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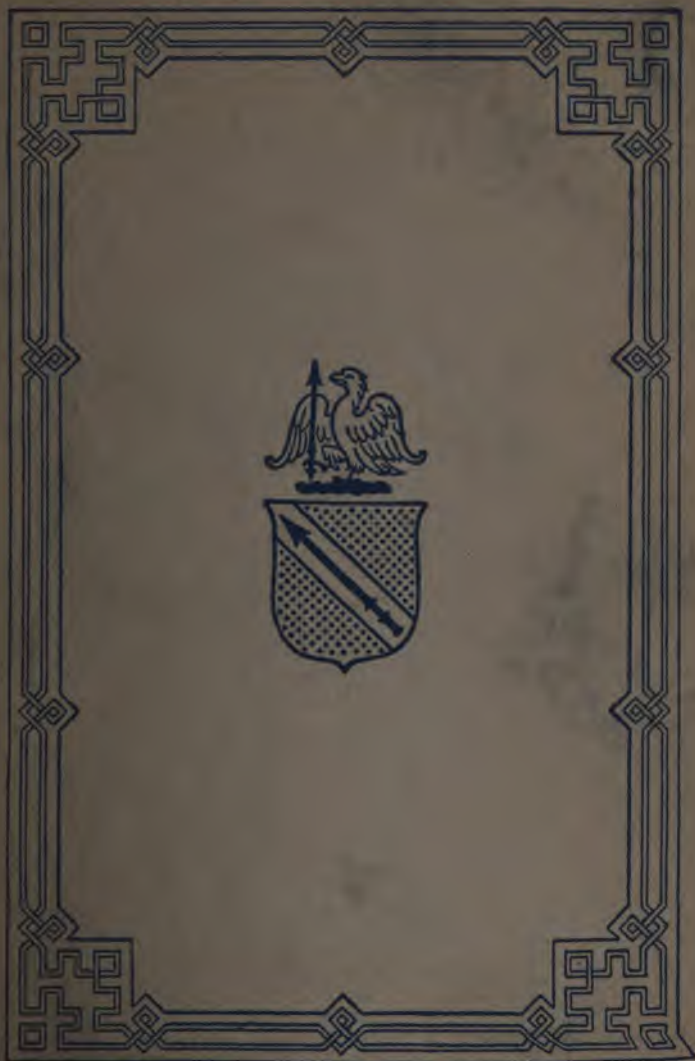
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Cymbeline



Imogen Before the Cave of Belarius
CYMBELINE Act III Scene 6



BOOKLOVERS
EDITION

CYMBELINE

TIMON OF ATHENS

By
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
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CYMBELINE.

Preface.

The First Edition. “*The Tragedie of Cymbeline*” was first printed in the Folio of 1623; it is the last play in the volume, where it occupies pp. 369-399 (misprinted 993). It has been found desirable to remove it from its position in the Folio so that it may be included in this volume of “Comedies.”

The place of *Cymbeline* in the First Folio has led some critics to infer that it was included late, and as an after-thought. The text of the play is certainly unsatisfactory, and possibly represents in many cases the Poet’s “rough-cast notes” rather than his finished work.

Doubtful Passages. The Vision in Act V. Sc. iv. was probably by some other hand than Shakespeare’s; it recalls the problems connected with the *Masque* in the Fourth Act of *The Tempest*; in both cases it is important to remember the fondness for this species of composition during the reign of James I. The Vision may have been inserted for some special Court representation.

The exquisite simplicity of the dirge sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele (Act IV. Sc. ii.) seems to have raised doubts in the minds of certain commentators as to the authenticity of the lines; they have found “something strikingly inferior” in the concluding couplets, both in thought and expression; they would reject, as “additions,”

“*Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,*”

preferring no doubt Collins’s more elegant rendering:—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring!"

The "Tragedy" of Cymbeline. The editors of the First Folio erred in describing *Cymbeline* as a "Tragedy," and in placing it in the division of "Tragedies"; 'all is outward sorrow' at the opening of the story, but its close is attuned to the harmony of peace and happiness, and the play thus satisfies the essential conditions of "Romantic Comedy," or more properly of Shakespearian "Tragi-Comedy,"—life's commingling of tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, joy triumphant in the end.

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the date of composition of *Cymbeline*; the probabilities are in favour of 1609-10.

