp and ease  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.144

THIRD MESS.

O no! he lives; but is took prisoner,  
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:  
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

BED.

His ransom there is none but I shall pay:148  
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;  
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;152  
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 bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.156

THIRD MESS.

So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;  
The English army is grown weak and faint;  
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,160

Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXE.

Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. 164

BED.

I do remember it; and here take my leave,

To go about my preparation.

*[Exit.]*

GLO.

I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,

To view the artillery and munition; 168

And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

*[Exit.]*

EXE.

To Eltham will I, where the young king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;

And for his safety there I'll best devise.

*[Exit.]*

WIN.

Each hath his place and function to attend: 173

I am left out; for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.

The king from Eltham I intend to steal, 176

And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***France. Before Orleans.***

*Flourish. Enter Charles, with his Forces: Alençon, Reignier, and Others.*

CHAR.

Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known.

Late did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.<sup>4</sup>

What towns of any moment but we have?

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;

Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.<sup>8</sup>

ALEN.

They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules

And have their provender tied to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.<sup>12</sup>

REIG.

Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,

And he may well in fretting spend his gall;<sup>16</sup>

Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

CHAR.

Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!

Him I forgive my death that killeth me<sup>20</sup>

When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter Charles, Alençon, Reignier, and Others.*

CHAR.

Who ever saw the like? what men have I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.<sup>24</sup>

REIG.

Salisbury is a desperate homicide;

He fighteth as one weary of his life:

The other lords, like lions wanting food,

Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.<sup>28</sup>

ALEN.

Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred

During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified;<sup>32</sup>

For none but Samsons and Goliases,

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose

They had such courage and audacity?36

CHAR.

Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth

The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.40

REIG.

I think, by some odd gimmals or device,

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.44

ALEN.

Be it so.

*Enter the*Bastard of Orleans.

BAST.

Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

CHAR.

Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BAST.

Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:48

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven<sup>52</sup>  
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,  
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;<sup>56</sup>  
What's past and what's to come she can descry.  
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
For they are certain and unfallible.

CHAR.

Go, call her in. [*Exit* Bastard.] But first, to try her skill,<sup>60</sup>  
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:  
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:  
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*

*Re-enter the* Bastard of Orleans, *with* Joan la Pucelle *and* Others.

REIG.

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?<sup>64</sup>

JOAN.

Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?  
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;  
I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:<sup>68</sup>  
In private will I talk with thee apart.  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

REIG.

She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

JOAN.

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,72

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,76

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me,

And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation80

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,84

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible

And I will answer unpremeditated:88

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate

If thou receive me for thy war-like mate.92

CHAR.

Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,

And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;96

Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

JOAN.

I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,100

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

CHAR.

Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

JOAN.

And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

*[They fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.]*

CHAR.

Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,104

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

JOAN.

Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

CHAR.

Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;108

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be;

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.112

JOAN.

I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.116

CHAR.

Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

REIG.

My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALEN.

Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIG.

Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?121

ALEN.

He may mean more than we poor men do know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIG.

My lord, where are you? what devise you on?124

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

JOAN.

Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

CHAR.

What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.128

JOAN.

Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.132

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.137

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

CHAR.

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.141

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

ALEN.

Leave off delays and let us raise the siege.146

REIG.

Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;

Drive them from Orleans and be immortalis'd.

CHAR.

Presently we'll try. Come, let's away about it:

No prophet will I trust if she prove false.150

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***London. Before The Tower.***

*Enter at the Gates the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men, in blue coats.*

GLO.

I am come to survey the Tower this day;

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.

Where be these warders that they wait not here?

Open the gates! 'Tis Gloucester that calls.4

[*Servants knock.*]

FIRST WARD.

[*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

FIRST SERV.

It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

SEC. WARD.

[*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

FIRST SERV.

Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?8

FIRST WARD.

[*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do not otherwise than we are will'd.

GLO.

Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.12

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloucester's Men rush at the Tower gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*  
*Wood.* What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

GLO.

Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates! here's Gloucester that would enter.17

WOOD.

[*Within.*] Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment20

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

GLO.

Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?24

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

FIRST SERV.

Open the gates unto the Lord Protector;

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.<sup>28</sup>

*Enter Winchester, attended by Serving-men in tawny coats.*

WIN.

How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

GLO.

Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

WIN.

I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And not protector, of the king or realm.<sup>32</sup>

GLO.

Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,<sup>36</sup>

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

WIN.

Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cam,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.<sup>40</sup>

GLO.

I will not slay 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 what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.<sup>44</sup>

GLO.

What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;

Blue coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[*Gloucester and his men attack the Cardinal.*

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.<sup>48</sup>

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,

In spite of pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WIN.

Gloucester, thou'lt answer this before the pope.<sup>52</sup>

GLO.

Winchester goose! I cry a rope! a rope!

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!<sup>56</sup>

*Here Gloucester's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.*

MAY.

Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLO.

Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:  
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King,  
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.<sup>61</sup>

WIN.

Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens;  
One that still motions war and never peace,  
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,<sup>64</sup>  
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 blows.

*[Here they skirmish again.]*

MAY.

Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife  
But to make open proclamation.  
Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst;<sup>72</sup>

Cry.

OFF.

*All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*<sup>80</sup>

GLO.

Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;

But we shall meet and break our minds at large.

WIN.

Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAY.

I'll call for clubs if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.<sup>86</sup>

GLO.

Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

WIN.

Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

*[Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester, with their Serving-men.]*

MAY.

See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.<sup>90</sup>

Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear;

I myself fight not once in forty year.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

### ***France. Before Orleans.***

*Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Boy.*

M. GUN.

Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

SON.

Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.<sup>4</sup>

M. GUN.

But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me<sup>8</sup>

How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,

Wont through a secret gate of iron bars

In yonder tower to overpeer the city,

And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault.<sup>13</sup>

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance '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,<sup>17</sup>

For I can stay 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;<sup>21</sup>

I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

[*Exit.*

*Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot; Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Others.*

SAL.

Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?<sup>24</sup>

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TAL.

The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner

Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;<sup>28</sup>

For him I was exchange'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man at arms by far

Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:

Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death<sup>32</sup>

Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:

Whom with my bare fists I would execute<sup>36</sup>

If I now had him brought into my power.

SAL.

Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

TAL.

With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,40

To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me,44

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly.

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;49

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:52

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.56

*Enter the Boy with a linstock.*

SAL.

I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one,60

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:

Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions<sup>64</sup>

Where is best place to make our battery next.

GAR.

I think at the North gate; for there stand lords.

GLAN.

And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

TAL.

For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,<sup>68</sup>

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*[Here they shoot. Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave fall.]*

SAL.

O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

GAR.

O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.

TAL.

What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?<sup>72</sup>

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand<sup>76</sup>

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;  
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;  
Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck up,80  
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.  
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,  
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.84  
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!  
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.  
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?88  
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.  
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
Thou shalt not die, whiles—  
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,92  
As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,  
Remember to avenge me on the French.'  
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,  
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:96  
Wretched shall France be only in my name.  
*[It thunders and lightens. An alarum.*  
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?  
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?  
*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:100

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,

A holy prophetess new risen up

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

*[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

TAL.

Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!104

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:

Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his tent,110

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

*[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

Scene V.—

***The Same. Before One Of The Gates.***

*Alarum. Skirmishings. Enter Talbot, pursuing the Dauphin; drives him in, and exit: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter Talbot.*

TAL.

Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;

A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

*Re-enter* Joan la Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee:

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:5

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

JOAN.

Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

*[They fight.]*

TAL.

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?9

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.12

*[They fight again.]*

JOAN.

Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

*[A short alarum; then la Pucelle enters the town with Soldiers.]*

O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;16

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

*[Exit.]*

TAL.

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.24

They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

*[A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat;28

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,

Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.32

*[Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be: retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is entered into Orleans36

In spite of us or aught that we could do.

O! would I were to die with Salisbury.

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

*[Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his Forces, &c.*

Scene VI.—

***The Same.***

*Flourish. Enter, on the walls, Joan la Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.*

JOAN.

Advance our waving colours on the walls;  
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:  
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHAR.

Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,<sup>4</sup>  
How shall I honour thee for this success?  
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.  
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!<sup>8</sup>  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:  
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIG.

Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?  
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,<sup>13</sup>  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALEN.

All France will be replete with mirth and joy,  
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.<sup>16</sup>

CHAR.

'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;  
For which I will divide my crown with her;  
And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.<sup>20</sup>  
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear  
Than Rhodope's or Memphis ever was:  
In memory of her when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious<sup>24</sup>  
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.  
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,<sup>28</sup>  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
Come in, and let us banquet royally,  
After this golden day of victory.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***Before Orleans.***

*Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.*

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.<sup>4</sup>

FIRST SENT.

Sergeant, you shall.

[*Exit* Sergeant.

Thus are poor servitors—

When others sleep upon their quiet beds—

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter* Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and Forces with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

TAL.

Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,<sup>8</sup>

By whose approach the regions of Artois,

Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,

This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,

Having all day carous'd and banqueted:<sup>12</sup>

Embrace we then this opportunity,

As fitting best to quittance their deceit

Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

BED.

Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,<sup>16</sup>

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,

To join with witches and the help of hell!

BUR.

Traitors have never other company.

But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

TAL.

A maid, they say.

BED.

A maid, and be so martial!21

BUR.

Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French

She carry armour, as she hath begun.24

TAL.

Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

BED.

Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.28

TAL.

Not all together: better far, I guess,

That we do make our entrance several ways,

That if it chance the one of us do fail,

The other yet may rise against their force.32

BED.

Agreed. I'll to yond corner.

BUR.

And I to this.

TAL.

And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear<sup>36</sup>

How much in duty I am bound to both.

*[The English scale the walls, crying, 'Saint George!' 'A Talbot!' and all enter the town.]*

FIRST SENT.

Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

*The French leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and half unready.*

ALEN.

How now, my lords! what! all unready so?

BAST.

Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.<sup>40</sup>

REIG.

'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

ALEN.

Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,

Ne'er heard I of a war-like enterprise<sup>44</sup>

More venturous or desperate than this.

BAST.

I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIG.

If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

ALEN.

Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.<sup>48</sup>

BAST.

Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*Enter Charles and Joan la Pucelle.*

CHAR.

Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,<sup>52</sup>

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

JOAN.

Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,<sup>56</sup>

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHAR.

Duke of Alençon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,<sup>61</sup>

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALEN.

Had all your quarters been so safely kept  
As that whereof I had the government,<sup>64</sup>  
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

BAST.

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 precinct<sup>68</sup>  
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,  
About relieving of the sentinels:  
Then how or which way should they first break in?

JOAN.

Question, my lords, no further of the case,<sup>72</sup>  
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 dispers'd,  
And lay new platforms to endamage them.<sup>77</sup>

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLD.

I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;  
For I have loaden me with many spoils,<sup>80</sup>  
Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***Orleans. Within The Town.***

*Enter* Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, *a* Captain, *and Others.*

BED.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*

TAL.

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,<sup>4</sup>  
And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.  
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;  
For every drop of blood was drawn from him<sup>8</sup>  
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.  
And that hereafter ages may behold  
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect<sup>12</sup>  
A tomb wherein his corse shall be interr'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,  
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,  
And what a terror he had been to France.<sup>17</sup>  
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,  
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,  
Nor any of his false confederates.<sup>21</sup>

BED.

'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
They did amongst the troops of armed men<sup>24</sup>  
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BUR.

Myself—as far as I could well discern  
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—  
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,<sup>28</sup>  
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves  
That could not live asunder day or night.  
After that things are set in order here,<sup>32</sup>  
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train  
Call ye the war-like Talbot, for his acts

So much applauded through the realm of France?36

TAL.

Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

MESS.

The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,  
With modesty admiring thy renown,  
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe40  
To visit her poor castle where she lies,  
That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR.

Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars  
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,45  
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.  
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TAL.

Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men48  
Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:  
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,  
And in submission will attend on her.52  
Will not your honours bear me company?

BED.

No, truly; it is more than manners will;

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.<sup>56</sup>

TAL.

Well then, alone,—since there's no remedy,—

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind.

CAPT.

I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Auvergne. Court Of The Castle.***

*Enter the Countess and her Porter.*

COUNT.

Porter, remember what I gave in charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

PORT.

Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

COUNT.

The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,<sup>4</sup>

I shall as famous be by this exploit

As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,

And his achievements of no less account:<sup>8</sup>

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger and Talbot.*

MESS.

Madam,

According as your ladyship desir'd,<sup>12</sup>  
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNT.

And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESS.

Madam, it is.

COUNT.

Is this the scourge of France?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,<sup>16</sup>  
That with his name the mothers still their babes?  
I see report is fabulous and false:  
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,<sup>20</sup>  
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:  
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.<sup>24</sup>

TAL.

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,

I'll sort some other time to visit you.

COUNT.

What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.<sup>28</sup>

MESS.

Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

TAL.

Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

I go to certify her Talbot's here.<sup>32</sup>

*Re-enter Porter, with keys.*

COUNT.

If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TAL.

Prisoner! to whom?

COUNT.

To me, blood-thirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,<sup>36</sup>

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

That hast by tyranny, these many years<sup>40</sup>

Wasted our country, slain our citizens,

And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

TAL.

Ha, ha, ha!

COUNT.

Laughst thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.<sup>44</sup>

TAL.

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,

Whereon to practise your severity.

COUNT.

Why, art not thou the man?

TAL.

I am, indeed.<sup>48</sup>

COUNT.

Then have I substance too.

TAL.

No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see is but the smallest part<sup>52</sup>

And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.<sup>56</sup>

COUNT.

This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarities agree?

TAL.

That will I show you presently.<sup>60</sup>

*He winds a horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,<sup>64</sup>

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNT.

Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

For I am sorry that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.<sup>72</sup>

TAL.

Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster

The mind of Talbot as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me;76  
Nor other satisfaction 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.

COUNT.

With all my heart, and think me honoured81  
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***London. The Temple Garden.***

*Enter the*Earls of Somerset, Suffolk,*and*Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon,*and a* Lawyer.

PLAN.

Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?  
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUF.

Within the Temple hall we were too loud;  
The garden here is more convenient.4

PLAN.

Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth,  
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

SUF.

Faith, I have been a truant in the law,

And never yet could frame my will to it;8

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

SOM.

Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

WAR.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;

Between two blades, which bears the better temper;13

Between two horses, which doth bear him best;

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;

I have perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;16

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLAN.

Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side,20

That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOM.

And on my side it is so well apparell'd,

So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLAN.

Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,25

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

Let him that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,28  
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

SOM.

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,32  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR.

I love no colours, and, without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery  
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.36

SUF.

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset:  
And say withal I think he held the right.

VER.

Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,  
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side40  
The fewest roses are cropp'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.44

PLAN.

And I.

VER.

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.<sup>48</sup>

SOM.

Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,  
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,  
And fall on my side so, against your will.

VER.

If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,<sup>52</sup>  
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.

[*To Somerset.*] Unless my study and my books be false,<sup>56</sup>

The argument you held was wrong in you,  
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

PLAN.

Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

SOM.

Here, in my scabbard; meditating that<sup>60</sup>

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

PLAN.

Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing

The truth on our side.

SOM.

No, Plantagenet,<sup>64</sup>

'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks

Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLAN.

Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOM.

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?<sup>69</sup>

PLAN.

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOM.

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,<sup>72</sup>

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLAN.

Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.<sup>76</sup>

SUF.

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLAN.

Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

SUF.

I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOM.

Away, away! good William de la Pole:

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

WAR.

Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:82

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

PLAN.

He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOM.

By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words88

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;94  
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

PLAN.

My father was attached, not attained;  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;  
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,  
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.  
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,100  
I'll note you in my book of memory,  
To scourge you for this apprehension:  
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

SOM.

Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,104  
And know us by these colours for thy foes;  
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

PLAN.

And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,  
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,108  
Will I for ever and my faction wear,  
Until it wither with me to my grave  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUF.

Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:112  
And so farewell until I meet thee next.

[*Exit.*

SOM.

Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.

[*Exit.*

PLAN.

How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it!

WAR.

This blot that they object against your house<sup>116</sup>

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;

And if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick.<sup>120</sup>

Meantime in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,<sup>124</sup>

Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,

Shall send between the red rose and the white

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLAN.

Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,<sup>128</sup>

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VER.

In your behalf still would I wear the same.

LAW.

And so will I.

PLAN.

Thanks, gentle sir.132

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say

This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***London. A Room In The Tower.***

*Enter* Mortimer, *brought in a chair by two Gaolers.*

MOR.

Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.

Even like a man new haled from the rack,

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;4

And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,

Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,8

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;

Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless branches to the ground:

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,13

Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.16  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

FIRST KEEP.

Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:  
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber.  
And answer was return'd that he will come.20

MOR.

Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.  
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.  
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
Before whose glory I was great in arms,24  
This loathsome sequestration have I had;  
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.  
But now the arbitrator of despairs,28  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:  
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
That so he might recover what was lost.32

*Enter* Richard Plantagenet.

FIRST KEEP.

My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR.

Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLAN.

Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.<sup>36</sup>

MOR.

Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:

O! tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.<sup>40</sup>

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

PLAN.

First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;

And in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.<sup>44</sup>

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;

Among which terms he us'd a lavish tongue

And did upbraid me with my father's death:<sup>48</sup>

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,

In honour of a true Plantagenet,<sup>52</sup>

And for alliance sake, declare the cause

My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MOR.

That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,  
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth<sup>56</sup>  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

PLAN.

Discover more at large what cause that was,  
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.<sup>60</sup>

MOR.

I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,  
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,<sup>64</sup>  
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:  
During whose reign the Percies of the North,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,<sup>68</sup>  
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.  
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this  
Was, for that—young King Richard thus remov'd,  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—<sup>72</sup>  
I was the next by birth and parentage;  
For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son  
To King Edward the Third; whereas he<sup>76</sup>

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt  
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,<sup>80</sup>  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,  
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd<sup>84</sup>  
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,  
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,  
Again in pity of my hard distress  
Levied an army, weening to redeem<sup>88</sup>  
And have install'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.<sup>92</sup>

PLAN.

Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

MOR.

True; and thou seest that I no issue have,  
And that my fainting words do warrant death:  
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:<sup>96</sup>  
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLAN.

Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.

But yet methinks my father's execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.100

MOR.

With silence, nephew, be thou politic:  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence,104  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

PLAN.

O uncle! would some part of my young years  
Might but redeem the passage of your age.108

MOR.

Thou dost then wrong me,—as the slaughterer doth,  
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.—  
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
Only give order for my funeral:112  
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!  
[Dies.

PLAN.

And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!  
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,116  
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself<sup>120</sup>

Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out the body of* Mortimer.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,<sup>124</sup>

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,<sup>128</sup>

Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

### ACT III.

#### Scene I.—

#### ***London. The Parliament House.***

*Flourish. Enter* King Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset,*and* Suffolk;*the* Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet,*and* Others. Gloucester*offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.*

WIN.

Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,

Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,<sup>4</sup>

Do it without invention, suddenly;

As I, with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLO.

Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience<sup>8</sup>

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able<sup>12</sup>

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:

No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.<sup>16</sup>

Thou art a most pernicious usurer,

Froward by nature, enemy to peace;

Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems

A man of thy profession and degree;<sup>20</sup>

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.

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,<sup>24</sup>

The king, thy sov'reign, is not quite exempt

From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WIN.

Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.<sup>28</sup>

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,  
As he will have me, how am I so poor?  
Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?<sup>32</sup>  
And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
More than I do, except I be provok'd?  
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;  
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:<sup>36</sup>  
It is, because no one should sway but he;  
No one but he should be about the king;  
And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
And makes him roar these accusations forth.<sup>40</sup>  
But he shall know I am as good—

GLO.

As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

WIN.

Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?<sup>44</sup>

GLO.

Am I not protector, saucy priest?

WIN.

And am not I a prelate of the church?

GLO.

Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.<sup>48</sup>

WIN.

Unreverent Gloucester!

GLO.

Thou art reverent,  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN.

Rome shall remedy this.

WAR.

Roam thither then.

SOM.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

WAR.

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

SOM.

Methinks my lord should be religious,  
And know the office that belongs to such.

WAR.

Methinks his lordship should be humbler;<sup>56</sup>  
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOM.

Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

WAR.

State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace protector to the king?60

PLAN.

[*Aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,

Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.64

K. HEN.

Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.68

O! what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar.

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,72

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within;* 'Down with the tawny coats!'

What tumult's this?

WAR.

An uproar, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again within;* 'Stones! Stones!'

*Enter the Mayor of London, attended.*

MAY.

O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,

Pity the city of London, pity us!<sup>77</sup>

The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,<sup>80</sup>

And banding themselves in contrary parts

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,

That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,<sup>84</sup>

And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of Gloucester and Winchester, with bloody pates.*

K. HEN.

We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaughter'ring hands, and keep the peace.—

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.<sup>88</sup>

FIRST SERV.

Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

SEC. SERV.

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

*[Skirmish again.]*

GLO.

You of my household, leave this peevish broil,<sup>92</sup>

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

THIRD SERV.

My lord, we know your Grace to be a man  
Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,  
Inferior to none but to his majesty;<sup>96</sup>  
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
So kind a father of the commonweal,  
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,  
We and our wives and children all will fight,<sup>100</sup>  
And have our bodies slaught' red by thy foes.

FIRST SERV.

Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

*[Skirmish again.]*

GLO.

Stay, stay, I say!  
And, if you love me, as you say you do,<sup>104</sup>  
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. HEN.

O! how this discord doth afflict my soul!  
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?<sup>108</sup>  
Who should be pitiful if you be not?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR.

Yield, my Lord Protector; yield, Winchester; 112

Except you mean with obstinate repulse

To slay your sov'reign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief and what murder too

Hath been enacted through your enmity: 116

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WIN.

He shall submit or I will never yield.

GLO.

Compassion on the king commands me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out ere the priest 120

Should ever get that privilege of me.

WAR.

Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,

As by his smoothed brows it doth appear: 124

Why look you still so stern and tragical?

GLO.

Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. HEN.

Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin; 128

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same?

WAR.

Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent! 132

What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

WIN.

Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

GLO.

[*Aside.*] Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart. 136

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,

This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140

WIN.

[*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. HEN.

O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract!

Away, my masters! trouble us no more; 144

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

FIRST SERV.

Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

SEC. SERV.

And so will I.

THIRD SERV.

And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Serving-men, &c.]

WAR.

Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, 148

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLO.

Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance, 152

You have great reason to do Richard right;

Especially for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. HEN.

And those occasions, uncle, were of force: 156

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is

That Richard be restored to his blood.

WAR.

Let Richard be restored to his blood;

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. 160

WIN.

As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. HEN.

If Richard will be true, not that alone,  
But all the whole inheritance I give  
That doth belong unto the house of York,164  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLAN.

Thy humble servant vows obedience,  
And humble service till the point of death.

K. HEN.

Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;168  
And, in requerdon of that duty done,  
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:  
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,  
And rise created princely Duke of York.172

PLAN.

And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

ALL.

Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!176

SOM.

[*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

GLO.

Now, will it best avail your majesty

To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.

The presence of a king engenders love<sup>180</sup>

Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,

As it disanimates his enemies.

K. HEN.

When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.<sup>184</sup>

GLO.

Your ships already are in readiness.

*[Flourish. Exeunt all except Exeter.]*

EXE.

Ay, we may march in England or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension grown betwixt the peers<sup>188</sup>

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,<sup>192</sup>

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;<sup>196</sup>

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all;

And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:

Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time.200

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***France. Before Roan.***

*Enter Joan la Pucelle, disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

JOAN.

These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,  
Through which our policy must make a breach:  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men<sup>4</sup>  
That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,<sup>8</sup>  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

FIRST SOLD.

Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,  
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;  
Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*

GUARD.

[*Within.*] *Qui est là?*<sup>13</sup>

JOAN.

*Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*

Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

GUARD.

[*Opening the gates.*] Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung. 16

JOAN.

Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[*Joan la Pucelle, &c., enter the city.*

*Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Forces.*

CHAR.

Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!

And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

BAST.

Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants; 20

Now she is there how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in?

ALEN.

By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is, 24

No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.*

JOAN.

Behold! this is the happy wedding torch

That joineth Roan unto her countrymen, 27

But burning fatal to the Talbotites!

[*Exit.*

BAST.

See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

CHAR.

Now shine it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes!<sup>32</sup>

ALEN.

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;

Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,

And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter the town.*

ALARUM.

*Enter Talbot in an Excursion.*

TAL.

France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,<sup>36</sup>

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,

Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.<sup>40</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the town, Bedford, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, Joan la Pucelle, Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Others.*

JOAN.

Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast

Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?44

BUR.

Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHAR.

Your Grace may starve perhaps, before that time.48

BED.

O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

JOAN.

What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

TAL.

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,52

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age

And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,56

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

JOAN.

Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[Talbot and the rest consult together.

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?60

TAL.

Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

JOAN.

Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

TAL.

I speak not to that railing Hecate,64

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

ALEN.

Signior, no.

TAL.

Signior, hang! base muleters of France!68

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

JOAN.

Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no-goodness, by his looks.72

God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you

That we are here.

[*Exeunt* Joan la Pucelle, &c., *from the Walls*.

TAL.

And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!<sup>76</sup>  
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,—  
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,—  
Either to get the town again, or die;  
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,<sup>80</sup>  
And as his father here was conqueror,  
As sure as in this late-betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,  
So sure I swear to get the town or die.<sup>84</sup>

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,<sup>88</sup>  
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

BED.

Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:  
Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,  
And will be partner of your weal or woe.<sup>92</sup>

BUR.

Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

BED.

Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,  
That stout Pendragon in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:96  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

TAL.

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!  
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,101  
But gather we our forces out of hand,  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

*[Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

*Alarum: Excursions; in one of which, enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.*

CAP.

Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?104

FAST.

Whither away! to save myself by flight:  
We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAP.

What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

FAST.

Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.108

[*Exit.*

CAP.

Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*

*Retreat: Excursions. Re-enter, from the town, Joan la Pucelle, Alençon, Charles, &c., and exeunt, flying.*

BED.

Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

*Alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and Others.*

TAL.

Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy:116

Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

BUR.

Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects

Thy noble deeds as valour's monument.120

TAL.

Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What! all amot? Roan hangs her head for grief,124

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king;128

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

BUR.

What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

TAL.

But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd,132

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan:

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court;

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,136

For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Plains Near Roan.***

*Enter* Charles, *the* Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Joan la Pucelle, *and* Forces.

JOAN.

Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.<sup>4</sup>  
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,  
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.<sup>8</sup>

CHAR.

We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

BAST.

Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.<sup>13</sup>

ALEN.

We'll set thy statue in some holy place  
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:  
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.<sup>16</sup>

JOAN.

Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:  
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.<sup>20</sup>

CHAR.

Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces.<sup>24</sup>

ALEN.

For ever should they be expuls'd from France,  
And not have title of an earldom here.

JOAN.

Your honours shall perceive how I will work  
To bring this matter to the wished end.<sup>28</sup>

*[Drums heard afar off.]*

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over, Talbot and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,  
And all the troops of English after him.<sup>32</sup>

*A French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and his Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

*[A parley.]*

CHAR.

A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

BUR.

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?37

JOAN.

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BUR.

What sayst thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

CHAR.

Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.40

JOAN.

Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR.

Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

JOAN.

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,44

And see the cities and the towns defac'd

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,48

See, see the pining malady of France;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast giv'n her woeful breast.

O! turn thy edged sword another way;52

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:  
Return thee therefore, with a flood of tears,56  
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

BUR.

Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

JOAN.

Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,60  
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.  
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation  
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,64  
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
Who then but English Henry will be lord,  
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?  
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,68  
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,  
And was he not in England prisoner?  
But when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free, without his ransom paid,72  
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.  
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen!  
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.  
Come, come, return; return thou wand'ring lord;76

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BUR.

I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.<sup>80</sup>

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces and my power of men are yours.

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.<sup>84</sup>

JOAN.

Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

CHAR.

Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

BAST.

And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALEN.

Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,<sup>88</sup>

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHAR.

Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers:

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***Paris. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* King Henry, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter; Vernon, Basset, *and Others. To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.*

TAL.

My gracious prince, and honourable peers,  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:<sup>4</sup>  
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—<sup>8</sup>  
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet,  
[*Kneels.*  
And with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.<sup>12</sup>

K. HEN.

Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLO.

Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. HEN.

Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!<sup>16</sup>

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,<sup>20</sup>  
Your faithful service and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face:<sup>24</sup>  
Therefore, stand up; and for these good deserts,  
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;  
And in our coronation take your place.

*[Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.]*

VER.

Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear<sup>29</sup>  
In honour of my noble Lord of York,  
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

BAS.

Yes, sir: as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy tongue<sup>33</sup>  
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

VER.

Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS.

Why, what is he? as good a man as York.<sup>36</sup>

VER.

Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

BAS.

Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such  
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,  
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.<sup>40</sup>

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VER.

Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;<sup>44</sup>  
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

#### ***Paris. A Room Of State.***

*Enter* King Henry, Gloucester, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, *the* Bishop of Winchester, Warwick, Talbot, *the* Governor of Paris, *and Others.*

GLO.

Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

WIN.

God save King Henry, of that name the sixth.

GLO.

Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[Governor *kneels*.

That you elect no other king but him,<sup>4</sup>

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,

And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt Governor and his Train*.

*Enter* Sir John Fastolfe.

FAST.

My gracious sovereign; as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

TAL.

Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!<sup>13</sup>

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;

[*Plucking it off*.

Which I have done, because unworthily<sup>16</sup>

Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,<sup>20</sup>

And that the French were almost ten to one,  
Before we met or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire did run away:  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,<sup>25</sup>  
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear<sup>28</sup>  
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

GLO.

To say the truth, this fact was infamous  
And ill beseeming any common man,  
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.<sup>32</sup>

TAL.

When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,  
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,  
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;<sup>36</sup>  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes.  
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,<sup>40</sup>  
Profaning this most honourable order;  
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.44

K. HEN.

Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;

Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter48

Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

GLO.

[*Viewing superscription.*] What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

No more, but plain and bluntly, *To the King!*

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?52

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? *I have, upon especial cause,*

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,*

*Together with the pitiful complaints*57

*Of such as your oppression feeds upon,*

*Forsaken your pernicious faction,*

*And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.*60

O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so,

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. HEN.

What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?64

GLO.

He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

K. HEN.

Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLO.

It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. HEN.

Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,68

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

TAL.

Content, my liege! Yes: but that I am prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.72

K. HEN.

Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TAL.

I go, my lord; in heart desiring still76

You may behold confusion of your foes.

*[Exit.*

*Enter Vernon and Basset.*

VER.

Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

BAS.

And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!

YORK.

This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!<sup>80</sup>

SOM.

And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

K. HEN.

Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?<sup>84</sup>

VER.

With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

BAS.

And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. HEN.

What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.<sup>88</sup>

BAS.

Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves<sup>92</sup>

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About a certain question in the law

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;96

With other vile and ignominious terms:

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.100

VER.

And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem with forged quaint conceit,

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;104

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK.

Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?108

SOM.

Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. HEN.

Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men,

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,112

Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK.

Let this dissension first be tried by fight, 116

And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOM.

The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

YORK.

There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset. 120

VER.

Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BAS.

Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

GLO.

Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate! 124

Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?—

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well 128

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:

Let me persuade you take a better course. 132

EXE.

It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

K. HEN.

Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause. 136

And you, my lords, remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wav'ring nation.

If they perceive dissension in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree, 140

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified 144

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!

O! think upon the conquest of my father, 148

My tender years, and let us not forego

That for a trifle that was bought with blood!

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose, 152

*[Putting on a red rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade

Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160

So let us still continue peace and love.

Cousin of York, we institute your Grace

To be our regent in these parts of France:

And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite 164

Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;

And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies. 168

Ourselves, my Lord Protector, and the rest,

After some respite will return to Calais;

From thence to England; where I hope ere long

To be presented by your victories, 172

With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

*[Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.]*

WAR.

My Lord of York, I promise you, the king prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK.

And so he did; but yet I like it not,

In that he wears the badge of Somerset. 177

WAR.

Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;  
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK.

An if I wist he did,—But let it rest;  
Other affairs must now be managed. 181

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, and Vernon.*]

EXE.

Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;  
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there 184  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility, 188  
This shouldering of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favourites,  
But that it doth presage some ill event.  
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;  
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*]

Scene II.—

***Before Bourdeaux.***

*Enter Talbot, with his Forces.*

TAL.

Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;

Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,

Servant in arms to Harry King of England;<sup>4</sup>

And thus he would: Open your city gates,

Be humble to us, call my sov'reign yours,

And do him homage as obedient subjects,

And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;<sup>8</sup>

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;

Who in a moment even with the earth<sup>12</sup>

Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,

If you forsake the offer of their love.

GEN.

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,

Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!<sup>16</sup>

The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

On us thou canst not enter but by death;

For, I protest, we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight:20  
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,  
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;24  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress  
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,  
To rive their dangerous artillery29  
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.  
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:32  
This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal;  
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
Finish the process of his sandy hour,36  
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.  
*[Drum afar off.*  
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;40  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.  
*[Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.*

TAL.

He fables not; I hear the enemy:

Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.

O! negligent and heedless discipline;44

How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,

A little herd of England's timorous deer,

Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!

If we be English deer, be then, in blood;48

Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,

But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,

Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:52

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.

God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!56

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***Plains In Gascony.***

*Enter York, with Forces; to him a Messenger.*

YORK.

Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

MESS.

They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,  
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,<sup>5</sup>  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,  
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.<sup>8</sup>

YORK.

A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,<sup>12</sup>  
And I am louted by a traitor villain,  
And cannot help the noble chevalier.  
God comfort him in this necessity!  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter* Sir William Lucy.

LUCY.

Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron<sup>20</sup>  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.  
To Bourdeaux, war-like duke! To Bourdeaux, York!  
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK.

O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart<sup>24</sup>  
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!  
So should we save a valiant gentleman  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire and wrathful fury, make me weep<sup>28</sup>  
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY.

O! send some succour to the distress'd lord.

YORK.

He dies, we lose; I break my war-like word;  
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;<sup>32</sup>  
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY.

Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;  
And on his son young John, whom two hours since  
I met in travel toward his war-like father.<sup>36</sup>  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;  
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK.

Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?<sup>40</sup>  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.  
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,

But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.44

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,

'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

*[Exit, with his Soldiers.*

LUCY.

Thus, while the vulture of sedition

Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss49

The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,

That ever living man of memory,

Henry the Fifth: Whiles they each other cross,

Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss.53

*[Exit.*

Scene IV.—

### ***Other Plains In Gascony.***

*Enter Somerset, with his Army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.*

SOM.

It is too late; I cannot send them now:

This expedition was by York and Talbot

Too rashly plotted: all our general force

Might with a sally of the very town4

Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour

By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:

York set him on to fight and die in shame,<sup>8</sup>  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

CAP.

Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter* Sir William Lucy.

SOM.

How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?<sup>12</sup>

LUCY.

Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,

Cries out for noble York and Somerset,

To beat assailing death from his weak legions:

And whiles the honourable captain there<sup>17</sup>

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,

And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,

You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,<sup>20</sup>

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away

The levied succours that should lend him aid,

While he, renowned noble gentleman,<sup>24</sup>

Yields up his life unto a world of odds:

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,

Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,

And Talbot perisheth by your default.<sup>28</sup>

SOM.

York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

LUCY.

And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host

Collected for this expedition.<sup>32</sup>

SOM.

York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;

And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY.

The fraud of England, not the force of France,<sup>36</sup>

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.

Never to England shall he bear his life,

But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOM.

Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:<sup>40</sup>

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY.

Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain,

For fly he could not if he would have fled;

And fly would Talbot never, though he might.<sup>44</sup>

SOM.

If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

LUCY.

His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***The English Camp Near Bourdeaux.***

*Enter Talbot and John his Son.*

TAL.

O young John Talbot! I did send for thee  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd  
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!  
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoyded danger:  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,  
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN.

Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?  
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
To make a bastard and a slave of me:  
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood

That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TAL.

Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN.

He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TAL.

If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN.

Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:21

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;

My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

Upon my death the French can little boast;24

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;

But mine it will that no exploit have done:

You fled for vantage everyone will swear;28

But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay

If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,32

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

TAL.

Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN.

Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

TAL.

Upon my blessing I command thee go.

JOHN.

To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL.

Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

JOHN.

No part of him but will be shame in me.

TAL.

Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.<sup>40</sup>

JOHN.

Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

TAL.

Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN.

You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.<sup>44</sup>

TAL.

And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN.

And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side<sup>48</sup>  
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.  
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;  
For live I will not if my father die.

TAL.

Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,<sup>52</sup>  
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.  
Come, side by side together live and die,  
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

Scene VI.—

***A Field Of Battle.***

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.*

TAL.

Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!  
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath:<sup>4</sup>  
I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death.

JOHN.

O! twice my father, twice am I thy son:  
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,  
Till with thy war-like sword, despite of fate,<sup>8</sup>  
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

TAL.

When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,  
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,<sup>12</sup>  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and war-like rage,  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans,—that drew blood<sup>16</sup>  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight,—I soon encountered  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,<sup>20</sup>  
Bespoke him thus, 'Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'<sup>24</sup>  
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,  
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,<sup>28</sup>  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,<sup>32</sup>  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;36  
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.  
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;40  
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN.

The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,45  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!  
And like me to the peasant boys of France,48  
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!  
Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:  
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;52  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TAL.

Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,  
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,56

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—

***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Old Talbot, wounded, led by a Servant.*

TAL.

Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—

O! where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,

Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And like a hungry lion did commence

Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;<sup>8</sup>

But when my angry guardant stood alone,

Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart

Suddenly made him from my side to start<sup>12</sup>

Into the clust'ring battle of the French;

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit; and there died

My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of Young Talbot.*

SERV.

O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

TAL.

Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,

Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,<sup>20</sup>

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,

In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

O! thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath;<sup>24</sup>

Brave death by speaking whe'r he will or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,

Had death been French, then death had died to-day.<sup>28</sup>

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, the Bastard of Orleans, Joan la Pucelle, and Forces.*

CHAR.

Had York and Somerset brought rescue in

We should have found a bloody day of this.

BAST.

How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,<sup>35</sup>

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

JOAN.

Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:

'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'

But with a proud majestic high scorn,

He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'<sup>41</sup>

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BUR.

Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;<sup>44</sup>

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

BAST.

Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

CHAR.

O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled<sup>49</sup>

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 obtain'd the glory of the day.

CHAR.

On what submissive message art thou sent?53

LUCY.

Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.57

CHAR.

For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUCY.

Where is the great Alcides of the field,

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?61

Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,64

Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Vordun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;

Knight of the noble order of Saint George,68

Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;

Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth

Of all his wars within the realm of France?

JOAN.

Here is a silly stately style indeed!<sup>72</sup>

The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,

Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,

Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.<sup>76</sup>

LUCY.

Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!

O! that I could but call these dead to life!<sup>81</sup>

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.<sup>84</sup>

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

JOAN.

I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here<sup>89</sup>

They would but stink and putrefy the air.

CHAR.

Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY.

I'll bear them hence:

But from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

CHAR.

So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:

All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain.<sup>96</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* King Henry, Gloucester, *and* Exeter.

K. HEN.

Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,

The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

GLO.

I have, my lord; and their intent is 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<sup>8</sup>  
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,  
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. HEN.

Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought  
It was both impious and unnatural<sup>12</sup>  
That such immanity and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLO.

Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect  
And surer bind this knot of amity,<sup>16</sup>  
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,  
A man of great authority in France,  
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace  
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. HEN.

Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young,<sup>21</sup>  
And fitter is my study and my books  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,<sup>24</sup>  
So let them have their answers every one:  
I shall be well content with any choice  
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Winchester, now Cardinal Beaufort, and habited accordingly.*

EXE.

[*Aside.*] What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd, 28

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?

Then, I perceive that will be verified

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—

'If once he come to be a cardinal, 32

He'll make his cap co-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 reasonable; 36

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd

To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean

Shall be transported presently to France. 40

GLO.

And for the proffer of my lord your master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,

As,—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,

Her beauty, and the value of her dower,— 44

He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. HEN.

[*To the Ambassador.*] In argument and proof of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.

And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,48

And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd

Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King Henry and Train; Gloucester, Exeter, and Ambassadors.

WIN.

Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive

The sum of money which I promised52

Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

LEG.

I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

WIN.

[*Aside.*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,56

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive

That neither in birth or for authority

The bishop will be overborne by thee:60

I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***France. Plains In Anjou.***

*Enter* Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Joan la Pucelle, and Forces, marching.

CHAR.

These news, my lord, may cheer our drooping spirits;  
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,  
And turn again unto the war-like French.

ALEN.

Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France,<sup>4</sup>  
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

JOAN.

Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;  
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter a Scout.*

SCOUT.

Success unto our valiant general,<sup>8</sup>  
And happiness to his accomplices!

CHAR.

What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.

SCOUT.

The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,<sup>12</sup>  
And means to give you battle presently.

CHAR.

Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is:  
But we will presently provide for them.

BUR.

I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there: 16

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

JOAN.

Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

CHAR.

Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***France. Before Angiers.***

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.*

JOAN.

The regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;

And ye choice spirits that admonish me

And give me signs of future accidents: 4

[*Thunder.*]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the lordly monarch of the north,

Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof

Of your accustom'd diligence to me.9

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd

Out of the powerful regions under earth,

Help me this once, that France may get the field.

*[They walk, and speak not.]*

O! hold me not with silence over-long.13

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

I'll lop a member off and give it you,

In earnest of a further benefit,16

So you do condescend to help me now.

*[They hang their heads.]*

No hope to have redress? My body shall

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

*[They shake their heads.]*

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice20

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,

Before that England give the French the foil.

*[They depart.]*

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,24

That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,

And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:28

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*

*Alarum. Enter French and English fighting: Joan la Pucelle and York fight hand to hand: Joan la Pucelle is taken. The French fly.*

YORK.

Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.<sup>32</sup>

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,

As if with Circe she would change my shape.

JOAN.

Chang'd to a worsen shape thou canst not be.<sup>36</sup>

YORK.

O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

JOAN.

A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd<sup>40</sup>

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

YORK.

Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

JOAN.

I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

YORK.

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

*[Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.*

SUF.

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

*[Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty! do not fear nor fly,

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,<sup>48</sup>

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

What art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

MAR.

Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.<sup>52</sup>

SUF.

An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,<sup>56</sup>

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet if this servile usage once offend,

Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

*[She turns away as going.*

O stay! I have no power to let her pass;<sup>60</sup>

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.<sup>64</sup>  
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:  
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.  
Fie, De la Pole! disable not thyself;  
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?<sup>68</sup>  
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such  
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

MAR.

Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—<sup>72</sup>  
What ransom must I pay before I pass?  
For I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

SUF.

[*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,  
Before thou make a trial of her love?<sup>76</sup>

MAR.

Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

SUF.

[*Aside.*] She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

MAR.

Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?

SUF.

[*Aside.*] Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;81

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

MAR.

I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUF.

[*Aside.*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.84

MAR.

He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

SUF.

[*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be had.

MAR.

And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUF.

[*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?88

Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.

MAR.

[*Overhearing him.*] He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

SUF.

[*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.92

But there remains a scruple in that too;

For though her father be the King of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match.96

MAR.

Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

SUF.

[*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.100

MAR.

[*Aside.*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

SUF.

Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MAR.

[*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;104

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

SUF.

Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

MAR.

Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

SUF.

Lady, wherefore talk you so?108

MAR.

I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

SUF.

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;113  
For princes should be free.

SUF.

And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be free.

MAR.

Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?116

SUF.

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 condescend to be my—

MAR.

What?

SUF.

His love.120

MAR.

I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUF.

No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife  
And have no portion in the choice myself. 124  
How say you, madam, are you so content?

MAR.

An if my father please, I am content.

SUF.

Then call our captains and our colours forth!  
And, madam, at your father's castle walls 128  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

*[Troops come forward.]*

*A Parley sounded. Enter Reignier on the Walls.*

SUF.

See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner!

REIG.

To whom?

SUF.

To me.

REIG.

Suffolk, what remedy?  
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep, 132  
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

SUF.

Yes, there is remedy enough; my lord:

Consent, and for thy honour, give consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king, 136

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

REIG.

Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

SUF.

Fair Margaret knows 140

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIG.

Upon thy princely warrant, I descend

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

*[Exit from the walls.*

SUF.

And here I will expect thy coming. 144

*Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.*

REIG.

Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

SUF.

Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.148

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

REIG.

Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly152

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's if he please.

SUF.

That is her ransom; I deliver her;156

And those two counties I will undertake

Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIG.

And I again, in Henry's royal name,

As deputy unto that gracious king,160

Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

SUF.

Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:

[*Aside.*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content164

To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then, to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.

So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe,168

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIG.

I do embrace thee, as I would embrace  
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

MAR.

Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers<sup>172</sup>  
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

[*Going.*

SUF.

Farewell, sweet madam! but hark you, Margaret;  
No princely commendations to my king?

MAR.

Such commendations as become a maid,  
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.<sup>177</sup>

SUF.

Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.  
But madam, I must trouble you again,  
No loving token to his majesty?<sup>180</sup>

MAR.

Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,  
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

SUF.

And this withal.

[*Kisses her.*

MAR.

That for thyself: I will not so presume,  
To send such peevish tokens to a king. 185  
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*

SUF.

O! wert thou for myself! But Suffolk, stay;  
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk. 188  
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount  
And natural graces that extinguish art;  
Repeat their semblance often on the seas, 192  
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,  
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.  
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.—

***Camp Of The Duke Of York, In Anjou.***

*Enter York, Warwick, and Others.*

YORK.

Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.  
*Enter Joan la Pucelle, guarded; and a Shepherd.*

SHEP.

Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.  
Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,<sup>4</sup>

Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

JOAN.

Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:<sup>8</sup>

Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEP.

Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify<sup>12</sup>

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

WAR.

Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK.

This argues what her kind of life hath been:

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.<sup>16</sup>

SHEP.

Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.<sup>20</sup>

JOAN.

Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEP.

'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.<sup>24</sup>

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,<sup>28</sup>

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?<sup>32</sup>

O! burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*

YORK.

Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

JOAN.

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:<sup>36</sup>

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issu'd from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,<sup>40</sup>

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,44  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders but by help of devils.48  
No misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,52  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK.

Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

WAR.

And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:56  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

JOAN.

Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?  
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;60  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.64

YORK.

Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child!

WAR.

The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK.

She and the Dauphin have been juggling:68

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR.

Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;

Especially since Charles must father it.

JOAN.

You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:72

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK.

Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies an if it had a thousand lives.

JOAN.

O! give me leave, I have deluded you:

'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR.

A married man: that's most intolerable.

YORK.

Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,80

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WAR.

It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK.

And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.85

JOAN.

Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams

Upon the country where you make abode;88

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you, till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

*[Exit, guarded.]*

YORK.

Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,92

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

*Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.*

CAR.

Lord regent, I do greet your excellence

With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,  
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace<sup>98</sup>  
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;  
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,  
Approacheth to confer about some matter.<sup>101</sup>

YORK.

Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?  
After the slaughter of so many peers,  
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,<sup>104</sup>  
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,  
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?  
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,<sup>108</sup>  
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,  
Our great progenitors had conquered?  
O! Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief  
The utter loss of all the realm of France.<sup>112</sup>

WAR.

Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,  
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants  
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter Charles, attended; Alençon, the Bastard of Orleans, Reignier, and Others.*

CHAR.

Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,<sup>116</sup>

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves

What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK.

Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes<sup>120</sup>

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,

By sight of these our baleful enemies.

CAR.

Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,<sup>124</sup>

Of mere compassion and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,

You shall become true liegemen to his crown:

And, Charles, upon-condition thou wilt swear

To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,

Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,

And still enjoy thy regal dignity.<sup>132</sup>

ALEN.

Must he be then, as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,

And yet, in substance and authority,

Retain but privilege of a private man?<sup>136</sup>

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHAR.

'Tis known already that I am possess'd  
With more than half the Gallian territories,  
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:140  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
Detract so much from that prerogative  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep144  
That which I have than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK.

Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means  
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,148  
And now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?  
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,  
Of benefit proceeding from our king152  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIG.

My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract:156  
If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALEN.

[*Aside to Charles.*] To say the truth, it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre<sup>160</sup>

And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen

By our proceeding in hostility;

And therefore take this compact of a truce,

Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

WAR.

How sayst thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?<sup>165</sup>

CHAR.

It shall;

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest

In any of our towns of garrison.<sup>168</sup>

YORK.

Then swear allegiance to his majesty;

As thou art knight, never to disobey

Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[*Charles, &c., give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss 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; Gloucester and Exeter following.*

K. HEN.

Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:  
Her virtues, graced with external gifts  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:<sup>4</sup>  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven by breath of her renown  
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive<sup>8</sup>  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF.

Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale  
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:  
The chief perfections of that lovely dame—<sup>12</sup>  
Had I sufficient skill to utter them—  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit:  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,<sup>16</sup>  
So full replete 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,20

To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. HEN.

And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent

That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLO.

So should I give consent to flatter sin.25

You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;

How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your honour with reproach?29

SUF.

As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;

Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists32

By reason of his adversary's odds.

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,

And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLO.

Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?36

Her father is no better than an earl,

Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUF.

Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,  
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;40  
And of such great authority in France  
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLO.

And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,44  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXE.

Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower,  
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUF.

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,48  
That he should be so abject, 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:52  
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:56  
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,60  
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,64  
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,68  
Approves her fit for none but for a king:  
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—  
More than in women commonly is seen—  
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;72  
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
If with a lady of so high resolve  
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.76  
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. HEN.

Whether it be through force of your report,  
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that80  
My tender youth was never yet attaint  
With any passion of inflaming love,  
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,84  
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;  
Agree to any covenants, and procure88  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge,92  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for till you do return  
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:96  
If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.  
And so, conduct me, where, from company100  
I may revolve and ruminare my grief.  
*[Exit.*  
GLO.  
Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.  
*[Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*  
SUF.  
Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,  
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;104

With hope to find the like event in love,

But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. 108

*[Exit.*

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, Great-Uncle to the King.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.  
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.  
DUKE OF SOMERSET, }  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK, }  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } Of the King's Party.  
LORD CLIFFORD, }  
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his Son, }  
EARL OF SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.  
EARL OF WARWICK, }  
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.  
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his Brother.  
LORD SAY.  
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.  
WALTER WHITMORE.  
SIR JOHN STANLEY.  
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.  
VAUX.  
MATTHEW GOFFE.  
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, Priests.  
BOLINGBROKE, a Conjuror.  
A Spirit raised by him.  
THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.  
PETER, his Man.  
Clerk of Chatham.  
Mayor of St. Alban's.  
SIMPCOX, an Impostor.  
Two Murderers.  
JACK CADE, a Rebel.  
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the Butcher, &c., Followers of Cade.  
SMITH the Weaver. MICHAEL,  
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.  
MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.  
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.  
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch.  
Wife to Simpcox.  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

Scene.—*In various parts of England.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—

*London. A Room Of State In The Palace.*

*Flourish of Trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and Others, following.*

SUF.

As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,  
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace;<sup>4</sup>  
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,  
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,  
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaine, and Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,<sup>8</sup>  
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen<sup>12</sup>  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent;  
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.<sup>16</sup>

K. HEN.

Suffolk, arise. Welcome, 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!<sup>20</sup>  
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. MAR.

Great King of England and my gracious lord,<sup>24</sup>  
The mutual conference that my mind hath had  
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,  
In courtly company, or at my beads,  
With you, mine alderliest sovereign,<sup>28</sup>  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. HEN.

Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,<sup>32</sup>  
Her words y-clad 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.<sup>36</sup>

ALL.

Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. MAR.

We thank you all.

[*Flourish.*

SUF.

My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace<sup>40</sup>

Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLO.

*Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William De la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth 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.—*

[*Lets the paper fall.*

K. HEN.

Uncle, how now!

GLO.

Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart

And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.<sup>56</sup>

K. HEN.

Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CAR.

*Item, It is 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 cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. HEN.

They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:<sup>64</sup>

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your Grace from being regent  
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months<sup>68</sup>  
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;  
We thank you all for this great favour done,<sup>72</sup>  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.  
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

GLO.

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,<sup>76</sup>  
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?<sup>80</sup>  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,<sup>84</sup>  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?  
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,<sup>89</sup>  
With all the learned council of the realm,  
Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
Early and late, debating to and fro<sup>92</sup>  
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 die?  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,<sup>97</sup>  
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?  
O peers of England! shameful is this league,  
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,<sup>100</sup>  
Blotting your names from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown,  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as all had never been.<sup>104</sup>

CAR.

Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,  
This peroration with such circumstance?  
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

GLO.

Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should.<sup>109</sup>  
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.113

SAL.

Now, by the death of him who died for all,  
These counties were the keys of Normandy.115  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

WAR.

For grief that they are past recovery:  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.119

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!124

YORK.

For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this war-like isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart  
Before I would have yielded to this league.128  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;  
And our King Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.132

GLO.

A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France, 136  
Before—

CAR.

My Lord of Gloucester, now you grow too hot:  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLO.

My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind: 140  
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.  
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury. If I longer stay 144  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

CAR.

So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy, 149  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider lords, he is the next of blood, 152

And heir apparent to the English crown:  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. 156  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words  
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
What though the common people favour him,  
Calling him, 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester;' 160  
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,  
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'  
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss, 164  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCK.

Why should he then protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?  
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me, 168  
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR.

This weighty business will not brook delay;  
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

[*Exit.*

SOM.

Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride 173

And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:  
His insolence is more intolerable<sup>176</sup>  
Than all the princes in the land beside:  
If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.

BUCK.

Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.<sup>180</sup>  
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

SAL.

Pride went before, ambition follows him.  
While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.<sup>185</sup>  
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal  
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,  
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,<sup>188</sup>  
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself  
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.  
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,  
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,  
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,  
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:  
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline,196

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.

Join we together for the public good,200

In what we can to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,204

While they do tend the profit of the land.

WAR.

So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,

And common profit of his country!

YORK.

[*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.208

SAL.

Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WAR.

Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost!

That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,

And would have kept so long as breath did last:

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,213

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

YORK.

Anjou and Maine are given to the French;  
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy<sup>216</sup>  
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.  
Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd  
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.<sup>220</sup>  
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?  
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;<sup>225</sup>  
While as the silly owner of the goods  
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
While all is shar'd and all is borne away,<sup>229</sup>  
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:  
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue  
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.  
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland<sup>233</sup>  
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood  
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd  
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.<sup>236</sup>  
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!  
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts<sup>241</sup>  
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,  
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.<sup>244</sup>  
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right.  
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.  
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,  
To pry into the secrets of the state;  
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,<sup>252</sup>  
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,  
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,<sup>256</sup>  
And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.  
*[Exit.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Duke Of Gloucester's House.***

*Enter Gloucester and his Duchess.*

DUCH.

Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn  
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
As frowning at the favours of the world?<sup>4</sup>  
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem  
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?<sup>8</sup>  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same.  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:  
What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;<sup>12</sup>  
And having both together heav'd it up,  
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
And never more abase our sight so low  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.<sup>16</sup>

GLO.

O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:  
And may that thought, when I imagine ill

Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!<sup>21</sup>  
My troublous 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.<sup>24</sup>

GLO.

Methought this staff, mine 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<sup>28</sup>  
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,  
And William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.  
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCH.

Tut! this was nothing but an argument<sup>32</sup>  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought I sat in seat of majesty<sup>36</sup>  
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.<sup>40</sup>

GLO.

Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:  
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?<sup>44</sup>  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself<sup>48</sup>  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

DUCH.