This limit may be fixed from a notice in the MS. *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer. His "*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie*"* shows him an enthusiastic play-goer; it contains his reports of three Shakespearian representations at the Globe Theatre in 1610-11; *Macbeth* is referred to under the former year (possibly an error for 1611); *The Winter's Tale* was witnessed on the 15th of May, 1611, two or three months before the diarist's death; *Cymbeline* unfortunately has no date assigned; there is merely the statement, preceding an epitome of the plot,—

"Remember also the story of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius' time."

Cymbeline's influence on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (*cp.* the characters of Imogen and Euphrasia†) is

* Among the Ashmolean MSS. (2c8) in the Bodleian Library; privately printed by Halliwell-Phillipps.

† As a single instance of the borrowings, in thought and phraseology, the following may be noted:—

"The gods take part against me; could this boor
 Have held me thus else?" (*Philaster*, IV. i.).

Cymbeline, V. ii. 2-6.

noteworthy: the date of the latter play cannot be definitely fixed, but the evidence points to *circa* 1610-11; 1608 is the earliest date critics have assigned to it. Similarly Webster's "*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*," printed in 1612, and written *circa* 1608, owes some of its tenderest touches to the most striking scenes in *Cymbeline*.

The relation of these two plays, to the present play, as well as certain striking resemblances between scenes and situations in *Cymbeline* and *Macbeth* (e.g. Act II. ii., compared with *Macbeth*, Act II.*), have led to the conjecture that some portions of the work were written as early as 1606-7, the whole being completed in 1609-10; one scholar assigns to the former date Act II. Sc. i., and Act V. Sc. ii.-v.† Another scholar‡ calls attention to a change of treatment to be found in the character of Cloten; in the earlier scenes "he is a mere fool" (e.g. I. iii., II. i.); in the later "he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his counsel is regretted by the King in Act IV. Sc. i." He finds in Act III. Sc. v. corroboration of his view, pointing out that the prose part is a subsequent insertion, having some slight discrepancies with the older parts of the scene. According to this view the story of *Cymbeline* and his sons, the tribute, etc., in the last three acts, was written at an earlier time, in 1606.§

More important than these questionable theories are the unmistakable links connecting *Cymbeline* with the Shakespearian fragment of *Pericles*, with *The Tempest*, and especially with *The Winter's Tale*—the crowning glories of the close of the Poet's literary life; what the

* Some of the parallels are certainly noteworthy; thus, the reference to Tarquin (ll. 12-14) recalls 'Tarquin's ravishing strides' (*Macb.*, II i. 55, 56); "lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct" (ll. 22, 23) may be compared with Duncan's 'silver skin laced with his golden blood' (*Macb.*, II. iii. 118), etc.

† G. M. Ingleby (cp. his edition of "*Cymbeline*," 1886).

‡ F. G. Fleay.

§ Cp. "*A Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare*."

present writer has said of one of these may be said of all: "On all of them his gentle spirit seems to rest; "Timon the Misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

'O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in 't!'

Perhaps, after all, John Heminge and Henry Condell knew what they were about, when, in defiance of chronology and of their own classification, they opened their precious Folio with the wonders of Prospero's enchanted island, and closed it with 'the divine comedy' of 'Posthumus and Imogen.'

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of the play is the love-story of Posthumus and Imogen: this theme, with the famous 'wager-motif' and the 'chest intrigue,' is set in a framework of pseudo-British History, and blended with episodes belonging to that mythical epoch.

I. The Historical Element. So far as the names of the British King (whose reign was contemporary with the birth of Christ), his two sons, and stepson, are concerned, the historical element was derived from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (Bk. III.; ch. xiii.-xviii.); some few meagre incidents were taken from the same source, notably the original of Posthumus's account of the battle, and of his description of the changed fortunes of the fight, summed up in '*a narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.*' The source of this episode is found in Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, near the chapters dealing with the story of *Macbeth*.

The mere name of the heroine is also to be found in Holinshed's account of ancient British story; but it is clear that Shakespeare was already familiar with the name when engaged on *Much Ado About Nothing*; in the opening stage-direction of this play "Innogen" is actually mentioned as "the wife of Leonato."