What, what, my lord! are you so choleric  
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?<sup>52</sup>  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.

GLO.

Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure<sup>56</sup>  
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLO.

I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

DUCH.

Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.<sup>60</sup>

*[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.]*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,

While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks

And smooth my way upon their headless necks;

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,<sup>68</sup>

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter Hume.*

HUME.

Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

DUCH.

What sayst thou? majesty! I am but Grace.

HUME.

But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,<sup>72</sup>

Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.

DUCH.

What sayst thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?<sup>76</sup>

And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME.

This they have promised, to show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That shall make answer to such questions<sup>80</sup>

As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

DUCH.

It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return

We'll see these things effected to the full.<sup>84</sup>

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confed'rates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit.*

HUME.

Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!<sup>88</sup>

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.<sup>92</sup>

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,<sup>96</sup>

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess

And buzz these conjurations in her brain.  
They say, 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'  
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.101  
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last104  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,  
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.  
Sort how it will I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.*

FIRST PET.

My masters, let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.4

SEC. PET.

Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

*Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.*

FIRST PET.

Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.8

SEC. PET.

Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk and not my Lord Protector.

SUF.

How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me?<sup>12</sup>

FIRST PET.

I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. MAR.

[*Glancing at the Superscriptions.*] *To my Lord Protector!* are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

FIRST PET.

Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, my wife and all, from me.<sup>21</sup>

SUF.

Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford!* How now, sir knave!<sup>25</sup>

SEC. PET.

Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER.

[*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. MAR.

What sayst thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?<sup>32</sup>

PET.

That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

SUF.

Who is there?<sup>36</sup>

*Enter Servants.*

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

*[Exeunt Servants with Peter.]*

Q. MAR.

And as for you, that love to be protected<sup>40</sup>

Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew and sue to him.

*[Tears the petitions.]*

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

ALL.

Come, let's be gone.<sup>44</sup>

*[Exeunt Petitioners.]*

Q. MAR.

My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion of the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?<sup>48</sup>

What! shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?<sup>52</sup>

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee<sup>56</sup>

In courage, courtship, and proportion:  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
His champions are the prophets and apostles;  
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;61  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
I would the college of the cardinals64  
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,  
And set the triple crown upon his head:  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUF.

Madam, be patient; as I was cause68  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your Grace's full content.

Q. MAR.

Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort  
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,72  
And grumbling York; and not the least of these  
But can do more in England than the king.

SUF.

And he of these that can do most of all  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:76  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. MAR.

Not all these lords do vex me half so much  
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,<sup>80</sup>  
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.<sup>84</sup>  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?  
Contemptuous base-born callot as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day  
The very train of her worst wearing gown<sup>88</sup>  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

SUF.

Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds<sup>92</sup>  
That she will light to listen to the lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;  
For I am bold to counsel you in this.<sup>96</sup>  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
Yet must we join with him and with the lords  
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint<sup>100</sup>

Will make but little for his benefit:

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,

And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a sennet. Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset; Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

K. HEN.

For my part, noble lords, I care not which; 104

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

YORK.

If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

SOM.

If Somerset be unworthy of the place,

Let York be regent; I will yield to him. 109

WAR.

Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

CAR.

Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak. 112

WAR

The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCK.

All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

WAR.

Warwick may live to be the best of all.

SAL.

Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham, 116

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. MAR.

Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLO.

Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure: these are no women's matters. 120

Q. MAR.

If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be protector of his excellence?

GLO.

Madam, I am protector of the realm;

And at his pleasure will resign my place. 124

SUF.

Resign it then and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm 129

Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

CAR.

The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions. 132

SOM.

Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCK.

Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders hath exceeded law, 136

And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. MAR.

Thy sale of offices and towns in France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

*[Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.]*

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

*[Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.]*

I cry you mercy, madam, was it you?

DUCH.

Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails

I'd set my ten commandments in your face. 145

K. HEN.

Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

DUCH.

Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,149

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

*[Exit.*

BUCK.

Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

*[Exit*Buckingham.

*Re-enter*Gloucester.

GLO.

Now, lords, my choler being over-blown

With walking once about the quadrangle,156

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul160

As I in duty love my king and country!

But to the matter that we have in hand.

I say, my sov'reign, York is meetest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.164

SUF.

Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK.

I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:168

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,172

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

WAR.

That can I witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.177

SUF.

Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WAR.

Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in Horner and Peter.*

SUF.

Because here is a man accus'd of treason:180

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

YORK.

Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. HEN.

What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

SUF.

Please it your majesty, this is the man

That doth accuse his master of high treason.185

His words were these: that Richard, Duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,

And that your majesty was a usurper.188

K. HEN.

Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR.

An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.192

PET.

By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

YORK.

Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.

I do beseech your royal majesty198

Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR.

Alas! my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this: therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. HEN

Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLO.

This doom, my lord, if I may judge.208

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

Because in York this breeds suspicion;

And let these have a day appointed them

For single combat in convenient place;212

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.

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 o'er the French.216

SOM.

I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR.

And I accept the combat willingly.

PET.

Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man  
prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a  
blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLO.

Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.224

K. HEN.

Away with them to prison; and the day

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* Margery Jourdain, 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 exorcisms?5

HUME.

Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

BOLING.

I have heard her reported to be a woman of invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter* Duchess aloft, Hume following.

DUCH.

Well said, my masters, and welcome all.16

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 night when Troy was set on fire;20

The time when screech-owls 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 hallow'd verge.<sup>25</sup>

*[Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

SPIR.

*Adsum.*

M. JOURD.

Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power<sup>28</sup>

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 and done!

BOLING.

First, of the king: what shall of him become?<sup>32</sup>

SPIR.

The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

*[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answers.*

BOLING.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

SPIR.

By water shall he die and take his end.

BOLING.

What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?37

SPIR.

Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.40

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLING.

Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid!

*[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

*Enter York and Buckingham, hastily, with their Guards, and Others.*

YORK.

Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.44

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

What! madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,48

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

DUCH.

Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

BUCK.

True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

*[Showing her the papers.]*

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close<sup>53</sup>

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us:

Stafford, take her to thee.—

*[Exeunt above, Duchess and Humeguarded.]*

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.<sup>56</sup>

All, away!

*[Exeunt Southwell, Bolingbroke, &c., guarded.]*

YORK.

Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.<sup>60</sup>

What have we here?

*The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;*

*But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

Why, this is just,<sup>64</sup>

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?*

*By water shall he die and take his end.<sup>68</sup>*

*What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?*

*Let him shun castles:*

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains*

*Than where castles mounted stand.<sup>72</sup>*

Come, come, my lords; these oracles

Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's;

With him, the husband of this lovely lady:76

Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry them,

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

BUCK.

Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.80

YORK.

At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Serving-man.*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

#### ***St. Alban'S.***

*Enter* King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, *and* Suffolk, *with* Falconers, *hollaing.*

Q. MAR.

Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.4

K. HEN.

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
To see how God in all his creatures works!  
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.<sup>8</sup>

SUF.

No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well;  
They know their master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLO.

My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind<sup>13</sup>  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CAR.

I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

GLO.

Ay, my Lord Cardinal; how think you by that?<sup>16</sup>  
Were it not good your Grace could fly to heaven?

K. HEN.

The treasury of everlasting joy.

CAR.

Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts  
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;<sup>20</sup>  
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

GLO.

What! cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*<sup>24</sup>

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

SUF.

No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.<sup>28</sup>

GLO.

As who, my lord?

SUF.

Why, as you, my lord,

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

GLO.

Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. MAR.

And thy ambition, Gloucester.

K. HEN.

I prithee, peace,<sup>32</sup>

Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CAR.

Let me be blessed for the peace I make

Against this proud protector with my sword!36

GLO.

[*Aside to the*Cardinal.] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

CAR.

[*Aside to*Gloucester.] Marry, when thou dar'st.

GLO.

[*Aside to the*Cardinal.] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.40

CAR.

[*Aside to*Gloucester.] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. HEN.

How now, my lords!

CAR.

Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport. [*Aside to*Gloucester.] Come with thy two-hand sword.45

GLO.

True, uncle.

CAR.

Are you advis'd? [*Aside to*Gloucester] the east side of the grove.

GLO.

[*Aside to the*Cardinal.] Cardinal, I am with you.48

K. HEN.

Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

GLO.

Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.<sup>52</sup>

CAR.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*] *Medice teipsum;*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. HEN.

The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!<sup>56</sup>

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter One, crying, 'A Miracle.'*

GLO.

What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?<sup>60</sup>

ONE.

A miracle! a miracle!

SUF.

Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

ONE.

Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;64

A man that ne'er 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 Alban's, and his Brethren, and Simpcox, borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.*

CAR.

Here comes the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.69

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:72

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. HEN.

Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?76

SIMP.

Born blind, an't please your Grace.

WIFE.

Ay, indeed, was he.

SUF.

What woman is this?

WIFE.

His wife, an't like your worship.80

GLO.

Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

K. HEN.

Where wert thou born?

SIMP.

At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.

K. HEN.

Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:84

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. MAR.

Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?88

SIMP.

God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oft'ner in my sleep,

By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

WIFE.

Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft93

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CAR.

What! art thou lame?

SIMP.

Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUF.

How cam'st thou so?

SIMP.

A fall off of a tree.96

WIFE.

A plum-tree, master.

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.

WIFE.

Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.100

GLO.

Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

SIMP.

Alas! master, my wife desir'd some damsons,  
And made me climb with danger of my life.

GLO.

A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.  
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them: 105  
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

SIMP.

Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

GLO.

Sayst thou me so? What colour is this cloak of? 108

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? 112

SUF.

And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLO.

But cloaks and gowns before this day a many.

WIFE.

Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLO.

Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?116

SIMP.

Alas! master, I know not.

GLO.

What's his name?

SIMP.

I know not.

GLO.

Nor his?120

SIMP.

No, indeed, master.

GLO.

What's thine own name?

SIMP.

Saunders Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLO.

Then, Saunders, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think that cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

SIMP.

O, master, that you could!133

GLO.

My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?136

MAY.

Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

GLO.

Then send for one presently.

MAY.

Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

*[Exit an Attendant.*

GLO.

Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

*[A stool brought out.]* 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:144

You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.*

GLO.

Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.148

BEAD.

I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

SIMP.

Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.152

*[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away: and the people follow and cry, 'A miracle!']*

K. HEN.

O God! seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. MAR.

It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLO.

Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE.

Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.156

GLO.

Let them be whipp'd through every market town

Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

*[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]*

CAR.

Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

SUF.

True; made the lame to leap and fly away.160

GLO.

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.164

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,168

Have practis'd dangerously 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 and death,173

And other of your highness' privy council,

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

CAR.

And so, my Lord Protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.177

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

GLO.

Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:180

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom.

K. HEN.

O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones,184

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. MAR.

Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest;  
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLO.

Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;189  
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:  
Noble she is, but if she have forgot192  
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such  
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
I banish her my bed and company,  
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,196  
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

K. HEN.

Well, for this night we will repose us here:  
To-morrow toward London back again,  
To look into this business thoroughly,200  
And call these foul offenders to their answers;  
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***London. The Duke Of York'S Garden.***

*Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

YORK.

Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,  
In this close walk to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,<sup>4</sup>  
Which is infallible to England's crown.

SAL.

My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WAR.

Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.<sup>8</sup>

YORK.

Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:  
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;  
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,  
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom<sup>13</sup>  
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;  
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;  
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;<sup>16</sup>  
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,  
And left behind him Richard, his only son,  
Who after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;<sup>20</sup>  
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,  
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,  
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,<sup>24</sup>  
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,  
And him to Pomfret; where as all you know,  
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

WAR.

Father, the duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.<sup>29</sup>

YORK.

Which now they hold by force and not by right;  
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,  
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.<sup>32</sup>

SAL.

But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK.

The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line  
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe a daughter,  
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:  
Edmund had issue Roger, Earl of March:<sup>37</sup>  
Roger had issue Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

SAL.

This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;<sup>40</sup>  
And but for Owen Glendower, had been king,  
Who kept him in captivity till he died.  
But, to the rest.

YORK.

His eldest sister, Anne,  
My mother, being heir unto the crown,<sup>44</sup>  
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son  
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.  
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir  
To Roger, Earl of March; who was the son<sup>48</sup>  
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:  
So, if the issue of the eldest son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king.<sup>52</sup>

WAR.

What plain proceeding is more plain than this?  
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.  
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:<sup>56</sup>  
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,

And in this private plot be we the first<sup>60</sup>

That shall salute our rightful sovereign

With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH.

Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

YORK.

We thank you, lords! But I am not your king<sup>64</sup>

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with advice and silent secrecy.<sup>68</sup>

Do you as I do in these dangerous days,

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham and all the crew of them,<sup>72</sup>

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.<sup>76</sup>

SAL.

My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

WAR.

My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK.

And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,80



Henry VI, Part 2, by W. Hamilton.

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick

The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Hall Of Justice.***

*Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.*

K. HEN.

Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:

Receive the sentence of the law for sins

Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.4

You four, from hence to prison back again;

From thence, unto the place of execution:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,9

Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here, in banishment,<sup>12</sup>  
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

DUCH.

Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

GLO.

Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—<sup>16</sup>

*[Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.]*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;<sup>20</sup>

Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

K. HEN.

Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself

Protector be; and God shall be my hope,<sup>24</sup>

My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. MAR.

I see no reason why a king of years<sup>28</sup>

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 realm.

GLO.

My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:32

As willingly do I the same resign

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it

As others would ambitiously receive it.36

Farewell, good king! when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit.*

Q. MAR.

Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, scarce himself,40

That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once;

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;

This staff of honour raught: there let it stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.44

SUF.

Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;

Thus 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;48

And ready are the appellant and defendant,

The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. MAR.

Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore<sup>52</sup>  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. 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 bested,<sup>56</sup>  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, Horner, and his Neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: on the other side, Peter, with a drum and a sand-bag; and Prentices drinking to him.*

FIRST NEIGH.

Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.<sup>61</sup>

SEC. NEIGH.

And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

THIRD NEIGH.

And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

HOR.

Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!<sup>68</sup>

FIRST PREN.

Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

SEC. PREN.

Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.<sup>72</sup>

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 apron: and, Will, thou shalt 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 master, he hath learnt so much fence already.<sup>80</sup>

SAL.

Come, leave your drinking and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

PETER.

Peter, forsooth.

SAL.

Peter! what more?<sup>84</sup>

PETER.

Thump.

SAL.

Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

HOR.

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 Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!<sup>94</sup>

YORK.

Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

*[Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.]*

HOR.

Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

*[Dies.]*

YORK.

Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank

God, and the good wine in thy master's way. 100

PETER.

O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right!

K. HEN.

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; 104

For by his death we do perceive his guilt:

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. 108

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

*[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter Gloucester and Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.*

GLO.

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.<sup>4</sup>

Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERV.

Ten, my lord.

GLO.

Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,<sup>8</sup>

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

The abject people, gazing on thy face

With envious looks still laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels<sup>13</sup>

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter the Duchess of Gloucester, with papers pinned upon her back, in a white sheet, 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.

GLO.

No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

DUCH.

Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look! how they gaze.<sup>20</sup>

See! how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,<sup>24</sup>

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

GLO.

Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCH.

Ay, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself;

For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,<sup>28</sup>

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice<sup>32</sup>

To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,

And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.<sup>36</sup>

Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.<sup>41</sup>  
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;  
And he a prince and ruler of the land:  
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was<sup>44</sup>  
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
To every idle rascal follower.  
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame;  
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death<sup>49</sup>  
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;  
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all  
With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,<sup>52</sup>  
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,<sup>56</sup>  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.  
GLO.  
Ah, Nell! forbear: thou aimest all awry;  
I must offend before I be attainted;  
And had I twenty times so many foes,<sup>60</sup>  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any scath,  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?<sup>64</sup>

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;<sup>68</sup>

These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

HER.

I summon your Grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.<sup>72</sup>

GLO.

And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*[Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.<sup>76</sup>

SHER.

An't please your Grace, here my commission stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now

To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

GLO

Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?<sup>80</sup>

STAN.

So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.

GLO.

Entreat her not the worse in that I pray

You use her well. The world may laugh again;

And I may live to do you kindness if<sup>84</sup>

You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

DUCH.

What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

GLO.

Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*]

DUCH.

Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!<sup>88</sup>

For none abides with me: my joy is death;

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;<sup>92</sup>

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STAN.

Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be us'd according to your state.<sup>96</sup>

DUCH.

That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

STAN.

Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:

According to that state you shall be us'd.100

DUCH.

Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHER.

It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCH.

Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.104

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

STAN.

Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCH.

My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:108

No; it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***The Abbey At Bury St. Edmund'S.***

*Sound a sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and Others.*

K. HEN.

I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,

Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. MAR.

Can you not see? or will ye not observe<sup>4</sup>

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?<sup>8</sup>

We know the time since he was mild and affable,

An if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee,

That all the court admir'd him for submission:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,<sup>13</sup>

When everyone will give the time of day,

He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,

And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,<sup>16</sup>

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

But great men tremble when the lion roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England.<sup>20</sup>

First note that he is near you in descent,

And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then it is no policy,

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,24  
And his advantage following your decease,  
That he should come about your royal person  
Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,28  
And when he please to make commotion,  
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.  
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the garden,32  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;36  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.  
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,  
Reprove my allegation if you can40  
Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUF.

Well hath your highness seen into this duke;  
And had I first been put to speak my mind,  
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.44  
The duchess, by his subornation,  
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
Or if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by reputed of his high descent,48  
As, next the king he was successive heir,  
And such high vaunts of his nobility,  
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,  
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.52  
Smooth runs 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 sov'reign; Gloucester is a man56  
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

CAR.

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 towns each day revolted.

BUCK.

Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,64  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. HEN.

My lords, at once: the care you have of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience,68

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person,  
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.  
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given<sup>72</sup>  
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. MAR.

Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!  
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:<sup>76</sup>  
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all<sup>80</sup>  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter Somerset.*

SOM.

All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. HEN.

Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

SOM.

That all your interest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.<sup>85</sup>

K. HEN.

Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

YORK.

[*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.<sup>88</sup>

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away;

But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.<sup>92</sup>

*Enter Gloucester.*

GLO.

All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUF.

Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:<sup>96</sup>

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLO.

Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.<sup>100</sup>

The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

YORK.

'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,<sup>104</sup>

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLO.

Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,108

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,

Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,112

Or any groat 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 needy commons,

Have I disbursed to the garrisons,117

And never ask'd for restitution.

CAR.

It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLO.

I say no more than truth, so help me God!120

YORK.

In your protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

That England was defam'd by tyranny.

GLO.

Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,124

Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
Unless it were a bloody murderer, 128  
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,  
I never gave them condign punishment:  
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
Above the felon or what trespass else. 132

SUF.

My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:  
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name; 136  
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal  
To keep until your further time of trial.

K. HEN.

My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope  
That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLO.

Ah! gracious lord, these days are dangerous.  
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand; 144  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know their complot is to have my life;  
And if my death might make this island happy,  
And prove the period of their tyranny, 149  
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. 153  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart; 157  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,  
By false accuse doth level at my life: 160  
And you, my sov'reign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,  
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
My liefest liege to be mine enemy. 164  
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;  
Myself had notice of your conventicles;  
And all to make away my guiltless life.  
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt; 169  
The ancient proverb will be well effected:  
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

CAR.

My liege, his railing is intolerable.172

If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage  
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,176  
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

SUF.

Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here  
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
As if she had suborned some to swear180  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. MAR.

But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLO.

Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;  
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK.

He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.  
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CAR.

Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.188

GLO.

Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first. 192

Ah! that my fear were false, ah! that it were;

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with Gloucester.*]

K. HEN.

My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best

Do or undo, as if ourself were here. 196

Q. MAR.

What! will your highness leave the parliament?

K. HEN.

Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,

My body round engirt with misery, 200

For what's more miserable than discontent?

Ah! uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;

And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life? 208

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;  
And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,<sup>212</sup>  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;  
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;  
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case,  
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes  
Look after him, and cannot do him good;  
So mighty are his vowed enemies.<sup>220</sup>  
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,  
Say 'Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exit.*

Q. MAR.

Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.  
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,<sup>224</sup>  
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloucester's show  
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ring bank,<sup>228</sup>  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child  
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—

And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—232

This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,

To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR.

That he should die is worthy policy;

And yet we want a colour for his death.236

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUF.

But in my mind that were no policy:

The king will labour still to save his life;

The commons haply rise to save his life;240

And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK.

So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUF.

Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.244

YORK.

'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.

But my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,

Were't not all one an empty eagle were set248

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. MAR.

So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUF.

Madam, 'tis true: and were't not madness, then,252

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over

Because his purpose is not executed.256

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.

And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead; for that is good deceit264

Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. MAR.

Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

SUF.

Not resolute, except so much were done,

For things are often spoke and seldom meant;

But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,

Say but the word and I will be his priest.272

CAR.

But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:

Say you consent and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner;276

I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUF.

Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. MAR.

And so say I.

YORK.

And I: and now we three have spoke it,280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,

To signify that rebels there are up,

And put the Englishmen unto the sword.284

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,

Before the wound do grow uncurable;

For, being green, there is great hope of help.

CAR.

A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!288

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK.

That Somerset be sent as regent thither.

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.<sup>292</sup>

SOM.

If York, with all his far-fet policy,

Had been the regent there instead of me,

He never would have stay'd in France so long.

YORK.

No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:<sup>296</sup>

I rather would have lost my life betimes

Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

By staying there so long till all were lost.

Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:<sup>300</sup>

Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. MAR.

Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.

No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

YORK.

What! worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all.

SOM.

And in the number thee, that wishest shame.308

CAR.

My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,312

Collected choicely, from each county some,

And try your hap against the Irishmen?

YORK.

I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUF.

Why, our authority is his consent,316

And what we do establish he confirms:

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK.

I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.320

SUF.

A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

CAR.

No more of him; for I will deal with him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.324

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;328

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUF.

I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

*[Exeunt all except York.]*

YORK.

Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution:332

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.336

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.340

Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with a host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.344

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd  
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,348  
I will stir 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,352  
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.  
And, for a minister of my intent,  
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,356  
John Cade of Ashford,  
To make commotion, as full well he can,  
Under the title of John Mortimer.  
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade360  
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,  
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:  
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen364  
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.  
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,  
Hath he conversed with the enemy,368  
And undiscover'd come to me again,  
And given me notice of their villanies.

This devil here shall be my substitute;  
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,<sup>372</sup>  
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, rack'd, and tortured,<sup>376</sup>  
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 I with my strength,<sup>380</sup>  
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;  
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me.  
[Exit.

Scene II.—

***Bury St. Edmund'S. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

FIRST MUR.

Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know  
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

SEC. MUR.

O! that it were to do. What have we done?  
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?<sup>4</sup>

*Enter Suffolk.*

FIRST MUR.

Here comes my lord.

SUF.

Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

FIRST MUR.

Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUF.

Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;8

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed? is all things well,

According as I gave directions?12

FIRST MUR.

'Tis, my good lord.

SUF.

Away! be gone.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, and Others.*

K. HEN.

Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;

Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day,16

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

SUF.

I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[*Exit.*

K. HEN.

Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester  
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,<sup>21</sup>  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. MAR.

God forbid any malice should prevail  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!<sup>24</sup>  
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. HEN.

I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

*Re-enter Suffolk.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?<sup>28</sup>

SUF.

Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Q. MAR.

Marry, God forfend!

CAR.

God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night  
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The Kingswoons.*

Q. MAR.

How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.<sup>33</sup>

SOM.

Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. MAR.

Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!

SUF.

He doth revive again. Madam, be patient.<sup>36</sup>

K. HEN.

O heavenly God!

Q. MAR.

How fares my gracious lord?

SUF.

Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. HEN.

What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,<sup>40</sup>

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?<sup>44</sup>

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!48

Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:

Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,52

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy,

In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

Q. MAR.

Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?56

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans60

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.64

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends:

It may be judg'd I made the duke away:

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,68

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. HEN.

Ah! woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man.<sup>72</sup>

Q. MAR.

Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What! dost thou turn away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?<sup>76</sup>

Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?

Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

Erect his statua and worship it,<sup>80</sup>

And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,

And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?<sup>84</sup>

What boded this, but well forewarning wind

Did seem to say, 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts<sup>88</sup>

And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,<sup>92</sup>

But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:96

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish Margaret.100

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm,

And when the dusky sky began to rob104

My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,

A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,

And threw it towards thy land: the sea receiv'd it,108

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:

And even with this I lost fair England's view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,

And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles112

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—

The agent of thy foul inconstancy—

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did116

When he to madding Dido would unfold

His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?

Ay me! I can no more. Die, Margaret! 120

For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter Warwick and Salisbury.*

*The Commons press to the door.*

WAR.

It is reported, mighty sovereign,

That good Duke Humphrey trait'rously is murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees 125

That want their leader, scatter up and down,

And care not who they sting in his revenge.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny, 128

Until they hear the order of his death.

K. HEN.

That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;

But how he died God knows, not Henry.

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death. 133

WAR.

That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,

With the rude multitude till I return.

*[Warwick goes into an inner chamber. Salisbury retires.]*

K. HEN.

O! Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts, 136

My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul

Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,

For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140

Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips

With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,

To tell my love unto his deaf dumb trunk, 144

And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:

But all in vain are these mean obsequies,

And to survey his dead and earthly image

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Re-enter Warwick and Others bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.*

WAR.

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body. 149

K. HEN.

That is to see how deep my grave is made;

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,

For seeing him I see my life in death. 152

WAR.

As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King that took our state upon him

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,

I do believe that violent hands were laid 156

Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUF.

A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

WAR.

See how the blood is settled in his face.

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 161

Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death, 164

Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood, 168

His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,

Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling:

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

It cannot be but he was murder'd here; 177

The least of all these signs were probable.

SUF.

Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;180

And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WAR.

But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,

And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.185

Q. MAR.

Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

WAR.

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,188

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,192

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. MAR.

Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

SUF.

I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;197

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.  
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.  
*[Exeunt Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, and Others.]*

WAR.

What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. MAR.

He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,<sup>204</sup>  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR.

Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;  
For every word you speak in his behalf<sup>208</sup>  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUF.

Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed<sup>212</sup>  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WAR.

But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,<sup>216</sup>

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sov'reign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,<sup>221</sup>  
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:  
And after all this fearful homage done,<sup>224</sup>  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

SUF.

Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

WAR.

Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:<sup>229</sup>  
Unworthy 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 untainted!<sup>232</sup>  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Q. MAR.

What noise is this?

*[A noise within.*

*Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.*

K. HEN.

Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn<sup>237</sup>

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUF.

The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,<sup>240</sup>

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury.*

SAL.

*[Speaking to those within.]* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,<sup>245</sup>

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' death;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty,

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,<sup>252</sup>

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

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<sup>256</sup>

In pain of your dislike or pain of death,

Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

That slily glided towards your majesty,<sup>260</sup>

It were but necessary you were wak'd,

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;

With whose envenomed and fatal sting,

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,<sup>268</sup>

They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS.

[*Within.*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

SUF.

'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign;<sup>272</sup>

But you, my lord, 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,<sup>276</sup>

Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS.

[*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

K. HEN.

Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care;<sup>280</sup>  
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,<sup>285</sup>  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.<sup>288</sup>  
[*Exit* Salisbury.]

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  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.<sup>292</sup>  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.  
[*To* Suffolk.] If after three days' space thou here be'st found  
On any ground that I am ruler of,<sup>296</sup>  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* King Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.

Q. MAR.

Mischance and sorrow go along with you!300

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!

SUF.

Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. MAR.

Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?308

SUF.

A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,312

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;316

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
And even now my burden'd heart would break  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!  
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!<sup>324</sup>  
Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!  
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—<sup>328</sup>

Q. MAR.

Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;  
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.<sup>332</sup>

SUF.

You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?  
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,<sup>336</sup>  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. MAR.

O! let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;340

Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

To wash away my woeful monuments.

O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

*[Kisses his hand.*

That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.345

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.348

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself;

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.352

O! go not yet. Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

SUF.

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;

A wilderness is populous enough,360

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world,  
And where thou art not, desolation.364  
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;  
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

*Enter*Vaux.

Q. MAR.

Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

VAUX.

To signify unto his majesty368  
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
That makes him gasp and stare, and catch the air,  
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost  
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,  
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his overcharged soul:376  
And I am sent to tell his majesty  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. MAR.

Go tell this heavy message to the king.

*[Exit*Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,  
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?385  
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;  
If thou be found by me thou art but dead.

SUF.

If I depart from thee I cannot live;388  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,392  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;  
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:  
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,397  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;400  
From thee to die were torture more than death.  
O! let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q. MAR.

Away! though parting be a fretful cursive,  
It is applied to a deathful wound.404  
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF.

I go.

Q. MAR.

And take my heart with thee.408

SUF.

A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:  
This way fall I to death.

Q. MAR.

This way for me.412

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene III.—

***London. Cardinal Beaufort's Bedchamber.***

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. HEN.

How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

CAR.

If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.4

K. HEN.

Ah! what a sign it is of evil life

Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

WAR.

Beaufort, it is thy sov'reign speaks to thee.

CAR.

Bring me unto my trial when you will.<sup>8</sup>

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?

O! torture me no more, I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:<sup>12</sup>

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.<sup>16</sup>

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. HEN.

O thou eternal Mover of the heavens!

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;<sup>20</sup>

O! beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

WAR.

See how the pangs of death do make him grin!<sup>24</sup>

SAL.

Disturb him not! let him pass peaceably.

K. HEN.

Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.<sup>28</sup>

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

WAR.

So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. HEN.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;<sup>32</sup>

And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### Scene I.—

#### ***Kent. The Seashore Near Dover.***

*Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and Others; with them Suffolk disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

CAP.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,

And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night;<sup>4</sup>

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize,<sup>8</sup>  
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs  
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,  
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.  
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee:<sup>12</sup>  
And thou that art his mate make boot of this;  
The other [*Pointing to Suffolk*], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

FIRST GENT.

What is my ransom, master? let me know.

MAST.

A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.<sup>16</sup>

MATE.

And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

CAP.

What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,  
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?  
Cut both the villains' throats! for die you shall:  
The lives of those which we have lost in fight<sup>21</sup>  
Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENT.

I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

SEC. GENT.

And so will I, and write home for it straight.<sup>24</sup>

WHIT.

I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[*To Suffolk.*] And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;

And so should these if I might have my will.

CAP.

Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.<sup>28</sup>

SUF.

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 Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?<sup>32</sup>

SUF.

Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by *Water* I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;<sup>36</sup>

Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

WHIT.

*Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not;

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:<sup>40</sup>

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

*[Lays hold on Suffolk.*

SUF.

Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,<sup>44</sup>  
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHIT.

The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

SUF.

Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

CAP.

But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.<sup>49</sup>

SUF.

Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.<sup>52</sup>  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
How often hast thou waited at my cup,<sup>56</sup>  
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?

Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.<sup>60</sup>

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood

And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WHIT.

Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?<sup>65</sup>

CAP.

First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUF.

Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

CAP.

Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side<sup>68</sup>

Strike off his head.

SUF.

Thou dar'st not for thy own.

CAP.

Yes, Pole.

SUF.

Pole!

CAP.

Pool! Sir Pool! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth<sup>73</sup>

For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,<sup>76</sup>

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord<sup>80</sup>

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd<sup>84</sup>

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans thorough thee

Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy<sup>88</sup>

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,<sup>92</sup>

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York, thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,

And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,<sup>96</sup>

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms; 100

And to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

SUF.

O! that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder 104

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges.

Small things make base men proud: this villain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate. 108

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.

It is impossible that I should die

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me:

I go of message from the queen to France; 113

I charge thee, waft me safely cross the Channel.

CAP.

Walter!

WHIT.

Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death. 116

SUF.

*Gelidus timor occupat artus*: 'tis thee I fear.

WHIT.

Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

FIRST GENT.

My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.120

SUF.

Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head124

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.128

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute.

CAP.

Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUF.

Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot.133

Great men oft die by vile bezonians.

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand136

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

*[Exit with Suffolk, Whitmore and Others.]*

CAP.

And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140

Therefore come you with us and let him go.

*[Exeunt all but first Gentleman.]*

*Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.*

WHIT.

There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it.

*[Exit.]*

FIRST GENT.

O barbarous and bloody spectacle! 144

His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

*[Exit with the body.]*

Scene II.—

***Blackheath.***

*Enter George Bevis and John Holland.*

GEO.

Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

JOHN.

They have the more need to sleep now then.5

GEO.

I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.8

JOHN.

So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

GEO.

O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.13

JOHN.

The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

GEO.

Nay, more; the king's council are no good workmen.17

JOHN.

True; and yet it is said, 'Labour in thy vocation:' which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.21

GEO.

Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

JOHN.

I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—25

GEO.

He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's-leather of.

JOHN.

And Dick the butcher,—28

GEO.

Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

JOHN.

And Smith the weaver,—

GEO.

*Argo*, their thread of life is spun.32

JOHN.

Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

CADE.

We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

DICK.

[*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.37

CADE.

For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.40

DICK.

Silence!

CADE.

My father was a Mortimer.—

DICK.

[*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.44

CADE.

My mother a Plantagenet,—

DICK.

[*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

CADE.

My wife descended of the Lacies,—48

DICK.

[*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

SMITH.

[*Aside.*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.53

CADE.

Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK.

[*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

CADE.

Valiant I am.60

SMITH.

[*Aside.*] A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

CADE.

I am able to endure much.

DICK.

[*Aside.*] No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

CADE.

I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH.

[*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.68

DICK.

[*Aside.*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

CADE.

Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king,—as king I will be,—

ALL.

God save your majesty!80

CADE.

I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.85

DICK.

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE.

Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?95

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

SMITH.

The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

CADE.

O monstrous!

SMITH.

We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE.

Here's a villain! 100

SMITH.

Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

CADE.

Nay, then he is a conjurer.

DICK.

Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 105

CADE.

I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name? 109

CLERK.

Emmanuel.

DICK.

They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you. 112

CADE.

Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK.

Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name. 117

ALL.

He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

CADE.

Away with him! I say: hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.121

*[Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

*Enter*Michael.

MICH.

Where's our general?

CADE.

Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MICH.

Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.126

CADE.

Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

MICH.

No.

CADE.

To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. *[Kneels.]* Rise up Sir John Mortimer. *[Rises.]* Now have at him.133

*Enter*Sir Humphrey Stafford*and*William*his Brother, with drum and Forces.*

STAF.

Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:136

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. STAF.

But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

CADE.

As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not: 140

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

O'er whom, in time to come I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAF.

Villain! thy father was a plasterer;

And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not? 145

CADE.

And Adam was a gardener.

W. STAF.

And what of that?

CADE.

Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, 148

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

STAF.

Ay, sir.

CADE.

By her he had two children at one birth.

W. STAF.

That's false. 152

CADE.

Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,<sup>156</sup>

Became 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.

STAF.

And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what?<sup>164</sup>

ALL.

Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W STAF.

Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

CADE.

[*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah; tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.<sup>172</sup>

DICK.

And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE

And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it a eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.181

STAF.

O gross and miserable ignorance!

CADE.

Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to then, 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.

W. STAF.

Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,188

Assail them with the army of the king.

STAF.

Herald, away; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

That those which fly before the battle ends192

May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors:

And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

*[Exeunt the two Staffords and Forces.]*

CADE.

And you, that love the commons, follow me.196

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such<sup>200</sup>  
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!<sup>204</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Another Part Of Blackheath.***

*Alarums. The two parties enter and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.*

CADE.

Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK.

Here, sir.

CADE.

They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.<sup>8</sup>

DICK.

I desire no more.

CADE.

And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [*Puts on Sir Humphrey Stafford's armour.*] and the bodies shall be dragged at my

horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us.14

DICK.

If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols 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, Queen Margaret, mourning over Suffolk's head.*

Q. MAR.

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep and look on this?<sup>4</sup>  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCK.

What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?<sup>8</sup>

K. HEN.

I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid so many simple souls  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,<sup>12</sup>

Will parley with Jack Cade their general.

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. MAR.

Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,16

And could it not enforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. HEN.

Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAY.

Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.20

K. HEN.

How now, madam!

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.24

Q. MAR.

No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

K. HEN.

How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

MESS.

The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,28

Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,  
And calls your Grace usurper openly,  
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
His army is a ragged multitude<sup>32</sup>  
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death  
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.  
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,<sup>36</sup>  
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. HEN.

O graceless men! they know not what they do.

BUCK.

My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,  
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.<sup>40</sup>

Q. MAR.

Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,  
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. HEN.

Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,  
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.<sup>44</sup>

SAY.

So might your Grace's person be in danger.  
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
And therefore in this city will I stay,

And live alone as secret as I may.48

*Enter a second Messenger.*

SEC. MESS.

Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge;  
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear52  
To spoil the city and your royal court.

BUCK.

Then linger not, my lord; away! take horse.

K. HEN.

Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. MAR.

My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.56

K. HEN.

[*To Lord Say.*] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

BUCK.

Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

SAY.

The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***The Same. The Tower.***

*Enter Lord Scales and Others, on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

SCALES.

How now! is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CIT.

No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES.

Such aid as I can spare you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself; 8

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield and gather head,

And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe:

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; 12

And so, farewell, for I must hence again.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene VI.—

***London. Cannon Street.***

*Enter Jack Cade, and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

CADE.

Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

SOLD.

Jack Cade! Jack Cade!8

CADE.

Knock him down there.

*[They kill him.*

SMITH.

If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.12

DICK.

My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE.

Come then, let's go fight with them. But first, go and set London-bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

*[Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—

### ***The Same. Smithfield.***

*Alarums. Enter, on one side, Cade and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by Matthew Goffe. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and Matthew Goffe is slain.*

CADE.

So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down with them all.

DICK.

I have a suit unto your lordship.4

CADE.

Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK.

Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.<sup>8</sup>

JOHN.

[*Aside.*] Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

SMITH.

[*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.<sup>14</sup>

CADE.

I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

JOHN.

[*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

CADE.

And henceforward all things shall be in common.<sup>21</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.<sup>25</sup>

*Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.*

CADE.

Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah! thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord; now art thou within pointblank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of

Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when indeed only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY.

What of that?53

CADE.

Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.56

DICK.

And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY.

You men of Kent,—

DICK.

What say you of Kent?60

SAY.

Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

CADE.

Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

SAY.

Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.64

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,

Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;68  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
Justice with favour have I always done;72  
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.  
When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?  
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,76  
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,  
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,  
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,80  
You cannot but forbear to murder me:  
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
For your behoof,—

CADE.

Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?84

SAY.

Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck  
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

GEO.

O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks!88

SAY.

These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

CADE.

Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

SAY.

Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,92

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE.

Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

DICK.

Why dost thou quiver, man?.96

SAY.

The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

CADE.

Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away and behead him.101

SAY.

Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?104

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.108

O! let me live.

CADE.

[*Aside.*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither. 118

ALL.

It shall be done.

SAY.

Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life. 123

CADE.

Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with Lord Say.*] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it; men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell. 132

DICK.

My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

CADE.

Marry, presently.

ALL.

O! brave! 136

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord Say and his Son-in-law.*

CADE.

But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, 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 spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! 144

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VIII.—

***The Same. Southwark.***

*Alarum. Enter Cade and all his Rabblement.*

CADE.

Up Fish Street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter Buckingham, and Old Clifford, with Forces.*

BUCK.

Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;

And here pronounce free pardon to them all

That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

CLIF.

What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,

And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,

Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,

Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,

Shake he 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 peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons 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 recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, 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 curse light upon you all!

ALL.

We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!36

CLIF.

Is 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 meanest of you earls and dukes?

Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to;41

Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,

Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?

Methinks already in this civil broil

I see them lording it in London streets,48

Crying *Villiano!* unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,  
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
To France, to France! and get what you have lost;52  
Spare England, for it is your native coast.  
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;  
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL.

A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.57

CADE.

[*Aside.*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hailes them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels.

[*Exit.*

BUCK.

What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;  
And he that brings his head unto the king  
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean72  
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.—

***Kenilworth Costle.***

*Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the terrace.*

K. HEN.

Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,  
And could command no more content than I?  
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle  
But I was made a king at nine months old:  
Was never subject long'd to be a king  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter Buckingham and Old Clifford.*

BUCK.

Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. HEN.

Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?  
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a number of Cade's followers, with halters about their necks.*

CLIF.

He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. HEN.

Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:16  
Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And Henry, though he be infortunate,  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:  
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,20  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL.

God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

Please it your Grace to be advertised,  
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;  
And with a puissant and a mighty power25  
Of Gallowglasses, and stout kerns,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array;  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,28  
His arms are only to remove from thee  
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. HEN.

Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;  
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,32  
Is straight way calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.  
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;  
And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,36  
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.  
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;  
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.40

SOM.

My lord,  
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. HEN.

In any case, be not too rough in terms;44  
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

BUCK.

I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal  
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. HEN.

Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;48  
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene X.—

***Kent. Iden'S Garden.***

*Enter* Cade.

CADE.

Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now I am so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.<sup>17</sup>

*Enter Iden with Servants behind.*

IDEN.

Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

This small inheritance my father left me<sup>20</sup>

Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning,

Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:

Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,<sup>24</sup>

And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE.

[*Aside.*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.<sup>32</sup>

IDEN.

Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,

I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?

Is't not enough to break into my garden,

And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,36

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,

But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CADE.

Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.44

IDEN.

Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,

Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,48

See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:

Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;

Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;53

And if mine arm be heaved in the air

Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

As for more words, whose greatness answers words,56

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE.

By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayst be turned to hobnails. [*They fight; Cadefalls.*] O, I am slain! Famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'll defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.69

IDEN.

Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,<sup>74</sup>

To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

CADE.

I den, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.*

IDEN.

How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.<sup>81</sup>

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels<sup>85</sup>

Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,

And there cut off thy most ungracious head;

Which I will bear in triumph to the king,<sup>88</sup>

Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, with Servants, dragging out the body.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Kent. Fields Between Dartford And Blackheath.***

*The King's camp on one side. On the other, enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

YORK.

From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,  
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's lawful king.<sup>4</sup>  
Ah *sancta majestas*, who would not buy thee dear?  
Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:  
I cannot give due action to my words,<sup>8</sup>  
Except a sword, or sceptre balance it.  
A sceptre shall it have, have I-a soul,  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter Buckingham.*

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?<sup>12</sup>  
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

BUCK.

York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK.

Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?16

BUCK.

A messenger from Henry, our dread hege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,20  
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK.

[*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:

O! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,24

I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king,28

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;

But I must make fair weather yet awhile,

Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

[*Aloud.*] Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,32

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,36

Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

BUCK.

That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,

The king hath yielded unto thy demand:40

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK.

Upon thine honour, is he a prisoner?

BUCK.

Upon mine honour, he is a prisoner.

YORK.

Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.44

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay, and everything you wish,

And let my sov'reign, virtuous Henry,48

Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,

As pledges of my fealty and love;

I'll send them all as willing as I live:

Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.53

BUCK.

York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter King Henry, attended.*

K. HEN.

Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,56

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

YORK.

In all submission and humility

York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. HEN.

Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?60

YORK.

To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter Iden, with Cade's head.*

IDEN.

If one so rude and of so mean condition64

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! Great God, how just art thou!68

O! 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.72

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.

BUCK.

So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss76

He were created knight for his good service.

K. HEN.

Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.80

IDEN.

May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

And never live but true unto his liege!

K. HEN.

See! Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.84

*Enter* Queen Margaret *and* Somerset.

Q. MAR.

For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

YORK.

How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts<sup>88</sup>

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?<sup>92</sup>

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,<sup>97</sup>

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.<sup>101</sup>

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more<sup>104</sup>

O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOM.

O monstrous traitor:—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.

Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.<sup>108</sup>

YORK.

Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

*[Exit an Attendant.*

I know ere they will have me go to ward, 112

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. MAR.

Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,

To say if that the bastard boys of York

Shall be the surety for their traitor father. 116

*[Exit Buckingham.*

YORK.

O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys! 121

*Enter Edward and Richard Plantagenet, with Forces at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old Clifford and his Son.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. MAR.

And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

CLIF.

*[Kneeling.]* Health and all happiness to my lord the king! 124

YORK.

I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sov'reign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.128

CLIF.

This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much to think I do.

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. HEN.

Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour132

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIF.

He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. MAR.

He is arrested, but will not obey:136

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK.

Will you not, sons?

EDW.

Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICH.

And if words will not, then our weapons shall.140

CLIF.

Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

YORK.

Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears, 144

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Drums. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.*

CLIF.

Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death, 148

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

RICH.

Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw, 153

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick. 156

CLIF.

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

YORK.

Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIF.

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.160

K. HEN.

Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!

What! wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,164

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

O! where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?168

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?172

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

SAL.

My lord, I have consider'd with myself

The title of this most renowned duke;176

And in my conscience do repute his Grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. HEN.

Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

SAL.

I have.180

K. HEN.

Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

SAL.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,

But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow184

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right,

And have no other reason for this wrong189

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. MAR.

A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. HEN.

Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.192

YORK.

Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

CLIF.

The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WAR.

You were best to go to bed and dream again,196

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIF.

I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm

Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,200

Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

WAR.

Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,—204

As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIF.

And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,208

And tread it underfoot with all contempt,

Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. CLIF.

And so to arms, victorious father,

To quell the rebels and their complices.212

RICH.

Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,  
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. CLIF.

Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

RICH.

If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene II.—

### ***Saint Alban 'S.***

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.*

WAR.

Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,<sup>4</sup>  
Clifford, I say, come forth, and fight with me!  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter York.*

How now, my noble lord! what! all afoot?<sup>8</sup>

YORK.

The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;  
But match to match I have encounter'd him,

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.12

*Enter OldClifford.*

WAR.

Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK.

Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WAR.

Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.16

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

*[Exit.*

CLIF.

What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

YORK.

With thy brave bearing should I be in love,20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIF.

Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

YORK.

So let it help me now against thy sword

As I in justice and true right express it.25

CLIF.

My soul and body on the action both!

YORK.

A dreadful lay! address thee instantly.

CLIF.

*La fin couronne les œuvres.*28

*[They fight, and Clifford falls and dies.*

YORK.

Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

*[Exit.*

*Enter Young Clifford.*

Y. CLIF.

Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds<sup>32</sup>

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 coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:<sup>36</sup>

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour.

*[Seeing his father's body.*

O! let the vile world end,<sup>40</sup>

And the premised flames of the last day  
Knit heaven and earth together;  
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds<sup>44</sup>  
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,  
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve  
The silver livery of advised age,  
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days thus  
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight<sup>49</sup>  
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine  
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares:  
No more will I their babes: tears virginal<sup>52</sup>  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:<sup>56</sup>  
Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
Into as many gobbets will I cut it  
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.<sup>60</sup>  
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:  
*[Taking up the body.*  
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then Æneas bare a living load,<sup>64</sup>

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Richard and Somerset, fighting; Somerset is killed.*

RICH.

So, lie thou there;

For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,

The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Others, retreating.*

Q. MAR.

Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. HEN.

Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. MAR.

What are you made of? you'll nor 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 afar off.*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 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.

*Re-enter Young Clifford.*

Y. CLIF.

But that my heart's on future mischief set,<sup>84</sup>  
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;  
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.  
Away, for your relief! and we will live<sup>88</sup>  
To see their day and them our fortune give.  
Away, my lord, away!

*[Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***Field Near Saint Alban'S.***

*Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

YORK.

Of Salisbury, who can report of him;  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,<sup>4</sup>  
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

RICH.

My noble father,

Three times to-day I help him to his horse,<sup>8</sup>

Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,

Persuaded him from any further act:

But still, where danger was, still there I met him;

And like rich hangings in a homely house,<sup>12</sup>

So was his will in his old feeble body.

But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter Salisbury.*

SAL.

Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;

By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:<sup>16</sup>

God knows how long it is I have to live;

And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day

You have defended me from imminent death.

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:<sup>20</sup>

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,

Being opposites of such repairing nature.

YORK.

I know our safety is to follow them;

For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,<sup>24</sup>

To call a present court of parliament:

Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth:—

What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

WAR.

After them! nay, before them, if we can.28

Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,

Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.

Sound, drums and trumpets, and to London all:32

And more such days as these to us befall!

*[Exeunt.]*

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.	
EDWARD,	Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS THE ELEVENTH,	King of France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET, }	
DUKE OF EXETER, }	
EARL OF OXFORD, }	
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, }	on King Henry's side.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, }	
LORD CLIFFORD, }	
RICHARD PLANTAGENET,	Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward the Fourth, }	
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland, }	his Sons.
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence, }	
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, }	
DUKE OF NORFOLK, }	
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, }	
EARL OF WARWICK, }	
EARL OF PEMBROKE, }	of the Duke of York's Party.
LORD HASTINGS, }	
LORD STAFFORD, }	
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, }	
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }	Uncles to the Duke of York.
HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND,	a Youth.
LORD RIVERS,	Brother to Lady Grey.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.	
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.	
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.	
Tutor to Rutland.	
Mayor of York.	
Lieutenant of the Tower.	
A Nobleman.	
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.	
A Son that has killed his Father.	
A Father that has killed his Son.	
QUEEN MARGARET.	
LADY GREY,	afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth.
BONA,	Sister to the French Queen.
Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.	

Scene.—*During part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—

***London. The Parliament-House.***

*Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Others, with white roses in their hats.*

WAR.

I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

YORK.

While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,<sup>4</sup>

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,

Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,

Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in<sup>8</sup>

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDW.

Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously;

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:<sup>12</sup>

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*[Showing his bloody sword.]*

MONT.

And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

[*To York, showing his.*

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

RICH.

Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*

YORK.

Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.<sup>17</sup>

But, is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

NORF.

Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

RICH.

Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.<sup>20</sup>

WAR.

And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.<sup>24</sup>

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK.

Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;<sup>28</sup>

For hither we have broken in by force.

NORF.

We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

YORK.

Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords;  
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.<sup>32</sup>

WAR.

And when the king comes, offer him no violence,  
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*]

YORK.

The queen this day here holds her parliament,  
But little thinks we shall be of her council:<sup>36</sup>  
By words or blows here let us win our right.

RICH.

Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

WAR.

The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,  
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,<sup>40</sup>  
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice  
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

YORK.

Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;  
I mean to take possession of my right.<sup>44</sup>

WAR.

Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*[Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.]*

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and Others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. HEN.

My lords, look where the sturdy 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.<sup>53</sup>

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,

And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

NORTH.

If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

CLIF.

The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WEST.

What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.<sup>60</sup>

K. HEN.

Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

CLIF.

Patience is for poltroons, such as he:

He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament<sup>64</sup>

Let us assail the family of York.

NORTH.

Well hast thou 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 slain they'll quickly fly.<sup>69</sup>

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,<sup>72</sup>

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

*[They advance to the Duke.]*

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

YORK.

I am thine.76

EXE.

For shame! come down: he made thee Duke of York.

YORK.

'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

EXE.

Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WAR.

Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry.81

CLIF.

Whom should he follow but his natural king?

WAR.

True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.

K. HEN.

And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?84

YORK.

It must and shall be so: content thyself.

WAR.

Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

WEST.

He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;

And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.88

WAR.

And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chas'd you from the field  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.<sup>92</sup>

NORTH.

Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WEST.

Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives<sup>96</sup>  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIF.

Urge it no more; lest that instead of words,  
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger  
As shall revenge his death before I stir.<sup>100</sup>

WAR.

Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

YORK.

Will you we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. HEN.

What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?<sup>104</sup>  
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March;  
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,  
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.109

WAR.

Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. HEN.

The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

RICH.

You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.113

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

EDW.

Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

MONT.

[*To York.*] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,116

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

RICH.

Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

YORK.

Sons, peace!

K. HEN.

Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.120

WAR.

Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. HEN.

Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,124

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?129

My title's good, and better far than his.

WAR.

Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. HEN.

Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.132

YORK.

'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. HEN.

[*Aside.*] I know not what to say: my title's weak.

[*Aloud.*] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

YORK.

What then?136

K. HEN.

An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

YORK.

He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WAR.

Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown? 144

EXE.

No; for he could not so resign his crown  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. HEN.

Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

EXE.

His is the right, and therefore pardon me. 148

YORK.

Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXE.

My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. HEN.

[*Aside.*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

NORTH.

Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, 152

Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

WAR.

Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

NORTH.

Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, 156

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can set the duke up in despite of me.

CLIF.

King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,

Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. HEN.

O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

YORK.

Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

WAR.

Do right unto this princely Duke of York,

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits, 168

Write up his title with usurping blood.

*[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.]*

K. HEN.

My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:—

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

YORK.

Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs, 172

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. HEN.

I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIF.

What wrong is this unto the prince your son! 176

WAR.

What good is this to England and himself!

WEST.

Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

CLIF.

How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

WEST.

I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

NORTH.

Nor I.

CLIF.

Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

WEST.

Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

NORTH.

Be thou a prey unto the house of York, 185  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

CLIF.

In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd! 188  
*[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.]*

WAR.

Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

EXE.

They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

K. HEN.

Ah! Exeter.

WAR.

Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. HEN.

Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son, 192  
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.  
But be it as it may; I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;  
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath<sup>196</sup>  
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,  
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;  
And neither by treason nor hostility  
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.<sup>200</sup>

YORK.

This oath I willingly take and will perform.

*[Coming from the throne.]*

WAR.

Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. HEN.

And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

YORK.

Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.<sup>204</sup>

EXE.

Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

*[Sennet. The Lords come forward.]*

YORK.

Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

WAR.

And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

NORF.

And I to Norfolk with my followers.<sup>208</sup>

MONT.

And I unto the sea from whence I came.

*[Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.]*

K. HEN.

And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.*

EXE.

Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

*[Going.]*

K. HEN.

Exeter, so will I.

*[Going.]*

Q. MAR.

Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.<sup>213</sup>

K. HEN.

Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. MAR.

Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah! wretched man; would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,<sup>217</sup>

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,<sup>220</sup>

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,<sup>224</sup>  
And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE.

Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. HEN.

Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;<sup>228</sup>  
The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

Q. MAR.

Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?  
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah! timorous wretch;  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;<sup>232</sup>  
And given unto the house of York such head  
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,<sup>236</sup>  
And creep into it far before thy time?  
Warwick is chancellor and the Lord of Calais;  
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
The duke is made protector of the realm;<sup>240</sup>  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes<sup>244</sup>  
Before I would have granted to that act;  
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:  
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,  
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,<sup>248</sup>  
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd  
Whereby my son is disinherited.

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 is ready; come, we'll after them.<sup>256</sup>

K. HEN.

Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. MAR.

Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. HEN.

Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. MAR.

Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

PRINCE.

When I return with victory from the field<sup>261</sup>

I'll see your Grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. MAR.

Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.

K. HEN.

Poor queen! how love to me and to her son<sup>264</sup>

Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle<sup>268</sup>

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.<sup>272</sup>

EXE.

And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***A Room In Sandal Castle, Near Wakefield, In Yorkshire.***

*Enter* Edward, Richard, and Montague.

RICH.

Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

EDW.

No, I can better play the orator.

MONT.

But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter York.*

YORK.

Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?<sup>4</sup>

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

EDW.

No quarrel, but a slight contention.

YORK.

About what?

RICH.

About that which concerns your Grace and us;<sup>8</sup>

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

YORK.

Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

RICH.

Your right depends not on his life or death.

EDW.

Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:<sup>12</sup>

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

YORK.

I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDW.

But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:16

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICH.

No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

YORK.

I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICH.

I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.20

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:24

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think28

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,

Within whose circuit is Elysium,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest32

Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK.

Richard, enough, I will be king, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,<sup>36</sup>

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,<sup>40</sup>

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,<sup>44</sup>

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 such post?<sup>48</sup>

MESS.

The queen with all the northern earls 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.<sup>52</sup>

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,<sup>56</sup>  
Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MONT.

Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:<sup>60</sup>  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

YORK.

Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!  
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.<sup>64</sup>

SIR JOHN.

She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

YORK.

What! with five thousand men?

RICH.

Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:  
A woman's general; what should we fear?<sup>68</sup>

[*A march afar off.*

EDW.

I hear their drums; let's set our men in order,

And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

YORK.

Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.<sup>72</sup>

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

*[Alarum. Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

***Field Of Battle Between Sandal Castle And Wakefield.***

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.*

RUT.

Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah! tutor, look, where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter Clifford and Soldiers.*

CLIF.

Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,<sup>4</sup>

Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUT.

And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIF.

Soldiers, away with him.

TUT.

Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent child,<sup>8</sup>

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

*[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]*

CLIF.

How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUT.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch<sup>12</sup>

That trembles under his devouring paws;

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,<sup>16</sup>

And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.<sup>20</sup>

CLIF.

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

RUT.

Then let my father's blood open it again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.<sup>24</sup>

CLIF.

Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
Were not revenge sufficient for me;  
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,<sup>28</sup>  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
The sight of any of the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And till I root out their accursed line,<sup>32</sup>  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore—

*[Lifting his hand.]*

RUT.

O! let me pray before I take my death.  
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!<sup>36</sup>

CLIF.

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUT.

I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

CLIF.

Thy father hath.

RUT.

But 'twas ere I was born.  
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,<sup>40</sup>

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
He be as miserably slain as I.  
Ah! let me live in prison all my days;  
And when I give occasion of offence,<sup>44</sup>  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIF.

No cause!  
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

*[Stabs him.]*

RUT.

*Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

*[Dies.]*

CLIF.

Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!<sup>49</sup>  
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade  
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

*[Exit.]*

Scene IV.—

***Another Part Of The Plains.***

*Alarum. Enter York.*

YORK.

The army of the queen hath got the field:  
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;

And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,<sup>4</sup>  
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.  
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:  
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown by life or death.<sup>8</sup>  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
And thrice cried, 'Courage, father! fight it out!'  
And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt<sup>12</sup>  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'  
And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!<sup>16</sup>  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'  
With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!  
We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan  
With bootless labour swim against the tide,<sup>20</sup>  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.  
*[A short alarum within.*  
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;  
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;  
And were I strong I would not shun their fury:<sup>24</sup>  
The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter* Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, *the young Prince,* and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:28

I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

NORTH.

Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

CLIF.

Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm

With downright payment show'd unto my father.32

Now Phæthon hath tumbled from his car,

And made an evening at the noontide prick.

YORK.

My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all;36

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

CLIF.

So cowards fight when they can fly no further;40

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;

So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,

Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK.

O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,44

And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice  
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.48

CLIF.

I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

*[Draws.*

Q. MAR.

Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.52  
Wrath 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 cur doth grin,56  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages,  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.60

*[They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

CLIF.

Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

NORTH.

So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*Yorkis taken prisoner.*

YORK.

So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-matched.

NORTH.

What would your Grace have done unto him now?65

Q. MAR.

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,

That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,68

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,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?73

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice76

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point80

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,<sup>84</sup>  
I should lament thy miserable state.  
I prithee grieve, to make me merry, York.  
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?<sup>88</sup>  
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:  
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.<sup>93</sup>  
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:  
Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.  
*[Putting a paper crown on his head.]*  
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!<sup>96</sup>  
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;  
And this is he was his adopted heir.  
But how is it that great Plantagenet  
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
As I bethink me, you should not be king<sup>101</sup>  
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,<sup>104</sup>  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O! 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable.

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.108

CLIF.

That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. MAR.

Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

YORK.

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!112

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!

But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,116

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,125

Unless the adage must be verified,

That beggars mounted run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:  
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable.133  
Thou art as opposite to every good  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.136  
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?140  
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:  
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will;144  
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,  
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.149

NORTH.

Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so  
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

YORK.

That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;153

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—

O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:156

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

*[Giving back the handkerchief.]*

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,160

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say, 'Alas! it was a piteous deed!'

There, take the crown, and, with the crown my curse,164

And in thy need such comfort come to thee

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!168

NORTH.

Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. MAR.

What! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?172

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

CLIF.

Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death.

*[Stabbing him.]*

Q. MAR.

And here's to right our gentlehearted king.

*[Stabbing him.]*

YORK.

Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God! 177

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

*[Dies.]*

Q. MAR.

Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. 180

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***A Plain Near Mortimer's Cross In Herefordshire.***

*Drums. Enter Edward and Richard, with their Forces, marching.*

EDW.

I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd,  
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.

Had he been ta'en we should have heard the news;4  
Had he been slain we should have heard the news;  
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.  
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?8

RICH.

I cannot joy until I be resolv'd  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battle range about,  
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop13  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,  
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.17  
So far'd our father with his enemies;  
So fled his enemies my war-like father:  
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.20  
See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love.24

EDW.

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

RICH.

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds,

But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.<sup>28</sup>

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.<sup>32</sup>

EDW.

'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field;

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,

Each one already blazing by our meeds,<sup>36</sup>

Should notwithstanding join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear

Upon my target three fair-shining suns.<sup>40</sup>

RICH.

Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell

Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?<sup>44</sup>

MESS.

Ah! one that was a woeful looker-on,

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

EDW.

O! speak no more, for I have heard too much.<sup>48</sup>

RICH.

Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESS.

Environed he was with many foes,  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.<sup>52</sup>  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdu'd;<sup>56</sup>  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;  
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,<sup>60</sup>  
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks,  
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:  
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,<sup>64</sup>  
They took his head, and on the gates of York  
They set the same; and there it doth remain,  
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDW.

Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,68

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!

O Clifford! boist'rous Clifford! thou hast slain

The flower of Europe for his chivalry;

And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,72

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:

Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest,76

For never henceforth shall I joy again,

Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

RICH.

I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:80

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;

For self-same wind, that I should speak withal

Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,

And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.84

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:

Tears then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!

Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.88

EDW.

His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICH.

Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:92

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter Warwick and the Marquess of Montague, with Forces.*

WAR.

How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

RICH.

Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount96  
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance  
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
O valiant lord! the Duke of York is slain.100

EDW.

O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

WAR.

Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears,104  
And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,

Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,108

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,

Were brought me of your loss and his depart.

I, then in London, keeper of the king,

Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,

And very well appointed, as I thought,113

March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along;

For by my scouts I was advertised116

That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late decree in parliament,

Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.

Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,120

Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:

But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,

Who look'd full gently on his war-like queen,

That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;

Or whether 'twas report of her success;125

Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,

Who thunders to his captives blood and death,

I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,128

Their weapons like to lightning came and went;

Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,

Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—

Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,133

With promise of high pay, and great rewards:

But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we in them no hope to win the day;136

So that we fled: the king unto the queen;

Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;

For in the marches here we heard you were,140

Making another head to fight again.

EDW.

Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

WAR.

Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;144

And for your brother, he was lately sent

From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,

With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICH.

'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:148

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,

But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

WAR.

Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine152

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,

And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
Were he as famous, and as bold in war  
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICH.

I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not: 157  
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But, in this troublous time what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms? 164  
If for the last, say 'Ay,' and to it, lords.

WAR.

Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many more proud birds,  
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession, 172  
His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster. 176

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 March,  
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
And once again cry, 'Charge upon our foes!' 184  
But never once again turn back and fly.

RICH.

Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:  
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay. 188

EDW.

Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—  
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

WAR.

No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York: 192  
The next degree is England's royal throne;  
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy 196  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.200

RICH.

Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—  
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

EDW.

Then strike up, drums! God, and Saint George for us!204

*Enter a Messenger.*

WAR.

How now! what news?

MESS.

The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

WAR.

Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's away.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***Before York.***

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford and Northumberland, with drums and trumpets.*

Q. MAR.

Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?<sup>4</sup>

K. HEN.

Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:  
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.<sup>8</sup>

CLIF.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.<sup>12</sup>  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.<sup>16</sup>  
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;  
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:<sup>20</sup>  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,<sup>24</sup>

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,<sup>28</sup>  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.  
Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,<sup>36</sup>  
'What my great grandfather and grandsire got,  
My careless father fondly gave away?'  
Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth<sup>40</sup>  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

K. HEN.

Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.<sup>44</sup>  
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 hoarding went to hell?<sup>48</sup>

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep<sup>52</sup>  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
Ah! cousin York, would thy best friends did know  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. MAR.

My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,<sup>56</sup>  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
Edward, kneel down.<sup>60</sup>

K. HEN.

Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE.

My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,<sup>64</sup>  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIF.

Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

Royal commanders, be in readiness:

For with a band of thirty thousand men<sup>68</sup>

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;

And in the towns, as they do march along,

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:

Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.<sup>72</sup>

CLIF.

I would your highness would depart the field:

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. MAR.

Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. HEN.

Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.<sup>76</sup>

NORTH.

Be it with resolution then to fight.

PRINCE.

My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Unsheathe your sword, good father: cry, 'Saint George!'<sup>80</sup>

*March. Enter* Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *and* Soldiers.

EDW.

Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. MAR.

Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!<sup>84</sup>

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDW.

I am his king, and he should bow his knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:<sup>88</sup>

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

To blot out me, and put his own son in.<sup>92</sup>

CLIF.

And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICH.

Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot speak.

CLIF.

Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,<sup>96</sup>

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICH.

'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

CLIF.

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICH.

For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.100

WAR.

What sayst thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. MAR.

Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.104

WAR.

Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

CLIF.

You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WAR.

'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

NORTH.

No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.108

RICH.

Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.112

CLIF.

I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

RICH.

Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. HEN.

Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.117

Q. MAR.

Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. HEN.

I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:  
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.120

CLIF.

My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

RICH.

Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.  
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd124  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDW.

Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.128

WAR.

If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

PRINCE.

If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but everything is right. 132

RICH.

Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. MAR.

But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,  
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic, 136  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICH.

Iron of Naples hid with English guilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,—140  
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—  
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

EDW.

A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns, 144  
To make this shameless callet know herself.  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman as this king by thee.149  
His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;  
And had he match'd according to his state,152  
He might have kept that glory to this day;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,156  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?  
Hadst thou been meek our title still had slept,  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,161  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

GEO.

But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,  
And that thy summer bred us no increase,164  
We set the axe to thy usurping root;  
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDW.

And in this resolution I defy thee;  
Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.172

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. MAR.

Stay, Edward.

EDW.

No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:176

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***A Field Of Battle Between Towton And Saxton, In Yorkshire.***

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.*

WAR.

Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,4

And spite of spite needs must I rest a while.

*Enter Edward, running.*

EDW.

Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

WAR.

How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?8

*Enter*George.

GEO.

Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

EDW.

Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;<sup>12</sup>  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter*Richard.

RICH.

Ah! Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And in the very pangs of death he cried,<sup>17</sup>  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,<sup>20</sup>  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WAR.

Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
I'll kill my horse because I will not fly.<sup>24</sup>  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?<sup>28</sup>

Here on my knee I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still

Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Of fortune given me measure of revenge.<sup>32</sup>

EDW.

O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.

And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,<sup>37</sup>

Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands

That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,<sup>40</sup>

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!

Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,

Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICH.

Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,<sup>44</sup>

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:

I, that did never weep, now melt with woe

That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

WAR.

Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.<sup>48</sup>

GEO.

Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards<sup>52</sup>  
As victors wear at the Olympian games.  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life and victory.  
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.<sup>56</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.*

RICH.

Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.  
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.<sup>4</sup>

CLIF.

Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death<sup>8</sup>  
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.*

RICH.

Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase; 12

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—

***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Alarum. Enter King Henry.*

K. HEN.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night. 4  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind: 8  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered: 12  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,<sup>16</sup>  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?<sup>20</sup>  
O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,<sup>24</sup>  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;<sup>28</sup>  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;<sup>32</sup>  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;<sup>36</sup>  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.<sup>40</sup>  
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy<sup>44</sup>  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes! it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,<sup>48</sup>  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,<sup>52</sup>  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.*

SON.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,<sup>56</sup>  
May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
And I, that haply take them from him now,  
May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.<sup>60</sup>  
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,

Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd forth;<sup>64</sup>  
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.<sup>68</sup>  
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!  
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. HEN.

O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;  
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,<sup>77</sup>  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.  
*Enter a Father that hath killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

FATH.

Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,<sup>80</sup>  
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.  
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
Ah! no, no, no, it is mine only son.

Ah! boy, if any life be left in thee,84  
Throw up thine eye: see, see! what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.

O! pity, God, this miserable age.88

What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,92

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. HEN.

Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

O! that my death would stay these ruthful deeds.

O! pity, pity; gentle heaven, pity.96

The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:  
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! 101  
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON.

How will my mother for a father's death  
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied! 104

FATH.

How will my wife for slaughter of my son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K. HEN.

How will the country for these woeful chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied! 108

SON.

Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

FATH.

Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K. HEN.

Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

SON.

I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

*[Exit with the body.]*

FATH.

These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go:

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell; 117

And so obsequious will thy father be,

E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

*[Exit with the body.*

K. HEN.

Sad-hearted men,' much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.124

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince of Wales, and Exeter.*

PRINCE.

Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.  
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. MAR.

Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post again.128  
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

EXE.

Away! for vengeance comes along with them.  
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,  
Or else come after: I'll away before.136

K. HEN.

Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:  
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—

***The Same.***

*A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.*

CLIF.

Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.  
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow  
More than my body's parting with my soul.<sup>4</sup>  
My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York:  
The common people swarm like summer flies;<sup>8</sup>  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent  
That Phæthon should check thy fiery steeds,<sup>12</sup>  
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth;  
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
Or as thy father and his father did,  
Giving no ground unto the house of York,<sup>16</sup>  
They never then had sprung like summer flies;  
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
Had left no mourning widows for our death,

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?21  
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?  
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:24  
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.  
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.  
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;  
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

*[He faints.]*

*Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.*

EDW.

Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,  
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.32  
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stern the waves.36  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

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 wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.41

[Clifford *groans and dies.*

EDW.

Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

RICH.

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

EDW.

See who it is: and now the battle's ended,44

If friend or foe let him be gently us'd.

RICH.

Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch

In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,48

But set his murd'ring knife unto the root

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

WAR.

From off the gates of York fetch down the head,52

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 screech-owl to our house,56

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants *bring the body forward*.

WAR.

I think his understanding is bereft.60

Speak, Clifford; dost thou know who speaks to thee?

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICH.

O! would he did; and so perhaps he doth:64

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

GEO.

If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.68

RICH.

Clifford! ask mercy and obtain no grace.

EDW.

Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

WAR.

Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

GEO.

While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.72

RICH.

Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

EDW.

Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

GEO.

Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

WAR.

They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.<sup>76</sup>

RICH.

What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,<sup>80</sup>

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.<sup>84</sup>

WAR.

Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king:<sup>88</sup>

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;  
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread<sup>92</sup>  
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;  
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.  
First will I see the coronation;<sup>96</sup>  
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDW.

Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,<sup>100</sup>  
And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester;  
And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,  
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.<sup>105</sup>

RICH.

Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester,  
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

WAR.

Tut! that's a foolish observation:<sup>108</sup>  
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

*A Chase In The North Of England.*

*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.*

FIRST KEEP.

Under this thick-grown hrake we'll shroud ourselves;  
For through this laund anon the deer will come;  
And in this covert will we make our stand,  
Culling the principal of all the deer.<sup>4</sup>

SEC. KEEP.

I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

FIRST KEEP.

That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:<sup>8</sup>  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day  
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

SEC. KEEP.

Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.<sup>12</sup>

*Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. HEN.

From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:17  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;20  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

FIRST KEEP.

Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:  
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. HEN.

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.25

SEC. KEEP.

Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

FIRST KEEP.

Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. HEN.

My queen and son are gone to France for aid;28  
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
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;32  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,

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:36  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,40  
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.  
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:  
She on his left side craving aid for Henry;  
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.44  
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:  
While Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,48  
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
And in conclusion wins the king from her,  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

SEC. KEEP.

Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. HEN.

More than I seem, and less than I was born to:56

A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

SEC. KEEP.

Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. HEN.

Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.<sup>60</sup>

SEC. KEEP.

But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. HEN.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;<sup>64</sup>  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SEC. KEEP.

Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,  
Your crown content and you must be contented  
To go along with us; for, as we think,<sup>68</sup>  
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;  
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. HEN.

But did you never swear, and break an oath?<sup>72</sup>

SEC. KEEP.

No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. HEN.

Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

SEC. KEEP.

Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. HEN.

I was anointed king at nine months old;76

My father and my grandfather were kings,

And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

FIRST KEEP.

No;80

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. HEN.

Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah! simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,84

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;88

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.93

FIRST KEEP.

We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. HEN.

So would you be again to Henry,

If he were seated as King Edward is.<sup>96</sup>

FIRST KEEP.

We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. HEN.

In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, *and* Lady Grey.

K. EDW.

Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;<sup>4</sup>

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLO.

Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;8

It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. EDW.

It were no less: but yet I'll make a pause.

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] Yea; is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant<sup>12</sup>

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

CLAR.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] Silence!

K. EDW.

Widow, we will consider of your suit,<sup>16</sup>

And come some other time to know our mind.

L. GREY.

Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now,

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.<sup>20</sup>

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you,

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLAR.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.24

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. EDW.

How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

CLAR.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two.28

L. GREY.

Three, my most gracious lord.

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. EDW.

'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. GREY.

Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.32

K. EDW.

Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Retiring with Clarence.*]

K. EDW.

Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children?36

L. GREY.

Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. EDW.

And would you not do much to do them good?

L. GREY.

To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. EDW.

Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.40

L. GREY.

Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. EDW.

I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. GREY.

So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. EDW.

What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?44

L. GREY.

What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. EDW.

But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. GREY.

No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. EDW.

Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.<sup>48</sup>

L. GREY.

Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

CLAR.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. GREY.

Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?<sup>52</sup>

K. EDW.

An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

L. GREY.

That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. EDW.

Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. GREY.

I take my leave with many thousand thanks.<sup>56</sup>

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. EDW.

But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. GREY.

The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. EDW.

Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. GREY.

My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. EDW.

No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.64

L. GREY.

Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. EDW.

But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. GREY.

My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.68

K. EDW.

To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. GREY.

To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. EDW.

Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. GREY.

Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;72

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. EDW.

Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. GREY.

Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination<sup>76</sup>

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay,' or 'no.'

K. EDW.

Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;

No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.<sup>80</sup>

L. GREY.

Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

CLAR.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. EDW.

[*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;<sup>84</sup>

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.<sup>88</sup>

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.<sup>92</sup>

K. EDW.

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.<sup>96</sup>

I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. EDW.

You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. GREY.

'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father.<sup>100</sup>

K. EDW.

No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing<sup>104</sup>

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

GLO.

[*Aside to Clarence.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

CLAR.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. 108

K. EDW.

Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

GLO.

The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. EDW.

You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

CLAR.

To whom, my lord?

K. EDW.

Why, Clarence, to myself.

GLO.

That would be ten days' wonder at the least. 113

CLAR.

That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

GLO.

By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. EDW.

Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both 116

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

NOB.

My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

K. EDW.

See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:120  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.  
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.  
*[Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

GLO.

Ay, Edward will use women honourably.124  
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—128  
The lustful Edward's title buried,—  
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:132  
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;137  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off, 140  
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,  
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.  
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them. 145  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap, 148  
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. 152  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back, 157  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part, 160  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

O monstrous fault! to harbour such a thought.  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me<sup>165</sup>  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,<sup>172</sup>  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rents the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way and straying from the way;<sup>176</sup>  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,<sup>180</sup>  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,  
And cry, 'Content,' to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,<sup>184</sup>  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,<sup>188</sup>

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
I can add colours to the chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,<sup>192</sup>  
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.  
[Exit.

Scene III.—

***France. A Room In The Palace.***

*Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Lady Bona, attended: his Admiral called Bourbon; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

K. LEW.

Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. MAR.

No, mighty King of France: now Margaret  
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,<sup>8</sup>  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,

And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. LEW.

Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?<sup>12</sup>

Q. MAR.

From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. LEW.

Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side. [*Seats her by him.*] Yield not thy neck<sup>16</sup>  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.<sup>20</sup>

Q. MAR.

Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,<sup>24</sup>  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York  
Usurps the regal title and the seat<sup>28</sup>  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;32  
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,36  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. LEW.

Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,  
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. MAR.

The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.40

K. LEW.

The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. MAR.

O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter Warwick, attended.*

K. LEW.

What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?44

Q. MAR.

Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. LEW.

Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

*[Descending from his state. Queen Margaret rises.]*

Q. MAR.

Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.<sup>48</sup>

WAR.

From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;<sup>52</sup>  
And then to crave a league of amity;  
And lastly to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,<sup>56</sup>  
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. MAR.

If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

WAR.

[*To Bona.*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,  
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,<sup>60</sup>  
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sov'reign's heart;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. MAR.

King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,<sup>65</sup>  
Before you answer Warwick. His demand

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,  
But from deceit bred by necessity;68  
For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,72  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.  
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage  
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;  
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,76  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WAR.

Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE.

And why not queen?

WAR.

Because thy father Henry did usurp,  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

OXF.

Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,81  
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;84  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquered all France:

From these our Henry lineally descends.

WAR.

Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,<sup>88</sup>

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost

All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?

Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree<sup>92</sup>

Of threescore and two years; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

OXF.

Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,<sup>96</sup>

And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

WAR.

Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

OXF.

Call him my king, by whose injurious doom<sup>101</sup>

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,

Was done to death? and more than so, my father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,<sup>104</sup>

When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,

This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WAR.

And I the house of York.108

K. LEW.

Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,

While I use further conference with Warwick.

*[They stand aloof.]*

Q. MAR.

Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! 112

K. LEW.

Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath

To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WAR.

Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour. 116

K. LEW.

But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WAR.

The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. LEW.

Then further, all dissembling set aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120

Unto our sister Bona.

WAR.

Such it seems

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant,<sup>124</sup>

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.<sup>128</sup>

K. LEW.

Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

BONA.

Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:

[*To Warwick.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.<sup>133</sup>

K. LEW.

Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make,<sup>136</sup>

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE.

To Edward, but not to the English king.<sup>140</sup>

Q. MAR.

Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. LEW.

And still is friend to him and Margaret:144  
But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd  
From giving aid which late I promised.148  
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

WAR.

Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.152  
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,  
You have a father able to maintain you,  
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. MAR.

Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;156  
Proud setter up and puller down of kings;  
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold  
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;160  
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

*[A horn winded within.*

K. LEW.

Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

*Enter a Post.*

MESS.

My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

These from our king unto your majesty; 165

*[To Margaret.]* And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

*[They all read their letters.*

OXF.

I like it well that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his. 168

PRINCE.

Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:

I hope all's for the best.

K. LEW.

Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. MAR.

Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys. 172

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,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?176  
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 honesty.180

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 dishonours me;184  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?188  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
Did I put Henry from his native right?  
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?  
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:192  
And, to repair my honour, lost for him,  
I here renounce him and return to Henry.  
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.196

I will revenge his wrong 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,200

And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

WAR.

So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,204

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,208

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA.

Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,212

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. MAR.

Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

BONA.

My quarrel and this English queen's are one.216

WAR.

And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. LEW.

And mine with hers, and thine and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd

You shall have aid.220

Q. MAR.

Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. LEW.

Then, England's messenger, return in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,

To revel it with him and his new bride.225

Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

BONA.

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.228

Q. MAR.

Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

WAR.

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

There's thy reward: be gone.

[*Exit* Messenger.

K. LEW.

But, Warwick,233

Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen236  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WAR.

This shall assure my constant loyalty:  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. MAR.

Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.244  
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE.

Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;249  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.

K. LEW.

Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,<sup>252</sup>

Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

*[Exeunt all except Warwick.]*

WAR.

I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe:<sup>257</sup>

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me?<sup>260</sup>

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,<sup>264</sup>

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

*[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, and Others.*

GLO.

Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLAR.

Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France;<sup>4</sup>  
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

SOM.

My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

GLO.

And his well-chosen bride.

CLAR.

I mind to tell him plainly what I think.<sup>8</sup>

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and Others.*

K. EDW.

Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,  
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

CLAR.

As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;  
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.<sup>13</sup>

K. EDW.

Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.16

GLO.

And you shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. EDW.

Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

GLO.

Not I:20

No, God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. EDW.

Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,24

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey

Should not become my wife and England's queen:

And you too, Somerset and Montague,

Speak freely what you think.28

CLAR.

Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy for mocking him

About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

GLO.

And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,32

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. EDW.

What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd

By such invention as I can devise?

MONT.

Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance<sup>36</sup>

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

HAST.

Why, knows not Montague, that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself?<sup>40</sup>

MONT.

Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

HAST.

'Tis better using France than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas

Which he hath given for fence impregnable,<sup>44</sup>

And with their helps only defend ourselves:

In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

CLAR.

For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.<sup>48</sup>

K. EDW.

Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

GLO.

And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,  
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales<sup>52</sup>  
Unto the brother of your loving bride:  
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

CLAR.

Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir<sup>56</sup>  
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. EDW.

Alas, poor Clarence, is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

CLAR.

In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment,<sup>61</sup>  
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
To play the broker on mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.<sup>64</sup>

K. EDW.

Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. ELIZ.

My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,<sup>68</sup>

Do me but right, and you must all-confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent;  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,<sup>72</sup>  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. EDW.

My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:  
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,<sup>76</sup>  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,  
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;<sup>80</sup>  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

GLO.

[*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

*Enter a Messenger.*

K. EDW.

Now, messenger, what letters or what news<sup>84</sup>  
From France?

MESS.

My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words;  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.<sup>88</sup>

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:92  
‘Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,  
To revel it with him and his new bride.’

K. EDW.

Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.96  
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

MESS.

These were her words, utter’d with mild disdain:  
‘Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,  
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.’100

K. EDW.

I blame not her, she could say little less;  
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 mourning weeds are done,104  
And I am ready to put armour on.’

K. EDW.

Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

MESS.

He, more incens'd against your majesty

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: 109

'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.'

K. EDW.

Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words? 112

Well, I will arm 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 link'd in friendship, 116

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

CLAR.

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.

*[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]*

GLO.

[*Aside.*] Not I.124

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. EDW.

Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.129  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war:  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:132  
Myself in person will straight follow you,  
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:  
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?137  
If it be so, then both depart to him;  
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:  
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,  
Give me assurance with some friendly vow141  
That I may never have you in suspect.

MONT.

So God help Montague as he proves true!

HAST.

And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!144

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 hitherto 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?4

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<sup>8</sup>  
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.<sup>12</sup>  
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,<sup>16</sup>  
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy.  
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,  
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,<sup>20</sup>  
And brought from thence 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, slaughter him,<sup>24</sup>  
For I intend but only to surprise him.  
You, that will follow me to this attempt,  
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.  
*[They all cry 'Henry!']*  
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.<sup>28</sup>  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!  
*[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

**Edward's Camp Near Warwick.**

*Enter certain Watchmen to guard the King's tent.*

FIRST WATCH.

Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

SEC. WATCH.

What, will he not to bed?

FIRST WATCH.

Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

SEC. WATCH.

To-morrow then belike shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

THIRD WATCH.

But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

FIRST WATCH.

'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

THIRD WATCH.

O! is it so? But why commands the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

SEC. WATCH.

'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.

THIRD WATCH.

Ay, but give me worship and quietness;16

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

FIRST WATCH.

Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.20

SEC. WATCH.

Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces.*

WAR.

This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!24

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

FIRST WATCH.

Who goes there?

SEC. WATCH.

Stay, or thou diest.

*[Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, 'Arm! Arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.]*

*Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter Warwick and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Gloucester and Hastings fly over the stage.*

SOM.

What are they that fly there?

WAR.

Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.<sup>28</sup>

K. EDW.

The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king!

WAR.

Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,<sup>32</sup>

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one wife,<sup>36</sup>

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. EDW.

Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?<sup>40</sup>

Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king:<sup>44</sup>

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WAR.

Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

*[Takes off his crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,<sup>48</sup>

And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,

See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.<sup>52</sup>

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him:

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.<sup>56</sup>

K. EDW.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*[Exit, led out; Somerset with him.]*

OXF.

What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

But march to London with our soldiers?<sup>60</sup>

WAR.

Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* Queen Elizabeth *and* Rivers.

RIV.

Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q ELIZ.

Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,  
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

RIV.

What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?4

Q. ELIZ.

No, but the loss of his own royal person.

RIV.

Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. ELIZ.

Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard8  
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:  
And, as I further have to understand,  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.12

RIV.

These news, I must confess, are full of grief;  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. ELIZ.

Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.16

And I the rather wean me from despair

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,21

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.24

RIV.

But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. ELIZ.

I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.28

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—

For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right:32

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come, therefore; let us fly while we may fly:

If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

*A Park Near Middleham Castle In Yorkshire.*

*Enter* Gloucester, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, *and Others.*

GLO.

Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,<sup>4</sup>

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good usage and great liberty,

And often but attended with weak guard,

Comes hunting this way to disport himself.<sup>8</sup>

I have advertis'd him by secret means,

That if about this hour he make this way,

Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men

To set him free from his captivity.<sup>13</sup>

*Enter* King Edward *and a Huntsman.*

HUNT.

This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. EDW.

Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,<sup>16</sup>

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

GLO.

Brother, the time and case requireth haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. EDW.

But whither shall we then?20

HAST.

To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

GLO.

Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. EDW.

Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

GLO.

But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.24

K. EDW.

Huntsman, what sayst thou? wilt thou go along?

HUNT.

Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

GLO.

Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. EDW.

Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,28

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—

*A Room In The Tower.*

*Enter* 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 unto joys,<sup>4</sup>  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

LIEU.

Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;  
But if a humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.<sup>8</sup>

K. HEN.

For what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;  
Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds<sup>12</sup>  
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 set'st me free,<sup>16</sup>  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite  
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,<sup>20</sup>  
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,<sup>24</sup>  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WAR.

Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice;<sup>28</sup>  
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,<sup>32</sup>  
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity  
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.<sup>36</sup>

WAR.

And I choose 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:40

I make you both protectors of this land,  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.44

WAR.

What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

CLAR.

That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR.

Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:48

We'll yoke 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.52

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

CLAR.

What else? and that succession be determin'd.56

WAR.

Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

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,  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

CLAR.

It shall be done, my sov'reign, with all speed.<sup>64</sup>

K. HEN.

My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that  
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: [*Lays his hand on his head.*] If secret powers<sup>68</sup>

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,<sup>72</sup>  
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 Post.*

WAR.

What news, my friend?77

MESS.

That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WAR.

Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?80

MESS.

He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester,  
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him:  
For hunting was his daily exercise.85

WAR.

My brother was too careless of his charge.  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.88

[*Exeunt* King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Lieutenant, *and* Attendant.

SOM.

My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;  
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,  
And we shall have more wars before't be long.  
As Henry's late presaging prophecy92  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him to his harm and ours:

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,<sup>96</sup>

Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXF.

Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,

'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.<sup>100</sup>

SOM.

It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.

Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—

***Before York.***

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Forces.*

K. EDW.

Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,

And says, that once more I shall interchange

My waned state for Henry's regal crown.<sup>4</sup>

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,

And brought desired help from Burgundy:

What then remains, we being thus arriv'd

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,<sup>8</sup>

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

GLO.

The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;  
For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.<sup>12</sup>

K. EDW.

Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us.  
By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

HAST.

My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.*

MAY

My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. EDW.

But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your king,<sup>20</sup>  
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

MAY.

True, my good lord, I know you for no less.

K. EDW.

Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.<sup>24</sup>

GLO.

[*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

HAST.

Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.<sup>28</sup>

MAY

Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*

GLO

A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

HAST.

The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,<sup>32</sup>

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.*

K. EDW.

So, Master Mayor: these gates must not be shut

But in the night, or in the time of war.<sup>36</sup>

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*

For Edward will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*Enter Montgomery and Forces.*

GLO.

Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.41

K. EDW.

Welcome, Sir John! but why come you in arms?

MONT.

To help King Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.44

K. EDW.

Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget  
Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

MONT.

Then fare you well, for I will hence again:48  
I came to serve a king and not a duke.  
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

*[A march begun.*

K. EDW.

Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.52

MONT.

What talk you of debating? in few words,  
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king.

I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?57

GLO.

Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. EDW.

When we grow stronger then we'll make our claim;

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.60

HAST.

Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

GLO.

And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. EDW.

Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,65

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MONT.

Ay, now my sov'reign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.68

HAST.

Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd;

Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.

*[Gives him a paper. Flourish.]*

SOLD.

*Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*73

MONT.

And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

*[Throws down his gauntlet.*

ALL.

Long live Edward the Fourth!76

K. EDW.

Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:

If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,81

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence, how evil it beseems thee

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!85

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

*[Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, and Oxford.*

WAR

What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;<sup>4</sup>  
And many giddy people flock to him.

OXF.

Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

CLAR.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.<sup>8</sup>

WAR.

In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;  
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,  
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,<sup>12</sup>  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:  
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd

In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.

My sov'reign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,<sup>20</sup>

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.

Farewell, my sovereign.<sup>24</sup>

K. HEN.

Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

CLAR.

In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. HEN.

Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

MONT.

Comfort, my lord; and so, I take my leave.<sup>28</sup>

OXF.

[*Kissing Henry's hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. HEN.

Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

WAR.

Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.<sup>32</sup>

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*]

K. HEN.

Here at the palace will I rest awhile.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine.36

EXE.

The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. HEN.

That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;40

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;

I have not been desirous of their wealth;44

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:48

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*]

EXE.

Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter* King Edward, Gloucester, *and* Soldiers.

K. EDW.

Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence:52

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 swell so much the higher by their ebb.56

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,60

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

GLO.

Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

***Coventry.***

*Enter, upon the Walls, Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.*

WAR.

Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

FIRST MESS.

By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

WAR.

How far off is our brother Montague?<sup>4</sup>

Where is the post that came from Montague?

SEC. MESS.

By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter* Sir John Somerville.

WAR.

Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?<sup>8</sup>

SOM.

At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

*[Drum heard.*

WAR.

Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

SOM.

It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.<sup>13</sup>

WAR.

Who should that be? belike, unlook'd for friends.

SOM.

They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Forces.*

K. EDW.

Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.16

GLO.

See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

WAR.

O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair?20

K. EDW

Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.24

WAR.

Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,—

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—

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;29

Or did he make the jest against his will?

WAR.

Is not a dukedom, 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.<sup>33</sup>

WAR.

'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. EDW.

Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

WAR.

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;<sup>37</sup>

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. EDW.

But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,<sup>40</sup>

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 slily finger'd from the deck.<sup>44</sup>

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. EDW.

'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

GLO.

Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:48

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR.

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.52

K. EDW.

Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood:

‘Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.’57

*Enter Oxford, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.*

WAR.

O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

OXF.

Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

*[He and his Forces enter the city.]*

GLO.

The gates are open, let us enter too.60

K. EDW.

So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,<sup>64</sup>

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

WAR.

O! welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

*Enter Montague, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.*

MONT.

Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

*[He and his Forces enter the city.]*

GLO.

Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason<sup>68</sup>

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. EDW.

The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

*Enter Somerset, with Soldiers, drum, and colours.*

SOM.

Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!<sup>72</sup>

*[He and his Forces enter the city.]*

GLO.

Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter Clarence, with Forces, drum, and colours.*

WAR.

And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,76

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

CLAR.

Father of Warwick, know you what this means?81

*[Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,85

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother and his lawful king?88

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath were more impiety

Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made92

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—

As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad—96

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;100  
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. EDW.

Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,  
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.104

GLO.

Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

WAR.

O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. EDW.

What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?  
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?108

WAR.

Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. EDW.

Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.112

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

*[March. Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***A Field Of Battle Near Barnet.***

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing in Warwick, wounded.*

K. EDW.

So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

Now Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

WAR.

Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,<sup>5</sup>

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,<sup>8</sup>

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,<sup>13</sup>

Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,<sup>16</sup>

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;20  
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood;  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,24  
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.28  
*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

SOM.

Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again.  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;  
Even now we heard the news. Ah! couldst thou fly.32

WAR.

Why, then, I would not fly. Ah! Montague,  
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.  
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood  
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOM.

Ah! Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;40

And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,

And said, 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'

And more he would have said; and more he spoke,

Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,44

That mought not be distinguish'd: but at last

I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,

'O! farewell, Warwick!'

WAR.

Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;48

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[Dies.

OXF.

Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.

[Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.

Scene III.—

***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, in triumph: with Clarence, Gloucester, and the rest.*

K. EDW.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

But in the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,4

That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,<sup>8</sup>  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLAR.

A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,  
And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,<sup>12</sup>  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLO.

The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:  
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd<sup>16</sup>  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. EDW.

We are advertis'd by our loving friends  
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.  
We, having now the best at Barnet field,<sup>20</sup>  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;  
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every county as we go along.  
Strike up the drum! cry 'Courage!' and away.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

*Plains Near Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, *and* Soldiers.

Q. MAR.

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,<sup>4</sup>

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he

Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,<sup>8</sup>

And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah! what a shame! ah, what a fault were this.

Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?<sup>13</sup>

And Montague our top-mast; what of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?<sup>16</sup>

And Somerset, another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?<sup>20</sup>

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,  
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.  
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?<sup>25</sup>  
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
All those the enemies to our poor bark.<sup>28</sup>  
Say you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:  
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:  
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,  
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.<sup>32</sup>  
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
In case some one of you would fly from us,  
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.<sup>36</sup>  
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided  
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE.

Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,<sup>40</sup>  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this, as doubting any here;  
For did I but suspect a fearful man,<sup>44</sup>

He should have leave to go away betimes,  
Lest in our need he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here, as God forbid!<sup>48</sup>  
Let him depart before we need his help.

OXF.

Women and children of so high a courage,  
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.  
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live  
To bear his image and renew his glories!

SOM.

And he, that will not fight for such a hope,  
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,<sup>56</sup>  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. MAR.

Thanks, gentle Somerset: sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE.

And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,<sup>60</sup>  
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXF.

I thought no less: it is his policy

To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOM.

But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. MAR.

This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.65

OXF.

Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter, at a distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloucester, and Forces.*

K. EDW.

Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,68

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.72

Q. MAR.

Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,76

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.<sup>80</sup>  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

*[Exeunt both armies.]*

Scene V.—

***Another Part Of The Same.***

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloucester, and Forces; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset prisoners.*

K. EDW.

Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.  
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

OXF.

For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.<sup>5</sup>

SOM.

Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

*[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.]*

Q. MAR.

So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.<sup>8</sup>

K. EDW.

Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

GLO.

It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.*

K. EDW.

Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak. 12

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? 16

PRINCE.

Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee, 20

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. MAR.

Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd.

GLO.

That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster. 24

PRINCE.

Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

GLO.

By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. MAR.

Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.<sup>28</sup>

GLO.

For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

PRINCE.

Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.

K. EDW.

Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

CLAR.

Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE.

I know my duty; you are all undutiful:<sup>33</sup>

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,

And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are;<sup>36</sup>

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. EDW.

Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

*[Stabs him.]*

GLO.

Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

*[Stabs him.]*

CLAR.

And there's for twitting me with perjury.

*[Stabs him.*

Q. MAR.

O, kill me too!<sup>41</sup>

GLO.

Marry, and shall.

*[Offers to kill her.*

K. EDW.

Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

GLO.

Why should she live, to fill the world with words?<sup>44</sup>

K. EDW.

What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

GLO.

Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

CLAR.

What? what?<sup>49</sup>

GLO.

The Tower! the Tower!

*[Exit.*

Q. MAR.

O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!<sup>52</sup>

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it:

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;<sup>56</sup>

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.<sup>60</sup>

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:<sup>64</sup>

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. EDW.

Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.<sup>68</sup>

Q. MAR.

Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What! wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLAR.

By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.72

Q. MAR.

Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

CLAR.

Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. MAR.

Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.76

What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.80

K. EDW.

Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. MAR.

So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

*[Exit, led out forcibly.]*

K. EDW.

Where's Richard gone?

CLAR.

To London, all in post; and, as I guess,84

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. EDW.

He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London

And see our gentle queen how well she fares;<sup>89</sup>

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—

***London. A Room In The Tower.***

King Henry is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending.  
*Enter Gloucester.*

GLO.

Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

K. HEN.

Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, 'good' was little better:

'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,<sup>4</sup>

And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

GLO.

Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit* Lieutenant.

K. HEN.

So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.9

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

GLO.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer. 12

K. HEN.

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye<sup>16</sup>

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

GLO.

Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. HEN.

I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea,<sup>24</sup>

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

Than can my ears that tragic history.<sup>28</sup>

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

GLO.

Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. HEN.

A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:

If murd'ring innocents be executing,<sup>32</sup>

Why, then thou art an executioner.

GLO.

Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HEN.

Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.<sup>36</sup>

And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,<sup>40</sup>

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;<sup>44</sup>

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees!

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.<sup>48</sup>

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit an indigest deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.<sup>52</sup>  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,  
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou cam'st—<sup>56</sup>

GLO.

I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:

*[Stabs him.]*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN.

Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

*[Dies.]*

GLO.

What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster<sup>61</sup>  
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!  
O! may such purple tears be always shed<sup>64</sup>  
From those that wish the downfall of our house.  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,  
*[Stabs him again.]*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.<sup>68</sup>

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,<sup>72</sup>  
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?  
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried  
'O! Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth.'  
And so I was; which plainly signified<sup>76</sup>  
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.  
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother;<sup>80</sup>  
And this word 'love,' which greybeards 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:<sup>84</sup>  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.<sup>88</sup>  
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.  
I'll throw thy body in another room,<sup>92</sup>  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
*[Exit with the body.]*

Scene VII.—

***The Same. A Room In The Palace.***

*King Edward is discovered sitting on his throne: Queen Elizabeth with the infant Prince, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, and Others, near him.*

K. EDW.

Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!<sup>4</sup>  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
And two Northumberlands: two braver men<sup>8</sup>  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;  
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,  
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.<sup>12</sup>  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstool of security.  
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.  
Young Ned, for thee thine uncles and myself<sup>16</sup>  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;  
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.<sup>20</sup>

GLO.

[*Aside.*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:24

Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

K. EDW.

Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLAR.

The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,28

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. EDW.

Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

GLO.

And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.32

[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,

And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

K. EDW.

Now am I seated as my soul delights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.36

CLAR.

What will your Grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.<sup>40</sup>

K. EDW.

Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befit the pleasure of the court?<sup>44</sup>

Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.  
EDWARD, Prince of Wales;  
afterwards King Edward the Fifth, } Sons to the King.  
RICHARD, Duke of York, }  
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, }  
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, } Brothers to the King.  
afterwards King Richard the Third, }  
A young Son of Clarence.  
HENRY, Earl of Richmond; afterwards King Henry the Seventh.  
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.  
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.  
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
EARL OF SURREY, his Son.  
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.  
MARQUESS OF DORSET, and her Sons.  
LORD GREY,  
EARL OF OXFORD.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.  
LORD LOVEL.  
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.  
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.  
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.  
SIR JAMES TYRRELL.  
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.  
SIR WALTER HERBERT.  
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.  
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.  
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.  
Another Priest.  
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.  
TRESSEL and BERKELEY, Gentlemen attending on Lady Anne.  
ELIZABETH, Queen of King Edward the Fourth.  
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry the Sixth.  
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward the Fourth, Clarence, and Gloucester.  
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry the Sixth; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.

LADY MARGARET  
PLANTAGENET, a young Daughter of Clarence.  
Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,  
Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard the Third, Soldiers,  
&c.

Scene.—*England.*

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.<sup>4</sup>  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.<sup>8</sup>  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber<sup>12</sup>  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty<sup>16</sup>

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time<sup>20</sup>

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable

That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,<sup>24</sup>

Have no delight to pass away the time,

Unless to see my shadow in the sun

And descant on mine own deformity:

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,<sup>28</sup>

To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

I am determined to prove a villain,

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,<sup>32</sup>

By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

To set my brother Clarence and the king

In deadly hate the one against the other:

And if King Edward be as true and just<sup>36</sup>

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,

This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,

About a prophecy, which says, that G

Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.<sup>40</sup>

Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

*Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.*

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard

That waits upon your Grace?

CLAR.

His majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed

This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLO.

Upon what cause?

CLAR.

Because my name is George.

GLO.

Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers.<sup>48</sup>

O! belike his majesty hath some intent

That you should be new-christen'd in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

CLAR.

Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest

As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,<sup>53</sup>

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;

And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,

And says a wizard told him that by G<sup>56</sup>

His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,<sup>60</sup>  
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

GLO.

Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:  
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;  
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she<sup>64</sup>  
That tempers him to this extremity.  
Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
Antony Woodville, her brother there,  
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,<sup>68</sup>  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

CLAR.

By heaven, I think there is no man secure  
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds<sup>72</sup>  
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.  
Heard you not what a humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

GLO.

Humbly complaining to her deity<sup>76</sup>  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men and wear her livery:80  
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

BRAK.

I beseech your Graces both to pardon me;84  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

GLO.

Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,88  
You may partake of anything 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;92  
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 gentlefolks.  
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?96

BRAK.

With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

GLO.

Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,  
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,

Were best to do it secretly, alone.100

BRAK.

What one, my lord?

GLO.

Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?

BRAK.

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

CLAR.

We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.105

GLO.

We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,108

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.112

CLAR.

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

GLO.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Meantime, have patience.

CLAR.

I must perforce: farewell.

*[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.]*

GLO.

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return, 117

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. 120

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. 124

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

HAST.

With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment. 128

GLO.

No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his,

And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

HAST.

More pity that the eagles should be mew'd,132

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

GLO.

What news abroad?

HAST.

No news so bad abroad as this at home;

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,136

And his physicians fear him mightily.

GLO.

Now by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O! he hath kept an evil diet long,

And over-much consum'd his royal person:140

'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

HAST.

He is.

GLO.

Go you before, and I will follow you.

*[Exit Hastings.]*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die144

Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And, if I fail not in my deep intent, 148  
Clarence hath not another day to live:  
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter. 152  
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 156  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns: 160  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.  
[Exit.

Scene II.—

***London. Another Street.***

*Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin; Gentlemen bearing halberds to guard it; and Lady Anne, as mourner.*

ANNE.

Set down, set down your honourable load,  
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,  
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. 4  
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 invoke thy ghost,<sup>8</sup>  
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!  
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,<sup>12</sup>  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
O! cursed be the hand that made these holes;  
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!  
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!<sup>16</sup>  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!<sup>20</sup>  
If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;<sup>24</sup>  
And that be heir to his unhappiness!  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him  
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!<sup>28</sup>  
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;

And still, as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.<sup>32</sup>

*[The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.*

*Enter Gloucester.*

GLO.

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

ANNE.

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

GLO.

Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,<sup>36</sup>  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

FIRST GENT.

My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

GLO.

Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:  
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,<sup>40</sup>  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*[The Bearers set down the coffin.*

ANNE.

What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,<sup>44</sup>  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt! thou dreadful minister of hell,  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

GLO.

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

ANNE.

Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and trouble us not;  
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.<sup>52</sup>  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
O! gentlemen; see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,<sup>57</sup>  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,<sup>60</sup>  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.  
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death;  
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death;  
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,<sup>64</sup>  
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

GLO.

Lady, you know no rules of charity,68

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE.

Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

GLO.

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.72

ANNE.

O! wonderful, when devils tell the truth.

GLO.

More wonderful when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,76

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

ANNE.

Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.80

GLO.

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE.

Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.84

GLO.

By such despair I should accuse myself.

ANNE.

And by despairing shouldst thou stand excus'd

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,

Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.88

GLO.

Say that I slew them not.

ANNE.

Then say they were not slain:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

GLO.

I did not kill your husband.

ANNE.

Why, then he is alive.

GLO.

Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.92

ANNE.

In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.96

GLO.

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

ANNE.

Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.100  
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLO.

I grant ye.

ANNE.

Dost grant me, hedge-hog? Then, God grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.105

GLO.

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

ANNE.

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

GLO.

Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither;108  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

ANNE.

And thou unfit for any place but hell.

GLO.

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

ANNE.

Some dungeon.

GLO.

Your bed-chamber. 112

ANNE.

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

GLO.

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

ANNE.

I hope so.

GLO.

I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits, 116  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner? 120

ANNE.

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

GLO.

Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world, 124  
So might I live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE.

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

GLO.

These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;128  
You should not blemish it if I stood by:  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

ANNE.

Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!132

GLO.

Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

ANNE.

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

GLO.

It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.136

ANNE.

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

GLO.

He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.140

ANNE.

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLO.

He lives that loves thee better than he could.

ANNE.

Name him.

GLO.

Plantagenet.

ANNE.

Why, that was he.

GLO.

The self-same name, but one of better nature. 144

ANNE.

Where is he?

GLO.

Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

ANNE.

Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

GLO.

Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE.

Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes. 149

GLO.

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE.

Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

GLO.

I would they were, that I might die at once;152

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;

No, when my father York and Edward wept157

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

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

Nor when thy war-like father like a child,160

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

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

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;165

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;168

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;

But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

*[She looks scornfully at him.]*

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made<sup>172</sup>

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,<sup>177</sup>

I lay it open to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.]*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.<sup>181</sup>

Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;

*[She again offers at his breast.]*

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*[She lets fall the sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.<sup>184</sup>

ANNE.

Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

GLO.

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

ANNE.

I have already.

GLO.

That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word, 189

This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love:

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory. 192

ANNE.

I would I knew thy heart.

GLO.

'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

ANNE.

I fear me both are false.

GLO.

Then never man was true. 196

ANNE.

Well, well, put up your sword.

GLO.

Say, then, my peace is made.

ANNE.

That shalt thou know hereafter.

GLO.

But shall I live in hope? 200

ANNE.

All men, I hope, live so.

GLO.

Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE.

To take is not to give.

*[She puts on the ring.*

GLO.

Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,204

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,208

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

ANNE.

What is it?

GLO.

That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place;213

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At Chertsey monastery this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,216

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<sup>220</sup>

To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

GLO.

Bid me farewell.

ANNE.

'Tis more than you deserve;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,<sup>224</sup>

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* Lady Anne, Tressel, *and* Berkeley.]

GLO.

Sirs, take up the corse.

GENT.

Toward Chertsey, noble lord?

GLO.

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

[*Exeunt all but* Gloucester.]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?<sup>229</sup>

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,<sup>232</sup>

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,236  
And nothing I to back my suit withal  
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!  
Ha!240  
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,244  
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford:  
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,248  
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
And made her widow to a woeful bed?  
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?252  
My dukedom to a beggarly denier  
I do mistake my person all this while:  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.256  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body:

Since I am crept in favour with myself,260  
I will maintain it with some little cost.  
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,  
And then return lamenting to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,264  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers,*and* Lord Grey.

RIV.

Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty  
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

GREY.

In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:  
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,4  
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry words.

Q. ELIZ.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

GREY.

No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. ELIZ.

The loss of such a lord includes all harms.8

GREY.

The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. ELIZ.

Ah! he is young; and his minority  
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloucester,<sup>12</sup>  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIV.

Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. ELIZ.

It is determin'd, not concluded yet:  
But so it must be if the king miscarry.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter Buckingham and Stanley.*

GREY.

Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

BUCK.

Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

STAN.

God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. ELIZ.

The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,<sup>20</sup>  
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.24

STAN.

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

Q. ELIZ.

Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

STAN.

But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,  
Are come from visiting his majesty.32

Q. ELIZ.

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

BUCK.

Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. ELIZ.

God grant him health! did you confer with him?

BUCK.

Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement36  
Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. ELIZ.

Would all were well! But that will never be.<sup>40</sup>

I fear our happiness is at the highest.

*Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.*

GLO.

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

Who are they that complain unto the king,

That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?<sup>44</sup>

By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,

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

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,<sup>49</sup>

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd<sup>52</sup>

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

GREY.

To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

GLO.

To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?<sup>56</sup>

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal person,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,60  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. ELIZ.

Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.  
The king, on his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else,64  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shows itself  
Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather68  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

GLO.

I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad  
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:  
Since every Jack became a gentleman72  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. ELIZ.

Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;  
You envy my advancement and my friends'.  
God grant we never may have need of you!76

GLO.

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while great promotions80

Are daily given to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. ELIZ.

By him that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,<sup>84</sup>  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,<sup>88</sup>  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

GLO.

You may deny that you were not the mean  
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

RIV.

She may, my lord; for—<sup>92</sup>

GLO.

She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,<sup>96</sup>  
And lay those honours on your high deserts.  
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

RIV.

What, marry, may she?

GLO.

What, marry, may she! marry with a king, 100

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too.

I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. ELIZ.

My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs;

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty 105

Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servantmaid

Than a great queen, with this condition, 108

To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter Queen Margaret, behind.*

Q. MAR.

[*Apart.*] And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me. 112

GLO.

What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower. 116

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. MAR.

[*Apart.*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou kill' dst my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.120

GLO.

Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,  
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends;124  
To royalize his blood I split mine own.

Q. MAR.

Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

GLO.

In all which time you and your husband Grey  
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;128  
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband  
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere now, and what you are;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.133

Q. MAR.

A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

GLO.

Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick,  
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—136

Q. MAR.

Which God revenge!

GLO.

To fight on Edward's party for the crown;  
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.  
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; 140  
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. MAR.

Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,  
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is. 144

RIV.

My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days  
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;  
So should we you, if you should be our king. 148

GLO

If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.  
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

Q. ELIZ.

As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
As little joy you may suppose in me 153  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. MAR.

As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless. 156

I can no longer hold me patient.

[*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects, 161

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?

Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.

GLO.

Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight? 164

Q. MAR.

But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make before I let thee go.

GLO.

Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. MAR.

I was; but I do find more pain in banishment 168

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;

And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have by right is yours, 172

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

GLO.

The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
When thou didst crown his war-like brows with paper,  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;176  
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout  
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;  
His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;180  
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. ELIZ.

So just is God, to right the innocent

HAST.

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

RIV.

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.185

DORS.

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

BUCK.

Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. MAR.

What! were you snarling all before I came,188  
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 woeful banishment,  
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?  
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?  
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!<sup>196</sup>  
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king!  
Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward, my son, which was Prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!<sup>201</sup>  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!  
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss,<sup>204</sup>  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!  
Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,<sup>208</sup>  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!  
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,<sup>212</sup>  
That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

GLO.

Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Q. MAR.

And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.<sup>216</sup>

If heaven have any grievous plague in store

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation<sup>220</sup>

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,<sup>225</sup>

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!<sup>228</sup>

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 loathed issue of thy father's loins!<sup>232</sup>

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

GLO.

Margaret!

Q. MAR.

Richard!

GLO.

Ha!

Q. MAR.

I call thee not.

GLO.

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

Q. MAR.

Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.<sup>237</sup>

O! let me make the period to my curse.

GLO.

'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. ELIZ.

Thus have you breath'd your curso against yourself.<sup>240</sup>

Q. MAR.

Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

HAST.

False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.<sup>248</sup>

Q. MAR.

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

RIV.

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

Q. MAR.

To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:252

O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

DOR.

Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. MAR.

Peace! Master marquess, you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.256

O! that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

GLO.

Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.261

DOR.

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

GLO.

Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,264

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. MAR.

And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath<sup>268</sup>

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest:

O God! that seest it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!<sup>272</sup>

BUCK.

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

Q. MAR.

Urge neither charity nor shame to me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame;<sup>277</sup>

And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

BUCK.

Have done, have done.

Q. MAR.

O princely Buckingham! I'll kiss thy hand,<sup>280</sup>

In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.284

BUCK.

Nor no one here; for curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. MAR.

I will not think but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog:289

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;292

Sin, death and hell have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

GLO.

What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

BUCK.

Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.296

Q. MAR.

What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O! but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,300

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[*Exit.*

HAST.

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.304

RIV.

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

GLO.

I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,  
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her.308

Q. ELIZ.

I never did her any, to my knowledge.

GLO.

Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.312

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains:

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

RIV.

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,316

To pray for them that have done scath to us.

GLO.

So do I ever [*Aside*], being well-advis'd;

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

*Enter* Catesby.

CATES.

Madam, his majesty doth call for you;

And for your Grace; and you, my noble lords.321

Q. ELIZ.

Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me?

RIV.

We wait upon your Grace.

*[Exeunt all but* Gloucester.

GLO.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad325

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

I do bewep to many simple gulls;328

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it; and withal whet me332

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villany336

With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,

And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft! here come my executioners.

How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!340

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

FIRST MURD.

We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

GLO.

Well thought upon; I have it here about me:

*[Gives the warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.345

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps348

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

FIRST MURD.

Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd

We go to use our hands and not our tongues.352

GLO.

Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears:

I like you, lads; about your business straight;

Go, go, dispatch.

FIRST MURD.

We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***The Same. The Tower.***

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*

BRAK.

Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

CLAR.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,<sup>4</sup>  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAK.

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.<sup>8</sup>

CLAR.

Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
And in my company my brother Gloucester,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk<sup>12</sup>  
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along<sup>16</sup>  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.<sup>20</sup>  
Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown:  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;<sup>24</sup>  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.<sup>28</sup>  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,<sup>32</sup>  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAK.

Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon those secrets of the deep?

CLAR.

Methought I had; and often did I strive<sup>36</sup>  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood

Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,<sup>40</sup>  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK.

Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

CLAR.

No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O! then began the tempest to my soul.<sup>44</sup>  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'  
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by<sup>52</sup>  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,  
'Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,  
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—<sup>56</sup>  
Seize on him! Furies, take him unto torment.'  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise<sup>60</sup>

I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after  
Could not believe but that I was in hell,  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

BRAK.

No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;<sup>64</sup>  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLAR

O Brakenbury! I have done these things  
That now give evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me.  
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
O! spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.<sup>72</sup>  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

BRAK.

I will, my lord. God give your Grace good rest!  
[Clarencesleeps.  
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,<sup>76</sup>  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.  
Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,<sup>80</sup>  
They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles and low names,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

FIRST MURD.

Ho! who's here?84

BRAK.

What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

FIRST MURD.

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

BRAK.

What! so brief?88

SEC. MURD.

'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—

Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

*[A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.*

BRAK.

I am, in this, commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:92

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the king; and signify to him96

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

FIRST MURD.

You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

[*Exit* Brakenbury.

SEC. MURD.

What! shall we stab him as he sleeps?101

FIRST MURD.

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

SEC. MURD.

When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.105

FIRST MURD.

Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

SEC. MURD.

The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.110

FIRST MURD.

What! art thou afraid?

SEC. MURD.

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

FIRST MURD.

I thought thou hadst been resolute.116

SEC. MURD.

So I am, to let him live.

FIRST MURD.

I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester, and tell him so.

SEC. MURD.

Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

FIRST MURD.

How dost thou feel thyself now?124

SEC. MURD.

Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

FIRST MURD.

Remember our reward when the deed's done.128

SEC. MURD.

'Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

FIRST MURD.

Where's thy conscience now?

SEC. MURD.

In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

FIRST MURD.

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

SEC. MURD.

'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.136

FIRST MURD.

What if it come to thee again?

SEC. MURD.

I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I

found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.149

FIRST MURD.

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

SEC. MURD.

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

FIRST MURD.

Tut, I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.156

SEC. MURD.

Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

FIRST MURD.

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

SEC. MURD.

O, excellent device! make a sop of him.164

FIRST MURD.

Soft! he wakes.

SEC. MURD.

Strike!

FIRST MURD.

No, we'll reason with him.

CLAR.

Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.169

FIRST MURD.

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLAR.

In God's name, what art thou?172

FIRST MURD.

A man, as you are.

CLAR.

But not, as I am, royal.

FIRST MURD.

Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLAR.

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.176

FIRST MURD.

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

CLAR.

How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

BOTH MURD.

To, to, to—181

CLAR.

To murder me?

BOTH MURD.

Ay, ay.

CLAR.

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,184

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

FIRST MURD.

Offended us you have not, but the king.

CLAR.

I shall be reconcil'd to him again.188

SEC. MURD.

Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

CLAR.

Are you call'd forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?192

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,196

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me;200

The deed you undertake is damnable.

FIRST MURD.

What we will do, we do upon command.

SEC. MURD.

And he that hath commanded is our king.

CLAR.

Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings<sup>204</sup>

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,

Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.<sup>209</sup>

SEC. MURD.

And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight<sup>212</sup>

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

FIRST MURD.

And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow, and, with thy treacherous blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.<sup>216</sup>

SEC. MURD.

Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

FIRST MURD.

How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

CLAR.

Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?220

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,224

O! know you yet, he doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect or lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.228

FIRST MURD.

Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

CLAR.

My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.232

FIRST MURD.

Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLAR.

If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.236

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

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.240

SEC. MURD.

You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.

CLAR.

O, no! he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

BOTH MURD.

Ay, so we will.

CLAR.

Tell him, when that our princely father York<sup>244</sup>  
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.

FIRST MURD.

Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.249

CLAR.

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

FIRST MURD.

Right;

As snow in harvest. Thou deceiv'st thyself:252

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

CLAR.

It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.256

FIRST MURD.

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

SEC. MURD.

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

CLAR.

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,260  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?  
O! sirs, consider, he that set you on264  
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

SEC. MURD.

What shall we do?

CLAR.

Relent and save your souls.

FIRST MURD.

Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

CLAR.

Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.268

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murd'ers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life?272

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,  
As you would beg, were you in my distress:276  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

SEC. MURD.

Look behind you, my lord.

FIRST MURD.

[*Stabs him.*] Take that, and that: if all this will not do,  
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.280  
[*Exit with the body.*]

SEC. MURD.

A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous murder.

*Re-enter first Murderer.*

FIRST MURD.

How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?284  
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

SEC. MURD.

I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!

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

For I repent me that the duke is slain.

[*Exit.*

FIRST MURD.

So do not I: go, coward as thou art.<sup>289</sup>

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

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;<sup>292</sup>

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

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***London. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter* King Edwardsick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, *and Others.*

K. EDW.

Why, so: now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;<sup>4</sup>

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.<sup>8</sup>

RIV.

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

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

HAST.

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. EDW.

Take heed, you dally not before your king;<sup>12</sup>

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

HAST.

So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

RIV.

And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. EDW.

Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,

Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;

You have been factious one against the other.<sup>20</sup>

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. ELIZ.

There, Hastings; I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!<sup>24</sup>

K. EDW.

Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.

DOR.

This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be inviolable.

HAST.

And so swear I.

*[They embrace.]*

K. EDW.

Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league<sup>29</sup>

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

BUCK.

*[To the Queen.]* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate<sup>32</sup>

Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,<sup>36</sup>

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! This do I beg of God,

When I am cold in love to you or yours.<sup>40</sup>

*[They embrace.]*

K. EDW.

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here

To make the blessed period of this peace.<sup>44</sup>

BUCK.

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. EDW.

Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.<sup>48</sup>

Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

GLO.

A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.<sup>52</sup>

Among this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,<sup>56</sup>

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;60

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,64

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;

Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,

That all without desert have frown'd on me;

Of you, Lord Woodvile, and Lord Scales, of you;

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.69

I do not know that Englishman alive

With whom my soul is any jot at odds

More than the infant that is born to-night:72

I thank my God for my humility.

Q. ELIZ.

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My sov'reign lord, I do beseech your highness76

To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

GLO.

Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?80

*[They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. EDW.

Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. ELIZ.

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

BUCK.

Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?<sup>84</sup>

DOR.

Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. EDW.

Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

GLO.

But he, poor man, by your first order died,<sup>88</sup>

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,<sup>92</sup>

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 sov'reign, for my service done!<sup>96</sup>

K. EDW.

I prithee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

STAN.

I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. EDW.

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

STAN.

The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;100

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. EDW.

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought;

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?108

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,112

When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,

And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'

Who told me, when we both lay in the field

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me116

Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you<sup>120</sup>  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,<sup>124</sup>  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you;  
But for my brother not a man would speak,  
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself<sup>128</sup>  
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
Have been beholding to him in his life,  
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.  
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold<sup>132</sup>  
On me and you and mine and yours for this.  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O! poor Clarence!  
[*Exeunt* King Edward, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.]

GLO.

This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen<sup>136</sup>  
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
O! they did urge it still unto the king:  
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go

To comfort Edward with our company?140

BUCK.

We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and Daughter of Clarence.*

BOY.

Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

DUCH.

No, boy.

DAUGH.

Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,

And cry—‘O Clarence, my unhappy son?’<sup>4</sup>

BOY.

Why do you look on us, and shake your head,

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,

If that our noble father be alive?

DUCH.

My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;<sup>8</sup>

I do lament the sickness of the king,

As loath to lose him, not your father’s death;

It were lost sorrow to wail one that’s lost.

BOY.

Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.12

The king mine uncle is to blame for it:

God will revenge it; whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect.

DAUGH.

And so will I.16

DUCH.

Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

BOY.

Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester20

Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;24

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as his child.

DUCH.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,

And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.28

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

BOY.

Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

DUCH.

Ay, boy.32

BOY.

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

*Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly; Rivers and Dorset following her.*

Q. ELIZ.

Oh! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?

I'll join with black despair against my soul,36

And to myself become an enemy.

DUCH.

What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. ELIZ.

To make an act of tragic violence:

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!40

Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

If you will live, lament: if die, be brief,

That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;44

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

DUCH.

Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow  
As I had title in thy noble husband.<sup>48</sup>  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd with looking on his images;  
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,<sup>52</sup>  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,<sup>57</sup>  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,  
Clarence and Edward. O! what cause have I—  
Thine being but a moiety of my grief—<sup>60</sup>  
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

BOY.

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

DAUGH.

Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;<sup>64</sup>  
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.

Q. ELIZ.

Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,<sup>69</sup>  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!  
Ah! for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

CHIL.

Ah! for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!<sup>72</sup>

DUCH.

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

Q. ELIZ.

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

CHIL.

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

DUCH.

What stays had I but they? and they are gone.<sup>76</sup>

Q. ELIZ.

Was never widow had so dear a loss.

CHIL.

Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

DUCH.

Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs:<sup>80</sup>

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;84

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentation.88

DOR.

Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt<sup>92</sup>

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

RIV.

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,<sup>96</sup>

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, and Others.*

GLO.

Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;

But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;104

I did not see your Grace: humbly on my knee

I crave your blessing.

DUCH.

God bless thee! and put meekness in thy mind,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.108

GLO.

Amen; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;

I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

BUCK

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,112

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love:

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.116

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,

But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd121

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

RIV.

Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

BUCK.

Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out; 125  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd;  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself, 129  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

GLO.

I hope the king made peace with all of us; 132  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

RIV.

And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach, 136  
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:  
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

HAST.

And so say I. 140

GLO.

Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.  
Madam, and you my mother, will you go

To give your censures in this business?144

[*Exeunt all except Buckingham and Gloucester.*

BUCK.

My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:

For by the way I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,148

To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

GLO.

My other self, my counsel's consistory,

My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.152

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

FIRST CIT.

Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?

SEC. CIT.

I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

FIRST CIT.

Ay; that the king is dead.

SEC. CIT.

Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:4

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

*Enter a third Citizen.*

THIRD CIT.

Neighbours, God speed!

FIRST CIT.

Give you good morrow, sir.

THIRD CIT.

Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

SEC. CIT.

Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!8

THIRD CIT.

Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

FIRST CIT.

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

THIRD CIT.

Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

SEC. CIT.

In him there is a hope of government,12

That in his nonage council under him,

And in his full and ripen'd years himself,

No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

FIRST CIT.

So stood the state when Henry the Sixth<sup>16</sup>  
Was crown'd at Paris but at nine months old.

THIRD CIT.

Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;  
For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the king<sup>20</sup>  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

FIRST CIT.

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

THIRD CIT.

Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all;<sup>24</sup>  
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O! full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!  
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud;<sup>28</sup>  
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

FIRST CIT.

Come, come, we fear the worst, all will be well.

THIRD CIT.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;<sup>32</sup>  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,<sup>36</sup>

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

SEC. 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.<sup>40</sup>

THIRD CIT.

Before the days of change, still is it so:

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boisterous storm.<sup>44</sup>

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

SEC. CIT.

Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

THIRD CIT.

And so was I: I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***The Same. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.*

ARCH.

Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night:

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

DUCH.

I long with all my heart to see the prince.<sup>4</sup>

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. ELIZ.

But I hear, no; they say my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

YORK.

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

DUCH.

Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.<sup>9</sup>

YORK.

Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,<sup>12</sup>

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

DUCH.

Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold<sup>16</sup>

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

ARCH.

And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.<sup>21</sup>

DUCH.

I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

YORK.

Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,<sup>24</sup>

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

DUCH.

How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.

YORK.

Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:<sup>28</sup>

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUCH.

I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

YORK.

Grandam, his nurse.<sup>32</sup>

DUCH.

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

YORK.

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

Q. ELIZ.

A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

ARCH.

Good madam, be not angry with the child.<sup>36</sup>

Q. ELIZ.

Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

ARCH.

Here comes a messenger. What news?

MESS.

Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. ELIZ.

How doth the prince?

MESS.

Well, madam, and in health.

DUCH.

What is thy news?<sup>41</sup>

MESS.

Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

DUCH.

Who hath committed them?

MESS.

The mighty dukes,<sup>44</sup>

Gloucester and Buckingham.

ARCH.

For what offence?

MESS.

The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:

Why or for what the nobles were committed

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.<sup>48</sup>

Q. ELIZ.

Ah me! I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Upon the innocent and aweless throne:<sup>52</sup>

Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUCH.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld!<sup>56</sup>

My husband lost his life to get the crown,

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils<sup>60</sup>

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self against self: O! preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;64

Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Q. ELIZ.

Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

DUCH.

Stay, I will go with you.

Q. ELIZ.

You have no cause.

ARCH.

[*To the Queen.*] My gracious lady, go;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace

The seal I keep: and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours!72

Come; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloucester, Buckingham, Catesby, Cardinal Bouchier, and Others.*

BUCK.

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

GLO.

Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign;

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE.

No, uncle; but our crosses on the way<sup>4</sup>

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLO.

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:<sup>8</sup>

No more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;

Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,<sup>13</sup>

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

PRINCE.

God keep me from false friends! but they were none.<sup>16</sup>

GLO.

My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.*

MAY.

God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

PRINCE.

I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.

I thought my mother and my brother York<sup>20</sup>

Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come or no.

*Enter Hastings.*

BUCK.

And in good time here comes the sweating lord.<sup>24</sup>

PRINCE.

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

HAST.

On what occasion, God he knows, not I,

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince<sup>28</sup>

Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

BUCK.

Fie! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal, will your Grace

Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

CARD.

My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory<sup>37</sup>  
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,  
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid<sup>40</sup>  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land  
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

BUCK.

You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,<sup>44</sup>  
Too ceremonious and traditional:  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted<sup>48</sup>  
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place  
And those who have the wit to claim the place:  
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:  
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.<sup>56</sup>

CARD.

My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

HAST.

I go, my lord.

PRINCE.

Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.<sup>60</sup>

*[Exeunt Cardinal Bouchier and Hastings.]*

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

GLO.

Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two<sup>64</sup>

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE.

I do not like the Tower, of any place:

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?<sup>69</sup>

BUCK.

He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE.

Is it upon record, or else reported?<sup>72</sup>

Successively from age to age, he built it?

BUCK.

Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE.

But say, my lord, it were not register'd,

Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,<sup>77</sup>

Even to the general all-ending day.

GLO.

[*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

PRINCE.

What say you, uncle?<sup>80</sup>

GLO.

I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

PRINCE.

That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,<sup>85</sup>

His wit set down to make his valour live:

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.<sup>88</sup>

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

BUCK.

What, my gracious lord?

PRINCE.

An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,<sup>92</sup>

Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

GLO.

[*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

*Enter* York, Hastings, *and* Cardinal Bouchier.

BUCK.

Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

PRINCE.

Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?<sup>96</sup>

YORK.

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

PRINCE.

Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.<sup>100</sup>

GLO.

How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

YORK.

I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

GLO.

He hath, my lord.

YORK.

And therefore is he idle?105

GLO.

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

YORK.

Then he is more beholding to you than I.

GLO.

He may command me as my sovereign;

But you have power in me as in a kinsman.109

YORK.

I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

GLO.

My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

PRINCE.

A beggar, brother?112

YORK.

Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

GLO.

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

YORK.

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

GLO.

Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK.

O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

GLO.

It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

YORK.

I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.121

GLO.

What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK.

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

GLO.

How?124

YORK.

Little.

PRINCE.

My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.

Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK.

You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:128

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 with he reasons!132

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

GLO.

My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham137

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

YORK.

What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?140

PRINCE.

My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

YORK.

I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLO.

Why, what would you fear?

YORK.

Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.145

PRINCE.

I fear no uncles dead.

GLO.

Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE.

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

But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.*]

BUCK.

Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother<sup>152</sup>

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

GLO.

No doubt, no doubt: O! 'tis a parlous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.<sup>156</sup>

BUCK.

Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart.

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:<sup>160</sup>

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?164

CATE.

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

BUCK.

What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?

CATE.

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCK.

Well then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,169

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,172

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,176

Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination;

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.180

GLO.

Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;  
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news, 184  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

BUCK.

Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

CATE.

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

GLO.

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep? 188

CATE.

You shall, my lord.

GLO.

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

*[Exit Catesby.]*

BUCK.

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

GLO.

Chop off his head; something we will determine: 193

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

BUCK.

I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.197

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.200

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same. Before Lord Hastings' House.***

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

*[Knocking.]* My lord! my lord!

HAST.

*[Within.]* Who knocks?

MESS.

One from the Lord Stanley.

HAST.

*[Within.]* What is't o'clock?4

MESS.

Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter Hastings.*

HAST.

Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

MESS.

So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.<sup>8</sup>

HAST.

What then?

MESS.

Then certifies your lordship, that this night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm:

Besides, he says there are two councils held;<sup>12</sup>

And that may be determin'd at the one

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him,<sup>16</sup>

And with all speed post with him towards the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

HAST.

Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:<sup>20</sup>

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.<sup>24</sup>

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,28  
Were to incense the boar to follow us  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;  
And we will both together to the Tower,32  
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

MESS.

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

*[Exit.*

*Enter* Catesby.

CATE.

Many good morrows to my noble lord!

HAST.

Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.36

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

CATE.

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And I believe will never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.40

HAST.

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

CATE.

Ay, my good lord.

HAST.

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders  
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.<sup>44</sup>  
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

CATE.

Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward  
Upon his party for the gain thereof:  
And thereupon he sends you this good news,<sup>48</sup>  
That this same very day your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

HAST.

Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries;<sup>52</sup>  
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

CATE.

God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!<sup>56</sup>

HAST.

But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,  
That they which brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.  
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

CATE.

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

HAST.

O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out<sup>64</sup>  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.<sup>68</sup>

CATE.

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

HAST.

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

*Enter Stanley.*

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?<sup>72</sup>  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

STAN.

My lord, good morrow; good morrow Catesby:  
You may jest on, but by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.<sup>76</sup>

HAST.

My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;  
And never, in my days, I do protest,

Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.

Think you, but that I know our state secure,80

I would be so triumphant as I am?

STAN.

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund and suppos'd their state was sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;84

But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.88

HAST.

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

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

STAN.

They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.92

But come, my lord, let's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

HAST.

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

*[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.]*

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

PURS.

The better that your lordship please to ask.96

HAST.

I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now  
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:  
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;100  
But now, I tell thee,—keep it to thyself,—  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

PURS.

God hold it to your honour's good content!104

HAST.

Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

*[Throws him his purse.*

PURS.

God save your lordship.

*[Exit.*

*Enter a Priest.*

PR.

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

HAST.

I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.108

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter Buckingham.*

BUCK.

What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand. 113

HAST.

Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower? 116

BUCK.

I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

HAST.

Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

BUCK.

[*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not. 120

Come, will you go?

HAST.

I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Pomfret. Before The Castle.***

*Enter Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughant to death.*

RIV.

Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

GREY.

God bless the prince from all the pack of you!4

A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

VAUGH.

You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

RAT.

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

RIV.

O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!8

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,12

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

GREY.

Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.16

RIV.

Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings: O! remember, God,  
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us;  
And for my sister and her princely sons,<sup>20</sup>  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

RAT.

Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

RIV.

Come, Grey, come, Vaughan; let us here embrace:<sup>24</sup>

And take our leave until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***London. The Tower.***

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *the* Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, *and Others, sitting at a table. Officers of the Council attending.*

HAST.

My lords, at once: the cause why we are met

Is to determine of the coronation:

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

BUCK.

Are all things ready for that royal time?<sup>4</sup>

STAN.

It is; and wants but nomination.

ELY.

To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

BUCK.

Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?8

ELY.

Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

BUCK.

We know each other's faces; for our hearts,

He knows no more of mine than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.12

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HAST.

I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd16

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.20

*Enter Gloucester.*

ELY.

In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

GLO.

My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,<sup>24</sup>

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCK.

Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,

I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.<sup>28</sup>

GLO.

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder:

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;<sup>32</sup>

I do beseech you send for some of them.

ELY.

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

*[Exit.]*

GLO.

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

*[Takes him aside.]*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,<sup>36</sup>

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head ere give consent

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.40

BUCK.

Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go with you.

*[Exeunt Gloucester and Buckingham.]*

STAN.

We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided<sup>44</sup>

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter* Bishop of Ely.

ELY.

Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloucester?

I have sent for these strawberries.

HAST.

His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:48

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom

Can lesser hide his hate or love than he;52

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

STAN.

What of his heart perceiv'd you in his face

By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

HAST.

Marry, that with no man here he is offended;56

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.*

GLO.

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd60

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HAST.

The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be:64

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

GLO.

Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm

Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:68

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch

Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

HAST.

If they have done this thing, my noble lord,—72

GLO.

If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor:  
Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul, I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.<sup>76</sup>

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:  
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.  
[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.*]

HAST.

Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.<sup>80</sup>  
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;  
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startled when he looked upon the Tower,<sup>84</sup>  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies<sup>88</sup>  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.  
O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.<sup>92</sup>

RAT.

Come, come, dispatch; the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

HAST.

O momentary grace of mortal man,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!<sup>96</sup>  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.<sup>100</sup>

LOV.

Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

HAST.

O bloody Richard! miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.<sup>104</sup>  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

*[Exeunt.]*



Richard III, by R. Westall.

Scene V.—

***London. The Tower Walls.***

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

GLO.

Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?<sup>4</sup>

BUCK.

Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks<sup>8</sup>

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what! is Catesby gone?<sup>12</sup>

GLO.

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

*Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.*

BUCK.

Lord Mayor,—

GLO.

Look to the drawbridge there!

BUCK.

Hark! a drum.

GLO.

Catesby, o'erlook the walls.16

BUCK.

Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent,—

GLO.

Look back, defend thee; here are enemies.

BUCK.

God and our innocency defend and guard us!

*Enter Loveland Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.*

GLO.

Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.20

LOV.

Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

GLO.

So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature<sup>24</sup>

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,<sup>28</sup>

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,

I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,  
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

BUCK.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor<sup>32</sup>  
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,—  
Were't not that by great preservation  
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor<sup>36</sup>  
This day had plotted, in the council-house,  
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

MAY.

Had he done so?

GLO.

What! think you we are Turks or infidels?<sup>40</sup>  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England and our person's safety,<sup>44</sup>  
Enforc'd us to this execution?

MAY.

Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;  
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.<sup>48</sup>  
I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

BUCK.

Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end;52  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:  
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess56  
The manner and the purpose of his treason;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who haply may  
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.60

MAY.

But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve,  
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:  
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens64  
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

GLO.

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

BUCK.

But since you come too late of our intent,68  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

GLO.

Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:72

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,

Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:

Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,

Only for saying he would make his son<sup>76</sup>

Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,

Which by the sign thereof was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury

And bestial appetite in change of lust;<sup>80</sup>

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart

Without control lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:<sup>84</sup>

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York

My princely father then had wars in France;

And, by true computation of the time,<sup>88</sup>

Found that the issue was not his begot;

Which well appeared in his lineaments,

Being nothing like the noble duke my father.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;<sup>92</sup>

Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

BUCK.

Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee for which I plead

Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.<sup>96</sup>

GLO.

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

BUCK.

I go; and towards three or four o'clock<sup>100</sup>

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*

GLO.

Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

[*To Catesby.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt Loveland Catesby.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,<sup>105</sup>

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;

And to give notice that no manner person

Have any time recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*

Scene VI.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter a Scrivener.*

SCRIV.

Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:

And mark how well the sequel hangs together.<sup>4</sup>

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,

For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.

The precedent was full as long a-doing;

And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,<sup>8</sup>

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.

Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross

That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?<sup>12</sup>

Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,

When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

*[Exit.*

Scene VII.—

***The Same. The Court Of Baynard'S Castle.***

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, meeting.*

GLO.

How, now, how now! what say the citizens?

BUCK.

Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,

The citizens are mum, say not a word.

GLO.

Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?<sup>4</sup>

BUCK.

I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France;

The insatiate greediness of his desires,

And his enforcement of the city wives;<sup>8</sup>

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,

As being got, your father then in France,

And his resemblance, being not like the duke:

Withal I did infer your lineaments,<sup>12</sup>

Being the right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind;

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,<sup>16</sup>

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose

Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse;

And when my oratory drew toward end,<sup>20</sup>

I bade them that did love their country's good

Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

GLO.

And did they so?

BUCK.

No, so God help me, they spake not a word;24

But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.

Which when I saw, I reprehended them;

And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:28

His answer was, the people were not wont

To be spoke to but by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:

'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;32

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,

At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cried, 'God save King Richard!'36

And thus I took the vantage of those few,

'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;

'This general applause and cheerful shout

Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard:'

And even here brake off, and came away.41

GLO.

What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

BUCK.

The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;44

Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:

And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,

And stand between two churchmen, good my lord:

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:48

And be not easily won to our requests;

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

GLO.

I go; and if you plead as well for them

As I can say nay to thee for myself,52

No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

BUCK.

Go, go, up to the leads! the Lord Mayor knocks.

*[Exit Gloucester.*

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;

I think the duke will not be spoke withal.56

*Enter, from the Castle, Catesby.*

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

CATE.

He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow or next day.

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,60

Divinely bent to meditation;

And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

BUCK.

Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:64  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
In deep designs in matter of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.68

CATE.

I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*

BUCK.

Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!  
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;72  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.76  
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof:  
But sore, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

MAY.

Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!80

BUCK.

I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

*Re-enter*Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

CATE.

He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,<sup>84</sup>

His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:

My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

BUCK.

Sorry I am my noble cousin should

Suspect me that I mean no good to him.<sup>88</sup>

By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;

And so once more return, and tell his Grace.

*[Exit*Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men

Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;<sup>92</sup>

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter*Gloucester,*in a gallery above, between two Bishops. Catesbyreturns.*

MAY.

See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

BUCK.

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity;<sup>96</sup>

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;

True ornament to know a holy man.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

Lend favourable ear to our requests,100

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.

GLO.

My lord, there needs no such apology;

I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,104

Who, earnest in the service of my God,

Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

BUCK.

Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,108

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

GLO.

I do suspect I have done some offence

That seems disgracious in the city's eye;

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCK.

You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace,113

On our entreaties to amend your fault!

GLO.

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

BUCK.

Know then, it is your fault that you resign<sup>116</sup>  
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
The sceptred office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,<sup>120</sup>  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;  
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,—  
Which here we waken to our country's good,—  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;<sup>124</sup>  
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.<sup>128</sup>  
Which to recure we heartily solicit  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land;  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,<sup>132</sup>  
Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
But as successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,<sup>136</sup>  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just cause come I to move your Grace.

GLO.

I cannot tell, if to depart in silence<sup>140</sup>  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:  
If not to answer, you might haply think  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded<sup>144</sup>  
To bear the golden yoke of sov'reignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me;  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So season'd with your faithful love to me,<sup>148</sup>  
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
Definitively thus I answer you.<sup>152</sup>  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,<sup>156</sup>  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,<sup>161</sup>  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;164  
And much I need to help you, were there need;  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,168  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay that you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars;  
Which God defend that I should wring from him!172

BUCK.

My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.  
You say that Edward is your brother's son:176  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;  
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy,  
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,  
And afterward by substitute betroth'd180  
To Bona, sister to the King of France.  
These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,184  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

To base declension and loath'd bigamy:188

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got

This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that, for reverence to some alive,192

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self

This proffer'd benefit of dignity;

If not to bless us and the land withal,196

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

From the corruption of abusing times,

Unto a lineal true-derived course.

MAY.

Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.200

BUCK.

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

CATE.

O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit:

GLO.

Alas! why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:204

I do beseech you, take it not amiss,

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

BUCK.

If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart<sup>209</sup>  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And egally, indeed, to all estates,<sup>212</sup>  
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:<sup>216</sup>  
And in this resolution here we leave you.  
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.  
*[Exit Buckingham and Citizens.]*

CATE.

Call them again, sweet prince; accept their suit:  
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.<sup>220</sup>

GLO.

Will you enforce me to a world of cares?  
Call them again: I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
*[Exit Catesby.]*

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.<sup>224</sup>

*Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:228  
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;  
For God doth know, and you may partly see,233  
How far I am from the desire of this.

MAY.

God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

GLO.

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

BUCK.

Then I salute you with this royal title:

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

ALL.

Amen.

BUCK.

To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?240

GLO.

Even when you please, for you will have it so.

BUCK.

To-morrow then we will attend your Grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

GLO.

[*To the Bishops.*] Come, let us to our holy work again.<sup>244</sup>

Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***London. Before The Tower.***

*Enter on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.*

DUCH.

Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?  
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.  
Daughter, well met.

ANNE.

God give your Graces both<sup>5</sup>  
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. ELIZ.

As much to you, good sister! whither away?

ANNE.

No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,<sup>8</sup>  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. ELIZ.

Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:—

*Enter* Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. 12

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

BRAK.

Right well, dear madam. By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them: 16

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. ELIZ.

The king! who's that?

BRAK.

I mean the Lord Protector.

Q. ELIZ.

The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

DUCH.

I am their father's mother; I will see them.

ANNE.

Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame, 24

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

BRAK.

No, madam, no, I may not leave it so:

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Stanley.

STAN.

Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,<sup>28</sup>

And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.

[*To the* Duchess of Gloucester.] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.<sup>32</sup>

Q. ELIZ.

Ah! cut my lace asunder,

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

ANNE.

Despiteful tidings! O! unpleasing news!<sup>36</sup>

DOR.

Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your Grace?

Q. ELIZ.

O, Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels:

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.<sup>40</sup>

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:  
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,<sup>44</sup>  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

STAN.

Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.  
[*To Dorset.*] Take all the swift advantage of the hours;<sup>48</sup>  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

DUCH.

O ill-dispersing wind of misery!<sup>52</sup>  
O! my accursed womb, the bed of death,  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

STAN.

Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.<sup>56</sup>

ANNE.

And I with all unwillingness will go.  
O! would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain.<sup>60</sup>  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;

And die, ere men can say 'God save the queen!'

Q. ELIZ.

Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.<sup>64</sup>

ANNE.

No! why? When he, that is my husband now  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,  
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,<sup>68</sup>  
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;  
O! when I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish, 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,  
For making me so young, so old a widow!<sup>72</sup>  
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—  
More miserable by the life of thee  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!<sup>76</sup>  
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Within so small a time, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:  
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;  
For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,85

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. ELIZ.

Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

ANNE.

No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.88

Q. ELIZ.

Farewell! thou woeful welcomer of glory!

ANNE.

Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

DUCH.

[*To Dorset.*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne.*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!92

[*To Q. Elizabeth.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Q. ELIZ.

Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.97

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!100

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well.

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room Of State In The Palace.***

*Sennet. Richard, in pomp, crowned: Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and Others.*

K. RICH.

Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

BUCK.

My gracious sovereign!

K. RICH.

Give me thy hand. [*He ascends the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:4

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCK.

Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. RICH.

Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,8

To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives: think now what I would speak.

BUCK.

Say on, my loving lord.

K. RICH.

Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.12

BUCK.

Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. RICH.

Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

BUCK.

True, noble prince.

K. RICH.

O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!' 16

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What sayst thou now? speak suddenly, be brief. 20

BUCK.

Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. RICH.

Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

BUCK.

Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord, 24

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently.

[*Exit.*

CATE.

[*Aside to another.*] The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

K. RICH.

[*Descends from his throne.*] I will converse with iron-witted fools<sup>28</sup>

And unrespective boys: none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!<sup>32</sup>

PAGE.

My lord!

K. RICH.

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

PAGE.

I know a discontented gentleman,<sup>36</sup>

Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. RICH.

What is his name?

PAGE.

His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.

K. RICH.

I partly know the man: go, call him hither.

*[Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,<sup>44</sup>

And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

*Enter Stanley.*

How now, Lord Stanley! what's the news?

STAN.

Know, my loving lord,

The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled<sup>48</sup>

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. RICH.

Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,

That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.<sup>52</sup>

Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out<sup>56</sup>

That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

*[Exit Catesby.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,<sup>60</sup>

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:64

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter* Page, *with* Tyrrell.

Is thy name Tyrrell?

TYR.

James Tyrrell, and your most obedient subject.

K. RICH.

Art thou, indeed?

TYR.

Prove me, my gracious lord.68

K. RICH.

Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TYR.

Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. RICH.

Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon.73

Tyrrell, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYR.

Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.76

K. RICH.

Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrell:

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear.

*[Whispers.*

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.80

TYR.

I will dispatch it straight.

*[Exit.*

*Re-enter* Buckingham.

BUCK.

My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. RICH.

Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.84

BUCK.

I hear the news, my lord.

K. RICH.

Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.

BUCK.

My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;88

The earldom of Hereford and the moveables

Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. RICH.

Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.<sup>92</sup>

BUCK.

What says your highness to my just request?

K. RICH.

I do remember me, Henry the Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.<sup>96</sup>

A king! perhaps—

BUCK.

My lord!

K. RICH.

How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?<sup>100</sup>

BUCK.

My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. RICH.

Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,

And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,<sup>104</sup>

Because a bard of Ireland told me once

I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

BUCK.

My lord!

K. RICH.

Ay, what's o'clock?<sup>108</sup>

BUCK.

I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me.

K. RICH.

Well, but what is't o'clock?

BUCK.

Upon the stroke of ten.

K. RICH.

Well, let it strike.

BUCK.

Why let it strike?<sup>112</sup>

K. RICH.

Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

BUCK.

Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.<sup>116</sup>

K. RICH.

Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.

*[Exeunt King Richard and Train.]*

BUCK.

And is it thus? repays he my deep service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone<sup>120</sup>  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.—

***The Same.***

*Enter Tyrrell.*

TYR.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn<sup>4</sup>  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.  
'Oh! thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes:'<sup>9</sup>  
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms:  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,<sup>12</sup>  
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;

Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;

But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;16

When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered

The most replenished sweet work of nature,

That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'

Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;20

They could not speak; and so I left them both,

To bear this tidings to the bloody king:

And here he comes.

*Enter* King Richard.

All health, my sovereign lord!

K. RICH.

Kind Tyrrell, am I happy in thy news?24

TYR.

If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,

For it is done.

K. RICH.

But didst thou see them dead?

TYR

I did, my lord.

K. RICH.

And buried, gentle Tyrrell?

TYR.

The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;29

But how or in what place I do not know.

K. RICH.

Come to me, Tyrrell, soon at after-supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.32

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

TYR.

I humbly take my leave.

*[Exit.*

K. RICH.

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;36

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims40

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter* Catesby.

CATE.

My lord!44

K. RICH.

Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

CATE.

Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;  
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.48

K. RICH.

Ely with Richmond troubles me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
Come; I have learn'd that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay:52  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!  
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;56  
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—

***The Same. Before The Palace.***

*Enter* Queen Margaret.

Q. MAR.

So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd

To watch the waning of mine enemies.4

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?8

*Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.*

Q. ELIZ.

Ah! my poor princes! ah, my tender babes,

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets,

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,12

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. MAR.

Hover about her; say, that right for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.16

DUCH.

So many miseries have craz'd my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. MAR.

Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.21

Q. ELIZ.

Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?<sup>24</sup>

Q. MAR.

When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

DUCH.

Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,<sup>28</sup>

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

*[Sitting down.]*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. ELIZ.

Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;<sup>32</sup>

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

Ah! who hath any cause to mourn but I?

*[Sitting down by her.]*

Q. MAR.

If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,<sup>36</sup>

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,

If sorrow can admit society.

*[Sitting down with them.]*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;40

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

DUCH.

I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;44

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. MAR.

Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hellhound that doth hunt us all to death:48

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood,

That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth,52

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee that this carnal cur56

Preys 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 woes:

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.60

Q. MAR.

Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;  
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;<sup>64</sup>  
Young York he is but boot, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss:  
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;  
And the beholders of this tragic play,<sup>68</sup>  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls<sup>72</sup>  
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.<sup>76</sup>  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead.

Q. ELIZ.

O! thou didst prophesy the time would come  
That I should wish for thee to help me curse<sup>80</sup>  
That bottled spider, that foul bunchback'd toad.

Q. MAR.

I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;  
The presentation of but what I was;84  
The flattering index of a direful pageant;  
One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below;  
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;  
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,  
A sign of dignity, a garish flag,89  
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?92  
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?  
Who sues and kneels and cries God save the queen?  
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?  
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?96  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;100  
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;  
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.104  
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time;  
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?110  
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;  
From which even here, I slip my wearied head,  
And leave the burden of it all on thee.113  
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:  
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. ELIZ.

O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,116  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. MAR.

Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;  
Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
And he that slew them fouler than he is:121  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. ELIZ.

My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine!124

Q. MAR.

Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[*Exit.*

DUCH.

Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. ELIZ.

Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,128

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

DUCH.

If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,132

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

*[A trumpet heard.*

The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclams.

*Enter King Richard, and his Train, marching.*

K. RICH.

Who intercepts me in my expedition?136

DUCH.

O! she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. ELIZ.

Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,140

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?144

DUCH.

Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence  
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. ELIZ.

Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

DUCH.

Where is kind Hastings?148

K. RICH.

A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!

*[Flourish. Alarums.]*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,152  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

DUCH.

Art thou my son?

K. RICH.

Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.156

DUCH.

Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. RICH.

Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCH.

O, let me speak!

K. RICH.

Do, then; but I'll not hear. 160

DUCH.

I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. RICH.

And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

DUCH.

Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony. 164

K. RICH.

And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCH.

No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burden was thy birth to me; 168  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious;  
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody, 172

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. RICH.

Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your Grace<sup>176</sup>

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum!

DUCH.

I prithee, hear me speak.<sup>180</sup>

K. RICH.

You speak too bitterly.

DUCH.

Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. RICH.

So!

DUCH.

Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,<sup>184</sup>

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more<sup>189</sup>  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!  
My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies<sup>193</sup>  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

*[Exit.*

Q. ELIZ.

Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse<sup>197</sup>  
Abides in me: I say amen to her.

*[Going.*

K. RICH.

Stay, madam; I must talk a word with you.

Q. ELIZ.

I have no more sons of the royal blood<sup>200</sup>  
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. RICH.

You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,<sup>204</sup>  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. ELIZ.

And must she die for this? O! let her live,  
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;208  
Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. RICH.

Wrong not her birth; she is of royal blood.212

Q. ELIZ.

To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. RICH.

Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. ELIZ.

And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. RICH.

Lo! at their births good stars were opposite!216

Q. ELIZ.

No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. RICH.

All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

Q. ELIZ.

True, when avoided grace makes destiny.  
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,220

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. RICH.

You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. ELIZ.

Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd  
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.<sup>224</sup>  
Whose hands soever lanc'd 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-hard heart,<sup>228</sup>  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys  
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,<sup>233</sup>  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. RICH.

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise<sup>236</sup>  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours  
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Q. ELIZ.

What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,<sup>240</sup>  
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. RICH.

The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. ELIZ.

Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. RICH.

No, to the dignity and height of fortune,<sup>244</sup>

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. ELIZ.

Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine?<sup>248</sup>

K. RICH.

Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs<sup>252</sup>

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. ELIZ.

Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. RICH.

Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.<sup>256</sup>

Q. ELIZ.

My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. RICH.

What do you think?

Q. ELIZ.

That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;260

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. RICH.

Be not too hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,

And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. ELIZ.

Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?265

K. RICH.

Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

Q. ELIZ.

What! thou?

K. RICH.

Even so: what think you of it?268

Q. ELIZ.

How canst thou woo her?

K. RICH.

That I would learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. ELIZ.

And wilt thou learn of me?

K. RICH.

Madam, with all my heart.

Q. ELIZ.

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,<sup>272</sup>

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave

Edward and York; then haply will she weep:

Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,<sup>276</sup>

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,<sup>280</sup>

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;

Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.<sup>284</sup>

K. RICH.

You mock me, madam; this is not the way

To win your daughter.

Q. ELIZ.

There is no other way

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,

And not be Richard that hath done all this.<sup>288</sup>

K. RICH.

Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. ELIZ.

Nay, then 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:292

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,297

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:

A grandam's name is little less in love300

Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all one pain, save for a night of groans304

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,308

And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul<sup>312</sup>  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity:  
The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife,<sup>316</sup>  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.<sup>320</sup>  
What! we have many goodly days to see:  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,  
Advantaging their loan with interest<sup>324</sup>  
Of ten times double gain of happiness.  
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:  
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;<sup>328</sup>  
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:  
And when this arm of mine hath chastised<sup>332</sup>  
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

To whom I will retail my conquest won,336  
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. ELIZ.

What were I best to say? her father's brother  
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?  
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?  
Under what title shall I woo for thee,341  
That God, the law, my honour, and her love  
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. RICH.

Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.344

Q. ELIZ.

Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. RICH.

Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. ELIZ.

That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. RICH.

Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.348

Q. ELIZ.

To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. RICH.

Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. ELIZ.

But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. RICH.

Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.352

Q. ELIZ.

But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. RICH.

As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. ELIZ.

As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. RICH.

Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.356

Q. ELIZ.

But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. RICH.

Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. ELIZ.

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. RICH.

Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.360

Q. ELIZ.

Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. RICH.

Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. ELIZ.

O, no! my reasons are too deep and dead;  
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. RICH.

Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.365

Q. ELIZ.

Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. RICH.

Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. ELIZ.

Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.368

K. RICH.

I swear,—

Q. ELIZ.

By nothing; for this is no oath.  
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;  
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;371  
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.  
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,  
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.374

K. RICH.

Now, by the world,—

Q. ELIZ.

'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. RICH.

My father's death,—

Q. ELIZ.

Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. RICH.

Then, by myself,—

Q. ELIZ.

Thyself is self-misus'd.

K. RICH.

Why, then, by God,—

Q. ELIZ.

God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity the king my husband made<sup>380</sup>

Had not been broken, nor my brothers died:

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,<sup>384</sup>

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, too tender bed-fellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

K. RICH.

The time to come.<sup>388</sup>

Q. ELIZ.

That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time for time past wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,392

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:

The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.397

K. RICH.

As I intend to prosper, and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs

Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!400

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!

Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,404

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!

In her consists my happiness and thine;

Without her, follows to myself, and thee,408

Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:

It cannot be avoided but by this;

It will not be avoided but by this.412

Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—

Be the attorney of my love to her:

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:416

Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. ELIZ.

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. RICH.

Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.420

Q. ELIZ.

Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. RICH.

Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. ELIZ.

Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. RICH.

But in your daughter's womb I bury them:424

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. ELIZ.

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. RICH.

And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. ELIZ.

I go. Write to me very shortly,429

And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. RICH.

Bear her my true love's kiss; and so farewell.

*[Kissing her. Exit Queen Elizabeth.]*

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!

*Enter Ratcliff, Catesby following.*

How now! what news?433

RAT.

Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shores

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.437

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.440

K. RICH.

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

CATE.

Here, my good lord.

K. RICH.

Catesby, fly to the duke.

CATE.

I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.444

K. RICH.

Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:

When thou com'st thither,—[*To*Catesby.] Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

CATE.

First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,448

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. RICH.

O! true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.452

CATE.

I go.

[*Exit.*

RAT.

What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. RICH.

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

RAT.

Your highness told me I should post before.456

*Enter Stanley.*

K. RICH.

My mind is chang'd. Stanley, what news with you?

STAN.

None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. RICH.

Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!460

What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

STAN.

Richmond is on the seas.

K. RICH.

There let him sink, and be the seas on him!464

White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

STAN.

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. RICH.

Well, as you guess?

STAN.

Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,468

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. RICH.

Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?472

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

STAN.

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. RICH.

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,476

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear.

STAN.

No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

K. RICH.

Where is thy power then to beat him back?480

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

STAN.

No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.484

K. RICH.

Cold friends to me: what do they in the north

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

STAN.

They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,488

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:

But I'll not trust thee.

STAN.

Most mighty sovereign,492

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

I never was nor never will be false.

K. RICH.

Go then and muster men: but leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,496

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

STAN.

So deal with him as I prove true to you.

*[Exit.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,500

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,  
With many more confederates are in arms.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

SEC. MESS.

In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms; 504  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

THIRD MESS.

My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. RICH.

Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

*[He strikes him.]*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

THIRD MESS.

The news I have to tell your majesty  
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone, 513  
No man knows whither.

K. RICH.

I cry thee mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd 516

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

THIRD MESS.

Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

*Enter a fourth Messenger.*

FOURTH MESS.

Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquess Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:520

But this good comfort bring I to your highness,

The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest.

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

Unto the shore to ask those on the banks524

If they were his assistants, yea or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made away for Brittany.528

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.

*Re-enter Catesby.*

CATE.

My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,532

That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford

Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. RICH.

Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here, 536

A royal battle might be won and lost.

Some one take order Buckingham be brought

To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***The Same. A Room In Lord Stanley's House.***

*Enter Stanley and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

STAN.

Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:

That in the sty of this most bloody boar

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:

If I revolt, off goes young George's head; 4

The fear of that holds off my present aid.

So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.

Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented

He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter. 8

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

CHRIS.

At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

STAN.

What men of name resort to him?

CHRIS.

Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier, 12  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;  
And many other of great name and worth: 16  
And towards London do they bend their power,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

STAN.

Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:  
My letter will resolve him of my mind. 20  
Farewell.

[*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 with him?

SHER.

No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

BUCK.

Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,  
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, 4

Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!<sup>9</sup>  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

SHER.

It is, my lord.

BUCK.

Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.<sup>12</sup>  
This is the day that, 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<sup>16</sup>  
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-Seer which I dallied with<sup>20</sup>  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:<sup>24</sup>  
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:  
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'

Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame:

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***A Plain Near Tamworth.***

*Enter with drum and colours, Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and Others, with Forces, marching.*

RICHM.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,

Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment:4

And here receive we from our father Stanley

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,

That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,8

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine

Is now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:12

From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace

By this one bloody trial of sharp war.16

OXF.

Every man's conscience is a thousand men,  
To fight against this guilty homicide.

HERB.

I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT.

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,<sup>20</sup>  
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

RICHM.

All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march:  
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***Bosworth Field.***

*Enter King Richard and Forces; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and Others.*

K. RICH.

Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.  
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

SUR.

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. RICH.

My Lord of Norfolk,—

NOR.

Here, most gracious liege.<sup>4</sup>

K. RICH.

Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

NOR.

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. RICH.

Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;

[Soldiers *begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.<sup>8</sup>

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

NOR.

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. RICH.

Why, our battalia trebles that account;

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.<sup>13</sup>

Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;

Call for some men of sound direction:<sup>16</sup>

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

RICHM.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,<sup>20</sup>  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.  
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.  
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:  
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,<sup>24</sup>  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small power.  
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,  
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.<sup>28</sup>  
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
And by the second hour in the morning  
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.<sup>32</sup>  
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;  
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

BLUNT.

Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—  
Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,—<sup>36</sup>  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHM.

If without peril it be possible,  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,<sup>40</sup>

And give him from me this most needful note.

BLUNT.

Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

RICHM.

Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,<sup>44</sup>  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;  
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

*[They withdraw into the tent.]*

*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.*

K. RICH.

What is 't o'clock?

CATE.

It's supper-time, my lord;  
It's nine o'clock.

K. RICH.

I will not sup to-night.<sup>48</sup>  
Give me some ink and paper.  
What, is my beaver easier than it was,  
And all my armour laid into my tent?

CATE.

It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.<sup>52</sup>

K. RICH.

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.

NOR.

I go, my lord.

K. RICH.

Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.<sup>56</sup>

NOR.

I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*

K. RICH.

Ratcliff!

RAT.

My lord?

K. RICH.

Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall<sup>61</sup>

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.<sup>64</sup>

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

RAT.

My lord!

K. RICH.

Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?68

RAT.

Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. RICH.

So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:72  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.  
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

RAT.

It is, my lord.76

K. RICH.

Bid my guard watch; leave me.  
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent  
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.  
[King Richardretires into his tent. ExeuntRatcliffandCatesby.  
Richmond'stent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.  
EnterStanley.

STAN.

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

RICHM.

All comfort that the dark night can afford81

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

STAN.

I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,<sup>84</sup>

Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

So much for that. The silent hours steal on,

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,<sup>88</sup>

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,—<sup>92</sup>

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,<sup>96</sup>

Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,<sup>100</sup>

Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:

God give us leisure for these rites of love!

Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

RICHM.

Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.<sup>104</sup>

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory.  
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.

*[Exeunt all but Richmond.]*

O! thou, whose captain I account myself, 109  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall 112  
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in thy victory!  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul, 116  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
Sleeping and waking, O! defend me still!

*[Sleeps.]*

*The Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

GHOST.

*[To King Richard.]* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth 120  
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!  
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls  
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.*

GHOST.

[*To*King Richard.] When I was mortal, my anointed body<sup>125</sup>

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:

Think on the Tower and me; despair and die!

Henry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.<sup>128</sup>

[*To*Richmond.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be the king,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live thou and flourish!

*The Ghost of*Clarences*ises.*

GHOST.

[*To*King Richard.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!<sup>132</sup>

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

[*To*Richmond.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,<sup>137</sup>

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:

Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

*The Ghosts of*Rivers, Grey,*and*Vaughan*rise.*

**GHOST OF**RIVERS.

[*To*King Richard.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!<sup>140</sup>

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!

**GHOST OF**GREY.

[*To*King Richard.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

*GHOST OF VAUGHAN.*

[*To King Richard.*] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear

Let fall thy pointless lance: despair, and die!—

ALL THREE.

[*To Richmond.*] Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom 145

Will conquer him: awake, and win the day!

*The Ghost of Hastings rises.*

GHOST.

[*To King Richard.*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

And in a bloody battle end thy days! 148

Think on Lord Hastings, so despair, and die!—

[*To Richmond.*] Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake!

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

GHOSTS.

[*To King Richard.*] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower: 152

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!

[*To Richmond.*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy; 156

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of Lady Annerises.*

GHOST.

[*To*King Richard.] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,160

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!

[*To*Richmond.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;165

Dream of success and happy victory!

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*The Ghost of Buckingham rises.*

GHOST.

[*To*King Richard.] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;168

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.

O! in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

[*To*Richmond.] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:174

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

*[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.]*

K. RICH.

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!178

Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What! do I fear myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I. 184

Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:

Then fly: what! from myself? Great reason why:

Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?

Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself? 189

O! no: alas! I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not. 192

Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain. 196

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree:

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! guilty!'

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;

And if I die, no soul will pity me:

Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself? 204

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter* Ratcliff.

RAT.

My lord! 208

K. RICH.

'Zounds! who's there?

RAT.

Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock  
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour. 212

K. RICH.

O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.  
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

RAT.

No doubt, my lord.

K. RICH.

O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—

RAT.

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows. 216

K. RICH.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;221

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,

To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

*[Exeunt.*

*Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford and Others.*

LORDS.

Good morrow, Richmond!224

RICHM.

Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

LORDS.

How have you slept, my lord?

RICHM.

The sweetest sleep, the fairest-boding dreams228

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent and cried on victory:232

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

LORDS.

Upon the stroke of four.236

RICHM.

Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

*His oration to his Soldiers.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,240  
God and our good cause fight upon our side;  
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;  
Richard except, those whom we fight against244  
Had rather have us win than him they follow.  
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,249  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;  
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;252  
One that hath ever been God's enemy.  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will in justice, ward you as his soldiers;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,256  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,<sup>260</sup>  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.<sup>265</sup>  
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt<sup>268</sup>  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;  
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

*[Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants, *and Forces.*

K. RICH.

What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?<sup>272</sup>

RAT.

That he was never trained up in arms.

K. RICH.

He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

RAT.

He smil'd, and said, 'The better for our purpose.'

K. RICH.

He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

*[Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.277

Who saw the sun to-day?

RAT.

Not I, my lord.

K. RICH.

Then he disdains to shine; for by the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:280

A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff!

RAT.

My lord?

K. RICH.

The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.288

*Enter Norfolk.*

NOR.

Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

K. RICH.

Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,292

And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:296

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side300

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?

NOR.

A good direction, war-like sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.304

*[Giving a scroll.]*

K. RICH.

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,*

*For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge:308

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.312

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*His oration to his Army.*

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal:316

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;321

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,324

Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?

A milksop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again;

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:332

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.336

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?

Ravish our daughters?

*[Drum afar off.]*

Hark! I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

MESS.

My lord, he doth deny to come.344

K. RICH.

Off with his son George's head!

NOR.

My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. RICH.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:348

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits upon our helms.352

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—

***Another Part Of The Field.***

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk and Forces; to him Catesby.*

CATE.

Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,<sup>4</sup>

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarum. Enter King Richard.*

K. RICH.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

CATE.

Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.<sup>8</sup>

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.—<sup>12</sup>

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter from opposite sides King Richard and Richmond, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter Richmond, Stanley, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

RICHM.

God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

STAN.

Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee! 16

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. 20

RICHM.

Great God of heaven, say amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

STAN.

He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us. 24

RICHM.

What men of name are slain on either side?

STAN.

John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

RICHM.

Inter their bodies as becomes their births: 28

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled  
That in submission will return to us;  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red:32  
Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,  
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!  
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?  
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;36  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:  
All this divided York and Lancaster,40  
Divided in their dire division,  
O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together;44  
And let their heirs—God, if thy will be so,—  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,48  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,  
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!52  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:

That she may long live here, God say amen!

*[Exeunt.]*

## THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chancellor.

Lord Chamberlain.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

Garter King-at-Arms.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.

Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner.

A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.

An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen;

Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene.—*Chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.*

## 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,<sup>4</sup>  
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,<sup>8</sup>  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling<sup>12</sup>  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long molley coat guarded with yellow,<sup>16</sup>  
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend,<sup>21</sup>  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known*

*The first and happiest hearers of the town,*<sup>24</sup>

*Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see*

*The very persons of our noble story*

*As they were living; think you see them great,*

*And follow'd with the general throng and sweat*<sup>28</sup>

*Of thousand friends; then, in a moment see*

*How soon this mightiness meets misery:*

*And if you can be merry then, I'll say*

*A man may weep upon his wedding day.*<sup>32</sup>

## ACT I.

### Scene I.—

#### ***London. An Antechamber In The Palace.***

*Enter at one door the Duke of Norfolk; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.*

BUCK

Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France?

NOR.

I thank your Grace,

Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer

Of what I saw there.