II. The Story of Imogen. The story of Imogen was derived, directly or indirectly, from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio; it is one of the Second Day Stories, "wherein was discoursed of those who after being baffled by divers chances have won at last of a joyful issue beyond their hope." The Ninth Story tells "*how Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiulo, loseth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich.*"

This rough outline of the plot, at the head of Boccaccio's story, indicates, somewhat at least, how far Shakespeare's version departs from the Italian. Shakespeare may have read the story as told in the *Decamerone*, but there were many other renderings of the theme, which, perhaps originally belonging to Byzantine literature, found a place in Old French Romance and Drama long before it reached Italy; in all probability "*The Romance of the Violet*," by Gerbert de Montruil, circa 1225, was the source of Boccaccio's novel.

From the French, rather than from the Italian, were derived the oldest German and Scandinavian stories of "*The Four Merchants; or, The Virtuous Wife.*" Some such English variant of the Imogen story was probably current in England in the sixteenth century, and may account for certain features of the play; e.g. the introduction in Act I. Sc. iv. of the representatives of the four

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own, he would scarcely have left London so soon. Yet the probability is that he must just about this time have gained some clear and personal insight into an ideal love. In the public sphere, too, it is not unlikely that Arabella Stuart's undaunted passion for Lord William Seymour, so cruelly punished by King James, may have afforded the model for Imogen's devotion to Posthumus in defiance of the will of King Cymbeline.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Posthumus.

The design of the play evidently required that Posthumus should be kept in the background. For he could not be in the foreground without staying beside Imogen; staying there, he could not be cheated out of his faith in her; in which case there would be no chance for the trial and proof of her constancy. Hence the necessity of putting so much respecting him into the mouths of the other persons; and certainly their tongues are rich enough in praise of him. It was no easy thing to carry him through the part assigned him in the play, without disqualifying overmuch the lady's judgement in choosing him; and the Poet manifestly labours somewhat to plant such second-hand impressions of him as may secure the vindication of her choice in our thoughts. For he clearly meant that her wisdom and insight, as approved in other things, should serve to us as a pledge and guaranty of his worth; that "by her election should be truly read what kind of man he is." And not the least of his merits as an artist is the skill he has in making his characters so utter themselves as at the same time to mirror one another. And so here, being forced either to withdraw Posthumus from our immediate view, or else to set him before us in a somewhat

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unfavourable light, the best thing he could do, was to give us a reflection of him from Imogen; and if that reflection, confirmed as it is by others, be not enough, there was no help for it; it was the best that the nature of the case admitted of. And surely it were something bold in any man to wage his own judgement in a matter of this kind against such a woman's as Imogen; for, as Campbell says, "she hallows to the imagination every thing that loves her, and that she loves in return."

Still we can hardly keep quit of the suspicion, that his high credit with her and others is partly owing to the presence of such a foil as Cloten, in comparison with whom he is an angel of a man indeed. And at all events one cannot choose but wish that the Poet had made him hold out a little more firmly against the forged or stolen evidences of his wife's infidelity, and keep his faith at least till the last and strongest item was produced. It is observable, that the Poet represents his very fulness of confidence at first as rendering him all the more liable to the reverse in the contingency that is to arrive: because he is perfectly sure that no proofs of success can be shown by Iachimo, therefore, when some such proofs *are* shown, he falls the more readily into the opposite state. And this, undoubtedly, is in the right line of nature. For to shake the confidence of such a man in such a case is to invert it all into distrust at once. The character of Posthumus is crowned with a liberal measure of redemption in the latter part of the play. After his revenge, as he believes, has been taken, his exceeding bitterness of remorse and penitence turn our revenge into pity; for his experience presses home to our hearts as well as his own, that, "though those who are betray'd do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor stands in worse case of woe"; and his persevering quest of death finally repeals the feeling which we should otherwise be apt to have, that death were none too bad for him.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Cloten.

Life at court is beset with treacherous quicksands. The king is stupid, passionate, perpetually misguided; the queen is a wily murderess; and between them stands her son, Cloten, one of Shakespeare's most original figures, a true creation of genius, without a rival in all the Poet's long gallery of fools and dullards. His stupid inefficiency and undisguised malignity have nothing in common with his mother's hypocritical and supple craft; he takes after her in worthlessness alone.