BUCK.

An untimely ague<sup>4</sup>

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when

Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

NOR.

'Twixt Guynes and Arde:

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;8  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?

BUCK.

All the whole time12

I was my chamber's prisoner.

NOR.

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day16  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they  
Made Britain India: every man that stood21  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams, too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear24

The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting. Now this masque  
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,<sup>28</sup>  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them; him in eye,  
Still him in praise; and, being present both,  
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—<sup>33</sup>  
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,<sup>36</sup>  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis was believ'd.

BUCK.

O! you go far.

NOR.

As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing<sup>40</sup>  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view; the office did<sup>44</sup>  
Distinctly 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 certes, that promises no element<sup>48</sup>

In such a business.

BUCK.

I pray you, who, my lord?

NOR.

All this was order'd by the good discretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

BUCK.

The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed<sup>52</sup>

From his ambitious finger. What had he

To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder

That such a keech can with his very bulk

Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,<sup>56</sup>

And keep it from the earth.

NOR.

Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace

Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon<sup>60</sup>

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;<sup>64</sup>  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

ABER.

I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride<sup>68</sup>  
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

BUCK.

Why the devil,<sup>72</sup>  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such<sup>76</sup>  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,—  
The honourable board of council out,—  
Must fetch him in he papers.

ABER.

I do know<sup>80</sup>

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never

They shall abound as formerly.

BUCK.

O! many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em<sup>84</sup>

For this great journey. What did this vanity

But minister communication of

A most poor issue?

NOR.

Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values<sup>88</sup>

The cost that did conclude it.

BUCK.

Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was

A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke

Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,<sup>92</sup>

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded

The sudden breach on't.

NOR.

Which is budded out;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

ABER.

Is it therefore<sup>96</sup>

The ambassador is silenc'd?

NOR.

Marry, is't.

ABER.

A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd

At a superfluous rate!

BUCK.

Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carried.

NOR.

Like it your Grace,<sup>100</sup>

The state takes notice of the private difference

Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—

And take it from a heart that wishes towards you

Honour and plenteous safety,—that you read<sup>104</sup>

The cardinal's malice and his potency

Together; to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants not

A minister in his power. You know his nature,

That he's revengeful; and I know his sword<sup>109</sup>

Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,

It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, 112  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo where comes that rock  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey,—the Purse borne before him,—certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

WOL.

The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?  
Where's his examination?

FIRST SECR.

Here, so please you. 116

WOL.

Is he in person ready?

FIRST SECR.

Ay, please your Grace.

WOL.

Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt Wolsey, and Train.]*

BUCK.

This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I 120  
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.

NOR.

What! are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only<sup>124</sup>

Which your disease requires.

BUCK.

I read in's looks

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd

Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;<sup>128</sup>

I'll follow, and out-stare him.

NOR.

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question

What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first: anger is like<sup>132</sup>

A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Can advise me like you: be to yourself

As you would to your friend.

BUCK.

I'll to the king;<sup>136</sup>

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim

There's difference in no persons.

NOR.

Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot<sup>140</sup>

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,

If with the sap of reason you would quench,<sup>148</sup>

Or but allay, the fire of passion.

BUCK.

Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along

By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but<sup>152</sup>

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 corrupt and treasonous.

NOR.

Say not, 'treasonous.'<sup>156</sup>

BUCK.

To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief<sup>160</sup>  
As able to perform 't, his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,  
Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests the king our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview,<sup>165</sup>  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

NOR.

Faith, and so it did.

BUCK.

Praygive me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal<sup>168</sup>  
The articles o' the combination drew  
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified  
As he cried, 'Thus let be,' to as much end  
As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-cardinal<sup>172</sup>  
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—  
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason, Charles the emperor,  
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—<sup>177</sup>  
For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:

His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
180  
England and France might, through their amity,  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,  
184  
Which I do well; for, I am sure the emperor  
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,  
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:  
That he would please to alter the king's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know—  
As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
192  
And for his own advantage.

NOR.

I am sorry  
To hear this of him; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken in 't.

BUCK.

No, not a syllable:  
I do pronounce him in that very shape  
196  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon; a Sergeant-at-Arms before him.*

BRAN.

Your office, sergeant; execute it.

SERG.

Sir,

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I200  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

BUCK.

Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish  
Under device and practice.

BRAN.

I am sorry204  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure  
You shall to the Tower.

BUCK.

It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven209  
Be done in this and all things! I obey.  
O! my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

BRAN.

Nay, he must bear you company. [*To*Abergavenny.] The king212  
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

ABER.

As the duke said,  
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd!

BRAN.

Here is a warrant from  
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

BUCK.

So, so;  
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

BRAN.

A monk o' the Chartreux.

BUCK.

O! Nicholas Hopkins?

BRAN.

He.

BUCK.

My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,<sup>224</sup>  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Council Chamber.***

*Enter the King, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on the right side.*

K. HEN.

My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.<sup>8</sup>

*A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen Katharine, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. KATH.

Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. HEN.

Arise, and take place by us: half your *suit*  
Never name to us; you have half our power:  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;<sup>12</sup>  
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. KATH.

Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself, and in that love

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point<sup>16</sup>

Of my petition.

K. HEN.

Lady mine, proceed.

Q. KATH.

I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects

Are in great grievance: there have been commissions<sup>20</sup>

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,

My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches

Most bitterly on you, as putter-on<sup>24</sup>

Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—

Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears<sup>28</sup>

In loud rebellion.

NOR.

Not almost appears,

It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,

The clothiers all, not able to maintain

The many to them 'longing, have put off<sup>32</sup>  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,<sup>36</sup>  
And danger serves among them.

K. HEN.

Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

WOL.

Please you, sir,<sup>40</sup>  
I know but of a single part in aught  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. KATH.

No, my lord,  
You know no more than others; but you frame  
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome<sup>45</sup>  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sov'reign would have note, they are<sup>48</sup>  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say

They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer

Too hard an exclamation.

K. HEN.

Still exaction!52

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,

Is this exaction?

Q. KATH.

I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd

Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief56

Comes through commissions, which compel from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied

Without delay; and the pretence for this

Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave64

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.

WOL.

And for me,68

I have no further gone in this than by

A single voice, and that not pass'd me but

By learned approbation of the judges. If I am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know72

My faculties nor person, yet will be

The chronicles of my doing, let me say

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That virtue must go through. We must not stint76

Our necessary actions, in the fear

To cope malicious censurers; which ever,

As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow

That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further80

Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up84

For our best act. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,

We should take root here where we sit, or sit

State-statues only.

K. HEN.

Things done well,88

And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;

Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.<sup>92</sup>  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;<sup>96</sup>  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county  
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied<sup>100</sup>  
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;  
I put it to your care.

WOL.

[*To the Secretary.*] A word with you.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons<sup>104</sup>  
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*

Q. KATH.

I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham<sup>109</sup>

Is run in your displeasure.

K. HEN.

It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,  
To nature none more bound; his training such  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt, 116  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, 121  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—124  
This was his gentleman in trust—of him  
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much. 128

WOL.

Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. HEN.

Speak freely.

SURV.

First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that if the king<sup>133</sup>  
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his. These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,<sup>136</sup>  
Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

WOL.

Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches<sup>141</sup>  
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<sup>144</sup>  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

SURV.

He was brought to this

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. HEN.

What was that Hopkins?

SURV.

Sir, a Chartreux friar,

His confessor, who fed him every minute<sup>149</sup>

With words of sovereignty.

K. HEN.

How know'st thou this?

SURV.

Not long before your highness sped to France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish

Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand<sup>153</sup>

What was the speech among the Londoners

Concerning the French journey: I replied,

Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,

To the king's danger. Presently the duke<sup>157</sup>

Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted

'Twould prove the verity of certain words

Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,<sup>160</sup>

'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit

John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour

To hear from him a matter of some moment:

Whom after under the confession's seal164  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke,  
My chaplain to no creature living but  
To me should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensu'd: neither the king nor 's heirs—168  
Tell you the duke—shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke  
Shall govern England.'

Q. KATH.

If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office172  
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. HEN.

Let him on.176

Go forward.

SURV.

On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him  
To ruminate on this so far, until180  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do. He answer'd, 'Tush!

It can do me no damage;’ adding further,  
That had the king in his last sickness fail’d,184  
The cardinal’s and Sir Thomas Lovell’s heads  
Should have gone off.

K. HEN.

Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
There’s mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

SURV.

I can, my liege.

K. HEN.

Proceed.

SURV.

Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov’d the duke189  
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. HEN.

I remember  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain’d him his. But on; what hence?192

SURV.

‘If,’ quoth he, ‘I for this had been committed,  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play’d  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,197

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.'

K. HEN

A giant traitor!

WOL.

Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,200

And this man out of prison?

Q. KATH.

God mend all!

K. HEN.

There's something more would out of thee? what sayst?

SURV.

After 'the duke his father,' with 'the knife,'

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,204

Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour

Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo

His father by as much as a performance208

Does an irresolute purpose.

K. HEN.

There's his period;

To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;

Call him to present trial: if he may

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,212

Let him not seek't of us: by day and night!

He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*

CHAM.

Is't possible the spells of France should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

SANDS.

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.4

CHAM.

As far as I see, all the good our English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely

A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly8

Their very noses had been counsellors

To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

SANDS.

They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin12

Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

CHAM.

Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,

That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

*Enter* Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

LOV.

Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation<sup>17</sup>

That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

CHAM.

What is't for?

LOV.

The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.<sup>20</sup>

CHAM.

I am glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,

And never see the Louvre.

LOV.

They must either—

For so run the conditions—leave those remnants<sup>24</sup>

Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks;  
Abusing better men than they can be,<sup>28</sup>  
Out of a foreign wisdom;—renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;<sup>32</sup>  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

SANDS.

'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases<sup>36</sup>  
Are grown so catching.

CHAM.

What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

LOV.

Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;<sup>40</sup>  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

SANDS.

The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they're going:  
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten<sup>44</sup>  
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong  
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,  
Held current music too.

CHAM.

Well said, Lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDS.

No, my lord;<sup>48</sup>  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

CHAM.

Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going?

LOV.

To the cardinal's:  
Your lordship is a guest too.

CHAM.

O! 'tis true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be<sup>53</sup>  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

LOV.

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;<sup>56</sup>

His dewes fall everywhere.

CHAM.

No doubt he's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him.

SANDS.

He may, my lord; he has wherewithal: in him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:60

Men of his way should be most liberal;

They are set here for examples.

CHAM.

True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,64

We shall be late else; which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,

This night to be comptrollers.

SANDS.

I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

### ***The Presence-chamber In York-Place.***

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for Cardinal Wolsey, a longer table for the guests. Enter, at one door, Anne Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.*

GUILD.

Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her<sup>4</sup>  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome  
Can make good people.

*Enter* Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands,*and* Sir Thomas Lovell.

O, my lord! you're tardy:  
The very thought of this fair company<sup>8</sup>  
Clapp'd wings 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 rested,  
I think would better please 'em: by my life,<sup>13</sup>  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

LOV.

O! that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these!

SANDS.

I would I were;<sup>16</sup>

They should find easy penance.

LOV.

Faith, how easy?

SANDS.

As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

CHAM.

Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this;

His Grace is ent'ring. Nay you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

SANDS.

By my faith,<sup>24</sup>

And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:

*[Seats himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.]*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.

ANNE.

Was he mad, sir?

SANDS.

O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love too:<sup>28</sup>

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

*[Kisses her.*

CHAM.

Well said, my lord.

So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies<sup>32</sup>

Pass away frowning.

SANDS.

For my little cure,

Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended, and takes his state.*

WOL.

You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,<sup>36</sup>

Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;

And to you all, good health.

*[Drinks.*

SANDS.

Your Grace is noble:

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

WOL.

My Lord Sands,<sup>40</sup>

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.

Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

SANDS.

The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em<sup>44</sup>

Talk us to silence.

ANNE.

You are a merry gamester,

My Lord Sands.

SANDS.

Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,

For 'tis to such a thing,—

ANNE.

You cannot show me.<sup>48</sup>

SANDS.

I told your Grace they would talk anon.

*[Drum and trumpets within; chambers discharged.]*

WOL.

What's that?

CHAM.

Look out there, some of ye.

*[Exit a Servant.]*

WOL.

What war-like voice,

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war you're privileg'd.<sup>52</sup>

*Re-enter* Servant.

CHAM.

How now, what is't?

SERV.

A noble troop of strangers;

For so they seem: they've left their barge and landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes.

WOL.

Good Lord Chamberlain,<sup>56</sup>

Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

*[Exit the Lord Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.<sup>61</sup>

A good digestion to you all; and once more

I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and Others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?<sup>64</sup>

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,<sup>69</sup>  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

WOL.

Say, Lord Chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em<sup>73</sup>  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

*[They choose Ladies for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.]*

K. HEN.

The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee!

*[Music. Dance.]*

WOL.

My lord.

CHAM.

Your Grace?

WOL.

Pray tell them thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,

If I but knew him, with my love and duty<sup>80</sup>

I would surrender it.

CHAM.

I will, my lord.

*[Whispers the Masquers.]*

WOL.

What say they?

CHAM.

Such a one, they all confess,

There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace

Find out, and he will take it.

WOL.

Let me see then.<sup>84</sup>

*[Comes from his state.]*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make

My royal choice.

K. HEN.

*[Unmasking.]* You have found him, cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,

I should judge now unhappily.

WOL.

I am glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

K. HEN.

My Lord Chamberlain,

Prithee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

CHAM.

An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,<sup>92</sup>

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. HEN.

By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,

And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!<sup>96</sup>

Let it go round.



Henry VIII, by T. Stothard.

WOL.

Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I' the privy chamber?

LOV.

Yes, my lord.

WOL.

Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.<sup>100</sup>

K. HEN.

I fear, too much.

WOL.

There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

K. HEN.

Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry: 104

Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

*[Exeunt with trumpets.]*

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***Westminster. A Street.***

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

FIRST GENT.

Whither away so fast?

SEC. GENT.

O! God save ye.

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become

Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

FIRST GENT.

I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony<sup>4</sup>

Of bringing back the prisoner.

SEC. GENT.

Were you there?

FIRST GENT.

Yes, indeed, was I.

SEC. GENT.

Pray speak what has happen'd.

FIRST GENT.

You may guess quickly what.

SEC. GENT.

Is he found guilty?

FIRST GENT.

Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.<sup>8</sup>

SEC. GENT.

I am sorry for 't.

FIRST GENT.

So are a number more.

SEC. GENT.

But, pray, how pass'd it?

FIRST GENT.

I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar; where, to his accusations<sup>12</sup>  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney on the contrary  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd<sup>17</sup>  
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:  
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,<sup>21</sup>  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

SEC. GENT.

That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies?

FIRST GENT.

The same.  
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:<sup>25</sup>  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all<sup>28</sup>  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

SEC. GENT.

After all this how did he bear himself?

FIRST GENT.

When he was brought again to the bar, to hear  
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,<sup>33</sup>  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.<sup>36</sup>

SEC. GENT.

I do not think he fears death.

FIRST GENT.

Sure, he does not;  
He never was so womanish; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

SEC. GENT.

Certainly  
The cardinal is the end of this.

FIRST GENT.

'Tis likely<sup>40</sup>  
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland; who, remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

SEC. GENT.

That trick of state<sup>44</sup>

Was a deep envious one.

FIRST GENT.

At his return,

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

And generally, whoever the king favours,

The cardinal instantly will find employment,<sup>48</sup>

And far enough from court too.

SEC. GENT.

All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,

Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much

They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,<sup>52</sup>

The mirror of all courtesy;—

FIRST GENT.

Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people.*

SEC. GENT.

Let's stand close, and behold him.

BUCK.

All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,<sup>56</sup>

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,<sup>60</sup>  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done upon the premises but justice;  
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:<sup>64</sup>  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.<sup>68</sup>  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,<sup>72</sup>  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,<sup>76</sup>  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.  
Lov.  
I do beseech your Grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart<sup>80</sup>  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

BUCK.

Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences<sup>84</sup>

'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with: no black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him

You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers<sup>88</sup>

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,

Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!<sup>92</sup>

And when old time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument!

LOV.

To the water side I must conduct your Grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.

VAUX.

Prepare there!<sup>97</sup>

The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;

And fit it with such furniture as suits

The greatness of his person.

BUCK.

Nay, Sir Nicholas,<sup>100</sup>

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,  
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers, 104  
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;  
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.  
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister, 109  
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 112  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all 116  
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: 120  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes; both  
Fell by our servants, by those men welov'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: 125

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive<sup>128</sup>  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again  
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour<sup>132</sup>  
Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,  
Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!

*[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]*

FIRST GENT.

O! this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads  
That were the authors.

SEC. GENT.

If the duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling<sup>140</sup>  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

FIRST GENT.

Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

SEC. GENT.

This secret is so weighty, 'twill require 144

A strong faith to conceal it.

FIRST GENT.

Let me have it;

I do not talk much.

SEC. GENT.

I am confident:

You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear

A buzzing of a separation 148

Between the king and Katharine?

FIRST 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 152

That durst disperse it.

SEC. GENT.

But that slander, sir,

Is found a truth now; for it grows again

Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain

The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of malice 157

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;160

As all think, for this business.

FIRST GENT.

'Tis the cardinal;

And merely to revenge him on the emperor

For not bestowing on him, at his asking,

The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

SEC. GENT.

I think you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel165

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

FIRST GENT.

'Tis woeful.

We are too open here to argue this;168

Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

### ***An Antechamber In The Palace.***

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

CHAM.

*My lord, The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them:

He will have all, I think.12

*Enter theDukes of NorfolkandSuffolk.*

NOR.

Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

CHAM.

Good day to both your Graces.

SUF.

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 wife17

Has crept too near his conscience.

SUF.

No; his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

NOR.

'Tis so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:

That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,

Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.22

SUF.

Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

NOR.

How holily he works in all his business,  
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league<sup>25</sup>  
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,<sup>28</sup>  
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage:  
And out of all these, to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,  
That like a jewel has hung twenty years<sup>32</sup>  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of her,  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

CHAM.

Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true  
These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,  
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare  
Look into these affairs, see this main end,<sup>41</sup>  
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

SUF.

And free us from his slavery.

NOR.

We had need pray,<sup>45</sup>

And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages. All men's honours<sup>48</sup>

Like like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

SUF.

For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,<sup>52</sup>

If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him that made him proud, the pope.

NOR.

Let's in;

And with some other business put the king<sup>57</sup>

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.

My lord, you'll bear us company?

CHAM.

Excuse me;

The king hath sent me elsewhere: besides,<sup>60</sup>

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships.

NOR.

Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

Norfolk opens a folding-door. *The King is discovered sitting and reading pensively.*

SUF.

How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. HEN.

Who is there, ha?

NOR.

Pray God he be not angry.

K. HEN.

Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves<sup>65</sup>

Into my private meditations?

Who am I, ha?

NOR.

A gracious king that pardons all offences<sup>68</sup>

Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate; in which we come

To know your royal pleasure.

K. HEN.

Ye are too bold.

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

*Enter Wolsey and Campeius.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O! my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;

Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Campeius.*] You're welcome, 76

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:

Use us, and it. [*To Wolsey.*] My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

WOL.

Sir, you cannot.

I would your Grace would give us but an hour

Of private conference.

K. HEN.

[*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*] We are busy: go. 81

NOR.

[*Aside to Suffolk.*] This priest has no pride in him!

SUF.

[*Aside to Norfolk.*] Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though for his place:

But this cannot continue.

NOR.

[*Aside to Suffolk.*] If it do, 84

I'll venture one have-at-him.

SUF.

[*Aside to Norfolk.*] I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

WOL.

Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.<sup>88</sup>

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,<sup>92</sup>

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,<sup>96</sup>

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. HEN.

And once more in my arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves:

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.<sup>101</sup>

CAM.

Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand

I tender my commission, by whose virtue,—<sup>104</sup>

The court of Rome commanding,—you, my Lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. HEN.

Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted<sup>108</sup>  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

WOL.

I know your majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,<sup>112</sup>  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. HEN.

Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour  
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:  
I find him a fit fellow.

*[Exit Wolsey.]*

*Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.*

WOL.

*[Aside to Gardiner.]* Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;  
You are the king's now.

GARD.

*[Aside to Wolsey.]* But to be commanded  
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.<sup>120</sup>

K. HEN.

Come hither, Gardiner.

*[They converse apart.]*

CAM.

My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In this man's place before him?

WOL.

Yes, he was.

CAM.

Was he not held a learned man?

WOL.

Yes, surely.<sup>124</sup>

CAM.

Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

WOL.

How! of me?

CAM.

They will not stick to say, you envied him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him<sup>129</sup>

That he ran mad and died.

WOL.

Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, 132

For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment:

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons. 136

K. HEN.

Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business.

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord! 141

Would it not grieve an able man to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!

O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. 144

[*Exeunt*.

Scene III.—

***An Antechamber In The Queen's Apartments.***

*Enter* Anne Bullen *and an* Old Lady.

ANNE.

Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever

Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,<sup>4</sup>  
She never knew harm-doing; O! now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than<sup>8</sup>  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, after this process  
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

OLD LADY.

Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

ANNE.

O! God's will; much better<sup>12</sup>  
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,  
Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.

OLD LADY.

Alas! poor lady,<sup>16</sup>  
She's a stranger now again.

ANNE.

So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,<sup>20</sup>

Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief

And wear a golden sorrow.

OLD LADY.

Our content

Is our best having.

ANNE.

By my troth and maidenhead

I would not be a queen.

OLD LADY.

Beshrew me, I would,<sup>24</sup>

And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet<sup>28</sup>

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:

Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts—

Saving your mincing—the capacity

Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

ANNE.

Nay, good troth.<sup>33</sup>

OLD LADY.

Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?

ANNE.

No, not for all the riches under heaven.

OLD LADY.

'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,36

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,

What think you of a duchess? have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

ANNE.

No, in truth.

OLD LADY.

Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:40

I would not be a young count in your way,

For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak

Ever to get a boy.

ANNE.

How you do talk!44

I swear again, I would not be a queen

For all the world.

OLD LADY.

In faith, for little England

You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd

No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?49

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

CHAM.

Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know  
The secret of your conference?

ANNE.

My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:52  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

CHAM.

It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

ANNE.

Now, I pray God, amen!56

CHAM.

You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you, and61  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,64  
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE.

I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender;

More than my all is nothing, nor my prayers

Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes<sup>68</sup>

More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,

Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,

Whose health and royalty I pray for.

CHAM.

Lady,<sup>73</sup>

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit

The king hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perus'd her well;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled<sup>76</sup>

That they have caught the king; and who knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem

To lighten all this isle? [*To her.*] I'll to the king,

And say, I spoke with you.

ANNE.

My honour'd lord.<sup>80</sup>

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

OLD LADY.

Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,

Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late;84  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie, upon  
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open it.

ANNE.

This is strange to me.88

OLD LADY.

How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.  
There was a lady once,—'tis an old story,—  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

ANNE.

Come, you are pleasant.

OLD LADY.

With your theme I could  
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!  
No other obligation! By my life96  
That promises more thousands: honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

ANNE.

Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,

To think what follows. 104

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful

In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver

What here you've heard to her.

OLD LADY.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

### ***A Hall In Black-Friars.***

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury, alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, at some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.*

WOL.

Whilst our commission from Rome is read,

Let silence be commanded.

K. HEN.

What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides the authority allow'd;<sup>4</sup>

You may then spare that time.

WOL.

Be't so. Proceed.

SCRIBE

Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

CRIER.

Henry King of England, come into the court.

K. HEN.

Here.

SCRIBE.

Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

CRIER.

Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]*

Q. KATH.

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me; for<sup>12</sup>

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

Born out of your dominions; having here

No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance

Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause<sup>17</sup>  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,<sup>20</sup>  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour<sup>25</sup>  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew<sup>28</sup>  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind<sup>32</sup>  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you: if, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,<sup>36</sup>  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt<sup>40</sup>

Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent<sup>44</sup>  
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
A year before: it is not to be question'd<sup>48</sup>  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may<sup>52</sup>  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel  
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

WOL.

You have here, lady,—  
And of your choice,—these reverend fathers; men<sup>56</sup>  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless  
That longer you desire the court, as well<sup>60</sup>  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

CAM.

His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed,<sup>64</sup>

And that, without delay, their arguments

Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. KATH.

Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.

WOL.

Your pleasure, madam?

Q. KATH.

Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that<sup>68</sup>

We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears

I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL.

Be patient yet.

Q. KATH.

I will, when you are humble; nay, before,<sup>72</sup>

Or God will punish me. I do believe,

Induc'd by potent circumstances, that

You are mine enemy; and make my challenge

You shall not be my judge; for it is you<sup>76</sup>  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge, whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not<sup>81</sup>  
At all a friend to truth.

WOL.

I do profess  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom<sup>85</sup>  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:  
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,<sup>88</sup>  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me  
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.<sup>92</sup>  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he know<sup>96</sup>  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him

It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before<sup>100</sup>  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

Q. KATH.

My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak<sup>104</sup>  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please<sup>112</sup>  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual; that again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,<sup>116</sup>  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judg'd by him.

*[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]*

CAM.

The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and<sup>120</sup>

Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.

She's going away.

K. HEN.

Call her again.

CRIER.

Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.<sup>124</sup>

GRIF.

Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. KATH.

What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help!

They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:<sup>128</sup>

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more

Upon this business my appearance make

In any of their courts.

*[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]*

K. HEN.

Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world who shall report he has

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,<sup>133</sup>

For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,—

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts<sup>137</sup>  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,—  
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has<sup>140</sup>  
Carried herself towards me.

WOL.

Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and bound<sup>144</sup>  
There must I be unloos'd, although not there  
At once, and fully satisfied,—whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness, or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might<sup>148</sup>  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,<sup>152</sup>  
Or touch of her good person?

K. HEN.

My Lord Cardinal,  
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught

That you have many enemies, that know not<sup>156</sup>  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:  
But will you be more justified? you ever<sup>160</sup>  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it. On my honour,  
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,<sup>165</sup>  
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,<sup>168</sup>  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and<sup>172</sup>  
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he—  
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise<sup>176</sup>  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,<sup>180</sup>

Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought<sup>184</sup>  
I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to't than<sup>188</sup>  
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought  
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not<sup>193</sup>  
Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me<sup>196</sup>  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that's to say,<sup>200</sup>  
I meant to rectify my conscience, which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,  
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land  
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember

How under my oppression I did reek,206

When I first mov'd you.

LIN.

Very well, my liege.

K. HEN.

I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say208

How far you satisfied me.

LIN.

So please your highness,

The question did at first so stagger me,

Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,

And consequence of dread, that I committed212

The daring'st counsel that I had to doubt;

And did entreat your highness to this course

Which you are running here.

K. HEN.

Then I mov'd you,

My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave216

To make this present summons. Unsolicited

I left no reverend person in this court;

But by particular consent proceeded

Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;

For no dislike i' the world against the person

Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life<sup>224</sup>  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o' the world.

CAM.

So please your highness,<sup>228</sup>  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till further day:  
Mean while must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal<sup>232</sup>  
She intends unto his holiness.

*[They rise to depart.]*

K. HEN.

*[Aside.]* I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,  
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,<sup>237</sup>  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
I say, set on.

*[Exeunt, in manner as they entered.]*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

*The Palace At Bridewell. A Room In The Queen's Apartment.*

*The Queen and her Women at work.*

Q. KATH.

Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;

Sing and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,<sup>4</sup>  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.<sup>8</sup>  
Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,<sup>12</sup>  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

Q. KATH.

How now!

GENT.

An't please your Grace, the two great cardinals<sup>16</sup>

Wait in the presence.

Q. KATH.

Would they speak with me?

GENT.

They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. KATH.

Pray their Graces

To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.<sup>21</sup>

They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;

But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter Wolsey and Campeius.*

WOL.

Peace to your highness!

Q. KATH.

Your Graces find me here part of a housewife,<sup>24</sup>

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

WOL.

May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you<sup>28</sup>

The full cause of our coming.

Q. KATH.

Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner: would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!32

My lords, I care not—so much I am happy

Above a number—if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,

Envy and base opinion set against 'em,36

I know my life so even. If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

WOL

*Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—40*

Q. KATH.

O, good my lord, no Latin;

I am not such a truant since my coming

As not to know the language I have liv'd in:

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;44

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:

Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed48

May be absolv'd in English.

WOL.

Noble lady,

I am sorry my integrity should breed,—

And service to his majesty and you,—

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.52

We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,  
You have too much, good lady; but to know<sup>56</sup>  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions  
And comforts to your cause.

CAM.

Most honour'd madam,<sup>60</sup>  
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him,—which was too far,—  
Offers, as I do, in sign of peace,<sup>65</sup>  
His service and his counsel.

Q. KATH.

[*Aside.*] To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;  
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!—<sup>68</sup>  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—  
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,<sup>72</sup>  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work

Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking

Either for such men or such business.

For her sake that I have been,—for I feel<sup>76</sup>

The last fit of my greatness,—good your Graces

Let me have time and counsel for my cause:

Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

WOL.

Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:<sup>80</sup>

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. KATH.

In England

But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—<sup>84</sup>

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions,<sup>87</sup>

They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence

In mine own country, lords.

CAM.

I would your Grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q KATH.

How, sir?

CAM.

Put your main cause into the king's protection;92

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much

Both for your honour better and your cause;

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,

You'll part away disgrac'd.

WOL.

He tells you rightly.96

Q. KATH.

Ye tell me what ye wish for both; my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge

That no king can corrupt.

CAM.

Your rage mistakes us.100

Q. KATH.

The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;

But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?104

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,

A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye half my miseries,

I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:108

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL.

Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy. 112

Q. KATH.

Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,

And all such false professors! Would ye have me,—

If ye have any justice, any pity;

If ye be anything but churchmen's habits,—116

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already,

His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords,

And all the fellowship I hold now with him 120

Is only my obedience. What can happen

To me above this wretchedness? all your studies

Make me a curse like this.

CAM.

Your fears are worse.

Q. KATH.

Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself, 124

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,

Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections 128

Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.132

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,

Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.136

WOL.

Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. KATH.

My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title

Your master wed me to: nothing but death140

Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL.

Pray hear me.

Q. KATH.

Would I had never trod this English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.144

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.

[*To her women.*] Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,148

No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;

Almost no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

WOL.

If your Grace<sup>152</sup>  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,  
The way of our profession is against it:<sup>156</sup>  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.<sup>160</sup>  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,<sup>164</sup>  
A soul as even as a calm: pray think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

CAM.

Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts<sup>169</sup>  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;  
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready<sup>172</sup>

To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH.

Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.

You know I am a woman, lacking wit<sup>176</sup>

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,<sup>180</sup>

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs

That little thought, when she set footing here,

She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***Antechamber To TheKing'SApartment.***

*Enter theDuke of Norfolk,theDuke of Suffolk,theEarl 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<sup>4</sup>

But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces

With these you bear already.

SUR.

I am joyful

To meet the least occasion that may give me

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,<sup>8</sup>

To be reveng'd on him.

SUF.

Which of the peers

Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least

Strangely neglected? when did he regard

The stamp of nobleness in any person,<sup>12</sup>

Out of himself?

CHAM.

My lords, you speak your pleasures:

What he deserves of you and me, I know;

What we can do to him,—though now the time

Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot<sup>16</sup>

Bar his access to the king, never attempt

Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft

Over the king in's tongue.

NOR.

O! fear him not;

His spell in that is out: the king hath found<sup>20</sup>

Matter against him that for ever mars

The honey of his language. No, he's settled,

Not to come off, in his displeasure.

SUR.

Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this<sup>24</sup>

Once every hour.

NOR.

Believe it, this is true:

In the divorce his contrary proceedings

Are all unfolded; wherein he appears

As I would wish mine enemy.

SUR.

How came<sup>28</sup>

His practices to light?

SUF.

Most strangely.

SUR.

O! how? how?

SUF.

The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,

And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,

That the cardinal did entreat his holiness<sup>32</sup>

To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if

It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive

My king is tangled in affection to

A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'<sup>36</sup>

SUR.

Has the king this?

SUF.

Believe it.

SUR.

Will this work?

CHAM.

The king in this perceives him, how he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point

All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic

After his patient's death: the king already<sup>41</sup>

Hath married the fair lady.

SUR.

Would he had!

SUF.

May you be happy in your wish, my lord!

For I profess, you have it.

SUR.

Now all my joy<sup>44</sup>

Trace the conjunction!

SUF.

My amen to't!

NOR.

All men's.

SUF.

There's order given for her coronation:

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left

To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,<sup>48</sup>

She is a gallant creature, and complete

In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her

Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall

In it be memoriz'd.

SUR.

But will the king<sup>52</sup>

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

NOR.

Marry, amen!

SUF.

No, no;

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius<sup>56</sup>

Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;

Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and

Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,

To second all his plot. I do assure you<sup>60</sup>

The king cried Ha! at this.

CHAM.

Now, God incense him,

And let him cry Ha! louder.

NOR.

But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?

SUF.

He is return'd in his opinions, which<sup>64</sup>

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<sup>68</sup>

Her coronation. Katharine no more

Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,

And widow to Prince Arthur.

NOR.

This same Cranmer's

A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain<sup>72</sup>

In the king's business.

SUF.

He has; and we shall see him

For it an archbishop.

NOR.

So I hear.

SUF.

'Tis so.

The cardinal!

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*

NOR.

Observe, observe; he's moody.

WOL.

The packet, Cromwell, 76

Gave't you the king?

CROM.

To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

WOL.

Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

CROM.

Presently

He did unseal them; and the first he view'd, 80

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

WOL.

Is he ready

To come abroad?

CROM.

I think, by this he is. 84

WOL.

Leave me awhile.

[*Exit*Cromwell.

[*Aside.*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French King's sister; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen!<sup>89</sup>

No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

NOR.

He's discontented.

SUF.

May be he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

SUR.

Sharp enough,<sup>93</sup>

Lord, for thy justice!

WOL.

The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes. What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to<sup>100</sup>

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king, 104

And is his oracle.

NOR.

He is vex'd at something.

SUR.

I would 'twere something that would fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart!

*Enter the King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.*

SUF.

The king, the king!

K. HEN.

What piles of wealth hath he accumulated 108

To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,

Saw you the cardinal?

NOR.

My lord, we have 112

Stood here observing him; some strange commotion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;

Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then lays his finger on his temple; straight 116

Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,

Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts

His eye against the moon: in most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. HEN.

It may well be: 120

There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning

Papers of state he sent me to peruse,

As I requir'd; and wot you what I found

There, on my conscience, put unwittingly? 124

Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;

The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,

Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which

I find at such a proud rate that it out-speaks

Possession of a subject.

NOR.

It's heaven's will: 129

Some spirit put this paper in the packet

To bless your eye withal.

K. HEN.

If we did think

His contemplation were above the earth, 132

And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still

Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid

His thinkings are below the moon, not worth

His serious considering.

*[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]*

WOL.

Heaven forgive me!136

Ever God bless your highness!

K. HEN.

Good my lord,

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind, the which

You were now running o'er: you have scarce time140

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span

To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that

I deem you an ill husband, and am glad

To have you therein my companion.

WOL.

Sir,144

For holy offices I have a time; a time

To think upon the part of business which

I bear i' the state; and nature does require

Her times of preservation, which performe148

I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,

Must give my tendance to.

K. HEN.

You have said well.

WOL.

And ever may your highness yoke together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well152

With my well saying!

K. HEN.

'Tis well said again;

And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:

And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:

He said he did; and with his deed did crown<sup>156</sup>

His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone

Employ'd you where high profits might come home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow<sup>160</sup>

My bounties upon you.

WOL.

[*Aside.*] What should this mean?

SUR.

[*Aside.*] The Lord increase this business!

K. HEN.

Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me

If what I now pronounce you have found true;

And if you may confess it, say withal,<sup>165</sup>

If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

WOL.

My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,

Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could<sup>168</sup>

My studied purposes requite; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends<sup>172</sup>  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I<sup>176</sup>  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. HEN.

Fairly answer'd;<sup>180</sup>  
A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated; the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume<sup>184</sup>  
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
On you than any; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

WOL.

I do profess,191

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,197  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

K. HEN.

'Tis nobly spoken.200

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;  
*[Giving him papers.*

And after, this: and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

WOL.

What should this mean?204

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;209  
I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so;  
This paper has undone me! 'Tis the account  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet216  
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune220  
Will bring me off again. What's this?—'To the Pope!'  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;224  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.228

*Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

NOR.

Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,232  
Till you hear further from his highness.

WOL.

Stay,  
Where's your commission, lord? words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

SUF.

Who dare cross 'em,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

WOL.

Till I find more than will or words to do it,237  
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,  
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:240  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;244  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal  
You ask with such a violence, the king—  
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;248  
Bade me enjoy it with the place and honours

During my life; and to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents: now who'll take it?

SUR.

The king, that gave it.

WOL.

It must be himself then.<sup>252</sup>

SUR.

Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

WOL.

Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SUR.

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land<sup>256</sup>

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals—

With thee and all thy best parts bound together—

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!<sup>260</sup>

You sent me deputy for Ireland,

Far from his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;<sup>263</sup>

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

WOL.

This and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer is most false. The duke by law

Found his deserts: how innocent I was<sup>268</sup>

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,

You have as little honesty as honour,<sup>272</sup>

That in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies.

SUR.

By my soul,<sup>276</sup>

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel

My sword i' 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 jaded by a piece of scarlet,<sup>281</sup>

Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward,

And dare us with his cap like larks.

WOL.

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

SUR.

Yes, that goodness<sup>284</sup>

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;

The goodness of your intercepted packets,

You writ to the pope against the king; your goodness,<sup>288</sup>

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state

Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,<sup>292</sup>

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

Collected from his life; I'll startle you

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench<sup>296</sup>

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

WOL.

How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

NOR.

Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;<sup>300</sup>

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

WOL.

So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise

When the king knows my truth.

SUR.

This cannot save you:

I thank my memory, I yet remember<sup>304</sup>

Some of these articles; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

WOL.

Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections; if I blush,<sup>308</sup>

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SUR.

I had rather want those than my head. Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or know ledge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.<sup>313</sup>

NOR.

Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*

Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king

To be your servant.

SUF.

Then, that without the knowledge<sup>317</sup>

Either of king or council, when you went

Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold

To carry into Flanders the great seal.<sup>320</sup>

SUR.

*Item*, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.324

SUF.

That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SUR.

Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,—  
By what means got I leave to your own conscience,—328  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,332  
I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAM.

O my lord!  
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him336  
So little of his great self.

SUR.

I forgive him.

SUF.

Lord Cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,  
Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,<sup>341</sup>  
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be<sup>344</sup>  
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

NOR.

And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer  
About the giving back the great seal to us,<sup>348</sup>  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*]

WOL.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.<sup>351</sup>  
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;<sup>356</sup>  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,<sup>361</sup>  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy<sup>364</sup>  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate yo:  
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,<sup>372</sup>  
Never to hope again.

*Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

CROM.

I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL.

What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

CROM.

How does your Grace?

WOL.

Why, well;377

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,380

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:384

O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROM.

I am glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

WOL.

I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,—

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,—389

To endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

CROM.

The heaviest and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL.

God bless him!393

CROM.

The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

WOL.

That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue396

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!

What more?401

CROM.

That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL.

That's news indeed.

CROM.

Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his queen,405

Going to chapel; and the voice is now

Only about her coronation.

WOL.

There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell!408

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited412

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master: seek the king;—

That sun, I pray, may never set!—I have told him416

What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let

Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

CROM.

O my lord!

Must I then, leave you? must I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?424

Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service; but my prayers

For ever and for ever, shall be yours.428

WOL.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;432

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,437

Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.440

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;444

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!449

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;

And,—prithee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,452

To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal<sup>456</sup>  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM.

Good sir, have patience.

WOL.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

*A Street In Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

FIRST GEN.

You're well met once again.

SEC. GEN.

So are you.

FIRST GEN.

You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

SEC. GEN.

'Tis all my business. At our last encounter<sup>4</sup>

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

FIRST GEN.

'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

SEC. GEN.

'Tis well: the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward,<sup>9</sup>

In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants, and sights of honour.

FIRST GEN.

Never greater;

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.<sup>12</sup>

SEC. GEN.

May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

FIRST GEN.

Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.<sup>16</sup>

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

SEC. GEN.

I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,<sup>20</sup>

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

FIRST GEN.

That I can tell you too. The Archbishop<sup>24</sup>

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which<sup>28</sup>

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance and

The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,<sup>32</sup>

And the late marriage made of none effect:

Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,

Where she remains now sick.

SEC. GEN.

Alas! good lady!

*[Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

*[Hautboys.*

## The Order Of The Coronation.

*A lively flourish of trumpets.*

1. *Two Judges.*
  - 2 *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
  3. *Choristers, singing.* [Music.]
  4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
  5. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
  6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
  7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
  8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's strain.*
  9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They pass over the stage in order and state.

SEC. GEN.

A royal train, believe me. These I know; 37

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

FIRST GEN.

Marquess Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

SEC. GEN.

A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk?

FIRST GEN.

'Tis the same; high-steward.

SEC. GEN.

And that my Lord of Norfolk?

FIRST GEN.

Yes.

SEC. GEN.

[*Looking on the Queen.*] Heaven bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;44

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

FIRST GEN.

They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons48

Of the Cinque-ports.

SEC. GEN.

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.52

FIRST GEN.

It is; and all the rest are countesses.

SEC. GEN.

Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

FIRST GEN.

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?<sup>56</sup>

THIRD GEN.

Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

SEC. GEN.

You saw

The ceremony?

THIRD GEN.

That I did.

FIRST GEN.

How was it?<sup>60</sup>

THIRD GEN

Well worth the seeing.

SEC. GEN.

Good sir, speak it to us.

THIRD GEN.

As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off<sup>64</sup>

A distance from her; while her Grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.<sup>68</sup>  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,<sup>72</sup>  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—  
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,<sup>76</sup>  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before them. No man living  
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were woven<sup>80</sup>  
So strangely in one piece.

SEC. GEN.

But, what follow'd?

THIRD GEN.

At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces  
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.<sup>84</sup>  
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,<sup>88</sup>  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,<sup>92</sup>  
And with the same full state pac'd back again  
To York-place, where the feast is held.

FIRST GEN.

Sir,  
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:<sup>96</sup>  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

THIRD GEN.

I know it;  
But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

SEC. GEN.

What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen?<sup>100</sup>

THIRD GEN.

Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,—  
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,—  
The other, London.

SEC. GEN.

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

THIRD GEN.

All the land knows that:

However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes, 106

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

SEC. GEN.

Who may that be, I pray you?

THIRD GEN.

Thomas Cromwell:

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king

Has made him master o' the jewel house,

And one, already, of the privy-council. 112

SEC. GEN.

He will deserve more.

THIRD GEN.

Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

BOTH.

You may command us, sir.117

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Kimbolton.***

*Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick: led between Griffith and Patience.*

GRIF.

How does your Grace?

KATH.

O Griffith! sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:

So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.4

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

GRIF.

Yes, madam; but I think your Grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.8

KATH.

Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,

For my example.

GRIF.

Well, the voice goes, madam:

For after the stout Earl Northumberland<sup>12</sup>  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

KATH.

Alas! poor man.<sup>16</sup>

GRIF.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;  
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him:  
To whom he gave these words: 'O! father abbot,<sup>20</sup>  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity.'  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness<sup>24</sup>  
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight,—which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,<sup>28</sup>  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

KATH.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,<sup>32</sup>  
And yet with charity. He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair-play;<sup>36</sup>  
His own opinion was his law; i' the presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;<sup>40</sup>  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

GRIF.

Noble madam,<sup>44</sup>  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

KATH.

Yes, good Griffith,  
I were malicious else.

GRIF.

This cardinal,<sup>48</sup>

Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;<sup>52</sup>  
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that sought him sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—  
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,<sup>56</sup>  
He was most princely. Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;<sup>60</sup>  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;<sup>64</sup>  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATH.

After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.<sup>72</sup>

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!  
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:76  
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.80

*[Sad and solemn music.]*

GRIF.

She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,

For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order, at which,—as it were by inspiration,—she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

KATH.

Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRIF.

Madam, we are here.

KATH.

It is not you I call for:85

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

GRIF.

None, madam.

KATH.

No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces<sup>88</sup>

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

GRIF.

I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams<sup>93</sup>

Possess your fancy.

KATH.

Bid the music leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me.

*[Music ceases.]*

PAT.

Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,<sup>97</sup>

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

GRIF.

She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

PAT.

Heaven comfort her!100

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

An't like your Grace,—

KATH.

You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

GRIF.

You are to blame,

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.104

MESS.

I humbly do entreat your highness pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

KATH.

Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow108

Let me ne'er see again.

*[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

*Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.*

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

CAP.

Madam, the same; your servant.

KATH.

O my lord! 112

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, 116

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. 120

KATH.

O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.

How does his highness?

CAP.

Madam, in good health. 125

KATH.

So may he ever do! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom. Patience, is that letter

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

PAT.

No, madam.129

[*Giving it to Katharine.*

KATH.

Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

CAP.

Most willing, madam.

KATH.

In which I have commended to his goodness132

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature,136

I hope she will deserve well,—and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long141

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—

And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,144

For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em. 148  
The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by: 152  
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world, 156  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.

CAP.

By heaven, I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man! 160

KATH.

I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness:  
Say his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him; 164  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,

You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench, 168  
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,  
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like 172  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.

[*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—

#### ***London. A Gallery In The Palace.***

*Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

GAR.

It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

BOY.

It hath struck.

GAR.

These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!  
Whither so late?

LOV.

Came you from the king, my lord?

GAR.

I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

LOV.

I must to him too,<sup>8</sup>

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

GAR.

Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be

No great offence belongs to't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk—<sup>13</sup>

As they say spirits do—at midnight, have

In them a wilder nature than the business

That seeks dispatch by day.

LOV.

My lord, I love you,<sup>16</sup>

And durst commend a secret to your ear

Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd

She'll with the labour end.

GAR.

The fruit she goes with<sup>20</sup>

I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

LOV.

Methinks I could

Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says<sup>24</sup>

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

Deserve our better wishes.

GAR.

But, sir, sir,

Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman

Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,<sup>29</sup>

'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,

Sleep in their graves.

LOV.

Now, sir, you speak of two<sup>32</sup>

The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,

Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,

With which the time will load him. The archbishop<sup>37</sup>

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

GAR.

Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,  
Sir,—I may tell it you,—I think I have  
Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is—  
For so I know he is, they know he is—44  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd  
Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint,—of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him,—hath commanded  
To-morrow morning to the council-board<sup>51</sup>  
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long: good-night, Sir Thomas!

LOV.

Many good-nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

*[Exeunt Gardiner and Page.]*

*Enter the King and Suffolk.*

K. HEN.

Charles, I will play no more to-night;<sup>56</sup>  
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

SUF.

Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. HEN.

But little, Charles;

Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.<sup>60</sup>

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

LOV.

I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message; who return'd her thanks<sup>64</sup>

In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K HEN.

What sayst thou, ha?

To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

LOV.

So said her woman; and that her sufferance made<sup>68</sup>

Almost each pang a death.

K. HEN.

Alas! good lady.

SUF.

God safely quit her of her burden, and

With gentle travail, to the gladding of

Your highness with an heir!

K. HEN.

'Tis midnight, Charles;<sup>72</sup>

Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that which company

Would not be friendly to.

SUF.

I wish your highness<sup>76</sup>

A quiet night; and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers.

K. HEN.

Charles, good-night.

*[Exit Suffolk.*

*Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*

Well, Sir, what follows?

DEN.

Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,<sup>80</sup>

As you commanded me.

K. HEN.

Ha! Canterbury?

DEN.

Ay, my good lord.

K. HEN.

'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

DEN.

He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. HEN.

Bring him to us.

*[Exit Denny.]*

LOV.

*[Aside.]* This is about that which the bishop spake:84

I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.*

K. HEN.

Avoid the gallery.

*[Lovell seems to stay.]*

Ha! I have said. Begone.

What!—

*[Exeunt Lovell and Denny.]*

CRAN.

I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus?88

'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.

K. HEN.

How now, my lord! You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

CRAN.

*[Kneeling.]* It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. HEN.

Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.<sup>93</sup>

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.

Ah! my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,<sup>96</sup>

And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,<sup>100</sup>

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<sup>104</sup>

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness<sup>108</sup>

Would come against you.

CRAN.

[*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder; for I know<sup>112</sup>

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

K. HEN.

Stand up, good Canterbury:

Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:

Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame, 117

What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd

You would have given me your petition, that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together 120

Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,

Without indurance, further.

CRAN.

Most dread liege,

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies, 124

Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing

What can be said against me.

K. HEN.

Know you not

How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world? 128

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever

The justice and the truth o' the question carries

The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease 132

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you? such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, 136  
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140  
And woo your own destruction.

CRAN.

God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence! or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

K. HEN.

Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail than we give way to. 144  
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary 148  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us 152  
There make before them. Look! the good man weeps;

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul

None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,156

And do as I have bid you. [*Exit*Cranmer.] He has strangled

His language in his tears.

*Enter an* Old Lady.

GENT.

[*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?

OLD L.

I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring160

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings!

K. HEN.

Now, by thy looks

I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

OLD L.

Ay, ay, my liege;165

And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven

Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,

Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen168

Desires your visitation, and to be

Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you

As cherry is to cherry.

K. HEN.

Lovell!

*Re-enter* Lovell.

LOV.

Sir!

K. HEN.

Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

*[Exit.*

OLD L.

A hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.<sup>173</sup>

An ordinary groom is for such payment:

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this the girl was like to him?<sup>176</sup>

I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

*[Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Lobby Before The Council-Chamber.***

*Enter* Cranmer; Pursuivants, Pages, &c., *attending.*

CRAN.

I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me

To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!

Who waits there?

*Enter* Keeper.

Sure, you know me?

KEEP.

Yes, my lord;<sup>4</sup>

But yet I cannot help you.

CRAN.

Why?

KEEP.

Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter* Doctor Butts.

CRAN.

So.

BUTTS.

[*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily: the king<sup>8</sup>

Shall understand it presently.

CRAN.

[*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,

The king's physician. As he past along,

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.

Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,<sup>12</sup>

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—

God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,—

To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,16

'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above, the King and Butts.*

BUTTS.

I'll show your Grace the strangest sight,—

K. HEN.

What's that, Butts?

BUTTS.

I think your highness saw this many a day.20

K. HEN.

Body o' me, where is it?

BUTTS.

There, my lord,

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages, and footboys.

K. HEN.

Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:24

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,—

At least, good manners,—as not thus to suffer28

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:32

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon.

[*Exeunt above.*]

Scene III.—

### ***The Council-Chamber.***

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end as secretary. Keeper at the door.*

CHAN.

Speak to the business, Master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

CROM.

Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

GAR.

Has he had knowledge of it?

CROM.

Yes.

NOR.

Who waits there?4

KEEP.

Without, my noble lords?

GAR.

Yes.

KEEP.

My lord archbishop:

And has done half-an-hour, to know your pleasures.

CHAN.

Let him come in.

KEEP.

Your Grace may enter now.

*[Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.]*

CHAN.

My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry<sup>8</sup>

To sit here at this present and behold

That chair stand empty: but we all are men,

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,<sup>13</sup>

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—<sup>16</sup>

For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,

Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

GAR.

Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer—24

Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honour—this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint<sup>28</sup>

Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRAN.

My good lords, hitherto in all the progress<sup>32</sup>

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my authority

Might go one way, and safely; and the end<sup>36</sup>

Was ever, to do well: nor is there living,—

I speak it with a single heart, my lords,—

A man that more detests, more stirs against,

Both in his private conscience and his place,<sup>40</sup>

Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

Pray heaven the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment<sup>44</sup>  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

SUF.

Nay, my lord,<sup>48</sup>  
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,  
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

GAR.

My lord, because we have business of more moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,<sup>52</sup>  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.<sup>57</sup>

CRAN.

Ah! my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;  
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful. I see your end;<sup>61</sup>  
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win straying souls with modesty again,<sup>64</sup>  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,<sup>68</sup>  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

GAR.

My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;  
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.<sup>72</sup>

CROM.

My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty<sup>76</sup>  
To load a falling man.

GAR.

Good Master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy, you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

CROM.

Why, my lord?

GAR.

Do not I know you for a favourer<sup>80</sup>

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

CROM.

Not sound?

GAR.

Not sound, I say.

CROM.

Would you were half so honest!

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

GAR.

I shall remember this bold language.

CROM.

Do.<sup>84</sup>

Remember your bold life too.

CHAN.

This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

GAR.

I have done.

CROM.

And I.

CHAN.

Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith<sup>88</sup>  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;  
There to remain till the king's further pleasure  
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

ALL.

We are.

CRAN.

Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

GAR.

What other<sup>93</sup>  
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.  
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

CRAN.

For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

GAR.

Receive him,<sup>96</sup>  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

CRAN.

Stay, good my lords;  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;  
By virtue of that ring I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it100

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

CHAN.

This is the king's ring.

SUR.

'Tis no counterfeit.

SUF.

'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

NOR.

Do you think, my lords,105

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

CHAM.

'Tis now too certain:

How much more is his life in value with him?

Would I were fairly out on't.

CROM.

My mind gave me,109

In seeking tales and informations

Against this man—whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at—112

Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

*Enter the King, frowning on them: he takes his seat.*

GAR.

Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious: 116  
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 120  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. HEN.

You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences. 125  
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure 128  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.  
[To Cranmer.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest  
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
By all that's holy, he had better starve 132  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

SUR.

May it please your Grace,—

K. HEN.

No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council; but I find none. 136

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy

At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission 141

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, 144

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;

Which ye shall never have while I live.

CHAN.

Thus far,

My most dread sov'reign, may it like your Grace 148

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—

If there be faith in men—meant for his trial

And fair purgation to the world, than malice, 152

I'm 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 beholding to a subject, I156

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:

Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;160

That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

CRAN.

The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it,164

That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. HEN.

Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?169

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,

Embrace and love this man.

GAR.

With a true heart

And brother-love I do it.

CRAN.

And let heaven172

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. HEN.

Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury<sup>176</sup>

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long

To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;<sup>180</sup>

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—

### ***The Palace-Yard.***

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

PORT.

You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals.

Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good Master porter, I belong to the larder.<sup>5</sup>

PORT.

Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?<sup>12</sup>

MAN.

Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

On May-day morning; which will never be.16

We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

PORT.

How got they in, and be hang'd?

MAN.

Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—20

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 Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any

That had a head to hit, either young or old,25

He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;

And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within.*] Do you hear, Master porter?29

PORT.

I shall be with you presently, good

Master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

MAN.

What would you have me do?32

PORT.

What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.40

MAN.

The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.64

PORT.

These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.72

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

CHAM.

Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:76

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these

Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

PORT.

An't please your honour,80  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:  
An army cannot rule 'em.

CHAM.

As I live,  
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all84  
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;  
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when  
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;88  
They're come already from the christening.  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find  
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.92

PORT.

Make way there for the princess.

MAN.

You great fellow,  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

PORT.

You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail:

I'll pick you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

### ***The Palace.***

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child, richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

GART.

Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!4

*Flourish. Enter King and Train.*

CRAN.

[*Kneeling.*] And to your royal Grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,

Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,8

May hourly fall upon ye!

K. HEN.

Thank you, good lord archbishop:

What is her name?

CRAN.

Elizabeth.

K. HEN.

Stand up, lord.

*[The King kisses the Child.*

With this kiss take my blessing; God protect thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

CRAN.

Amen.<sup>12</sup>

K. HEN.

My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady

When she has so much English.

CRAN.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter<sup>16</sup>

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed: Saba was never<sup>24</sup>

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue

Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good,<sup>28</sup>  
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her;  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;  
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her;  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,<sup>32</sup>  
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her.  
In her days every man shall eat in safety  
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
God shall be truly known; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,<sup>41</sup>  
Her ashes new-create another heir  
As great in admiration as herself,  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,—<sup>44</sup>  
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,—  
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,<sup>48</sup>  
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<sup>52</sup>

Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him; our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. HEN.

Thou speakest wonders.

CRAN.

She shall be, to the happiness of England,<sup>57</sup>  
An aged princess; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more! but she must die,  
She must, the saints must have her, yet a virgin;  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. HEN.

O lord archbishop!<sup>64</sup>  
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That when I am in heaven, I shall desire<sup>68</sup>  
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 receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:<sup>73</sup>

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
He has business at his house; for all shall stay:  
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

## 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've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear  
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, 'That's witty!'  
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear<sup>8</sup>  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;  
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,  
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while<sup>12</sup>  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap  
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.*

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, King of Troy.  
HECTOR, }  
TROILUS, }  
PARIS, } his Sons.  
DEIPHOBUS, }  
HELENUS, }  
MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.  
ÆNEAS, }  
ANTENOR, } Trojan Commanders.  
CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.  
PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.  
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.  
MENELAUS, his Brother.  
ACHILLES, }  
AJAX, } Grecian Commanders.  
ULYSSES, }  
NESTOR, }  
DIOMEDES, } Grecian Commanders.  
PATROCLUS, }  
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.  
ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.  
Servant to Troilus.  
Servant to Paris.  
Servant to Diomedes.  
HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.  
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.  
CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a prophetess.  
CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.  
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene.—*Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

### PROLOGUE.

*In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece*

*The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,*

*Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,*

*Fraught with the ministers and instruments<sup>4</sup>*  
*Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore*  
*Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay*  
*Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made*  
*To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures<sup>8</sup>*  
*The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,*  
*With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.*  
*To Tenedos they come,*  
*And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge*  
*Their war-like fraughtage: now on Dardan plains<sup>13</sup>*  
*The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch*  
*Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,*  
*Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,*  
*And Antenorides, with massy staples<sup>17</sup>*  
*And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,*  
*Sperr up the sons of Troy.*  
*Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,<sup>20</sup>*  
*On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,*  
*Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come*  
*A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence*  
*Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited<sup>24</sup>*  
*In like conditions as our argument,*  
*To tell you, fair beholders, that our play*  
*Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,*  
*Beginning in the middle; starting thence away*

*To what may be digested in a play.*<sup>29</sup>

*Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:*

*Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.*

## ACT I.

### Scene I.—

#### ***Troy. Before Priam's Palace.***

*Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.*

TRO.

Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,<sup>4</sup>

Let him to field; Troilus, alas! has none.

PAN.

Will this gear ne'er be mended?

TRO.

The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength.

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;<sup>8</sup>

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,

And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.<sup>12</sup>

PAN.

Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding. 16

TRO.

Have I not tarried?

PAN.

Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

TRO.

Have I not tarried? 20

PAN.

Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

TRO.

Still have I tarried.

PAN.

Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips. 28

TRO.

Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor! 'when she comes'!—When is she thence? 33

PAN.

Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

TRO.

I was about to tell thee: when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,<sup>37</sup>  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;<sup>40</sup>  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PAN.

An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kins woman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—<sup>49</sup>

TRO.

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep<sup>52</sup>  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;  
Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,<sup>57</sup>  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,<sup>61</sup>

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me<sup>64</sup>  
The knife that made it.

PAN.

I speak no more than truth.

TRO.

Thou dost not speak so much.

PAN.

Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

TRO.

Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!<sup>72</sup>

PAN.

I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between, and between, but small thanks for my labour.<sup>76</sup>

TRO.

What! art thou angry, Pandarus? what! with me?

PAN.

Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

TRO.

Say I she is not fair?<sup>83</sup>

PAN.

I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.88

TRO.

Pandarus,—

PAN.

Not I.

TRO.

Sweet Pandarus,—

PAN.

Pray you, speak no more to me! I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.93

*[Exit Pandarus. An alarum.*

TRO.

Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;97

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus,—O gods! how do you plague me.

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;100

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?104

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:  
Between our Ilium and where she resides  
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;  
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark. 109

*Alarum. Enter Æneas.*

ÆNE.

How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

TRO.

Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,  
For womanish it is to be from thence. 112

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

ÆNE.

That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

TRO.

By whom, Æneas?

ÆNE.

Troilus, by Menelaus.

TRO.

Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;  
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

*[Alarum.*

ÆNE.

Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day! 118

TRO.

Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'

But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?

ÆNE.

In all swift haste.

TRO.

Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Street.***

*Enter Cressida and Alexander.*

CRES.

Who were those went by?

ALEX.

Queen Hecuba and Helen.

CRES.

And whither go they?

ALEX.

Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,8  
And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

CRES.

What was his cause of anger?

ALEX.

The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks12  
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;  
They call him Ajax.

CRES.

Good; and what of him?

ALEX.

They say he is a very man *per se*  
And stands alone.16

CRES.

So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

ALEX.

This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint 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 gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.31

CRES.

But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

ALEX.

They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.<sup>37</sup>

CRES.

Who comes here?

*Enter* Pandarus.

ALEX.

Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

CRES.

Hector's a gallant man.<sup>40</sup>

ALEX.

As may be in the world, lady.

PAN.

What's that? what's that?

CRES.

Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PAN.

Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander.

How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

CRES.

This morning, uncle.<sup>47</sup>

PAN.

What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

CRES.

Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

PAN.

E'en so: Hector was stirring early.52

CRES.

That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN.

Was he angry?

CRES.

So he says here.

PAN.

True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.60

CRES.

What! is he angry too?

PAN.

Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRES.

O Jupiter! there's no comparison.64

PAN.

What! not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man if you see him?

CRES.

Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.68

PAN.

Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

CRES.

Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

PAN.

No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.<sup>73</sup>

CRES.

'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

PAN.

Himself! Alas, poor Troilus, I would he were.<sup>76</sup>

CRES.

So he is.

PAN.

Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

CRES.

He is not Hector.

PAN.

Himself! no, he's not himself. Would a' were himself: well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.<sup>84</sup>

CRES.

Excuse me.

PAN.

He is elder.

CRES.

Pardon me, pardon me.

PAN.

Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't.  
Hector shall not have his wit this year.

CRES.

He shall not need it if he have his own.

PAN.

Nor his qualities.<sup>92</sup>

CRES.

No matter.

PAN.

Nor his beauty.

CRES.

'Twould not become him; his own's better.<sup>96</sup>

PAN.

You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,—for so 'tis I must confess,—not brown neither,—<sup>100</sup>

CRES.

No, but brown.

PAN.

Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRES.

To say the truth, true and not true.<sup>104</sup>

PAN.

She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

CRES.

Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PAN.

So he has.

CRES.

Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.113

PAN.

I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRES.

Then she's a merry Greek indeed.116

PAN.

Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window, and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—120

CRES.

Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PAN.

Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.125

CRES.

Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

PAN.

But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—130

CRES.

Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

PAN.

Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRES.

O! he smiles valiantly.

PAN.

Does he not?136

CRES.

O! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PAN.

Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

CRES.

Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.141

PAN.

Troilus! why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

CRES.

If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.146

PAN.

I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvell's white hand, I must needs confess,—

CRES.

Without the rack.150

PAN.

And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRES.

Alas! poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN.

But there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

CRES.

With millstones.156

PAN.

And Cassandra laughed.

CRES.

But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN.

And Hector laughed.160

CRES.

At what was all this laughing?

PAN.

Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRES.

An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.165

PAN.

They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

CRES.

What was his answer?168

PAN.

Quoth she, 'Here's but one-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

CRES.

This is her question.

PAN.

That's true; make no question of that. 'One-and-fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he; 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.180

CRES.

So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

PAN.

Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.184

CRES.

So I do.

PAN.

I'll be sworn 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

CRES.

And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

*[A retreat sounded.]*

PAN.

Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece, Cressida.

CRES.

At your pleasure.193

PAN.

Here, here; here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.197

CRES.

Speak not so loud.

*Æneaspasses over the stage.*

PAN.

That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.201

*Antenorpasses over.*

CRES.

Who's that?

PAN.

That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.208

CRES.

Will he give you the nod?

PAN.

You shall see.

CRES.

If he do, the rich shall have more.

*Hectorpasses over.*

PAN.

That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?216

CRES.

O! a brave man.

PAN.

Is a' not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!222

CRES.

Be those with swords?

PAN.

Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.227

*Paris crosses over.*

Look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.233

CRES.

Who's that?

*Helenus passes over.*

PAN.

That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.237

CRES.

Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN.

Helenus? no, yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry, 'Troilus?' Helenus is a priest.242

CRES.

What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*Troilus passes over.*

PAN.

Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.

Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave

Troilus! the prince of chivalry!246

CRES.

Peace! for shame, peace!

PAN.

Mark him; note him: O brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helmet more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

CRES.

Here come more.259

*Soldiers pass over.*

PAN.

Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.265

CRES.

There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

PAN.

Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.269

CRES.

Well, well.

PAN.

‘Well, well!’ Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?276

CRES.

Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man’s date’s out.

PAN.

You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.281

CRES.

Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

PAN.

Say one of your watches.288

CRES.

Nay, I’ll watch you for that; and that’s one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it’s past watching.293

PAN.

You are such another!

*Enter* Troilus’ Boy.

BOY.

Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.296

PAN.

Where?

BOY.

At your own house; there he unarms him.

PAN.

Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

CRES.

Adieu, uncle.

PAN.

I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRES.

To bring, uncle?

PAN.

Ay, a token from Troilus.304

CRES.

By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice

He offers in another's enterprise;

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see308

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:  
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this:312  
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet, that ever knew  
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:316  
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:  
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.***

*Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and Others.*

AGAM.

Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That we come short of our suppose so far  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;12  
Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought16  
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,  
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else  
But the protractive trials of great Jove,20  
To find persistive constancy in men:  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In Fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,24  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;28  
And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

NEST.

With due observance of thy god-like seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply32  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way<sup>36</sup>  
With those of nobler bulk!  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,<sup>40</sup>  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,<sup>44</sup>  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness  
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese<sup>48</sup>  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,<sup>53</sup>  
Retorts to chiding fortune.

ULYSS.

Agamemnon,  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,<sup>56</sup>  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all

Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation

The which, [*To*Agamemnon.] most mighty for thy place and sway,60

[*To*Nestor.] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,

I give to both your speeches, which were such

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again64

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree

On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please hoth,68

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

AGAM.

Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips, than we are confident,72

When rank Thersites opes his mastick jaws,

We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

ULYSS.

Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,76

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:

And look, how many Grecian tents do stand

Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.80

When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.<sup>84</sup>  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order:<sup>88</sup>  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,<sup>92</sup>  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,  
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,<sup>97</sup>  
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states<sup>100</sup>  
Quite from their fixure! O! when degree is shak'd,  
Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,  
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,<sup>105</sup>

The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?108  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark! what discord follows; each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:113  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong—116  
Between whose endless jar justice resides—  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;120  
And appetite, a universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce a universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,125  
Follows the choking.  
And this neglect of degree it is  
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd129  
By him one step below, he by the next,

That next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick<sup>132</sup>  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

NEST.

Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

AGAM.

The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,<sup>140</sup>  
What is the remedy?

ULYSS.

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,<sup>144</sup>  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus  
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests,<sup>148</sup>  
And with ridiculous and awkward action—  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on<sup>152</sup>

And, like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—156  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in:—and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,  
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd, 160  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
Cries, 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just. 164  
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he being drest to some oration.'  
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels, like as Vulcan and his wife:—168  
Yet good Achilles still cries, 'Excellent!  
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'  
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age 172  
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,  
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport  
Sir Valour dies; cries, 'O! enough, Patroclus;  
Or give me ribs of steel; I shall split all 177

In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,180  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.184

NEST.

And in the imitation of these twain—  
Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns  
With an imperial voice—many are infect.  
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head188  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites—192  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—  
To match us in comparison with dirt;  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.196

ULYSS.

They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;  
Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,200

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure  
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:204  
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;  
So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls209  
By reason guides his execution.

NEST.

Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons.

[*A tucket.*

AGAM.

What trumpet? look, Menelaus.213

MEN.

From Troy.

*Enter Æneas.*

AGAM.

What would you 'fore our tent?

ÆNE.

Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?216

AGAM.

Even this.

ÆNE.

May one, that is a herald and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

AGAM.

With surety stronger than Achilles' arm<sup>220</sup>

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

ÆNE.

Fair leave and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks<sup>224</sup>

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

AGAM.

How!

ÆNE.

Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush<sup>228</sup>

Modest as morning when she coldly eyes

The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?<sup>232</sup>

AGAM.

This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

ÆNE.

Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:

But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,<sup>237</sup>

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!

Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips!<sup>240</sup>

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.<sup>244</sup>

AGAM.

Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

ÆNE.

Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGAM.

What's your affair, I pray you?

ÆNE.

Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

AGAM.

He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.<sup>249</sup>

ÆNE.

Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,

To set his sense on the attentive bent,<sup>252</sup>

And then to speak.

AGAM.

Speak frankly as the wind:

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

ÆNE.

Trumpet, blow aloud,<sup>256</sup>

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

*[Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy.<sup>260</sup>

A prince called Hector,—Priam is his father,—

Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce

Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak: kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece<sup>265</sup>

That holds his honour higher than his ease,

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,

That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,

That loves his mistress more than in confession,269

With truant vows to her own lips he loves,

And dare avow her beauty and her worth

In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,273

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;276

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 honour him;280

If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

AGAM.

This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;284

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,

That means not, hath not, or is not in love!288

If then one is, or hath, or means to be,

That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

NEST.

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
But if there be not in our Grecian host<sup>293</sup>  
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,<sup>296</sup>  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;  
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,<sup>300</sup>  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

ÆNE.

Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

ULYSS.

Amen.

AGAM.

Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;<sup>304</sup>  
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.  
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,<sup>308</sup>  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

*[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.]*

ULYSS.

Nestor!

NEST.

What says Ulysses?

ULYSS.

I have a young conception in my brain;312

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NEST.

What is't?

ULYSS.

This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up317

In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

NEST.

Well, and how?320

ULYSS.

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NEST.

The purpose is perspicuous even as substance324

Whose grossness little characters sum up:

And, in the publication, make no strain,

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,328  
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,  
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

ULYSS.

And wake him to the answer, think you?332

NEST.

Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,  
That can from Hector bring those honours off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;336  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd  
In this wild action; for the success,340  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen344  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd  
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,348  
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,

As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd  
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,352  
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.356

ULYSS.

Give pardon to my speech:  
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,  
And think perchance they'll sell; if not,360  
The lustre of the better yet to show  
Shall show the better. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honour and our shame in this364  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NEST.

I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

ULYSS.

What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:368  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,372

Why then we did our main opinion crush

In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery;

And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves

Give him allowance as the worthier man,377

For that will physic the great Myrmidon

Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.380

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,

We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still

That we have better men. But, hit or miss,384

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:

Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NEST.

Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;388

And I will give a taste of it forthwith

To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Scene I.—

*A Part Of The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Ajax and Thersites.*

AJAX.

Thersites!

THER.

Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

AJAX.

Thersites!4

THER.

And those boils did run? Say so, did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

AJAX.

Dog!8

THER.

Then would come some matter from him: I see none now.

AJAX.

Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?

Feel, then.

*[Strikes him.]*

THER.

The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

AJAX.

Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.16

THER.

I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!21

AJAX.

Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

THER.

Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?24

AJAX.

The proclamation!

THER.

Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

AJAX.

Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.28

THER.

I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab of Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.33

AJAX.

I say, the proclamation!

THER.

Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that thou barkest at him.

AJAX.

Mistress Thersites!

THER.

Thou shouldst strike him.40

AJAX.

Cobloaf!

THER.

He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

AJAX.

You whoreson cur.

*[Beating him.]*

THER.

Do, do.45

AJAX.

Thou stool for a witch!

THER.

Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

AJAX.

You dog!

THER.

You scurvy lord!56

AJAX.

You cur!

*[Beating him.]*

THER.

Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

ACHIL.

Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you this?60

How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

THER.

You see him there, do you?

ACHIL.

Ay; what's the matter?

THER.

Nay, look upon him.64

ACHIL.

So I do: what's the matter?

THER.

Nay, but regard him well.

ACHIL.

'Well!' why, so I do.

THER.

But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.69

ACHIL.

I know that, fool.

THER.

Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX.

Therefore I beat thee.<sup>72</sup>

THER.

Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.<sup>80</sup>

ACHIL.

What?

THER.

I say, this Ajax,—

[*Ajax offers to strike him.*]

ACHIL.

Nay, good Ajax.

THER.

Has not so much wit—<sup>84</sup>

ACHIL.

Nay, I must hold you.

THER.

As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

ACHIL.

Peace, fool!88

THER.

I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

AJAX.

O thou damned cur! I shall—92

ACHIL.

Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THER.

No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

PATR.

Good words, Thersites.96

ACHIL.

What's the quarrel?

AJAX.

I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.100

THER.

I serve thee not.

AJAX.

Well, go to, go to.

THER.

I serve here voluntary.

ACHIL.

Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.107

THER.

Even so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.112

ACHIL.

What, with me too, Thersites?

THER.

There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.117

ACHIL.

What, what?

THER.

Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!120

AJAX.

I shall cut out your tongue.

THER.

'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

PATR.

No more words, Thersites; peace!124

THER.

I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

ACHIL.

There's for you, Patroclus.

THER.

I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

PATR.

A good riddance.132

ACHIL.

Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy

To morrow morning call some knight to arms

That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare137

Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX.

Farewell. Who shall answer him?

ACHIL.

I know not: it is put to lottery; otherwise,140

He knew his man.

AJAX.

O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***Troy. A Room InPriam'SPalace.***

*EnterPriam, Hector, Troilus, Paris,andHelenus.*

PRI.

After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,<sup>4</sup>  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,  
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?

HECT.

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,<sup>8</sup>  
As far as toucheth my particular,  
Yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,<sup>12</sup>  
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'  
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches<sup>16</sup>  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,<sup>21</sup>  
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit's in that reason which denies<sup>24</sup>

The yielding of her up?

TRO.

Fie, fie! my brother,

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king

So great as our dread father in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

The past proportion of his infinite?<sup>29</sup>

And buckle in a waist most fathomless

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!<sup>32</sup>

HEL.

No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him so?<sup>36</sup>

TRO.

You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;

You know a sword employ'd is perilous,<sup>40</sup>

And reason flies the object of all harm:

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels,<sup>44</sup>

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,  
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour  
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts<sup>48</sup>  
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

HECT.

Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
The holding.

TRO.

What is aught but as 'tis valu'd?

HECT.

But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry<sup>56</sup>  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes that is inclinable  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit.<sup>60</sup>

TRO.

I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores<sup>64</sup>

Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour.<sup>68</sup>  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant  
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective sink  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds—old wranglers—took a truce  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd,<sup>76</sup>  
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,<sup>81</sup>  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,—<sup>84</sup>  
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'—  
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—  
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
And cry'd 'Inestimable!'—why do you now<sup>88</sup>  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,

And do a deed that Fortune never did,  
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land? O! theft most base,  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!<sup>93</sup>  
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,  
That in their country did them that disgrace  
We fear to warrant in our native place.<sup>96</sup>

CAS.

[*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRI.

What noise? what shriek?

TRO.

'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice

CAS.

[*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

HECT.

It is Cassandra.<sup>100</sup>

*Enter Cassandra, raving.*

CAS.

Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECT.

Peace, sister, peace!

CAS.

Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,104

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,

Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;109

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*

HECT.

Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains113

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot that no discourse of reason,116

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,120

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel

Which hath our several honours all engag'd<sup>124</sup>  
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 us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain.<sup>129</sup>

PAR.

Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings as your counsels;  
But I attest the gods, your full consent<sup>132</sup>  
Gave wings to my propension and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project:  
For what, alas! can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,<sup>136</sup>  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,<sup>140</sup>  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

PRT.

Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall;<sup>144</sup>  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

PAR.

Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasure such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape<sup>148</sup>  
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,<sup>152</sup>  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party<sup>156</sup>  
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd  
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,<sup>160</sup>  
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HECT.

Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;  
And on the cause and question now in hand<sup>164</sup>  
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conduce<sup>168</sup>

To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves<sup>173</sup>  
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? if this law<sup>176</sup>  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation<sup>180</sup>  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws<sup>184</sup>  
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion<sup>188</sup>  
Is this, in way of truth; yet, ne'ertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.<sup>193</sup>

TRO.

Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:  
Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood<sup>197</sup>  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,<sup>200</sup>  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize us;  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory<sup>204</sup>  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action  
For the wide world's revenue.

HECT.

I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst<sup>208</sup>  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.  
I was advertis'd their great general slept  
Whilst emulation in the army crept:<sup>212</sup>  
This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter Thersites.*

THER.

How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O! thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have; which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!<sup>24</sup>

*Enter Patroclus.*

PATR.

Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

THER.

If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?<sup>37</sup>

PATR.

What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

THER.

Ay; the heavens hear me!<sup>40</sup>

*Enter Achilles.*

ACHIL.

Who's there?

PATR.

Thersites, my lord.

ACHIL.

Where, where? Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

THER.

Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?48

PATR.

Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THER.

Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?52

PATR.

Thou mayst tell that knowest.

ACHIL.

O! tell, tell.

THER.

I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

PATR.

You rascal!

THER.

Peace, fool! I have not done.60

ACHIL.

He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

THER.

Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.<sup>65</sup>

ACHIL.

Derive this; come.

THER.

Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

PATR.

Why am I a fool?<sup>72</sup>

THER.

Make that demand to the Creator. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

ACHIL.

Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

[*Exit.*

THER.

Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigone on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, *and* Ajax.

AGAM.

Where is Achilles?<sup>84</sup>

PATR.

Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

AGAM.

Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:88

Let him be told so; lest perchance he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

PATR.

I shall say so to him.

*[Exit.*

ULYSS.

We saw him at the opening of his tent:92

He is not sick.

AJAX.

Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us a cause. A word, my lord.

*[Takes Agamemnon aside.*

NEST.

What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYSS.

Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.101

NEST.

Who, Thersites?

ULYSS.

He.

NEST.

Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument. 105

ULYSS.

No; you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

NEST.

All the better; their faction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

ULYSS.

The amity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus. 112

*Re-enter* Patroclus.

NEST.

No Achilles with him.

ULYSS.

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure. 116

PATR.

Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry

If any thing more than your sport and pleasure

Did move your greatness and this noble state

To call upon him; he hopes it is no other 120

But, for your health and your digestion sake,

An after-dinner's breath.

AGAM.

Hear you, Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,

Cannot outfly our apprehensions.<sup>125</sup>

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,

Not virtuously on his own part beheld,<sup>128</sup>

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin<sup>132</sup>

If you do say we think him over-proud

And under-honest, in self-assumption greater

Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself<sup>135</sup>

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And underwrite in an observing kind

His humorous predominance; yea, watch

His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if<sup>140</sup>

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

That if he overhold his price so much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report: 145

‘Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:’

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant: tell him so. 148

PATR.

I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

AGAM.

In second voice we’ll not be satisfied;

We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit*Ulysses.

AJAX.

What is he more than another? 152

AGAM.

No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX.

Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAM.

No question. 156

AJAX.

Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

AGAM.

No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 161

AJAX.

Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

AGAM.

Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.169

AJAX.

I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

NEST.

[*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?173

*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 dispose176

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

AGAM.

Why will he not upon our fair request

Untent his person and share the air with us?

ULYSS.

Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,181

He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,  
And speaks not to himself but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse, 185  
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages  
And batters down himself: what should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it 189  
Cry 'No recovery.'

AGAM.

Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and meet him in his tent:  
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 192  
At your request a little from himself.

ULYSS.

O Agamemnon! let it not be so.  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord 196  
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminat himself, shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he? 201  
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,204

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride,

And add more coals to Cancer when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.209

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder, 'Achilles go to him.'

NEST.

[*Aside.*] O! this is well; he rubs the vein of him.213

DIO.

[*Aside.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

AJAX.

If I go to him, with my armed fist216

I'll pash him o'er the face.

AGAM.

O, no! you shall not go.

AJAX.

An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.

Let me go to him.220

ULYSS.

Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX.

A paltry, insolent fellow!

NEST.

[*Aside.*] How he describes himself!

AJAX.

Can he not be sociable?224

ULYSS.

[*Aside.*] The raven chides blackness.

AJAX.

I'll let his humours blood.

AGAM.

[*Aside.*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.228

AJAX.

An all men were o' my mind,—

ULYSS.

[*Aside.*] Wit would be out of fashion.

AJAX.

A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?232

NEST.

[*Aside.*] An't would, you'd carry half.

ULYSS.

[*Aside.*] A' would have ten shares.

AJAX.

I will knead him; I will make him supple.

NEST.

[*Aside.*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.238

ULYSS.

[*To Agamemnon.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

NEST.

Our noble general, do not do so.240

DIO.

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSS.

Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

NEST.

Wherefore should you so?244

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

ULYSS.

Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX.

A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!248

NEST.

What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

ULYSS.

If he were proud,—

DIO.

Or covetous of praise,—

ULYSS.

Ay, or surly borne,—252

DIO.

Or strange, or self-affected!

ULYSS.

Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature<sup>256</sup>

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,<sup>260</sup>

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor

Instructed by the antiquary times,<sup>265</sup>

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,<sup>269</sup>

But be as Ajax.

AJAX.

Shall I call you father?

ULYSS.

Ay, my good son.

DIO.

Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

ULYSS.

There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles<sup>272</sup>

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,<sup>277</sup>

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAM.

Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Troy. Priam's Palace.***

*Enter Pandarus and a Servant.*

PAN.

Friend! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

SERV.

Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PAN.

You depend upon him, I mean?4

SERV.

Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

PAN.

You depend upon a noble gentleman;

I must needs praise him.

SERV.

The Lord be praised!8

PAN.

You know me, do you not?

SERV.

Faith, sir, superficially.

PAN.

Friend, know me better. I am the

Lord Pandarus.12

SERV.

I hope I shall know your honour better.

PAN.

I do desire it.

SERV.

You are in the state of grace.16

PAN.

Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this?

SERV.

I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.<sup>21</sup>

PAN.

Know you the musicians?

SERV.

Wholly, sir.

PAN.

Who play they to?<sup>24</sup>

SERV.

To the hearers, sir.

PAN.

At whose pleasure, friend?

SERV.

At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

PAN.

Command, I mean, friend.<sup>28</sup>

SERV.

Who shall I command, sir?

PAN.

Friend, we understand not one another:

I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?<sup>32</sup>

SERV.

That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him the mortal Venus, the heartblood of beauty, love's invisible soul.<sup>36</sup>

PAN.

Who, my cousin Cressida?

SERV.

No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

PAN.

It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.<sup>44</sup>

SERV.

Sodden business: there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

*Enter Paris and Helen, attended.*

PAN.

Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measures, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!<sup>50</sup>

HELEN.

Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN.

You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

PAR.

You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.<sup>57</sup>

PAN.

Truly, lady, no.

HELEN.

O, sir!

PAN.

Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.61

PAR.

Well said, my lord! Well, you say so in fits.

PAN.

I have business to my lord, dear queen.

My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?65

HELEN.

Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PAN.

Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord. My dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

HELEN.

My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—73

PAN.

Go to, sweet queen, go to: commends himself most affectionately to you.

HELEN.

You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PAN.

Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.80

HELEN.

And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PAN.

Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words: no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

HELEN.

My Lord Pandarus,—88

PAN.

What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?

PAR.

What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?92

HELEN.

Nay, but my lord,—

PAN.

What says my sweet queen! My cousin will fall out with you. You must know where he sups.96

PAR.

I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

PAN.

No, no, no such matter; you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.100

PAR.

Well, I'll make excuse.

PAN.

Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

PAR.

I spy.104

PAN.

You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

HELEN.

Why, this is kindly done.

PAN.

My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.109

HELEN.

She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

PAN.

He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.113

HELEN.

Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

PAN.

Come, come, I'll hear no more of this.

I'll sing you a song now.117

HELEN.

Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PAN.

Ay, you may, you may.120

HELEN.

Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PAN.

Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

PAR.

Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.125

PAN.

In good troth, it begins so:

[*Sings.*]

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!  
For, oh! love's bow<sup>128</sup>  
Shoots buck and doe:  
The shaft confounds,  
Not that it wounds,  
But tickles still the sore.<sup>132</sup>  
These lovers cry O! O! they die!  
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
Doth turn O! O! to ha! ha! he!  
So dying love lives still:<sup>136</sup>  
O! O! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
O! O! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

HELEN.

In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.141

PAR.

He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.145

PAN.

Is this the generation of love? hot blood? hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?149

PAR.

Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?153

HELEN.

He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

PAN.

Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PAR.

To a hair.

PAN.

Farewell, sweet queen. 160

HELEN.

Commend me to your niece.

PAN.

I will, sweet queen.

*[Exit. A retreat sounded.]*

PAR.

They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you 164

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel

Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more 168

Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

HELEN.

'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 172

Yea, overshines ourself.

PAR.

Sweet, above thought I love thee.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same.*** Pandarus' ***Orchard.***

*Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.*

PAN.

How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

BOY.

No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter Troilus.*

PAN.

O! here he comes. How now, how now!

TRO.

Sirrah, walk off.

*[Exit Boy.]*

PAN.

Have you seen my cousin?

TRO.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks<sup>9</sup>

Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transportance to those fields

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds<sup>12</sup>

Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus!  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid.

PAN.

Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit.*

TRO.

I am giddy, expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense. What will it be  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed<sup>20</sup>  
Love's thrice-repured nectar? death, I fear me,  
Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:<sup>24</sup>  
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.<sup>28</sup>

*Re-enter* Pandarus.

PAN.

She's making her ready: she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit.*

TRO.

Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom;

My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;<sup>36</sup>

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unawares encountering

The eye of majesty.

*Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.*

PAN.

Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

TRO.

You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN.

Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

*[Exit.]*

CRES.

Will you walk in, my lord?

TRO.

O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus!<sup>64</sup>

CRES.

Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

TRO.

What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRES.

More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TRO.

Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.<sup>73</sup>

CRES.

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.<sup>77</sup>

TRO.

O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRES.

Nor nothing monstrous neither?<sup>80</sup>

TRO.

Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.<sup>88</sup>

CRES.

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?<sup>95</sup>

TRO.

Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.105

CRES.

Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter* Pandarus.

PAN.

What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet?108

CRES.

Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PAN.

I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.113

TRO.

You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

PAN.

Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.120

CRES.

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day

For many weary months.

TRO.

Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?124

CRES.

Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—

If I confess much you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but, till now, not so much128

But I might master it: in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us132

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege136

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.141

TRO.

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

PAN.

Pretty, i' faith.

CRES.

My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:145

I am asham'd: O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TRO.

Your leave, sweet Cressid?148

PAN.

Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

CRES.

Pray you, content you.

TRO.

What offends you, lady?

CRES.

Sir, mine own company.152

TRO.

You cannot shun yourself.

CRES.

Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,156

To be another's fool. I would be gone:

Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.

TRO.

Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

CRES.

Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;160

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,

Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.164

TRO.

O! that I thought it could be in a woman—

As if it can I will presume in you—

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,168

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays:

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you172

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

How were I then uplifted! but, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity,176

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRES.

In that I'll war with you.

TRO.

O virtuous fight!

When right with right wars who shall be most right.

True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rimes, 181

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, 184

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited, 188

'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse

And sanctify the numbers.

CRES.

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot itself, 192

When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,

And mighty states characterless are grated

To dusty nothing, yet let memory, 196

From false to false, among false maids in love

Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said 'as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,

As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,200

Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;'

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,

'As false as Cressid.'

PAN.

Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, Amen.212

TRO.

Amen.

CRES.

Amen.

PAN.

Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!220

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

### ***The Grecian Camp.***

*Enter* Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

CAL.

Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind  
That through the sight I bear in things to come,  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,<sup>5</sup>  
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
And here, to do you service, have become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,<sup>13</sup>  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.<sup>16</sup>

AGAM.

What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CAL.

You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—<sup>20</sup>  
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor  
I know is such a wrest in their affairs  
That their negociations all must slack,<sup>24</sup>  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost

Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence<sup>28</sup>  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

AGAM.

Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,<sup>32</sup>  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

DIO.

This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden<sup>36</sup>  
Which I am proud to bear.

*[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.]*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.*

ULYSS.

Achilles stands in the entrance of his tent:  
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,<sup>40</sup>  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me  
Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him:  
If so, I have derision med'cinable<sup>44</sup>

To use between your strangeness and his pride,

Which his own will shall have desire to drink.

It may do good: pride hath no other glass

To show itself but pride, for supple knees<sup>48</sup>

Feed arrogance and are the poor man's fees.

AGAM.

We'll execute your purpose, and put on

A form of strangeness as we pass along:

So do each lord, and either greet him not,<sup>52</sup>

Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

ACHIL.

What! comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind; I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.<sup>56</sup>

AGAM.

What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

NEST.

Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHIL.

No.

NEST.

Nothing, my lord.<sup>60</sup>

AGAM.

The better.

*[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.]*

ACHIL.

Good day, good day.

MEN.

How do you? how do you?

*[Exit.]*

ACHIL.

What! does the cuckold scorn me?<sup>64</sup>

AJAX.

How now, Patroclus?

ACHIL.

Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX.

Ha?

ACHIL.

Good morrow.<sup>68</sup>

AJAX.

Ay, and good next day too.

*[Exit.]*

ACHIL.

What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATR.

They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;<sup>72</sup>

To come as humbly as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

ACHIL.

What! am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others<sup>77</sup>

As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man, for being simply man,<sup>80</sup>

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him, as places, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,<sup>84</sup>

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy<sup>88</sup>

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:<sup>92</sup>

I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

ULYSS.

Now, great Thetis' son!

ACHIL.

What are you reading?

ULYSS.

A strange fellow here

Writes me,

*That man, how dearly ever parted,*

*How much in having, or without or in,<sup>97</sup>*

*Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,*

*Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;*

*As when his virtues shining upon others<sup>100</sup>*

*Heat them, and they retort that heat again*

*To the first giver.*

ACHIL.

This is not strange, Ulysses!

The beauty that is borne here in the face

The bearer knows not, but commends itself<sup>104</sup>

To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself—

That most pure spirit of sense—behold itself,

Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd

Salutes each other with each other's form;<sup>108</sup>

For speculation turns not to itself

Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there

Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

ULYSS.

I do not strain at the position, 112

It is familiar, but at the author's drift;

Who in his circumstance expressly proves

That no man is the lord of any thing—

Though in and of him there be much consisting—116

Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates 120

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately 124

The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,

That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use! 128

What things again most dear in the esteem

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men do; 132

While some men leave to do.

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride, 136  
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords! why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 140  
And great Troy shrinking.

ACHIL.

I do believe it; for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me  
Good word or look: what! are my deeds forgot?

ULYSS.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, 145  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd 148  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail 152  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow  
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons 156  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost;160  
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'errun and trampled on: then what they do in present,  
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;164  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,168  
And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,172  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,176  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object:180  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,184  
And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent;  
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,189  
And drave great Mars to faction.

ACHIL.

Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

ULYSS.

But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroical.192  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

ACHIL.

Ha! known!

ULYSS.

Is that a wonder?196  
The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,200  
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery—with whom relation

Durst never meddle—in the soul of state,  
Which hath an operation more divine<sup>204</sup>  
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.  
All the commerce that you have had with Troy  
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;  
And better would it fit Achilles much<sup>208</sup>  
To throw down Hector than Polyxena;  
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,  
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,<sup>213</sup>  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'  
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*

PATR.

To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.<sup>217</sup>  
A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:  
They think my little stomach to the war<sup>221</sup>  
And your great love to me restrains you thus.  
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,<sup>225</sup>

Be shook to air.

ACHIL.

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATR.

Ay; and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACHIL.

I see my reputation is at stake;228

My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

PATR.

O! then, beware;

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;232

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACHIL.

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him236

T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat

To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;240

To talk with him and to behold his visage,

Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

*Enter Thersites.*

THER.

A wonder!

ACHIL.

What?244

THER.

Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

ACHIL.

How so?

THER.

He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

ACHIL.

How can that be?252

THER.

Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like a hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies, 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.269

ACHIL.

Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

THER.

Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.276

ACHIL.

To him, Patroclus: tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cætera. Do this.

PATR.

Jove bless great Ajax!284

THER.

Hum!

PATR.

I come from the worthy Achilles,—

THER.

Ha!

PATR.

Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—289

THER.

Hum!

PATR.

And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.292

THER.

Agamemnon!

PATR.

Ay, my lord.

THER.

Ha!

PATR.

What say you to't?296

THER.

God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PATR.

Your answer, sir.

THER.

If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.301

PATR.

Your answer, sir.

THER.

Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACHIL.

Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THER.

No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.309

ACHIL.

Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THER.

Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.313

ACHIL.

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

THER.

Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***Troy. A Street.***

*Enter, on one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch; on the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and Others, with torches.*

PAR.

See, ho! who is that there?

DEI.

It is the Lord Æneas.

ÆNE.

Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business4

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

DIO.

That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

PAR.

A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein<sup>8</sup>

You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,

Did haunt you in the field.

ÆNE.

Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce;

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance<sup>12</sup>

As heart can think or courage execute.

DIO.

The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health!

But when contention and occasion meet,<sup>16</sup>

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

ÆNE.

And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

With his face backward. In humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,<sup>21</sup>

Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill more excellently.<sup>24</sup>

DIO.

We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,<sup>28</sup>  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

ÆNE.

We know each other well.

DIO.

We do; and long to know each other worse.

PAR.

This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,<sup>32</sup>  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early?

ÆNE.

I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

PAR.

His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek<sup>36</sup>  
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,  
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us. I constantly do think—<sup>40</sup>  
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:

Rouse him and give him note of our approach,

With the whole quality wherefore: I fear<sup>44</sup>

We shall be much unwelcome.

ÆNE.

That I assure you:

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece

Than Cressid borne from Troy.

PAR.

There is no help;

The bitter disposition of the time<sup>48</sup>

Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

ÆNE.

Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

PAR.

And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,<sup>52</sup>

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best—

Myself or Menelaus?

DIO.

Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her—

Not making any scruple of her soilure—<sup>56</sup>

With such a hell of pain and world of charge,

And you as well to keep her that defend her—  
Not palating the taste of her dishonour—  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:60  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:64  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;  
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

PAR.

You are too bitter to your country-woman.

DIO.

She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:68  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight  
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,72  
She hath not given so many good words breath  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PAR.

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;76  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.  
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Court Before Pandarus' House.***

*Enter Troilus and Cressida.*

TRO.

Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

CRES.

Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down:

He shall unbolt the gates.

TRO.

Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,<sup>4</sup>

And give as soft attachment to thy senses

As infants' empty of all thought!

CRES.

Good morrow then.

TRO.

I prithee now, to bed.

CRES.

Are you aweary of me?

TRO.

O Cressida! but that the busy day,<sup>8</sup>

Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,

I would not from thee.

CRES.

Night hath been too brief.

TRO.

Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays<sup>12</sup>

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRES.

Prithee, tarry:

You men will never tarry.<sup>16</sup>

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,

And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

PAN.

[*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?

TRO.

It is your uncle.<sup>20</sup>

CRES.

A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life!

*Enter Pandarus.*

PAN.

How now, how now! how go maiden-heads?

Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?<sup>24</sup>

CRES.

Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

PAN.

To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do?28

CRES.

Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

PAN.

Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

CRES.

Did not I tell you? 'would he were knock'd o' the head!

*[Knocking within.]*

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.36

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TRO.

Ha, ha!

CRES.

Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.

*[Knocking within.]*

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

*[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.]*

PAN.

[*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door?  
How now! what's the matter?<sup>45</sup>

*Enter* Æneas.

ÆNE.

Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PAN.

Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,  
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

ÆNE.

Is not Prince Troilus here?<sup>49</sup>

PAN.

Here! what should he do here?

ÆNE.

Come, he is here, my lord: do not deny him: it doth import him much to speak with  
me.<sup>53</sup>

PAN.

Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in  
late. What should he do here?<sup>56</sup>

ÆNE.

Who! nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're 'ware. You'll be so true  
to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.<sup>60</sup>

*Re-enter* Troilus.

TRO.

How now! what's the matter?

ÆNE.

My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,  
My matter is so rash: there is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,<sup>64</sup>  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand<sup>68</sup>  
The Lady Cressida.

TRO.

Is it so concluded?

ÆNE.

By Priam, and the general state of Troy:  
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

TRO.

How my achievements mock me!<sup>72</sup>  
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,  
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

ÆNE.

Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.<sup>76</sup>  
[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

PAN.

Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?

The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!80

*Enter*Cressida.

CRES.

How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

PAN.

Ah! ah!

CRES.

Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PAN.

Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!88

CRES.

O the gods! what's the matter?

PAN.

Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!93

CRES.

Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

PAN.

Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.100

CRES.

O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PAN.

Thou must.

CRES.

I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;104

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;109

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

PAN.

Do, do.113

CRES.

Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. Before Pandarus' House.***

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.*

PAR.

It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd  
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,<sup>4</sup>  
And haste her to the purpose.

TRO.

Walk into her house;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus<sup>8</sup>  
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

*[Exit.*

PAR.

I know what 'tis to love;  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!  
Please you walk in, my lords.

*[Exeunt*

Scene IV.—

***The Same. A Room In Pandarus' House.***

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

PAN.

Be moderate, be moderate.

CRES.

Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And violenteth in a sense as strong<sup>4</sup>

As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection,

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,

The like allayment could I give my grief: <sup>8</sup>

My love admits no qualifying dross;

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter Troilus.*

PAN.

Here, here, here he comes. Ah! sweet ducks.

CRES.

[*Embracing him.*] O Troilus! Troilus!

PAN.

What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,—

O heart, heavy heart, <sup>16</sup>  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

when he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart  
By friendship nor by speaking. <sup>20</sup>

Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, <sup>24</sup>

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,

More bright in zeal than the devotion which

Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

CRES.

Have the gods envy?28

PAN.

Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

CRES.

And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TRO.

A hateful truth.

CRES.

What! and from Troilus too?

TRO.

From Troy and Troilus.

CRES.

Is it possible?32

TRO.

And suddenly; where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents36

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.41

Injurious time now with a robber's haste

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,44

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears.48

ÆNE.

[*Within.*] My lord, is the lady ready?

TRO.

Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so

Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

PAN.

Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit.*

CRES.

I must then to the Grecians?

TRO.

No remedy.

CRES.

A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!56

When shall we see again?

TRO.

Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart,—

CRES.

I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

TRO.

Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:61

I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart;64

But, 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

CRES.

O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers68

As infinite as imminent; but I'll be true.

TRO.

And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

CRES.

And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TRO.

I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,72

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

CRES.

O heavens! 'be true' again!

TRO.

Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;<sup>76</sup>

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas! a kind of godly jealousy,—<sup>80</sup>

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,—

Makes me afear'd.

CRES.

O heavens! you love me not.

TRO.

Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question<sup>84</sup>

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:<sup>88</sup>

But I can tell that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil

That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

CRES.

Do you think I will?<sup>92</sup>

TRO.

No.

But something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.<sup>97</sup>

ÆNE.

[*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

TRO.

Come, kiss; and let us part.

PAR.

[*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

TRO.

Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.<sup>100</sup>

CRES.

My lord, will you be true?

TRO.

Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;<sup>104</sup>

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit

Is plain, and true; there's all the reach of it.

*Enter* Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady<sup>109</sup>

Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,

And by the way possess thee what she is.<sup>112</sup>

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilion.

DIO.

Fair Lady Cressid,<sup>116</sup>

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

TRO.

Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,<sup>121</sup>

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee

In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises<sup>124</sup>

As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,

I'll cut thy throat.

DIO.

O! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:

Let me be privileg'd by my place and message

To be a speaker free; when I am hence,

I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord, 132

I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth

She shall be priz'd; but that you say 'be't so,'

I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, 'no.'

TRO.

Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. 137

Lady, give me your hand, and, as you walk,

To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

*[Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes. Trumpet sounded.]*

PAR.

Hark! Hector's trumpet.

ÆNE.

How have we spent this morning!

The prince must think me tardy and remiss, 141

That swore to ride before him to the field.

PAR.

'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

DEI.

Let us make ready straight.144

ÆNE.

Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie

On his fair worth and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.—

***The Grecian Camp. Lists Set Out.***

*Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and Others.*

AGAM.

Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air<sup>4</sup>

May pierce the head of the great combatant

And hale him hither.

AJAX.

Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek<sup>8</sup>

Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

ULYSS.

No trumpet answers.

ACHIL.

'Tis but early days.12

AGAM.

Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

ULYSS.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.16

*Enter*Diomedes,*with*Cressida.

AGAM.

Is this the Lady Cressid?

DIO.

Even she.

AGAM.

Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NEST.

Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSS.

Yet is the kindness but particular;20

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

NEST.

And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.

So much for Nestor.

ACHIL.

I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:24

Achilles bids you welcome.

MEN.

I had good argument for kissing once.

PATR.

But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,28

And parted thus you and your argument.

ULYSS.

O, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

PATR.

The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:32

Patroclus kisses you.

MEN.

O! this is trim.

PATR.

Paris and I, kiss evermore for him.

MEN.

I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

CRES.

In kissing, do you render or receive?36

PATR.

Both take and give.

CRES.

I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

MEN.

I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.40

CRES.

You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

MEN.

An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

CRES.

No, Paris is not; for, you know 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.44

MEN.

You fillip me o' the head.

CRES.

No, I'll be sworn.

ULYSS.

It were no match, your nail against his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRES.

You may.

ULYSS.

I do desire it.

CRES.

Why, beg, then.48

ULYSS.

Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

CRES.

I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

ULYSS.

Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.52

DIO.

Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

NEST.

A woman of quick sense.

ULYSS.

Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out56

At every joint and motive of her body.

O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every tickling reader, set them down<sup>61</sup>  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity  
And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*

ALL.

The Trojans' trumpet.

AGAM.

Yonder comes the troop.<sup>64</sup>

*Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.*

ÆNE.

Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done  
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose  
A victor shall be known? will you the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity<sup>68</sup>  
Pursue each other, or shall be divided  
By any voice or order of the field?  
Hector bade ask.

AGAM.

Which way would Hector have it?

ÆNE.

He cares not; he'll obey conditions.<sup>72</sup>

ACHIL.

'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deal misprising  
The knight oppos'd.

ÆNE.

If not Achilles, sir.  
What is your name?

ACHIL.

If not Achilles, nothing.<sup>76</sup>

ÆNE.

Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this:  
In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
The one almost as infinite as all,<sup>80</sup>  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:  
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;<sup>84</sup>  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

ACHIL.

A maiden battle, then? O! I perceive you.

*Re-enter* Diomedes.

AGAM.

Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,88  
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it; either to the uttermost,  
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin92  
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.  
[AjaxandHectorenter the lists.

ULYSS.

They are oppos'd already.

AGAM.

What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

ULYSS.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight:96  
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:  
His heart and hand both open and both free;100  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;104  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects; but he in heat of action  
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

They call him Troilus, and on him erect<sup>108</sup>

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.<sup>112</sup>

*[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.]*

AGAM.

They are in action.

NEST.

Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TRO.

Hector, thou sleep'st; awake thee!

AGAM.

His blows are well dispos'd: there, Ajax!

DIO.

You must no more.

*[Trumpets cease.]*

ÆNE.

Princes, enough, so please you.<sup>116</sup>

AJAX.

I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

DIO.

As Hector pleases.

HECT.

Why, then will I no more:

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;120

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say, 'This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg125

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's,' by Jove multipotent,128

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword133

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax;

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

AJAX.

I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death. 140

HECT.

Not Neoptolemus so mirable,  
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st byes  
Cries, 'This is he!' could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

ÆNE.

There is expectance here from both the sides, 145  
What further you will do.

HECT.

We'll answer it;  
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

AJAX.

If I might in entreaties find success,—  
As seld I have the chance,—I would desire 149  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

DIO.

'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

HECT.

Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin; 156

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

AJAX.

Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

HECT.

The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes<sup>160</sup>

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGAM.

Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome; understand more clear,

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks<sup>165</sup>

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,<sup>168</sup>

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

HECT.

I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAM.

[*To Troilus.*] My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no less to you.<sup>172</sup>

MEN.

Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:

You brace of war-like brothers, welcome hither.

HECT.

Whom must we answer?

ÆNE.

The noble Menelaus.

HECT.

O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!176

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;

Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

MEN.

Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.180

HEC.

O! pardon; I offend.

NEST.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,184

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th' air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;188

That I have said to some my standers-by,

'Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,192

Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;196

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

ÆNE.

'Tis the old Nestor.200

HECT.

Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

NEST.

I would my arms could match thee in contention,204

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

HECT.

I would they could.

NEST.

Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.208

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.—

ULYSS.

I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HECT.

I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

ULYSS.

Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:216  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

HECT.

I must not believe you:220  
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,224  
Will one day end it.

ULYSS.

So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome.  
After the general, I beseech you next

To feast with me and see me at my tent.228

ACHIL.

I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;

I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,

And quoted joint by joint.

HECT.

Is this Achilles?232

ACHIL.

I am Achilles.

HECT.

Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

ACHIL.

Behold thy fill.

HECT.

Nay, I have done already.

ACHIL.

Thou art too brief: I will the second time,236

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECT.

O! like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACHIL.

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body<sup>241</sup>  
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?  
That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach whereout<sup>244</sup>  
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

HECT.

It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question. Stand again:  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly<sup>248</sup>  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture  
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHIL.

I tell thee, yea.

HECT.

Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;<sup>256</sup>  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never—

AJAX.

Do not chafe thee, cousin:

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,<sup>260</sup>

Till accident or purpose bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.<sup>264</sup>

HECT.

I pray you, let us see you in the field;

We have had pelting wars since you refus'd

The Grecians' cause.

ACHIL.

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;<sup>268</sup>

To-night all friends.

HECT.

Thy hand upon that match.

AGAM.

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive we afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall<sup>272</sup>

Concur together, severally entreat him.

Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

*[Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.]*

TRO.

My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

ULYSS.

At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view<sup>281</sup>  
On the fair Cressid.

TRO.

Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,<sup>284</sup>  
To bring me thither?

ULYSS.

You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That wails her absence?<sup>288</sup>

TRO.

O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Scene I.—

*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

ACHIL.

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

PATR.

Here comes Thersites.

*Enter Thersites.*

ACHIL.

How now, thou core of envy!<sup>4</sup>  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

THER.

Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.<sup>8</sup>

ACHIL.

From whence, fragment?

THER.

Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

PATR.

Who keeps the tent now?

THER.

The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.13

PATR.

Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

THER.

Prithee, be silent, boy: I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.18

PATR.

Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

THER.

Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!28

PATR.

Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

THER.

Do I curse thee?

PATR.

Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.33

THER.

No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

PATR.

Out, gall!40

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,<sup>44</sup>  
A token from her daughter, my fair love,  
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.<sup>49</sup>  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus!<sup>52</sup>

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

THER.

With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, to what form but that he is should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits and fires!<sup>74</sup>

*Enter* Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, *and* Diomedes, *with lights.*

AGAM.

We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX.

No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

HECT.

I trouble you.76

AJAX.

No, not a whit.

ULYSS.

Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter Achilles.*

ACHIL.

Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

AGAM.

So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good-night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.80

HECT.

Thanks and good-night to the Greeks' general.

MEN.

Good-night, my lord.

HECT.

Good-night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

THER.

Sweet draught: 'sweet,' quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.85

ACHIL.

Good-night and welcome both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

AGAM.

Good-night.88

*[Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.]*

ACHIL.

Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIO.

I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. Good-night, great Hector.92

HECT.

Give me your hand.

ULYSS.

*[Aside to Troilus.]* Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.

I'll keep you company.

TRO.

Sweet sir, you honour me.

HECT.

And so, good-night.96

*[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.]*

ACHIL.

Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* Achilles, Hector, Ajax, *and* Nestor.

THER.

That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. Before Calchas' Tent.***

*Enter* Diomedes.

DIO.

What, are you up here, ho! speak.

CAL.

[*Within.*] Who calls?

DIO.

Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

CAL.

[*Within.*] She comes to you.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter* Troilus *and* Ulysses, *at a distance; after them* Thersites.

ULYSS.

Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter* Cressida.

TRO.

Cressid comes forth to him.

DIO.

How now, my charge!

CRES.

Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a word with you.

*[Whispers.]*

TRO.

Yea, so familiar!<sup>8</sup>

ULYSS.

She will sing any man at first sight.

THER.

And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

DIO.

Will you remember?<sup>12</sup>

CRES.

Remember! yes.

DIO.

Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TRO.

What should she remember?<sup>16</sup>

ULYSS.

List!

CRES.

Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THER.

Roguery!

DIO.

Nay, then,—

CRES.

I'll tell you what,—20

DIO.

Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

CRES.

In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

THER.

A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

DIO.

What did you swear you would bestow on me?24

CRES.

I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

DIO.

Good-night.

TRO.

Hold, patience!28

ULYSS.

How now, Trojan?

CRES.

Diomed,—

DIO.

No, no, good-night; I'll be your fool no more.

TRO.

Thy better must.

CRES.

Hark! one word in your ear.<sup>32</sup>

TRO.

O plague and madness!

ULYSS.

You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;<sup>36</sup>

The time right deadly. I beseech you, go.

TRO.

Behold, I pray you!

ULYSS.

Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

TRO.

I pray thee, stay.

ULYSS.

You have not patience; come.<sup>40</sup>

TRO.

I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

DIO.

And so, good-night.

CRES.

Nay, but you part in anger.

TRO.

Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

ULYSS.

Why, how now, lord!

TRO.

By Jove,<sup>44</sup>

I will be patient.

CRES.

Guardian!—why, Greek!

DIO.

Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

CRES.

In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

ULYSS.

You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?<sup>48</sup>

You will break out.

TRO.

She strokes his cheek!

ULYSS.

Come, come.

TRO.

Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while.<sup>52</sup>

THER.

How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

DIO.

But will you, then?<sup>56</sup>

CRES.

In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

DIO.

Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRES.

I'll fetch you one.

*[Exit*

ULYSS.

You have sworn patience.

TRO.

Fear me not, sweet lord;60

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

*Re-enter*Cressida.

THER.

Now the pledge! now, now, now!

CRES.

Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.64

TRO.

O beauty! where is thy faith?

ULYSS.

My lord,—

TRO.

I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRES.

You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't to me again.68

DIO.

Whose was't?

CRES.

It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THER.

Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!<sup>72</sup>

DIO.

I shall have it.

CRES.

What, this?

DIO.

Ay, that.

CRES.

O! all you gods. O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives me norial dainty kisses to it,<sup>77</sup>

As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

DIO.

I had your heart before; this follows it.

TRO.

I did swear patience.<sup>81</sup>

CRES.

You shall not have it, Diomed; faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

DIO.

I will have this. Whose was it?

CRES.

'Tis no matter.

DIO.

Come, tell me whose it was.<sup>85</sup>

CRES.

'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

DIO.

Whose was it?

CRES.

By all Diana's waiting-women yond,<sup>88</sup>

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIO.

To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TRO.

Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,<sup>92</sup>

It should be challeng'd.

CRES.

Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not:

I will not keep my word.

DIO.

Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.96

CRES.

You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

DIO.

I do not like this fooling.

THER.

Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not me

Pleases me best.100

DIO.

What, shall I come? the hour?

CRES.

Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

DIO.

Farewell till then.

CRES.

Good-night: I prithee, come.—

[*Exit*Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,104

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex; this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads must err. O! then conclude

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.109

[*Exit.*

THER.

A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said, 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

ULYSS.

All's done, my lord.

TRO.

It is.

ULYSS.

Why stay we, then?

TRO.

To make a recordation to my soul113

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?116

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calumniate.121

Was Cressid here?

ULYSS.

I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TRO.

She was not, sure.

ULYSS.

Most sure she was.

TRO.

Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.124

ULYSS.

Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

TRO.

Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,128

For depravation, to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

ULYSS.

What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

TRO.

Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THER.

Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?133

TRO.

This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony, 136  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against itself; 140  
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight 144  
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate  
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle 148  
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.  
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:  
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd; 153  
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques 156  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

ULYSS.

May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

TRO.

Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well<sup>160</sup>

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,<sup>164</sup>

So much by weight hate I her Diomed;

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,<sup>169</sup>

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.<sup>173</sup>

THER.

He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TRO.

O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,<sup>176</sup>

And they'll seem glorious.

ULYSS.

O! contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter* Æneas.

ÆNE.

I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy: 180

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TRO.

Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! 184

ULYSS.

I'll bring you to the gates.

TRO.

Accept distracted thanks.

*[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.]*

THER.

Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus would give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!

*[Exit.]*

Scene III.—

***Troy. Before Priam's Palace.***

*Enter Hector and Andromache.*

AND.

When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECT.

You train me to offend you; get you in:4

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

AND.

My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

HECT.

No more, I say.

*Enter*Cassandra.

CAS.

Where is my brother Hector?

AND.

Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.8

Consort with me in loud and dear petition;

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.12

CAS.

O! 'tis true.

HECT.

Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

CAS.

No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

HECT.

Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

CAS.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows: 16

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

AND.

O! be persuaded: do not count it holy

To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity.

CAS.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold. 24

Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECT.

Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man

Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter Troilus.*

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day? 29

AND.

Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* Cassandra.

HECT.

No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:32

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.36

TRO.

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

HECT.

What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

TRO.

When many times the captive Grecian falls,40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

You bid them rise, and live.

HECT.

O! 'tis fair play.

TRO.

Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECT.

How now! how now!

TRO.

For the love of all the gods,<sup>44</sup>  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.<sup>48</sup>

HECT.

Fie, savage, fie!

TRO.

Hector, then 'tis wars.

HECT.

Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TRO.

Who should withhold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars<sup>52</sup>  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,<sup>56</sup>  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

*Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.*

CAS.

Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,60

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

PRI.

Come, Hector, come; go back:

Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself64

Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

To tell thee that this day is ominous:

Therefore, come back.

HECT.

Æneas is a-field;

And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,68

Even in the faith of valour, to appear

This morning to them.

PRI.

Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HECT.

I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,72

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.76

HECT.

Andromache, I am offended with you:

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* Andromache.

TRO.

This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.

CAS.

O farewell! dear Hector.80

Look! how thou diest; look! how thy eye turns pale;

Look! how thy wounds do bleed at many vents:

Hark! how Troy roars: how Hecuba cries out!

How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,85

Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

TRO.

Away! Away!88

CAS.

Farewell. Yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*

HECT.

You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.

Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight;

Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.<sup>93</sup>

PRI.

Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

TRO.

They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.<sup>96</sup>

*As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.*

PAN.

Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

TRO.

What now?

PAN.

Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

TRO.

Let me read.<sup>100</sup>

PAN.

A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there?<sup>108</sup>

TRO.

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.

*[Tearing the letter.]*

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.

My love with words and errors still she feeds,

But edifies another with her deeds.113

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene IV.—

***Between Troy And The Grecian Camp.***

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Thersites.*

THER.

Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.20

*Enter Diomedes, Troilus following.*

TRO.

Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

DIO.

Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.<sup>24</sup>

Have at thee!

THER.

Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

*[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.]*

*Enter Hector.*

HECT.

What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?<sup>28</sup>

Art thou of blood and honour?

THER.

No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

HECT.

I do believe thee: live.

*[Exit.]*

THER.

God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

*[Exit.]*

Scene V.—

### ***Another Part Of The Plains.***

*Enter Diomedes and a Servant.*

DIO.

Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:

Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,<sup>4</sup>

And am her knight by proof.

SERV.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Agamemnon.

AGAM.

Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas

Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon

Hath Doreus prisoner,<sup>8</sup>

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,

Upon the pashed corpses of the kings

Epistrophus and Cedius; Polixenes is slain;

Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;<sup>12</sup>

Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes

Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary

Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,

To reinforcement, or we perish all.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter* Nestor.

NEST.

Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;

And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.

There is a thousand Hectors in the field:

Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,<sup>20</sup>  
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,  
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls  
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:  
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes,  
Dexterity so obeying appetite  
That what he will he does; and does so much  
That proof is called impossibility.<sup>29</sup>

*Enter Ulysses.*

ULYSS.

O! courage, courage, princes; great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,<sup>33</sup>  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,<sup>36</sup>  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution,  
Engaging and redeeming of himself  
With such a careless force and forceless care<sup>40</sup>  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter Ajax.*

AJAX.

Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

*[Exit.*

DIO.

Ay, there, there.

NEST.

So, so, we draw together.

*Enter Achilles.*

ACHIL.

Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;45

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

*[Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—

***Another Part Of The Plains.***

*Enter Ajax.*

AJAX.

Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

*Enter Diomedes.*

DIO.

Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

AJAX.

What wouldst thou?

DIO.

I would correct him.

AJAX.

Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office<sup>4</sup>

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

*Enter* Troilus.

TRO.

O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor!

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

DIO.

Ha! art thou there?<sup>8</sup>

AJAX.

I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

DIO.

He is my prize; I will not look upon.

TRO.

Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both!

*[Exeunt, fighting.]*

*Enter* Hector.

HECT.

Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!<sup>12</sup>

*Enter* Achilles.

ACHIL.

Now I do see thee. Ha! have at thee, Hector!

HECT.

Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHIL.

I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use:16

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*

HECT.

Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,20

Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

*Re-enter* Troilus.

TRO.

Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too,24

Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!

I reckon not though I end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*

*Enter One in sumptuous armour.*

HECT.

Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;28

I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene VII.—

***Another Part Of The Plains.***

*Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.*

ACHIL.

Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:

And when I have the bloody Hector found,4

Empale him with your weapons round about;

In fellest manner execute your aims.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:

It is decreed, Hector the great must die.8

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting; then Thersites.*

THER.

The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!  
now, my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: 'ware  
horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

*Enter Margarelon.*

MAR.

Turn, slave, and fight.

THER.

What art thou?

MAR.

A bastard son of Priam's. 16

THER.

I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

[*Exit.*

MAR.

The devil take thee, coward!

[*Exit.*

Scene VIII.—

***Another Part Of The Plains.***

*Enter Hector.*

HECT.

Most putrefied core, so fair without,

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

*[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.]*

*Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.*

ACHIL.

Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;<sup>5</sup>  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.<sup>8</sup>

HECT.

I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHIL.

Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.

*[Hector falls.]*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.<sup>12</sup>  
On! Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,  
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'—

*[A retreat sounded.]*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

MYR.

The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.<sup>16</sup>

ACHIL.

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,  
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.  
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.—

*[Sheathes his sword.]*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;21

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IX.—

***Another Part Of The Plains.***

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and Others marching. Shouts within.*

AGAM.

Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NEST.

Peace, drums!

*[Within.]* Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIO.

The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX.

If it be so, yet bragless let it be;4

Great Hector was a man as good 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,8

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

*[Exeunt marching.]*

Scene X.—

***Another Part Of The Plains.***

*Enter Æneas and Trojans.*

ÆNE.

Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter Troilus.*

TRO.

Hector is slain.

ALL.

Hector! the gods forbid!

TRO.

He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,<sup>4</sup>

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,<sup>8</sup>

And linger not our sure destructions on!

ÆNE.

My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TRO.

You understand me not that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;<sup>12</sup>  
But dare all imminence that gods and men  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
Let him that will a screech-owl eye be call'd<sup>16</sup>  
Go in to Troy, and say there Hector's dead:  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,<sup>20</sup>  
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:  
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.  
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,<sup>25</sup>  
I'll through and through you! And, thou great-siz'd coward,  
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,<sup>28</sup>  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.  
[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojan Forces.*  
*As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.*  
PAN.  
But hear you, hear you!<sup>32</sup>

TRO.

Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*

PAN.

A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see!—41

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;  
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,<sup>44</sup>  
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,<sup>48</sup>  
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;  
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,<sup>52</sup>  
Some two months hence my will shall here be made.  
It should be now, but that my fear is this,  
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.  
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;<sup>56</sup>  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases

[*Exit.*

## CORIOLANUS

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS,	afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
TITUS LARTIUS, }	Generals against the Volscians.
COMINIUS, }	
MENENIUS AGRIPPA,	Friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, }	Tribunes of the People.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }	
YOUNG MARCIUS,	Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.	
TULLUS AUFIDIUS,	General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.	
Conspirators with Aufidius.	
NICANOR,	a Roman.
A Citizen of Antium.	
ADRIAN,	a Volsce.
Two Volscian Guards.	
VOLUMNIA,	Mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA,	Wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA,	Friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.	
Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.	

Scene.—*Rome and the Neighbourhood; Corioli and the Neighbourhood; Antium.*

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.—

#### ***Rome. A Street.***

*Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

FIRST CIT.

Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

ALL.

Speak, speak.

FIRST CIT.

You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?5

ALL.

Resolved, resolved.

FIRST CIT.

First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.8

ALL.

We know't, we know't.

FIRST CIT.

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

ALL.

No more talking on't; let it be done.

Away, away!13

SEC. CIT.

One word, good citizens.

FIRST CIT.

We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.26

SEC. CIT.

Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

FIRST CIT.

Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

SEC. CIT.

Consider you what services he has done for his country?<sup>32</sup>

FIRST CIT.

Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

SEC. CIT.

Nay, but speak not maliciously.<sup>36</sup>

FIRST CIT.

I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.<sup>42</sup>

SEC. CIT.

What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.<sup>45</sup>

FIRST CIT.

If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

ALL.

Come, come.

FIRST CIT.

Soft! who comes here?<sup>52</sup>

*Enter* Menenius Agrippa.

SEC. CIT.

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

FIRST CIT.

He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!<sup>56</sup>

MEN.

What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

FIRST CIT.

Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.<sup>64</sup>

MEN.

Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

FIRST CIT.

We cannot, sir; we are undone already.<sup>68</sup>

MEN.

I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants,

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them<sup>72</sup>

Against the Roman state, whose course will on

The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever

Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,

The gods, not the patricians, make it, and<sup>77</sup>

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!

You are transported by calamity

Thither where more attends you; and you slander<sup>80</sup>

The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

FIRST CIT.

Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MEN.

Either you must<sup>92</sup>

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;

But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To scale't a little more.<sup>97</sup>

FIRST CIT.

Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver.<sup>100</sup>

MEN.

There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:

That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,<sup>104</sup>

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister<sup>108</sup>

Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

FIRST CIT.

Well, sir, what answer made the belly? 112

MEN.

Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—  
For, look you, I may make the belly smile  
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied 116  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators for that  
They are not such as you.

FIRST CIT.

Your belly's answer? What!  
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye, 121  
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps 124  
In this our fabric, if that they—

MEN.

What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks! what then? what then?

FIRST CIT.

Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

MEN.

Well, what then?128

FIRST CIT.

The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer?

MEN.

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small, of what you have little,

Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

FIRST CIT.

You're long about it.

MEN.

Note me this, good friend;133

Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,

'That I receive the general food at first,137

Which you do live upon; and fit it is;

Because I am the store-house and the shop

Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,141

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins  
From me receive that natural competency<sup>145</sup>  
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,  
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—

FIRST CIT.

Ay, sir; well, well.

MEN.

'Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each,<sup>149</sup>  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to't?

FIRST CIT.

It was an answer: how apply you this?<sup>153</sup>

MEN.

The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members; for, examine  
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly<sup>156</sup>  
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive  
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,  
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,<sup>160</sup>  
You, the great toe of this assembly?

FIRST CIT.

I the great toe? Why the great toe?

MEN.

For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,  
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: 164  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,  
Lead'st first to win some vantage.

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;  
The one side must have bale.

*Enter Caius Marcius.*

Hail, noble Marcius!

MAR.

Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

FIRST CIT.

We have ever your good word.

MAR.

He that will give good words to thee will flatter 173  
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,  
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, 176  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is, 180  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness  
Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that 184  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?  
With every minute you do change a mind, 188  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,  
That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who, 192  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

MEN.

For corn at their own rates; whereof they say  
The city is well stor'd.

MAR.

Hang 'em! They say! 196  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out  
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

And feebling such as stand not in their liking,  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!<sup>202</sup>  
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high<sup>205</sup>  
As I could pick my lance.

MEN.

Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,<sup>208</sup>  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop?

MAR.

They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!  
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs:  
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;<sup>212</sup>  
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not  
Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,  
And a petition granted them, a strange one,—  
To break the heart of generosity,<sup>217</sup>  
And make bold power look pale,—they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

MEN.

What is granted them?

MAR.

Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,221

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time225

Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes

For insurrection's arguing.

MEN.

This is strange.

MAR.

Go; get you home, you fragments!228

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

MESS.

Where's Caius Marcius?

MAR.

Here: what's the matter?

MESS.

The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

MAR.

I am glad on't; then we shall ha' means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.232

*Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.*

FIRST SEN.

Marcus, 'tis true that you have lately told us;

The Volscians are in arms.

MAR.

They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility,<sup>236</sup>

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

COM.

You have fought together.

MAR.

Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make<sup>240</sup>

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

FIRST SEN.

Then, worthy Marcus,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM.

It is your former promise.

MAR.

Sir, it is;<sup>244</sup>

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TIT.

No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,248

Ere stay behind this business.

MEN.

O! true-bred.

FIRST SEN.

Your company to the Capitol; where I know

Our greatest friends attend us.

TIT.

[*To Cominius.*] Lead you on:

[*To Marcius.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;252

Right worthy you priority.

COM.

Noble Marcius!

FIRST SEN.

[*To the Citizens.*] Hence! to your homes! be gone.

MAR.

Nay, let them follow:

The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,

Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.257

[*Exeunt* Senators, Cominius, Marcius, Titus, *and* Menenius. Citizens *steal away*.

SIC.

Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

BRU.

He has no equal.

SIC.

When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—260

BRU.

Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

SIC.

Nay, but his taunts.

BRU.

Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

SIC.

Bemock the modest moon.

BRU.

The present wars devour him; he is grown 264

Too proud to be so valiant.

SIC.

Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded 268

Under Cominius.

BRU.

Fame, at the which he aims,  
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot  
Better be held nor more attain'd than by  
A place below the first; for what miscarries<sup>272</sup>  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O! if he  
Had borne the business.'

SIC.

Besides, if things go well,<sup>276</sup>  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

BRU.

Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults<sup>280</sup>  
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed  
In aught he merit not.

SIC.

Let's hence and hear  
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity, he goes<sup>284</sup>  
Upon this present action.

BRU.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***Corioli. The Senate-house.***

*Enter* Tullus Aufidius *and* Senators.

FIRST SEN.

So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,  
And know how we proceed.

AUF.

Is it not yours?  
What ever have been thought on in this state,<sup>4</sup>  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is.<sup>8</sup>

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known*

*Whether for east, or west: the dearth is great;*

*The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,*

*Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,—<sup>12</sup>*

*Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—*

*And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,*

*These three lead on this preparation*

*Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:* 16

*Consider of it.*

FIRST SEN.

Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready

To answer us.

AUF.

Nor did you think it folly

To keep your great pretences veil'd till when<sup>20</sup>

They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery

We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was

To take in many towns ere almost Rome<sup>24</sup>

Should know we were afoot.

SEC. SEN.

Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission; hie you to your bands;

Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before's, for the remove<sup>28</sup>

Bring up your army; but, I think you'll find

They've not prepared for us.

AUF.

O! doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more;

Some parcels of their power are forth already,<sup>32</sup>

And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike

Till one can do no more.

ALL.

The gods assist you!36

AUF.

And keep your honours safe!

FIRST SEN.

Farewell.

SEC. SEN.

Farewell.

ALL.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***Rome. A Room In Marcius' SHouse.***

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on two low stools and sew.*

VOL.

I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee,

daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.19

VIR.

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

VOL.

Then, his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.28

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

GEN.

Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIR.

Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

VOL.

Indeed, you shall not.32

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,

As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:

'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome.' His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,

Like to a harvestman that's task'd to mow40

Or all or lose his hire.

VIR.

His bloody brow! O Jupiter! no blood.

VOL.

Away, you fool! it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,<sup>44</sup>

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian swords, contemning. Tell Valeria

We are fit to bid her welcome.<sup>48</sup>

[*Exit Gentlewoman.*

VIR.

Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOL.

He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with Valeria and an Usher.*

VAL.

My ladies both, good day to you.<sup>52</sup>

VOL.

Sweet madam.

VIR.

I am glad to see your ladyship.

VAL.

How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?<sup>58</sup>

VIR.

I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

VOL.

He had rather see the swords and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.61

VAL.

O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammocked it!

VOL.

One on's father's moods.72

VAL.

Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

VIR.

A crack, madam.

VAL.

Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.77

VIR.

No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VAL.

Not out of doors!

VOL.

She shall, she shall.80

VIR.

Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

VOL.

Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.86

VIR.

I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

VOL.

Why, I pray you?

VIR.

'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.91

VAL.

You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.97

VIR.

No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

VAL.

In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.101

VIR.

O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VAL.

Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.104

VIR.

Indeed, madam?

VAL.

In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.113

VIR.

Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

VOL.

Let her alone, lady: as she is now she will but disease our better mirth.117

VAL.

In troth, I think she would. Fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.121

VIR.

No, at a word, madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

VAL.

Well then, farewell.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene IV.—

### ***Before Corioli.***

*Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

MAR.

Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

LART.

My horse to yours, no.

MAR.

'Tis done.

LART.

Agreed.

MAR.

Say, has our general met the enemy?

MESS.

They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.<sup>4</sup>

LART.

So the good horse is mine.

MAR.

I'll buy him of you.

LART.

No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

MAR.

How far off lie these armies?

MESS.

Within this mile and half.<sup>8</sup>

MAR.

Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.<sup>12</sup>

*A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

FIRST SEN.

No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

*[Drums afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,16

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!

*[Alarum afar off.*

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes20

Amongst your cloven army.

MAR.

O! they are at it!

LART.

Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

*The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.*

MAR.

They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight24

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,

Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,28

And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius.*

MAR.

All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd<sup>32</sup>  
Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!<sup>36</sup>  
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and ague'd fear! Mend and charge home,  
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe  
And make my wars on you; look to 't: come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,<sup>41</sup>  
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

*Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and Marcius follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them,<sup>44</sup>

Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

*[He enters the gates.]*

FIRST SOL.

Foolhardiness! not I.

SEC. SOL.

NOR I.

[*Marcus* *shut in*.

THIRD SOL.

See, they have shut him in.

ALL.

To the pot, I warrant him.

[*Alarum continues*.

*Re-enter* Titus Lartius.

LART.

What is become of Marcus?

ALL.

Slain, sir, doubtless.<sup>48</sup>

FIRST SOL.

Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

LART.

O noble fellow!<sup>52</sup>

Who, sensibly, outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcus:  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible<sup>57</sup>  
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<sup>60</sup>  
Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter* Marcius, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

FIRST SOL.

Look, sir!

LART.

O! 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

*[They fight, and all enter the city.]*

Scene V.—

### ***Corioli. A Street.***

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

FIRST ROM.

This will I carry to Rome.

SEC. ROM.

And I this.

THIRD ROM.

A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

*[Alarum continues still ajar off.]*

*Enter* Marcius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a trumpet.*

MAR.

See here these movers that do prize their hours<sup>4</sup>  
At a crack'd drachme! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!<sup>8</sup>  
And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city,<sup>12</sup>  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

LART.

Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight.

MAR.

Sir, praise me not;<sup>16</sup>  
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

LART.

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,<sup>20</sup>  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

MAR.

Thy friend no less  
Than those she places highest! So, farewell.<sup>24</sup>

LART.

Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[*Exit* Marcius.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind. Away!<sup>28</sup>

[*Exeunt*.

Scene VI.—

***Near The Camp Of* Cominius.**

*Enter* Cominius *and Forces, retreating.*

COM.

Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off  
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,<sup>4</sup>  
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard  
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!  
Lead their successes as we wish our own,  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,<sup>8</sup>

May give you thankful sacrifice.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news?

MESS.

The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,

And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:

I saw our party to their trenches driven,<sup>12</sup>

And then I came away.

COM.

Though thou speak'st truth,

Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

MESS.

Above an hour, my lord.

COM.

'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:<sup>16</sup>

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,

And bring thy news so late?

MESS.

Spies of the Volsces

Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel

Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,<sup>20</sup>

Half an hour since brought my report.

COM.

Who's yonder,

That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have

Before-time seen him thus.

MAR.

[*Within.*] Come I too late?<sup>24</sup>

COM.

The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue

From every meaner man.

*Enter* Marcius.

MAR.

Come I too late?

COM.

Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,<sup>28</sup>

But mantled in your own.

MAR.

O! let me clip ye

In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart

As merry as when our nuptial day was done,

And tapers burn'd to bedward.

COM.

Flower of warriors.<sup>32</sup>

How is't with Titus Lartius?

MAR.

As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;<sup>36</sup>  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

COM.

Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?<sup>40</sup>  
Where is he? Call him hither.

MAR.

Let him alone;  
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,  
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge<sup>44</sup>  
From rascals worse than they.

COM.

But how prevail'd you?

MAR.

Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.  
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?<sup>48</sup>

COM.

Marcus, we have at disadvantage fought,

And did retire to win our purpose.

MAR.

How lies their battle? Know you on which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

COM.

As I guess, Marcus, 52

Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,

Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,

Their very heart of hope.

MAR.

I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought, 56

By the blood we have shed together, by the vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;

And that you not delay the present, but, 60

Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,

We prove this very hour.

COM.

Though I could wish

You were conducted to a gentle bath,

And balms applied to you, yet dare I never 64

Deny your asking: take your choice of those

That best can aid your action.

MAR.

Those are they

That most are willing. If any such be here—

As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear<sup>69</sup>

Lesser his person than an ill report;

If any think brave death outweighs bad life,

And that his country's dearer than himself;<sup>72</sup>

Let him, alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O! me alone? Make you a sword of me?<sup>76</sup>

If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volsces? None of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number,<sup>80</sup>

Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd.

COM.

March on, my fellows:85

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.—

***The Gates Of Corioli.***

Titus Lartius,*having set a guard upon Corioli,going with drum and trumpet towards Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

LART.

So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve

For a short holding: if we lose the field,4

We cannot keep the town.

LIEU.

Fear not our care, sir.

LART.

Hence, and shut your gates upon us.

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VIII.—

***A Field Of Battle Between The Roman And The Volscian Camps.***

*Alarum. Enter from opposite sides Marcius and Aufidius.*

MAR.

I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUF.

We hate alike:  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.<sup>4</sup>

MAR.

Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

AUF.

If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloo me like a hare.

MAR.

Within these three hours, Tullus,<sup>8</sup>  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd; 'tis not my blood  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUF.

Wert thou the Hector<sup>12</sup>

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,

Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Aufidius.]*

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me

In your condemned seconds.<sup>16</sup>

*[Exeunt fighting, all driven in by Marcius.]*

Scene IX.—

### ***The Roman Camp.***

*Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter from one side, Cominius and Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

COM.

If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,

Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,<sup>4</sup>

I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,

Shall say, against their hearts,<sup>8</sup>

'We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!'

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,

Having fully din'd before.

*Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.*

LART.

O general,

Here is the steed, we the caparison:12

Hadst thou beheld—

MAR.

Pray now, no more: my mother,

Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me grieves me. I have done

As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd

As you have been; that's for my country:17

He that has but effected his good will

Hath overta'en mine act.

COM.

You shall not be

The grave of your deserving; Rome must know

The value of her own: 'twere a concealment21

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,—25

In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done,—before our army hear me.

MAR.

I have some wounds upon me, and they smart28

To hear themselves remember'd.

COM.

Should they not.

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all<sup>32</sup>  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution,  
At your only choice.

MAR.

I thank you, general;<sup>36</sup>  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.<sup>40</sup>

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

MAR.

May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing!<sup>44</sup>  
When steel grows soft as is the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!  
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd

My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,  
Which, without note, here's many else have done,<sup>49</sup>  
You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical;  
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted<sup>52</sup>  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

COM.

Too modest are you;  
More cruel to your good report than grateful  
To us that give you truly. By your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,  
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,<sup>57</sup>  
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,  
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Bear<sup>65</sup>

The addition nobly ever!

ALL.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.]*

COR.

I will go wash;68

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.

I mean to stride your steed, and at all times

To undercrest your good addition72

To the fairness of my power.

COM.

So, to our tent;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write

To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,

Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome76

The best, with whom we may articulate,

For their own good and ours.

LART.

I shall, my lord.

COR.

The gods begin to mock me. I, that now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg80

Of my lord general.

COM.

Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?

COR.

I sometime lay here in Corioli

At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;84  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

COM.

O! well begg'd!  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should88  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

LART.

Marcus, his name?

COR.

By Jupiter! forgot.  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.  
Have we no wine here?

COM.

Go we to our tent:92  
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene X.—

### ***The Camp Of The Volsces.***

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

AUF.

The town is ta'en!

FIRST SOL.

'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

AUF.

Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,<sup>4</sup>

Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me,<sup>8</sup>

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat. By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his: mine emulation<sup>12</sup>

Hath not that honour in't it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force—

True sword to sword—I'll potch at him some way

Or wrath or craft may get him.

FIRST SOL.

He's the devil.<sup>16</sup>

AUF.

Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him

Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,<sup>20</sup>  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;  
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must<sup>28</sup>  
Be hostages for Rome.

FIRST SOL.

Will not you go?

AUF.

I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—  
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither  
How the world goes, that to the pace of it<sup>32</sup>  
I may spur on my journey.

FIRST SOL.

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Scene I.—

***Rome. A Public Place.***

*Enter* Menenius, Sicinius, *and* Brutus.

MEN.

The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

BRU.

Good or bad?

MEN.

Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.<sup>5</sup>

SIC.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

MEN.

Pray you, who does the wolf love?<sup>8</sup>

SIC.

The lamb.

MEN.

Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

BRU.

He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.<sup>13</sup>

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.<sup>16</sup>

*SIC.*

Well, sir.

*BRU.*

Well, sir.

MEN.

In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

BRU.

He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.<sup>21</sup>

SIC.

Especially in pride.

BRU.

And topping all others in boasting.

MEN.

This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?<sup>26</sup>

BOTH.

Why, how are we censured?

MEN.

Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

BOTH.

Well, well, sir; well.<sup>30</sup>

MEN.

Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRU.

We do it not alone, sir.<sup>37</sup>

MEN.

I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. O! that you could.<sup>45</sup>

BRU.

What then, sir?

MEN.

Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates—alias fools—as any in Rome.<sup>49</sup>

SIC.

Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MEN.

I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?<sup>73</sup>

BRU.

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

MEN.

You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the

controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.90

BRU.

Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.93

MEN.

Our very priests must become mockers if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

*Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?111

VOL.

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

MEN.

Ha! Marcius coming home?

VOL.

Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.116

MEN.

Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*VOL.*

Nay, 'tis true.

*VIR.*

Nay, 'tis true.

*VOL.*

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

*MEN.*

I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me! 124

*VIR.*

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

*MEN.*

A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricitic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 133

*VIR.*

O! no, no, no.

*VOL.*

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

*MEN.*

So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a' victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

*VOL.*

On 's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland. 140

*MEN.*

Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOL.

Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.143

MEN.

And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?148

VOL.

Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.153

VAL.

In troth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

MEN.

Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.157

VIR.

The gods grant them true!

VOL.

True! pow, wow.

MEN.

True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. [*To Volumnia.*] Where is he wounded?164

VOL.

I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.168

MEN.

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

VOL.

He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 172

MEN.

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

VOL.

These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: 178

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;

Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

HER.

Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,

With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows Coriolanus. 184

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*]

ALL.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

COR.

No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

COM.

Look, sir, your mother!

COR.

O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods<sup>189</sup>

For my prosperity.

*[Kneels.*

VOL.

Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—<sup>192</sup>

What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?

But O! thy wife!—

COR.

My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,<sup>197</sup>

And mothers that lack sons.

MEN.

Now, the gods crown thee!

COR.

And live you yet? *[To Valeria.]* O my sweet lady, pardon.

VOL.

I know not where to turn: O! welcome home;200

And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.

MEN.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome.

A curse begnaw at very root on 's heart204

That is not glad to see thee! You are three

That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors!208

We call a nettle but a nettle, and

The faults of fools but folly.

COM.

Ever right.

COR.

Menenius, ever, ever.

HER.

Give way there, and go on!

COR.

[*To Volumnia and Valeria.*] Your hand, and yours:212

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

VOL.

I have liv'd<sup>216</sup>

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy: only

There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

COR.

Know, good mother,<sup>220</sup>

I had rather be their servant in my way

Than sway with them in theirs.

COM.

On, to the Capitol!

*[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.]*

BRU.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights<sup>224</sup>

Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,<sup>228</sup>

Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd

With variable complexions, all agreeing<sup>231</sup>

In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
Commit the war of white and damask in  
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil  
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother<sup>237</sup>  
As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
Were slily crept into his human powers,  
And gave him graceful posture.

SIC.

On the sudden<sup>240</sup>  
I warrant him consul.

BRU.

Then our office may,  
During his power, go sleep.

SIC.

He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin and end, but will  
Lose those he hath won.

BRU.

In that there's comfort.<sup>245</sup>

SIC.

Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,  
But they upon their ancient malice will  
Forget with the least cause these his new honours,<sup>248</sup>  
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question

As he is proud to do't.

BRU.

I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put<sup>252</sup>

The napless vesture of humility;

Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds

To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

SIC.

'Tis right.

BRU.

It was his word. O! he would miss it rather<sup>256</sup>

Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him

And the desire of the nobles.

SIC.

I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose and to put it

In execution.

BRU.

'Tis most like he will.<sup>260</sup>

SIC.

It shall be to him then, as our good wills,

A sure destruction.

BRU.

So it must fall out  
To him or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people in what hatred<sup>264</sup>  
He still hath held them; that to his power he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,  
In human action and capacity,<sup>268</sup>  
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world  
Than camels in the war; who have their provand  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

SIC.

This, as you say, suggested<sup>272</sup>  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall teach the people—which time shall not want,  
If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy  
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire<sup>276</sup>  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

BRU.

What's the matter?

MESS.

You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought

That Marcius shall be consul.280

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and  
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers  
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,284  
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:  
I never saw the like.

BRU.

Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,288  
But hearts for the event.

SIC.

Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. The Capitol.***

*Enter two Officers to lay cushions.*

FIRST OFF.

Come, come, they are almost here.

How many stand for consulships?

SEC. OFF.

Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.4

FIRST OFF.

That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.7

SEC. OFF.

Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.17

FIRST OFF.

If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.26

SEC. OFF.

He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report; but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

FIRST OFF.

No more of him; he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.41

*A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, many other Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

MEN.

Having determin'd of the Volsces, and

To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,

As the main point of this our after-meeting,44

To gratify his noble service that

Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,  
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general<sup>48</sup>  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom  
We meet here both to thank and to remember  
With honours like himself.

FIRST SEN.

Speak, good Cominius:<sup>53</sup>  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes.*] Masters o' the people,<sup>56</sup>  
We do request your kindest ears, and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

SIC.

We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts<sup>60</sup>  
Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

BRU.

Which the rather  
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember  
A kinder value of the people than<sup>64</sup>

He hath hereto priz'd them at.

MEN.

That's off, that's off;

I would you rather had been silent. Please you

To hear Cominius speak?

BRU.

Most willingly;

But yet my caution was more pertinent<sup>68</sup>

Than the rebuke you give it.

MEN.

He loves your people;

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak.

*[Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.]*

Nay, keep your place.

FIRST SEN.

Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear<sup>72</sup>

What you have nobly done.

COR.

Your honours' pardon:

I had rather have my wounds to heal again

Than hear say how I got them.

BRU.

Sir, I hope

My words disbench'd you not.

COR.

No, sir: yet oft,76

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But your people,

I love them as they weigh.

MEN.

Pray now, sit down.

COR.

I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun80

When the alarum were struck than idly sit

To hear my nothings monster'd.

[*Exit.*

MEN.

Masters of the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,—

That's thousand to one good one,—when you now see84

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour

Than one on 's ears to hear it. Proceed, Cominius.

COM.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held88

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and

Most dignifies the haver: if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,92  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his Amazonian chin he drove96  
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid  
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view  
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,100  
When he might act the woman in the scene,  
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed  
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,104  
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since  
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,  
Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,  
And by his rare example made the coward109  
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before  
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,112  
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd

The mortal gate of the city, which he painted  
With shunless destiny; aidless came off, 117  
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his:  
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce 120  
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit  
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
And to the battle came he; where he did  
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 124  
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

MEN.

Worthy man!

FIRST SEN.

He cannot but with measure fit the honours 128  
Which we devise him.

COM.

Our spoils he kick'd at,  
And look'd upon things precious as they were  
The common muck o' the world: he covets less  
Than misery itself would give; rewards 132  
His deeds with doing them, and is content  
To spend the time to end it.

MEN.

He's right noble:

Let him be call'd for.

FIRST SEN.

Call Coriolanus.

OFF.

He doth appear.136

*Re-enter*Coriolanus.

MEN.

The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd

To make thee consul.

COR.

I do owe them still

My life and services.

MEN.

It then remains

That you do speak to the people.

COR.

I do beseech you,

Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot141

Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,

That I may pass this doing.

SIC.

Sir, the people<sup>144</sup>

Must have their voices; neither will they bate

One jot of ceremony.

MEN.

Put them not to 't:

Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and

Take to you, as your predecessors have,<sup>148</sup>

Your honour with your form.

COR.

It is a part

That I shall blush in acting, and might well

Be taken from the people.

BRU.

[*Aside to Sicinius.*] Mark you that?

COR.

To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;

Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,<sup>153</sup>

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire

Of their breath only!

MEN.

Do not stand upon't.

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

SEN.

To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

*[Flourish. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.]*

BRU.

You see how he intends to use the people.160

SIC.

May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested

Should be in them to give.

BRU.

Come; we'll inform them

Of our proceedings here: on the market-place

I know they do attend us.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene III.—

***The Same. The Forum.***

*Enter several Citizens.*

FIRST CIT.

Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

SEC. CIT.

We may, sir, if we will.3

THIRD CIT.

We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.14

FIRST CIT.

And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.18

THIRD CIT.

We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some abram, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

SEC. CIT.

Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?28

THIRD CIT.

Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.32

SEC. CIT.

Why that way?

THIRD CIT.

To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.37

SEC. CIT.

You are never without your tricks. you may, you may.

THIRD 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.43

*Re-enter* Coriolanus, *in a gown of humility, and* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in a gown of humility mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL.

Content, content.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

MEN.

O, sir, you are not right: have you not known<sup>53</sup>

The worthiest men have done't?

COR.

What must I say?

'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!<sup>56</sup>

I got them in my country's service, when

Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran

From the noise of our own drums.'

MEN.

O me! the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them<sup>60</sup>

To think upon you.

COR.

Think upon me! Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues

Which our divines lose by 'em.

MEN.

You'll mar all:

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you, 64

In wholesome manner.

COR.

Bid them wash their faces,

And keep their teeth clean.

[*Exit Menenius.*]

So, here comes a brace.

*Re-enter two Citizens.*

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here?

FIRST CIT.

We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't. 69

COR.

Mine own desert.

SEC. CIT.

Your own desert!

COR.

Ay, not mine own desire. 72

FIRST CIT.

How! not your own desire?

COR.

No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

FIRST CIT.

You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.77

COR.

Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

FIRST CIT.

The price is, to ask it kindly.80

COR.

Kindly! sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

SEC. CIT.

You shall ha 't, worthy sir.84

COR.

A match, sir. There is in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

FIRST CIT.

But this is something odd.

SEC. CIT.

An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

*[Exeunt the two Citizens.]*

*Re-enter two other Citizens.*

COR.

Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.92

THIRD CIT.

You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

COR.

Your enigma?95

THIRD CIT.

You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

COR.

You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul. 110

FOURTH CIT.

We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

THIRD CIT.

You have received many wounds for your country. 114

COR.

I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further. 117

BOTH CIT.

The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

*[Exeunt.]*

COR.

Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve, 120

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:  
What custom wills, in all things should we 't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honour go  
To one that would do thus. I am half through;  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.  
Here come more voices. 132

*Re-enter three other Citizens.*

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have  
Done many things, some less, some more; your voices: 137  
Indeed, I would be consul.

FIFTH CIT.

He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice. 140

SIXTH CIT.

Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

ALL.

Amen, amen. 144

God save thee, noble consul!

*[Exeunt Citizens.]*

COR.

Worthy voices!

*Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.*

MEN.

You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains

That, in the official marks invested, you

Anon do meet the senate.

COR.

Is this done?

SIC.

The custom of request you have discharg'd:

The people do admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, upon your approbation.

COR.

Where? at the senate-house?

SIC.

There, Coriolanus.

COR.

May I change these garments?

SIC.

You may, sir.

COR.

That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

MEN.

I'll keep you company. Will you along?

BRU.

We stay here for the people.

SIC.

Fare you well.

*[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.]*

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks, 160

'Tis warm at's heart.

BRU.

With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

SIC.

How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

FIRST CIT.

He has our voices, sir. 164

BRA.

We pray the gods he may deserve your love.

SEC. CIT.

Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

THIRD CIT.

Certainly,

He flouted us downright.168

FIRST CIT.

No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

SEC. CIT.

Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.172

SIC.

Why, so he did, I am sure.

ALL.

No, no; no man saw 'em.

THIRD CIT.

He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,176

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore:' when we granted that,

Here was, 'I thank you for your voices, thank you,

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices180

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

SIC.

Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

BRU.

Could you not have told him

As you were lesson'd, when he had no power, 185

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy, ever spake against

Your liberties and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving 189

A place of potency and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might 192

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices and 196

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

SIC.

Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd 200

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article204

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,  
And pass'd him unelected.

BRU.

Did you perceive  
He did solicit you in free contempt208  
When he did need your loves, and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you  
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies  
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment?

SIC.

Have you213  
Ere now denied the asker? and now again  
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your su'd-for tongues?216

THIRD CIT.

He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

SEC. CIT.

And will deny him:  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

FIRST CIT.

Ay, twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em.220

BRU.

Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,  
They have chose a consul that will from them take  
Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking<sup>224</sup>  
As therefore kept to do so.

SIC.

Let them assemble;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not<sup>228</sup>  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance,<sup>232</sup>  
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRU.

Lay  
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,—  
No impediment between,—but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

SIC.

Say, you chose him<sup>237</sup>  
More after our commandment than as guided

By your own true affections; and that, your minds,  
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do<sup>240</sup>  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

BRU.

Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,<sup>244</sup>  
How long continu'd, and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;<sup>248</sup>  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
And Censorinus, that was so surnam'd,—  
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,—<sup>252</sup>  
Was his great ancestor.

SIC.

One thus descended,  
That hath, beside, well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances: but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,<sup>257</sup>  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

BRU.

Say you ne'er had done 't—

Harp on that still—but by our putting on;260

And presently, when you have drawn your number,

Repair to the Capitol.

ALL.

We will so; almost all

Repent in their election.

*[Exeunt Citizens.]*

BRU.

Let them go on;

This mutiny were better put in hazard264

Than stay, past doubt, for greater.

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage

With their refusal, both observe and answer

The vantage of his anger.

SIC.

To the Capitol, come:268

We will be there before the stream o' the people;

And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,

Which we have goaded onward.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

Scene I.—

***Rome. A Street.***

*Cornets. Enter* Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, *and* Patricians.

COR.

Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

LART.

He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

COR.

So then the Volsces stand but as at first,

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon 's again.

COM.

They are worn, lord consul, so,

That we shall hardly in our ages see

Their banners wave again.

COR.

Saw you Aufidius?

LART.

On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely

Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

COR.

Spoke he of me?

LART.

He did, my lord.

COR.

How? what?12

LART.

How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might16

Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR.

At Antium lives he?

LART.

At Antium.

COR.

I wish I had a cause to seek him there,

To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.20

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority

Against all noble sufferance.

SIC.

Pass no further.<sup>24</sup>

COR.

Ha! what is that?

BRU.

It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

COR.

What makes this change?

MEN.

The matter?

COM.

Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?<sup>28</sup>

BRU.

Cominius, no.

COR.

Have I had children's voices?

FIRST SEN.

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

BRU.

The people are incens'd against him.

SIC.

Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

COR.

Are these your herd?32

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

MEN.

Be calm, be calm.36

COR.

It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule

Nor ever will be rul'd.

BRU.

Call't not a plot:40

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandall'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.44

COR.

Why, this was known before.

BRU.

Not to them all.

COR.

Have you inform'd them sithence?

BRU.

How! I inform them!

COR.

You are like to do such business.

BRU.

Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.48

COR.

Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

SIC.

You show too much of that

For which the people stir; if you will pass52

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MEN.

Let's be calm.56

COM.

The people are abus'd; set on. This paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely

I' the plain way of his merit.

COR.

Tell me of corn!60

This was my speech, and I will speak't again,—

MEN.

Not now, not now.

FIRST SEN.

Not in this heat, sir, now.

COR.

Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons:64

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,69

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack'd not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

MEN.

Well, no more.73

FIRST SEN.

No more words, we beseech you.

COR.

How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs<sup>76</sup>

Coin words till they decay against those measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

BRU.

You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not<sup>80</sup>

A man of their infirmity.

SIC.

'Twere well

We let the people know't.

MEN.

What, what? his choler?

COR.

Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,<sup>84</sup>

By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

SIC.

It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

COR.

Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you<sup>88</sup>

His absolute 'shall?'

COM.

'Twas from the canon.

COR.

'Shall!'

O good but most unwise patricians! why,

You grave but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,<sup>92</sup>

That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but

The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,

And make your channel his? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake<sup>97</sup>

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,

Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians<sup>100</sup>

If they be senators; and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,

And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'<sup>104</sup>

His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!  
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up; 108  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take  
The one by the other.

COM.

Well, on to the market-place.

COR.

Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
Sometime in Greece,—

MEN.

Well, well; no more of that.

COR.

Though there the people had more absolute power,  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed 116  
The ruin of the state.

BRU.

Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their voice?

COR.

I'll give my reasons,

More worthier than their voices. They know the corn<sup>119</sup>

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd

They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd to the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

They would not thread the gates: this kind of service<sup>123</sup>

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd

Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation

Which they have often made against the senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the motive<sup>128</sup>

Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How shall this bisson multitude digest

The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express

What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;<sup>132</sup>

We are the greater poll, and in true fear

They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase

The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope<sup>136</sup>

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows

To peck the eagles.

MEN.

Come, enough.

BRU.

Enough, with over-measure.

COR.

No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

Seal what I end withal! This double worship, 141

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other

Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no 144

Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while

To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—148

You that will be less fearful than discreet,

That love the fundamental part of state

More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish 152

To jump a body with a dangerous physic

That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out

The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick

The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour 156

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state

Of that integrity which should become it,

Not having the power to do the good it would,

For the ill which doth control 't.

BRU.

He has said enough. 160

SIC.

He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

COR.

Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?164

On whom depending, their obedience fails

To the greater bench. In a rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,168

Let what is meet be said it must be meet,

And throw their power i' the dust.

BRU.

Manifest treason!

SIC.

This a consul? no.

BRU.

The ædiles, ho! Let him be apprehended.172

*Enter an Ædile.*

SIC.

Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] in whose name, myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,

A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer.

COR.

Hence, old goat! 176

SEN.

We'll surety him.

COM.

Aged sir, hands off.

COR.

Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.

SIC.

Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter Ædiles, with Others, and a rabble of Citizens.*

MEN.

On both sides more respect. 180

SIC.

Here's he that would take from you all your power.

BRU.

Seize him, ædiles!

CITIZENS.

Down with him!—down with him!—

SEN.

Weapons!—weapons!—weapons!—184

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying Tribunes!—patricians!—citizens!—What ho!—Sicinius! — Brutus! — Coriolanus!—Citizens!*

*Peace!—Peace!—Peace!—Stay!—Hold!—Peace!*

MEN.

What is about to be?—I am out of breath; 188

Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

SIC.

Hear me, people; peace!

CITIZENS.

Let's hear our tribune:—Peace!—Speak, speak, speak. 192

SIC.

You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

MEN.

Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench. 196

FIRST SEN.

To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.

SIC.

What is the city but the people?

CITIZENS.

True,

The people are the city.

BRU.

By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

CITIZENS.

You so remain.201

MEN.

And so are like to do.

COM.

That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,204

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

SIC.

This deserves death.

BRU.

Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,208

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy

Of present death.

SIC.

Therefore lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

BRU.

Ædiles, seize him!213

CITIZENS.

Yield, Marcius, yield!

MEN.

Hear me one word;

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

ÆD.

Peace, peace!216

MEN.

Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,

And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.

BRU.

Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,221

And bear him to the rock.

COR.

No, I'll die here.

*[Drawing his sword.]*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.224

MEN.

Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

BRU.

Lay hands upon him.

MEN.

Help Marcius, help,

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

CITIZENS.

Down with him!—down with him!

*[In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

MEN.

Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!<sup>229</sup>

All will be naught else.

SEC. SEN.

Get you gone.

COR.

Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

MEN.

Shall it be put to that?

FIRST SEN.

The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;<sup>233</sup>

Leave us to cure this cause.

MEN.

For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

COM.

Come, sir, along with us.236

COR.

I would they were barbarians,—as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd,—not Romans,—as they are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

MEN.

Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;240

One time will owe another.

COR.

On fair ground

I could beat forty of them.

MEN.

I could myself

Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

COM.

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;

And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands245

Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,

Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters and o'erbear<sup>248</sup>

What they are us'd to bear.

MEN.

Pray you, be gone.

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little: this must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

COM.

Nay, come away.<sup>252</sup>

*[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and Others.]*

FIRST PAT.

This man has marr'd his fortune.

MEN.

His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:<sup>256</sup>

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death.

*[A noise within.]*

Here's goodly work!

SEC. PAT.

I would they were a-bed!

MEN.

I would they were in Tiber! What the vengeance!261

Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.*

SIC.

Where is this viper

That would depopulate the city and

Be every man himself?

MEN.

You worthy tribunes,—

SIC.

He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock265

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,

And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severity of the public power,268

Which he so sets at nought.

FIRST CIT.

He shall well know

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,

And we their hands.

CITIZENS.

He shall, sure on't.

MEN.

Sir, sir,—

SIC.

Peace!272

MEN.

Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.

SIC.

Sir, how comes 't that you

Have help to make this rescue?

MEN.

Hear me speak:

As I do know the consul's worthiness,276

So can I name his faults.

SIC.

Consul! what consul?

MEN.

The Consul Coriolanus.

BRU.

He consul!

CITIZENS.

No, no, no, no, no.

MEN.

If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,280

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,

The which shall turn you to no further harm

Than so much loss of time.

SIC.

Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to dispatch<sup>284</sup>

This viperous traitor. To eject him hence

Were but one danger, and to keep him here

Our certain death; therefore it is decreed

He dies to-night.

MEN.

Now the good gods forbid<sup>288</sup>

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

Towards her deserved children is enroll'd

In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam

Should now eat up her own!<sup>292</sup>

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?<sup>296</sup>

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,<sup>300</sup>

Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,

A brand to th' end o' the world.

SIC.

This is clean kam.

BRU.

Merely awry: when he did love his country

It honour'd him.

MEN.

The service of the foot<sup>304</sup>

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected

For what before it was.

BRU.

We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,<sup>308</sup>

Spread further.

MEN.

One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,

Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;<sup>312</sup>

Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,

And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRU.

If 'twere so,—

SIC.

What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?<sup>316</sup>

Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come!

MEN.

Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd

In bolted language; meal and bran together<sup>320</sup>

He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him

Where he shall answer by a lawful form,—

In peace,—to his utmost peril.

FIRST SEN.

Noble tribunes,<sup>324</sup>

It is the humane way: the other course

Will prove too bloody, and the end of it

Unknown to the beginning.

SIC.

Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer.<sup>328</sup>

Masters, lay down your weapons.

BRU.

Go not home.

SIC.

Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed

In our first way.<sup>332</sup>

MEN.

I'll bring him to you.

[*To the Senators.*] Let me desire your company. He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

FIRST SEN.

Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In Coriolanus's House.***

*Enter Coriolanus and Patricians.*

COR.

Let them pull all about mine ears; present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,

That the precipitation might down stretch

Below the beam of sight; yet will I still

Be thus to them.

FIRST PAT.

You do the nobler.

COR.

I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont<sup>8</sup>

To call them woollen vassals, things created

To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood up<sup>12</sup>

To speak of peace or war.

*Enter* Volumnia.

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say I play

The man I am.

VOL.

O! sir, sir, sir,<sup>16</sup>

I would have had you put your power well on

Before you had worn it out.

COR.

Let go.

VOL.

You might have been enough the man you are

With striving less to be so: lesser had been<sup>20</sup>

The thwarting of your dispositions if

You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

COR.

Let them hang.

VOL.

Ay, and burn too.<sup>24</sup>

*Enter Menenius and Senators.*

MEN.

Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough;

You must return and mend it.

FIRST SEN

There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city

Cleave in the midst, and perish.

VOL.

Pray be counsel'd.<sup>28</sup>

I have a heart of mettle apt as yours,

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger

To better vantage.

MEN.

Well said, noble woman!

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that<sup>32</sup>

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic

For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

COR.

What must I do?

MEN.

Return to the tribunes.

COR.

Well, what then? what then?36

MEN.

Repent what you have spoke.

COR.

For them! I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do't to them?

VOL.

You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,40

But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,

In peace what each of them by th' other lose,44

That they combine not there.

COR.

Tush, tush!

MEN.

A good demand.

VOL.

If it be honour in your wars to seem  
The same you are not,—which, for your best ends,  
You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace<sup>49</sup>  
With honour, as in war, since that to both  
It stands in like request?

COR.

Why force you this?

VOL.

Because that now it lies you on to speak<sup>52</sup>  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words that are but rooted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables  
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.<sup>57</sup>  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune and  
The hazard of much blood.<sup>61</sup>  
I would dissemble with my nature where  
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,<sup>64</sup>  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather show our general louts

How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard<sup>68</sup>  
Of what that want might ruin.

MEN.

Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

VOL.

I prithee now, my son,<sup>72</sup>  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with them,  
Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant<sup>76</sup>  
More learned than the ears,—waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry  
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils  
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far<sup>85</sup>  
As thou hast power and person.

MEN.

This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free<sup>88</sup>  
As words to little purpose.

VOL.

Prithee now,  
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter* Cominius.

COM.

I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit<sup>93</sup>  
You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

MEN.

Only fair speech.

COM.

I think 'twill serve if he<sup>96</sup>  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOL.

He must, and will.  
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

COR.

Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?

Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart<sup>100</sup>

A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:

Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,

This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,

And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!<sup>104</sup>

You have put me now to such a part which never

I shall discharge to the life.

COM.

Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOL.

I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,<sup>108</sup>

To have my praise for this, perform a part

Thou hast not done before.

COR.

Well, I must do 't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe<sup>113</sup>

Small as a eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take up<sup>116</sup>

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue

Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,  
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do 't,120  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

VOL.

At thy choice then:

To beg of thee it is my more dishonour124  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list,128  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst 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 mountebank their loves,132  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do136  
I' the way of flattery further.

VOL.

Do your will.

[*Exit.*

COM.

Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd

With accusations, as I hear, more strong<sup>140</sup>

Than are upon you yet.

MEN.

The word is 'mildly.'

COR.

Pray you, let us go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I

Will answer in mine honour.

MEN.

Ay, but mildly.<sup>144</sup>

COR.

Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Same. The Forum.***

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

BRU.

In this point charge him home, that he affects

Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people,  
And that the spoil got on the Antiates<sup>4</sup>  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What, will he come?

ÆD.

He's coming.

BRU.

How accompanied?

ÆD.

With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

SIC.

Have you a catalogue<sup>8</sup>  
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

ÆD.

I have; 'tis ready.

SIC.

Have you collected them by tribes?

ÆD.

I have.

SIC.

Assemble presently the people hither; 12  
And when they hear me say, 'It shall be so,  
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry 'fine,'—if death, cry 'death,' 16  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

ÆD.

I shall inform them.

BRU.

And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 20  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

ÆD.

Very well.

SIC.

Make them be strong and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give 't them.

BRU.

Go about it. 24

[*Exit* Ædile.

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd

Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot  
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks  
With us to break his neck.

SIC.

Well, here he comes.

*Enter* Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and Patricians.

MEN.

Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR.

Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!

FIRST SEN.

Amen, amen.

MEN.

A noble wish.

*Re-enter* Ædile, with Citizens.

SIC.

Draw near, ye people.

ÆD.

List to your tribunes; audience; peace! I say.

COR.

First, hear me speak.

BOTH TRI.

Well, say. Peace, ho!40

COR.

Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

SIC.

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content44

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 war-like service he has done, consider; think48

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show

Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

COR.

Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

MEN.

Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,<sup>52</sup>

You find him like a soldier: do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

COM.

Well, well; no more.<sup>56</sup>

COR.

What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice

I am so dishonour'd that the very hour

You take it off again?

SIC.

Answer to us.<sup>60</sup>

COR.

Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

SIC.

We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind

Yourself into a power tyrannical;<sup>64</sup>

For which you are a traitor to the people.

COR.

How! Traitor!

MEN.

Nay, temperately; your promise.

COR.

The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!  
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say  
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free<sup>72</sup>  
As I do pray the gods.

SIC.

Mark you this, people!

CITIZENS.

To the rock!—to the rock with him!

SIC.

Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,<sup>76</sup>  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal and in such capital kind,<sup>80</sup>

Deserves the extremest death.

BRU.

But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

COR.

What do you prate of service?

BRU.

I talk of that, that know it.

COR.

You!

MEN.

Is this the promise that you made your mother?<sup>84</sup>

COM.

Know, I pray you,—

COR.

I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy<sup>88</sup>

Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

SIC.

For that he has,—

As much as in him lies,—from time to time<sup>92</sup>  
Envi'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power, as now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence  
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers<sup>96</sup>  
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city,  
In peril of precipitation<sup>100</sup>  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,  
I say, it shall be so.

CITIZENS.

It shall be so,—It shall be so,—Let him away.—<sup>104</sup>  
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

COM.

Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

SIC.

He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

COM.

Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show for Rome<sup>108</sup>  
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would<sup>113</sup>

Speak that—

SIC.

We know your drift: speak what?

BRU.

There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,  
As enemy to the people and his country:<sup>116</sup>

It shall be so.

CITIZENS.

It shall be so,—it shall be so.

COR.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men<sup>120</sup>  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,<sup>124</sup>  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till at length  
Your ignorance,—which finds not, till it feels,—  
Making but reservation of yourselves,—<sup>128</sup>  
Still your own foes,—deliver you as most  
Abated captives to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back: 132

There is a world elsewhere.

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

ÆD.

The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

CITIZENS.

Our enemy is banish'd!—he is gone!—Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout and throw up their caps.*

SIC.

Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite; 137

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

CITIZENS.

Come, come,—let us see him out at gates! come! 140

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***Rome. Before A Gate Of The City.***

*Enter* Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, and several young Patricians.

COR.

Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast  
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd,  
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;<sup>4</sup>  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That when the sea was calm all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves<sup>8</sup>  
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

VIR.

O heavens! O heavens!

COR.

Nay, I prithee, woman,—

VOL.

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,<sup>13</sup>

And occupations perish!

COR.

What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,<sup>17</sup>

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd

Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife! my mother!<sup>20</sup>  
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's.  
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women<sup>25</sup>  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes  
As 'tis to laugh at them. My mother, you wot well  
My hazards still have been your solace; and<sup>28</sup>  
Believe 't not lightly,—though I go alone  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,—your son  
Will or exceed the common or be caught<sup>32</sup>  
With cautelous baits and practice.

VOL.

My first son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee awhile: determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposture to each chance<sup>36</sup>  
That starts i' the way before thee.

COR.

O the gods!

COM.

I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,  
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth<sup>40</sup>  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

COR.

Fare ye well:<sup>44</sup>

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and<sup>48</sup>  
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground you shall  
Hear from me still; and never of me aught<sup>52</sup>  
But what is like me formerly.

MEN.

That's worthily  
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

COR.

Give me thy hand:<sup>57</sup>

Come.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Street Near The Gate.***

*Enter* Sicinius, Brutus, *and an* Ædile.

SIC.

Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided

In his behalf.

BRU.

Now we have shown our power,

Let us seem humbler after it is done<sup>4</sup>

Than when it was a-doing.

SIC.

Bid them home;

Say their great enemy is gone, and they

Stand in their ancient strength.

BRU.

Dismiss them home.

[*Exit* Ædile.

*Enter* Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

SIC.

Let's not meet her.

BRU.

Why?

SIC.

They say she's mad.<sup>9</sup>

BRU.

They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

VOL.

O! you're well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods

Requite your love!

MEN.

Peace, peace! be not so loud.

VOL.

If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—<sup>13</sup>

Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus.*] Will you be gone?

VIR.

[*To Sicinius.*] You shall stay too. I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

SIC.

Are you mankind?<sup>16</sup>

VOL.

Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?

SIC.

O blessed heavens!

VOL.

More noble blows than ever thou wise words;21

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,24

His good sword in his hand.

SIC.

What then?

VIR.

What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

VOL.

Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!28

MEN.

Come, come: peace!

SIC.

I would he had continu'd to his country

As he began, and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

BRU.

I would he had.32

VOL.

'I would he had!' 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth

As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

BRU.

Pray, let us go.<sup>36</sup>

VOL.

Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—<sup>40</sup>

This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

BRU.

Well, well, we'll leave you.

SIC.

Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

VOL.

Take my prayers with you.

[*Exeunt* Tribunes.]

I would the gods had nothing else to do<sup>45</sup>

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em

But once a day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lies heavy to 't.

MEN.

You have told them home,

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?<sup>49</sup>

VOL.

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,

And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go.

Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,<sup>52</sup>

In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

MEN.

Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***A Highway Between Rome And Antium.***

*Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.*

ROM.

I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name I think is Adrian.

VOLS.

It is so, sir: truly, I have forget you.

ROM.

I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?<sup>5</sup>

VOLS.

Nicanor? No.

ROM.

The same, sir.

VOLS.

You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

ROM.

There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.15

VOLS.

Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not-so; they are in a most war-like preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.19

ROM.

The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

VOLS.

Coriolanus banished!28

ROM.

Banished, sir.

VOLS.

You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.31

ROM.

The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.38

VOLS.

He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.42

ROM.

I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?46

VOLS.

A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.50

ROM.

I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOLS.

You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.56

ROM.

Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Antium. Before Aufidius' House.***

*Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

COR.

A goodly city is this Antium. City,

'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir

Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

Have I heard groan and drop: then, know me not,4

Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones

In puny battle slay me.

*Enter a Citizen.*

Save you, sir.

CIT.

And you.

COR.

Direct me, if it be your will,

Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?8

CIT.

He is, and feasts the nobles of the state

At his house this night.

COR.

Which is his house, beseech you?

CIT.

This, here before you.

COR.

Thank you, sir. Farewell.

*[Exit Citizen.]*

O world! thy slippery turns. Friends now fast sworn,12

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,16

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep  
To take the one the other, by some chance,<sup>20</sup>  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends  
And interjoin their issues. So with me:  
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,<sup>24</sup>  
He does fair justice; if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.—

***The Same. A Hall In Aufidius' House.***

*Music within. Enter a Servingman.*

FIRST SERV.

Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*

*Enter a Second Servingman.*

SEC. SERV.

Where's Catus? my master calls for him. Catus!

[*Exit.*

*Enter Coriolanus.*

COR.

A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I

Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the First Servingman.*

FIRST SERV.

What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

[*Exit.*

COR.

I have deserv'd no better entertainment,

In being Coriolanus.11

*Re-enter Second Servingman.*

SEC. SERV.

Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

COR.

Away!

SEC. SERV.

'Away!' Get you away.16

COR.

Now, thou art troublesome.

SEC. SERV.

Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter a Third Servingman. Re-enter the First.*

THIRD SERV.

What fellow's this?20

FIRST SERV.

A strange one as ever I looked on:

I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him.

THIRD SERV.

What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.<sup>25</sup>

COR.

Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

THIRD SERV.

What are you?<sup>28</sup>

COR.

A gentleman.

THIRD SERV.

A marvellous poor one.

COR.

True, so I am.

THIRD SERV.

Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.<sup>34</sup>

COR.

Follow your function; go, and batten on cold bits.

*[Pushes him away.]*

THIRD SERV.

What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

SEC. SERV.

And I shall.

*[Exit.]*

THIRD SERV.

Where dwell'st thou?40

COR.

Under the canopy.

THIRD SERV.

'Under the canopy!'

COR.

Ay.

THIRD SERV.

Where's that?44

COR.

I' the city of kites and crows.

THIRD SERV.

'I' the city of kites and crows!' What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?48

COR.

No; I serve not thy master.

THIRD SERV.

How sir! Do you meddle with my master?

COR.

Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.53

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence.

*[Beats him away.]*

*Enter Aufidius and First Servingman.*

AUF.

Where is this fellow?

SEC. SERV.

Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.<sup>57</sup>

AUF.

Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

COR.

[*Unmuffling.*] If, Tullus,<sup>60</sup>

Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

AUF.

What is thy name?

[*Servants retire.*

COR.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF.

Say, what's thy name?<sup>65</sup>

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

COR.

Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?69

AUF.

I know thee not. Thy name?

COR.

My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,72  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited76  
But with that surname; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;  
The cruelty and envy of the people,80  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity84  
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,89  
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast

A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims<sup>92</sup>  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,  
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee, for I will fight<sup>96</sup>  
Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am<sup>100</sup>  
Longer to live most weary, and present  
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;  
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,  
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,<sup>104</sup>  
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
It be to do thee service.

AUF.

O Marcius, Marcius!  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart<sup>108</sup>  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,  
And say, 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more  
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against<sup>113</sup>

My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,  
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip  
The anvil of my sword, and do contest<sup>116</sup>  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
I lov'd the maid I married; never man<sup>120</sup>  
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,<sup>124</sup>  
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out<sup>127</sup>  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,<sup>132</sup>  
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy, and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,<sup>136</sup>  
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O! come; go in,  
And take our friendly senators by the hands,

Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepar'd against your territories, 140  
Though not for Rome itself.

COR.

You bless me, gods!

AUF.

Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
The leading of thine own revenges, take  
The one half of my commission, and set down,  
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;  
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
Or rudely visit them in parts remote, 148  
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:  
Let me commend thee first to those that shall  
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!  
And more a friend than e'er an enemy; 152  
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

FIRST SERV.

[*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

SEC. SERV.

By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him. 159

FIRST SERV.

What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

SEC. SERV.

Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.165

FIRST SERV.

He had so; looking as it were,— would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.168

SEC. SERV.

So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

FIRST SERV.

I think he is; but a greater soldier than he you wot on.172

SEC. SERV.

Who? my master?

FIRST SERV.

Nay, it's no matter for that.

SEC. SERV.

Worth six on him.

FIRST SERV.

Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.177

SEC. SERV.

Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.180

FIRST SERV.

Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter Third Servingman.*

THIRD SERV.

O slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

*FIRST SERV.*

What, what, what? let's partake.

*SEC. SERV.*

What, what, what? let's partake.

THIRD SERV.

I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.186

*FIRST SERV.*

Wherefore? wherefore?

*SEC. SERV.*

Wherefore? wherefore?

THIRD SERV.

Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

FIRST SERV.

Why do you say 'thwack our general?'191

THIRD SERV.

I do not say, 'thwack our general;' but he was always good enough for him.

SEC. SERV.

Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.196

FIRST SERV.

He was too hard for him,—directly to say the truth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

SEC. SERV.

An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.201

FIRST SERV.

But, more of thy news.

THIRD SERV.

Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is out i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.216

SEC. SERV.

And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

THIRD SERV.

Do 't! he will do 't for—look you, sir—he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir—as it were—durst not—look you, sir—show themselves—as we term it—his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

FIRST SERV.

Directitude! what's that?224

SEC. SERV.

But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like comes after rain, and revel all with him.228

FIRST SERV.

But when goes this forward?

THIRD SERV.

To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.233

SEC. SERV.

Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

FIRST SERV.

Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.242

SEC. SERV.

'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

FIRST SERV.

Ay, and it makes men hate one another.247

THIRD SERV.

Reason: because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.251

ALL.

In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.—

***Rome. A Public Place.***

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

SIC.

We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace

And quietness o' the people, which before

Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends4

Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going  
About their functions friendly.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter* Menenius.

BRU.

We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

SIC.

'Tis he, 'tis he O! he is grown most kind

Of late. Hail, sir!

MEN.

Hail to you both!<sup>12</sup>

SIC.

Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd

But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

MEN.

All's well; and might have been much better, if<sup>16</sup>

He could have temporiz'd.

SIC.

Where is he, hear you?

MEN.

Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

CITIZENS.

The gods preserve you both!

SIC.

Good den, our neighbours.<sup>20</sup>

BRU.

Good den to you all, good den to you all.

FIRST CIT.

Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

SIC.

Live, and thrive!

BRU.

Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus<sup>24</sup>

Had lov'd you as we did.

CITIZENS.

Now the gods keep you!

*Sic.*

Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

**BRU.**

Farewell, farewell.

SIC.

This is a happier and more comely time  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets  
Crying confusion.

BRU.

Caius Marcius was<sup>29</sup>  
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

SIC.

And affecting one sole throne.<sup>32</sup>  
Without assistance.

MEN.

I think not so.

SIC.

We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

BRU.

The gods have well prevented it, and Rome<sup>36</sup>  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

ÆD.

Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,

Reports, the Volsces with two several powers  
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,40  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

MEN.

'Tis Aufidius,  
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;44  
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

SIC.

Come, what talk you of Marcius?

BRU.

Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be48  
The Volsces dare break with us.

MEN.

Cannot be!  
We have record that very well it can,  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,52  
Before you punish him, where he heard this,  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

SIC.

Tell not me:56

I know this cannot be.

BRU.

Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

The nobles in great earnestness are going  
All to the senate-house: some news is come,  
That turns their countenances.

SIC.

'Tis this slave.—60

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;  
Nothing but his report.

MESS.

Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC.

What more fearful?64

MESS.

It is spoke freely out of many mouths—  
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between<sup>68</sup>

The young'st and oldest thing.

SIC.

This is most likely.

BRU.

Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish

Good Marcius home again.

SIC.

The very trick on 't.

MEN.

This is unlikely:<sup>72</sup>

He and Aufidius can no more atone,

Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

SEC. MESS.

You are sent for to the senate:

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,<sup>76</sup>

Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories; and have already

O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took

What lay before them.<sup>80</sup>

*Enter Cominius.*

COM.

O! you have made good work!

MEN.

What news? what news?

COM.

You have help to ravish your own daughters; and

To melt the city leads upon your pates.

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

MEN.

What's the news? what's the news?85

COM.

Your temples burned in their cement, and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd

Into an auger's bore.

MEN.

Pray now, your news?—88

You have made fair work, I fear me. Pray, your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

COM.

If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing

Made by some other deity than Nature,92

That shapes man better; and they follow him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,

Or butchers killing flies.

MEN.

You have made good work,96

You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much

Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters!

COM.

He will shake

Your Rome about your ears.

MEN.

As Hercules100

Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work!

BRU.

But is this true, sir?

COM.

Ay; and you'll look pale

Before you find it other. All the regions

Do smilingly revolt; and who resist104

Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,

And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

MEN.

We are all undone unless108

The noble man have mercy.

COM.

Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people

Deserve such pity of him as the wolf

Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they<sup>112</sup>

Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,

And therein show'd like enemies.

MEN.

'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand<sup>116</sup>

That should consume it, I have not the face

To say, 'Beseech you, cease.'—You have made fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

COM.

You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never<sup>120</sup>

So incapable of help.

*SIC.*

Say not we brought it.

*BRU.*

Say not we brought it.

MEN.

How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

COM.

But I fear<sup>124</sup>

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer: desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,<sup>128</sup>  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

MEN.

Here come the clusters.  
And is Aufidius with him? You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at<sup>132</sup>  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head  
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs  
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,<sup>136</sup>  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

CITIZENS.

Faith, we hear fearful news.

FIRST CIT.

For mine own part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.141

SEC. CIT.

And so did I.

THIRD 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're goodly things, you voices!

MEN.

You have made

Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol?149

COM.

O! ay; what else?

*[Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.]*

SIC.

Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:

These are a side that would be glad to have152

This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,

And show no sign of fear.

FIRST CIT.

The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.157

SEC. CIT.

So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

BRU.

I do not like this news.

SIC.

Nor I.160

BRU.

Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

SIC.

Pray let us go.

[*Exeunt*.

Scene VII.—

***A Camp At A Small Distance From Rome.***

*Enter* Aufidius *and* his Lieutenant.

AUF.

Do they still fly to the Roman?

LIEU.

I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;4

And you are darken'd in this action, sir,

Even by your own.

AUF.

I cannot help it now,  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would<sup>9</sup>  
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature  
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

LIEU.

Yet, I wish, sir,—<sup>12</sup>  
I mean for your particular,—you had not  
Join'd in commission with him; but either  
Had borne the action of yourself, or else  
To him had left it solely.<sup>16</sup>

AUF.

I understand thee well; and be thou sure,  
When he shall come to his account, he knows not  
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,  
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent<sup>20</sup>  
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone<sup>24</sup>  
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEU.

Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

AUF.

All places yield to him ere he sits down;

And the nobility of Rome are his:29

The senators and patricians love him too:

The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty32

To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them, but he could not36

Carry his honours even; whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances40

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb44

As he controll'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 merit48

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time;  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair<sup>52</sup>  
To extol what it hath done.  
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.  
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### Scene I.—

#### ***Rome. A Public Place.***

*Enter* Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *and Others.*

MEN.

No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said  
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him  
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:  
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;<sup>4</sup>  
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd  
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COM.

He would not seem to know me.

MEN.

Do you hear?<sup>8</sup>

COM.

Yet one time he did call me by my name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together. Coriolanus

He would not answer to; forbad all names;<sup>12</sup>

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire

Of burning Rome.

MEN.

Why, so: you have made good work!

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,<sup>16</sup>

To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

COM.

I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon

When it was less expected: he replied,

It was a bare petition of a state<sup>20</sup>

To one whom they had punish'd.

MEN.

Very well.

Could he say less?

COM.

I offer'd to awaken his regard

For's private friends: his answer to me was,24

He could not stay to pick them in a pile

Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,

And still to nose the offence.

MEN.

For one poor grain or two!28

I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:

You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.32

SIC.

Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid

In this so-never-needed help, yet do not

Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you

Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,36

More than the instant army we can make,

Might stop our countryman.

MEN.

No; I'll not meddle.

SIC.

Pray you, go to him.

MEN.

What should I do?40

BRU.

Only make trial what your love can do

For Rome, towards Marcius.

MEN.

Well; and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?44

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? say 't be so?

SIC.

Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure

As you intended well.

MEN.

I'll undertake it:48

I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,

And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then52

We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls56

Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

BRU.

You know the very road into his kindness,<sup>60</sup>

And cannot lose your way.

MEN.

Good faith, I'll prove him,

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge

Of my success.

[*Exit.*

COM.

He'll never hear him.

SIC.

Not?

COM.

I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye<sup>64</sup>

Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury

The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;

'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me

Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do<sup>68</sup>

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:

So that all hope is vain

Unless his noble mother and his wife,<sup>72</sup>

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore let's hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.—

***The Volscian Camp Before Rome. The Guards At Their Stations.***

*Enter to them, Menenius.*

FIRST GUARD.

Stay! whence are you?

SEC. GUARD.

Stand! and go back.

MEN.

You guard like men; 'tis well; but, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus.

FIRST GUARD.

From whence?

MEN.

From Rome.

FIRST GUARD.

You may not pass; you must return: our general

Will no more hear from thence.

SEC. GUARD.

You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN.

Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,<sup>9</sup>

And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks

My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

FIRST GUARD.

Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name<sup>12</sup>

Is not here passable.

MEN.

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;<sup>16</sup>

For I have ever glorified my friends—

Of whom he's chief—with all the size that verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,<sup>20</sup>

I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

FIRST GUARD.

Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.<sup>28</sup>

MEN.

Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

SEC. GUARD.

Howsoever you have been his liar—as you say you have—I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.<sup>35</sup>

MEN.

Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

FIRST GUARD.

You are a Roman, are you?

MEN.

I am as thy general is.<sup>39</sup>

FIRST GUARD.

Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.<sup>53</sup>

MEN.

Sirrah, if thy captain know I were here, he would use me with estimation.

SEC. GUARD.

Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN.

I mean, thy general.<sup>57</sup>

FIRST GUARD.

My general cares not for you.

Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back, that's the utmost of your having: back.<sup>61</sup>

MEN.

Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

*Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

COR.

What's the matter?

MEN.

Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swound for what's to come upon thee. [*To Coriolanus.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.<sup>85</sup>

COR.

Away!

MEN.

How! away!

COR.

Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs<sup>88</sup>

Are servanted to others: though I owe

My revenge properly, my remission lies

In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather<sup>92</sup>  
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone:  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than  
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,  
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,<sup>96</sup>

*[Gives a paper.]*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,  
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,  
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

AUF.

You keep a constant temper.<sup>100</sup>

*[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.]*

FIRST GUARD.

Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

SEC. GUARD.

'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

FIRST GUARD.

Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?<sup>105</sup>

SEC. GUARD.

What cause, do you think, I have to swound?

MEN.

I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're 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 to, Away!

[*Exit.*

FIRST GUARD.

A noble fellow, I warrant him.

SEC. GUARD.

The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—

***The Tent Of***Coriolanus.

*Enter*Coriolanus, Aufidius,*and Others.*

COR.

We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
Set down our host. My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business.

AUF.

Only their ends<sup>4</sup>  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper; no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

COR.

This last old man,<sup>8</sup>  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;

Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,<sup>12</sup>  
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only  
That thought he could do more. A very little<sup>16</sup>  
I have yielded to; fresh embassies and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?  
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow<sup>20</sup>  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!<sup>24</sup>  
All bond and privilege of nature, break!  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.  
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not<sup>28</sup>  
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows,  
As if Olympus to a molehill should  
In supplication nod; and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession, which<sup>32</sup>  
Great nature cries, 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand

As if a man were author of himself<sup>36</sup>

And knew no other kin.

VIR.

My lord and husband!

COR.

These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

VIR.

The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd

Makes you think so.

COR.

Like a dull actor now,<sup>40</sup>

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,

Forgive my tyranny; but do not say

For that, 'Forgive our Romans.' O! a kiss<sup>44</sup>

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip

Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,

And the most noble mother of the world<sup>49</sup>

Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

*[Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show

Than that of common sons.

VOL.

O! stand up bless'd;52

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

I kneel before thee, and unproperly

Show duty, as mistaken all this while

Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

COR.

What is this?56

Your knees to me! to your corrected son!

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach

Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,60

Murd'ring impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work.

VOL.

Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

COR.

The noble sister of Publicola,64

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle

That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

VOL.

This is a poor epitome of yours,68

[*Pointing to the Child.*

Which by the interpretation of full time

May show like all yourself.

COR.

The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform

Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove<sup>72</sup>

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,

And saving those that eye thee!

VOL.

Your knee, sirrah.

COR.

That's my brave boy!<sup>76</sup>

VOL.

Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,

Are suitors to you.

COR.

I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:

The things I have forsworn to grant may never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me<sup>81</sup>

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not

Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not<sup>84</sup>

To allay my rages and revenges with

Your colder reasons.

VOL.

O! no more, no more;

You have said you will not grant us any thing;

For we have nothing else to ask but that<sup>88</sup>

Which you deny already: yet we will ask;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame

May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

COR.

Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll<sup>92</sup>

Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

VOL.

Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life

We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself

How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should<sup>98</sup>

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;<sup>100</sup>

Making the mother, wife, and child to see

The son, the husband, and the father tearing

His country's bowels out. And to poor we

Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us<sup>104</sup>

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
Alas! how can we for our country pray,  
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory, 108  
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had 112  
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles through our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, 116  
And bear the palm for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on Fortune till  
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee 120  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country than to tread—  
Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb, 124  
That brought thee to this world.

VIR.

Ay, and mine,  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

BOY.

A' shall not tread on me:

I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight. 128

COR.

Not of a woman's tenderness to be,

Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat too long.

*[Rising.*

VOL.

Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend 132

To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,

As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit

Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces

May say, 'This mercy we have show'd;' the Romans, 137

'This we receiv'd;' and each in either side

Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, 'Be bless'd

For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son, 140

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,

That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name

Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses; 144

Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,

Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son!148  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt152  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:  
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:156  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world  
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate  
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life160  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
When she—poor hen! fond of no second brood—  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,  
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,165  
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:  
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride  
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;

This is the last: so we will home to Rome,172

And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold us.

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,

But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,

Does reason our petition with more strength176

Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:

This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;

His wife is in Corioli, and his child

Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,181

And then I'll speak a little.

COR.

[*Holding Volumnia by the hand, silent.*]

O, mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene

They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!185

You have won a happy victory to Rome;

But, for your son, believe it, O! believe it,

Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,188

If not most mortal to him. But let it come.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,

I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard

A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?193

AUF.

I was mov'd withal.

COR.

I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,

What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part, 197

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

AUF.

[*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour 200

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work

Myself a former fortune.

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*]

COR.

Ay, by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall bear

A better witness back than words, which we, 204

On like conditions, would have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms, 208

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—

***Rome. A Public Place.***

*Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

MEN.

See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

SIC.

Why, what of that?3

MEN.

If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in 't. Our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.9

SIC.

Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

MEN.

There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

SIC.

He loved his mother dearly.16

MEN.

So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

SIC.

Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.28

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.<sup>33</sup>

SIC.

The gods be good unto us!

MEN.

No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS.

Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,<sup>40</sup>

And hale him up and down; all swearing, if

The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,

They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

SIC.

What's the news?

SEC. MESS.

Good news, good news! the ladies have prevail'd,<sup>44</sup>

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

SIC.

Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?48

SEC. MESS.

As certain as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!52

*[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,

Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you!

*[A shout within.]*

MEN.

This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia56

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:59

This morning for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

*[Music still and shouts.]*

SIC.

First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,

Accept my thankfulness.

SEC. MESS.

Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

SIC.

They are near the city?64

SEC. MESS.

Almost at point to enter.

SIC.

We will meet them,

And help the joy.

*[Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.*

FIRST SEN.

Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,68

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;

Cry, 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

ALL.

Welcome, ladies,72

Welcome!

*[A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene V.—

***Corioli. A Public Place.***

*Enter* Tullus Aufidius, *with* Attendants.

AUF.

Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,

Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,<sup>4</sup>

Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse

The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping

To purge himself with words: dispatch.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

*Enter three or four* Conspirators *of* Aufidius' *faction.*

Most welcome!

FIRST CON.

How is it with our general?

AUF.

Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,

And with his charity slain.

SEC. CON.

Most noble sir,<sup>12</sup>

If you do hold the same intent wherein

You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

AUF.

Sir, I cannot tell:

We must proceed as we do find the people.<sup>16</sup>

THIRD CON.

The people will remain uncertain whilst  
'Twi'x't you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUF.

I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits<sup>20</sup>  
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,  
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,<sup>24</sup>  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

THIRD CON.

Sir, his stoutness

When he did stand for consul, which he lost<sup>28</sup>  
By lack of stooping,—

AUF.

That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose<sup>33</sup>  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame<sup>36</sup>  
Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if<sup>40</sup>  
I had been mercenary.

FIRST CON.

So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,  
When we had carried Rome, and that we look'd  
For no less spoil than glory,—

AUF.

There was it;<sup>44</sup>  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,<sup>48</sup>  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.]*

FIRST CON.

Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

SEC. CON.

And patient fools,52  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
With giving him glory.

THIRD CON.

Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,56  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

AUF.

Say no more:  
Here come the lords.60

*Enter the Lords of the city.*

LORDS.

You are most welcome home.

AUF.

I have not deserv'd it.  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd

What I have written to you?

LORDS.

We have.

FIRST LORD.

And grieve to hear 't.

What faults he made before the last, I think<sup>64</sup>

Might have found easy fines; but there to end

Where he was to begin, and give away

The benefit of our levies, answering us

With our own charge, making a treaty where<sup>68</sup>

There was a yielding, this admits no excuse.

AUF.

He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

COR.

Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;

No more infected with my country's love<sup>72</sup>

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

Under your great command. You are to know,

That prosperously I have attempted and

With bloody passage led your wars even to<sup>76</sup>

The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part

The charges of the action. We have made peace

With no less honour to the Antiates<sup>80</sup>

Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,  
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

AUF.

Read it not, noble lords;84  
But tell the traitor in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

COR.

Traitor! How now?

AUF.

Ay, traitor, Marcius.

COR.

Marcus!

AUF.

Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think88  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?  
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,92  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,  
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;  
Breaking his oath and resolution like  
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting96

Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

COR.

Hear'st thou, Mars?100

AUF.

Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

COR.

Ha!

AUF.

No more.

COR.

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever105  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—  
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that108  
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

FIRST LORD.

Peace, both, and hear me speak.

COR.

Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads, 112

Stain all your edges on me. Boy! False hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli: 116

Alone I did it. Boy!

AUF.

Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

CONSPIRATORS.

Let him die for 't. 120

ALL THE PEOPLE.

Tear him to pieces.—Do it presently.—He killed my son.—My daughter.—He killed my cousin Marcus.—He killed my father. 124

SEC. LORD.

Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!

The man is noble and his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us

Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,

And trouble not the peace.

COR.

O! that I had him, 129

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,

To use my lawful sword!

AUF.

Insolent villain!

CONSPIRATORS.

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

*[Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on his body.]*

LORDS.

Hold, hold, hold, hold! 132

AUF.

My noble masters, hear me speak.

FIRST LORD.

O Tullus!

SEC. LORD.

Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

THIRD LORD.

Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet.

Put up your swords. 136

AUF.

My lords, when you shall know,—as in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot,—the great danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver 141

Myself your loyal servant, or endure

Your heaviest censure.

FIRST LORD.

Bear from hence his body;

And mourn you for him! Let him be regarded

As the most noble corse that ever herald<sup>145</sup>

Did follow to his urn.

SEC. LORD.

His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

AUF.

My rage is gone,<sup>148</sup>

And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;

Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,<sup>153</sup>

Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist.

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded.]*

## TITUS ANDRONICUS

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS,	Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.
BASSIANUS,	Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS,	a Roman, General against the Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS,	Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.
LUCIUS,}	
QUINTUS,}	Sons to Titus Andronicus.
MARTIUS,}	
MUTIUS,}	
YOUNG LUCIUS,	a Boy, Son to Lucius.
PUBLIUS,	Son to Marcus Andronicus.
SEMPRONIUS,}	
CAIUS,}	Kinsmen to Titus.
VALENTINE,}	
ÆMILIUS,	a noble Roman.
ALARBUS,}	
DEMETRIUS,}	Sons to Tamora.
CHIRON,}	
AARON,	a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown;	Romans.
Goths and Romans.	
TAMORA,	Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA,	Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.	
Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.	

Scene.—*Rome, and the Country near it.*

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.—

#### ***Rome.***

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing. The Tribunes and Senators aloft; and then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

SAT.

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords:<sup>4</sup>  
I am his first-born son that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.<sup>8</sup>

BAS.

Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,  
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,<sup>12</sup>  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility;  
But let desert in pure election shine,<sup>16</sup>  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.*

MAR.

Princes, that strive by factions and by friends  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand<sup>20</sup>  
A special party, have, by common voice,

In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
For many good and great deserts to Rome:24  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls:  
He by the senate is accited home  
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,29  
Hath yok'd a nation, strong, train'd up in arms.  
Ten years are spent since first he undertook  
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms32  
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field;  
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,36  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,40  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you and abate your strength;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.45

SAT.

How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

BAS.

Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy

In thy uprightness and integrity,48

And so I love and honour thee and thine,

Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,

And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,52

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.]*

SAT.

Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,56

I thank you all 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 me60

As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates, and let me in.

BAS.

Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*[Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.]*

*Enter a Captain.*

CAP.

Romans, make way! the good Andronicus, 64  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd  
From where he circumscribed with his sword, 68  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Drums and trumpets sounded, and then enter Martius and Mutius; after them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, with Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and people following. The bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.*

TIT.

Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!  
Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay 72  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. 76  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80  
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!  
These that survive let Rome reward with love;

These that I bring unto their latest home.

With burial among their ancestors:84

Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,

Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet

To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?88

Make way to lay them by their brethren.

*[The tomb is opened.]*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!

O sacred receptacle of my joys,92

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,

That thou wilt never render to me more!

LUC.

Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,96

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile

*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,

Before this earthy prison of their bones;

That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,100

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

TIT.

I give him you, the noblest that survives

The eldest son of this distressed queen.

TAM.

Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror, 104

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,

A mother's tears in passion for her son:

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

O! think my son to be as dear to me. 108

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,

To beautify thy triumphs and return,

Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets 112

For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O! if to fight for king and commonweal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood: 116

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful;

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son. 120

TIT.

Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are their brethren, whom your Goths beheld

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain

Religiously they ask a sacrifice: 124

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,

To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

LUC.

Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,<sup>128</sup>

Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

*[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.]*

TAM.

O cruel, irreligious piety!

CHI.

Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

DEM.

Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive<sup>133</sup>

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal

The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy<sup>136</sup>

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths—

When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen—<sup>140</sup>

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with their swords bloody.*

LUC.

See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,<sup>144</sup>

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,

And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

TIT.

Let it be so; and let Andronicus<sup>148</sup>

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.]*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!<sup>152</sup>

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned drugs, here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!<sup>156</sup>

*Enter Lavinia.*

LAV.

In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render for my brethren's obsequies;<sup>160</sup>

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.

O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

TIT.

Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd 165

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! 168

*Enter Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus, Bassianus, and Others.*

MAR.

Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

TIT.

Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

MAR.

And welcome, nephews, from successful wars, 172

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords;

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp, 176

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,

And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons: 184

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TIT.

A better head her glorious body fits  
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.188  
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?192  
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,196  
In right and service of their noble country.  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world:  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.200

MAR.

Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SAT.

Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

TIT.

Patience, Prince Saturninus.

SAT.

Romans, do me right:

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not<sup>204</sup>

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

LUC.

Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good<sup>208</sup>

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

TIT.

Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BAS.

Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,<sup>212</sup>

But honour thee, and will do till I die:

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I will most thankful be; and thanks to men

Of noble minds is honourable meed.<sup>216</sup>

TIT.

People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES.

To gratify the good Andronicus,

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,221

The people will accept whom he admits.

TIT.

Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,224

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,

And ripen justice in this commonweal:

Then, if you will elect by my advice,228

Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

MAR.

With voices and applause of every sort,

Patricians and plebeians, we create

Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,232

And say, 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

*[A long flourish.]*

SAT.

Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done

To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,236

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy name and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress,240

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

TIT.

It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match<sup>244</sup>

I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:

And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,

King and commander of our commonweal,

The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate<sup>248</sup>

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.<sup>252</sup>

SAT.

Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and, when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable deserts,<sup>256</sup>

Romans, forget your fealty to me.

TIT.

[*To Tamora.*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,

Will use you nobly and your followers.<sup>260</sup>

SAT.

A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue

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,<sup>264</sup>

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent<sup>267</sup>

Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you

Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

LAV.

Not I, my lord; sith true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.<sup>272</sup>

SAT.

Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go;

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

*[Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamorain dumb show.]*

BAS.

Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

*[Seizing Lavinia.]*

TIT.

How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?<sup>277</sup>

BAS.

Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal

To do myself this reason and this right.

MAR.

*Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:280

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

LUC.

And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

TIT.

Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.284

SAT.

Surpris'd! By whom?

BAS.

By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

*[Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus with Lavinia.]*

MUT.

Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.288

*[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.]*

TIT.

Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

MUT.

My lord, you pass not here.

TIT.

What! villain boy;

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*Stabs* Mutius.

MUT.

Help, Lucius, help!

[*Dies*.

*Re-enter* Lucius.

LUC.

My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,<sup>292</sup>

In wrongful 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 Lavinia to the emperor.<sup>296</sup>

LUC.

Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife

That is another's lawful promis'd love.

[*Exit*.

SAT.

No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:<sup>300</sup>

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale<sup>304</sup>

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agreed these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

TIT.

O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!308

SAT.

But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,312  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

TIT.

These words are razors to my wounded heart.

SAT.

And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,  
That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,316  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st 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.320  
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?  
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing324  
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.328

TAM.

And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.332

SAT.

Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:336  
There shall we consummate our spousal rights.

*[Exeunt all but Titus.]*

TIT.

I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,339  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?  
*Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*

MAR.

O! Titus, see, O! see what thou hast done;  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

TIT.

No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed<sup>344</sup>  
That hath dishonour'd all our family:  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

LUC.

But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.<sup>348</sup>

TIT.

Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors<sup>352</sup>  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

MAR.

My lord, this is impiety in you.  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;<sup>356</sup>  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*QUIN.*

And shall, or him we will accompany.

*MART.*

And shall, or him we will accompany.

TIT.

And shall! What villain was it spake that word?

QUIN.

He that would vouch it in any place but here.360

TIT.

What! would you bury him in my despite?

MAR.

No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

TIT.

Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,364

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

MART.

He is not with himself; let us withdraw.368

QUIN.

Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

*[Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.]*

MAR.

Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

QUIN.

Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

TIT.

Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.372

MAR.

Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

LUC.

Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

MAR.

Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,376

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son380

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

TIT.

Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,384

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

LUC.

There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.388

ALL.

[*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

MAR.

My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths392

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

TIT.

I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.

Is she not, then, beholding to the man396

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

MAR.

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, on one side, Saturninus, attended; Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron: on the other side, Bassianus, Lavinia and Others.*

SAT.

So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.400

BAS.

And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

SAT.

Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.404

BAS.

Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,

My true-betrothed love and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Meanwhile, I am possess'd of that is mine.408

SAT.

'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

BAS.

My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must and shall do with my life.412

Only thus much I give your Grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;416

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:420

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TIT.

Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:424

'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

TAM.

My worthy lord, if ever Tamora<sup>428</sup>

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

SAT.

What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?<sup>433</sup>

TAM.

Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forbend

I should be author to dishonour you!

But on mine honour dare I undertake<sup>436</sup>

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,<sup>440</sup>

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside to Saturninus.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;<sup>444</sup>

Lest then, the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reposes to be a heinous sin,448  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,452  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;  
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.  
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;456  
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown:

SAT.

Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.459

TIT.

I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

TAM.

Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.464  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.  
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd468

My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.  
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia,  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,<sup>472</sup>  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

LUC.

We do; and vow to heaven and to his highness,  
That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.<sup>476</sup>

MAR.

That on mine honour here I do protest.

SAT.

Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

TAM.

Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;<sup>480</sup>  
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

SAT.

Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:<sup>484</sup>  
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.488

Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

TIT.

To-morrow, an it please your majesty492

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your Grace *bon jour*.

SAT.

Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### Scene I.—

***Rome. Before The Palace. Enter Aaron.***

AAR.

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,

Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,

Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,

Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.4

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills;8

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,<sup>13</sup>  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes<sup>16</sup>  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress.<sup>20</sup>  
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,  
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.<sup>24</sup>  
Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.*

DEM.

Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge  
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.<sup>28</sup>

CHI.

Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all  
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.  
'Tis not the difference of a year or two

Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:

I am as able and as fit as thou<sup>33</sup>

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.<sup>36</sup>

AAR.

Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

DEM.

Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?<sup>40</sup>

Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

CHI.

Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEM.

Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

*[They draw.]*

AAR.

Why, how now, lords!<sup>45</sup>

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,

And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:<sup>48</sup>

I would not for a million of gold  
The cause were known to them it most concerns;  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.<sup>52</sup>  
For shame, put up.

DEM.

Not I, till I have sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and withal  
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.<sup>56</sup>

CHI.

For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,  
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!

AAR.

Away, I say!<sup>60</sup>  
Now, by the gods that war-like Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.  
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a prince's right?<sup>64</sup>  
What! is Lavinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?<sup>68</sup>  
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHI.

I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world.<sup>72</sup>

DEM.

Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AAR.

Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,<sup>76</sup>

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths

By this device.

CHI.

Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.<sup>80</sup>

AAR.

To achieve her! how?

DEM.

Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.<sup>84</sup>

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,<sup>88</sup>  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AAR.

[*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEM.

Then why should he despair that knows to court it  
With words, fair looks, and liberality?<sup>92</sup>  
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AAR.

Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.

CHI.

Ay, so the turn were serv'd.<sup>96</sup>

DEM.

Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AAR.

Would you had hit it too!  
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools  
To square for this? Would it offend you then<sup>100</sup>  
That both should speed?

CHI.

Faith, not me.

DEM.

Nor me, so I were one.

AAR.

For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do<sup>104</sup>

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.<sup>109</sup>

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;<sup>112</sup>

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are

Fitted by kind for rape and villany:<sup>116</sup>

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit

To villany and vengeance consecrate,<sup>121</sup>

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves, 124  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns; 129  
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHI.

Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

DEM.

*Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

### ***A Forest.***

*Horns and cry of hounds heard. Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c.; Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*

TIT.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,

The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.

Uncouple here and let us make a bay,

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride, 4

And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,

That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,

To attend the emperor's person carefully:8

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*[A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal.*

*Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty;

Madam, to you as many and as good;12

I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

SAT.

And you have rung it lustily, my lord;

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BAS.

Lavinia, how say you?

LAV.

I say, no;16

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SAT.

Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport.—*[To Tamora.]* Madam, now shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

MAR.

I have dogs, my lord,<sup>20</sup>  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

TIT.

And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

DEM.

[*Aside.*] Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,<sup>25</sup>  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—

***A Lonely Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.*

AAR.

He that had wit would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly<sup>4</sup>  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest<sup>8</sup>  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

*[Hides the gold.*

*Enter Tamora.*

TAM.

My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chant melody on every bush,<sup>12</sup>  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,<sup>16</sup>  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;<sup>20</sup>  
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,<sup>24</sup>  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds  
Be unto us as is a nurse's song<sup>28</sup>  
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

AAR.

Madam, though Venus govern your desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,32

My silence and my cloudy melancholy;

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls

Even as an adder when she doth unroll

To do some fatal execution?36

No, madam, these are no venereal signs:

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,40

Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,44

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,

And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.

Now question me no more; we are espied;48

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,

Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

TAM.

Ah! my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life.

AAR.

No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:52

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

BAS.

Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,  
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?<sup>56</sup>  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general hunting in this forest?

TAM.

Saucy controller of our private steps!  
Had I the power that some say Dian had,<sup>61</sup>  
Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!<sup>65</sup>

LAV.

Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you<sup>68</sup>  
Are singled forth to try experiments.  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

BAS.

Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian<sup>72</sup>

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,<sup>77</sup>  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LAV.

And, being intercepted in your sport,<sup>80</sup>  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.<sup>84</sup>

BAS.

The king my brother shall have note of this.

LAV.

Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:  
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

TAM.

Why have I patience to endure all this?<sup>88</sup>

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron.*

DEM.

How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!  
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM.

Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place:92

A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:97

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body hearing it

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,105

But straight they told me they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death:108

And then they called me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect;

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,112

This vengeance on me had they executed.

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEM.

This is a witness that I am thy son.116

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

CHI.

And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

LAV.

Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

TAM.

Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,120

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

DEM.

Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her:

First thrash the corn, than after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,124

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

CHI.

An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,129

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM.

But when ye have the honey ye desire,  
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.132

CHI.

I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.  
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAV.

O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—136

TAM.

I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LAV.

Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEM.

Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them140  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

LAV.

When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?  
O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;  
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;144  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:  
[ToChiron.] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

CHI.

What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?148

LAV.

'Tis true! the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard, O! could I find it now,

The lion mov'd with pity did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.152

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.156

TAM.

I know not what it means; away with her!

LAV.

O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,

That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.160

TAM.

Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain

To save your brother from the sacrifice;164

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will:

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

LAV.

O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen, 168

And with thine own hands kill me in this place;

For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAM.

What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go. 172

LAV.

'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.

O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit, 176

Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAM.

So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

DEM.

Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LAV.

No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name.

Confusion fall—184

CHI.

Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.]*

TAM.

Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed 188

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.*

AAR.

Come on, my lords, the better foot before: 192

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit

Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUIN.

My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

MART.

And mine, I promise you: were't not for shame, 196

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

*[Falls into the pit.]*

QUIN.

What! art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me.  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART.

O brother! with the dismall'st object hurt<sup>204</sup>  
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

AAR.

[*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,  
That he thereby may give a likely guess  
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*

MART.

Why dost not comfort me, and help me out<sup>209</sup>  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

QUIN.

I am surprised with an uncouth fear;  
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints:  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.<sup>213</sup>

MART.

To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.<sup>216</sup>

QUIN.

Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.  
O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now<sup>220</sup>  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

MART.

Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.<sup>224</sup>

QUIN.

If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

MART.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,<sup>228</sup>  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,<sup>233</sup>  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.<sup>236</sup>

QUIN.

Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;  
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.240  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

MART.

Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

QUIN.

Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,  
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.244  
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

*[Falls in.*

*Re-enter Aaron with Saturninus.*

SAT.

Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend248  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

MART.

The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.252

SAT.

My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,

Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.256

MART.

We know not where you left him all alive;

But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.*

TAM.

Where is my lord, the king?

SAT.

Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.260

TAM.

Where is thy brother Bassianus?

SAT.

Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

TAM.

Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

*[Giving a letter.*

The complot of this timeless tragedy;265

And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

SAT.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomely, 268*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,*

*Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:*

*Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward*

*Among the nettles at the elder-tree 272*

*Which overshades the mouth of that same pit*

*Where we decreed to bury Bassianus:*

*Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O Tamora! was ever heard the like? 276

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

AAR.

My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

SAT.

[To Titus.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide until we have devis'd 284

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

TAM.

What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

TIT.

High emperor, upon my feeble knee<sup>288</sup>

I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

SAT.

If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.<sup>292</sup>

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

TAM.

Andronicus himself did take it up.

TIT.

I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;

For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow<sup>296</sup>

They shall be ready at your highness' will

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

SAT.

Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:<sup>300</sup>

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

TAM.

Andronicus, I will entreat the king:<sup>304</sup>

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

TIT.

Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

Scene IV.—

***Another Part Of The Forest.***

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

DEM.

So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

CHI.

Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.<sup>4</sup>

DEM.

See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

CHI.

Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

DEM.

She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.<sup>8</sup>

CHI.

An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

DEM.

If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

*[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

*Enter Marcus.*

MAR.

Who's this? my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?<sup>12</sup>

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands<sup>16</sup>

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness<sup>20</sup>

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,<sup>24</sup>

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,<sup>29</sup>

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.<sup>32</sup>

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?  
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.  
Sorrow concealed, like to an oven stopp'd,36  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;40  
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O! had the monster seen those lily hands44  
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life;  
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony48  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;52  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:56  
O! could our mourning ease thy misery.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### Scene I.—

#### ***Rome. A Street.***

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.*

TIT.

Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;

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 you see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.

For two and twenty sons I never wept,

Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[*He throws himself on the ground.*

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
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,<sup>20</sup>  
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

*Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death:<sup>24</sup>  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

LUC.

O noble father, you lament in vain:  
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by;<sup>28</sup>  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TIT.

Ah! Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

LUC.

My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.<sup>32</sup>

TIT.

Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,  
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,  
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,  
All bootless unto them.<sup>36</sup>

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale.<sup>40</sup>  
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.<sup>44</sup>  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

*[Rises.*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?<sup>48</sup>

LUC.

To rescue my two brothers from their death;  
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TIT.

O happy man! they have befriended thee.<sup>52</sup>  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,<sup>56</sup>  
From these devourers to be banished!  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter Marcus and Lavinia.*

MAR.

Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:60  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

TIT.

Will it consume me? let me see it then.

MAR.

This was thy daughter.

TIT.

Why, Marcus, so she is.64

LUC.

Ay me! this object kills me.

TIT.

Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
What fool hath added water to the sea,69  
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.72  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,76

And they have serv'd me to effectless use:

Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,80

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

LUC.

Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

MAR.

O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,84

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

LUC.

O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?88

MAR.

O! thus I found her straying in the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,

That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

TIT.

It was my dear; and he that wounded her92

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock

Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge<sup>97</sup>  
Will in his British bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,<sup>100</sup>  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight<sup>104</sup>  
It would have maddened me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death<sup>109</sup>  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.  
Look! Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew<sup>113</sup>  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MAR.

Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;  
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

TIT.

If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,<sup>117</sup>

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.120

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,124

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,

With miry alime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long128

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows132

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.136

LUC.

Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MAR.

Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TIT.

Ah! Marcus, Marcus, brother; well I wot<sup>140</sup>

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

LUC.

Ah! my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TIT.

Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:<sup>144</sup>

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee:

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.<sup>148</sup>

O! what a sympathy of woe is this;

As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

*Enter Aaron.*

AAR.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor

Sends thee this word: that, if thou love thy sons,<sup>152</sup>

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand,

And send it to the king: he for the same

Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;<sup>156</sup>

And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TIT.

O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?160  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:  
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUC.

Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,164  
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you;  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MAR.

Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,168  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O! none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve172  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AAR.

Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.176

MAR.

My hand shall go.

LUC.

By heaven, it shall not go!

TIT.

Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUC.

Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MAR.

And for our father's sake, and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TIT.

Agree between you; I will spare my hand. 184

LUC.

Then I'll go fetch an axe.

MAR.

But I will use the axe.

*[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.]*

TIT.

Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AAR.

*[Aside.]* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, 188

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:

But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

*[Cuts off Titus' hand.]*

*Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.*

TIT.

Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.192

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited; that let it have.196

As for my sons, say I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AAR.

I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.201

*[Aside.]* Their heads, I mean. O! how this villany

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.205

*[Exit.]*

TIT.

O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And how this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,208

To that I call! [*To Lavinia.*] What! wilt thou kneel with me?

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,<sup>211</sup>

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MAR.

O! brother, speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

TIT.

Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?<sup>216</sup>

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MAR.

But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TIT.

If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes.<sup>220</sup>

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?<sup>224</sup>

I am the sea; hark! how her sighs do blow;

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;<sup>229</sup>

For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave<sup>232</sup>  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.  
*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.*

MESS.

Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,<sup>236</sup>  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
More than remembrance of my father's death.  
*[Exit.*

MAR.

Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,<sup>241</sup>  
And be my heart an ever burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,<sup>244</sup>  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUC.

Ah! that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat,<sup>247</sup>  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

[*Lavinia* kisses Titus.

MAR.

Alas! poor heart; that kiss is comfortless

As frozen water to a starved snake.

TIT.

When will this fearful slumber have an end?<sup>252</sup>

MAR.

Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,

Thy war-like hand, thy mangled daughter here;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight<sup>256</sup>

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs.

Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand<sup>260</sup>

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!

Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TIT.

Ha, ha, ha!<sup>264</sup>

MAR.

Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TIT.

Why, I have not another tear to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,268  
And make them blind with tributary tears:  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me I shall never come to bliss272  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.  
You heavy people, circle me about,276  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear.280  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:  
Bear thou my 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:284  
Hie to the Goths, 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.  
[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*  
LUC.  
Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;  
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:289

Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.

Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;292

O! would thou wert as thou tofore hast been;

But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives

But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,296

And make proud Saturnine and his empress

Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.

Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,

To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.300

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In Titus' House. A Banquet Set Out.***

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.*

TIT.

So, so; now sit; and look you eat no more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:4

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief

With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;8

And when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thump it down.

[*To Lavinia.*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!<sup>12</sup>

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,<sup>16</sup>

And just against thy heart make thou a hole;

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall

May run into that sink, and, soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.<sup>20</sup>

MAR.

Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT.

How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.<sup>24</sup>

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?<sup>28</sup>

O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,32  
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'd signs:36  
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect40  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,44  
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

BOY.

Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:  
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

MAR.

Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.49

TIT.

Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?52

MAR.

At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

TIT.

Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,<sup>56</sup>

Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;

I see, thou art not for my company.

MAR.

Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

TIT.

But how if that fly had a father and a mother?<sup>60</sup>

How would he hang his slender gilded wings

And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,<sup>64</sup>

Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

MAR.

Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

TIT.

O, O, O!<sup>68</sup>

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor<sup>72</sup>  
Come hither purposely to poison me.  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.  
Ah! sirrah.

Yet I think we are not brought so low,<sup>76</sup>  
But that between us we can kill a fly  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

MAR.

Alas! poor man; grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.<sup>80</sup>

TIT.

Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.  
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—

***Rome. Titus' Garden.***

*Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter young Lucius, Lavinia running after him.*

BOY.

Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why:

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes:

Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.<sup>4</sup>

MAR.

Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

TIT.

She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

BOY.

Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

MAR.

What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?<sup>8</sup>

TIT.

Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee;

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah! boy; Cornelia never with more care<sup>12</sup>

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

MAR.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

BOY.

My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;<sup>17</sup>

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy<sup>20</sup>  
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear,  
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;<sup>24</sup>  
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,  
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;  
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.<sup>28</sup>

MAR.

Lucius, I will.

*[Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius had let fall.]*

TIT.

How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?  
Some book there is that she desires to see.  
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.<sup>32</sup>  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;  
Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.<sup>36</sup>  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

MAR.

I think she means that there was more than one  
Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

TIT.

Lucius; what book is that she tosseth so?

BOY.

Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;

My mother gave it me.

MAR.

For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.<sup>44</sup>

TIT.

Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!

*[Helping her.*

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;<sup>48</sup>

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

MAR.

See, brother, see! note how she quotes the leaves.

TIT.

Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,<sup>52</sup>

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—

O! had we never, never hunted there,—56

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

MAR.

O! why should nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?60

TIT.

Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,  
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?64

MAR.

Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!  
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia:68  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.]*

I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.  
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!  
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last  
What God will have discover'd for revenge.74  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]*

TIT.

O! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?<sup>77</sup>

*Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.*

MAR.

What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?<sup>80</sup>

TIT.

*Magni dominator poli,*

*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

MAR.

O! calm thee, gentle lord; although I know

There is enough written upon this earth<sup>84</sup>

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere<sup>89</sup>

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,

That we will prosecute by good advice<sup>92</sup>

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

TIT.

'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;  
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:  
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once:97  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.100  
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry northern wind104  
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,  
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

BOY.

I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.109

MAR.

Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For his ungrateful country done the like.

BOY.

And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.112

TIT.

Come, go with me into mine armoury:  
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents that I intend to send them both: 116  
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

BOY.

Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TIT.

No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house; 120

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

*[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.]*

MAR.

O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,

And not relent or not compassion him? 124

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just that he will not revenge. 128

Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!

*[Exit.]*

Scene II.—

***The Same. A Room In The Palace.***

*Enter, from one side, Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron; from the other young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

CHI.

Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

He hath some message to deliver us.

AAR.

Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

BOY.

My lords, with all the humbleness I may,<sup>4</sup>

I greet your honours from Andronicus;

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods, confound you both!

DEM.

Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

BOY.

[*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,<sup>8</sup>

For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aloud.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,<sup>12</sup>

The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.<sup>16</sup>

And so I leave you both: [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

DEM.

What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see:—

[*Reads.*] *'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,20*  
*Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

CHI.

O! '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, you have it.<sup>24</sup>

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;

But were our witty empress well afoot,<sup>29</sup>

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star<sup>32</sup>

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.<sup>36</sup>

DEM.

But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

AAR.

Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?40

DEM.

I would we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHI.

A charitable wish and full of love.

AAR.

Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.44

CHI.

And that would she for twenty thousand more.

DEM.

Come, let us go and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

AAR.

[*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

DEM.

Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?49

CHI.

Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEM.

Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.*

NUR.

Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see<sup>52</sup>

Aaron the Moor?

AAR.

Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

NUR.

O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.<sup>56</sup>

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AAR.

Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NUR.

O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,<sup>60</sup>

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 a-bed.

AAR.

Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?<sup>64</sup>

NUR.

A devil.

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<sup>68</sup>

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.

'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?<sup>72</sup>

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

DEM.

Villain, what hast thou done?

AAR.

That which thou canst not undo.

CHI.

Thou hast undone our mother.<sup>76</sup>

AAR

Villain, I have done thy mother.

DEM.

And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!80

CHI.

It shall not live.

AAR.

It shall not die.

NUR.

Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

AAR.

What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I84

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

DEM.

I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

AAR.

Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.88

*[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point92

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,96

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,100

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.104

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

DEM.

Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

AAR.

My mistress is my mistress; this myself;108

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This maugre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.112

DEM.

By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

CHI.

Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

NUR.

The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

CHI.

I blush to think upon this ignomy. 116

AAR.

Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer: 120

Look how the black slaves smile upon the father,

As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self blood that first gave life to you; 124

And from that womb where you imprison'd were

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face. 128

NUR.

Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

DEM.

Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice:

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe. 132

AAR.

Then sit we down, and let us all consult,

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

*[They sit.*

DEM.

How many women saw this child of his?

AAR.

Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league, 137

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. 140

But say, again, how many saw the child?

NUR.

Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

AAR.

The empress, the midwife, and yourself: 144

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.

Go to the empress; tell her this I said:

*[Stabbing her.*

'Weke, weke!'

So cries a pig prepared to the spit. 148

DEM.

What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

AAR.

O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.153

Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.

His child is like to her, fair as you are:156

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,160

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; you see, I have given her physic,

*[Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;165

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.168

The midwife and the nurse well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

CHI.

Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air

With secrets.

DEM.

For this care of Tamora,172

Herself and hers are highly hound to thee.

*[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, bearing off the Nurse's body.]*

AAR.