For the sake of an inartistic stage effect, Shakespeare has endowed him with a bodily frame indistinguishable from that of the handsome Posthumus, leaving it to his head alone to express the world-wide difference between them. But how admirably has the Poet characterised the dolt and boor by making him shoot forth his words with an explosive stammer! With profound humour and delicate observation, he has endowed him with the loftiest notions of his own dignity, and given him no shadow of doubt as to his rights. There are no bounds to his vanity, his coarseness, his bestiality. If words could do it, not a word of his but would wound others to the quick. And not only his words, but his intents are of the most malignant; he would outrage Imogen at Milford Haven and "spurn her home" to her father. His stupidity, fortunately, renders him less dangerous, and with delicate art Shakespeare has managed to make him from first to last produce a comic effect, thereby softening the painful impression of the portraiture. We take pleasure in him as in Caliban, whom he foreshadows, and who had the same designs upon Miranda as he upon Imogen. We might even describe Caliban as Cloten developed into a type, a symbol.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Royal Pair.

The Queen—whose guilty machinations threaten to be the ruin of Posthumus, who holds the reins of government in her own hands, and has the intention of directing the fortunes of all, in accordance with her own resolves—lives to see all her plans thwarted, and in the end herself falls a victim to the destructive power of her own wickedness. Cymbeline, the husband, father and king—who is more or less directly affected by the complications in the lives of all the others, hence as it were, the point where all the radii of the wide circle meet, and from which they in the first instance proceed, and upon whom everything turns although he himself appears the least active—forms the quiescent centre of the action, and in his undutiful lassitude and passiveness regulates the fortunes of all, but is ultimately obliged to take all their fortunes upon himself. The drama, therefore, very justly bears his name.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VII.

Iachimo and Pisanio.

The part of Iachimo illustrates, though not on a very large scale, Shakespeare's peculiar science and learned dealing in the moral constitution of man. At our first meeting with Iachimo, he is in just that stage of moral sickness, that he must be worse before he can be better; and in his sharp practice on the wager his disease reaches the extreme point which, even because it is extreme, starts a process of moral revolution within him; setting him to a hard diet of remorse and repentance, and conducting him through these to renovation and health. So that his treachery is one of those large

overdoses of crime which sometimes have the effect of purging off men's criminality. Such is the cunning leechcraft of nature: out of men's vices she hatches scorpions to lash and sting them into virtue.

Those who think poetry dwells more in the palace than the cottage, and that Shakespeare is apt to postpone the rights of untitled manhood in favour of conventional aristocracy, may be sent to school to Pisanio; who is, socially, the humblest person in the drama, yet his being is "all compact" of essential heroism. His action shows not one self-regarding thought or purpose; he alone seems to live and breathe purely for others. And what shrewdness, what forecast, what fertility of beneficence there is in him! His character is lifted into the highest region of poetry by his oblivion of self; and even those whom he serves derive much of their poetry from his self-forgetting, incorruptible loyalty to them.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Guiderius and Arviragus.

The two Princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, both educated in the wilds, form a noble contrast to Miranda and Perdita. Shakspeare is fond of showing the superiority of the natural over the artificial. Over the art which enriches nature, he somewhere says, there is a higher art created by nature herself. As Miranda's unconscious and unstudied sweetness is more pleasing than those charms which endeavour to captivate us by the brilliant embellishments of a refined cultivation, so in these two youths, to whom the chase has given vigour and hardihood, but who are ignorant of their high destination, and have been brought up apart from human society, we are equally enchanted by a naive heroism which leads them to anticipate and to dream of deeds of valour, till an occasion is offered which they are

irresistibly compelled to embrace. When Imogen comes in disguise to their cave; when, with all the innocence of childhood, Guiderius and Arviragus form an impassioned friendship for the tender boy, in whom they neither suspect a female nor their own sister; when, on their return from the chase, they find her dead, then "sing her to the ground," and cover the grave with flowers:—these scenes might give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry. If a tragical event is only apparent in such case, whether the spectators are already aware of it or ought merely to suspect it, Shakespeare always knows how to mitigate the impression without weakening it: he makes the mourning musical, that it may gain in solemnity what it loses in seriousness.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

IX.

Elements and Construction.

If Cymbeline is deliberately detached from history, his queen and their children transport us into manifest faerie. The evil stepmother, with her malign beauty, culling the poison-flowers "while yet the dew's on the ground," is a witch *manquée*, a Medea not quite perfect in her part; her clownish son is a Caliban made slightly more human and considerably more vulgar; Imogen, with all her added wealth of mind and heart, yet clearly betrays the lineaments of the peerless princess whom the malign stepmother pursues and good fairies defend; while the whole episode of her life in the cave with her unknown brothers, her seeming death and burial, differs from the *Märchen* of *Schneewittchen* ("Little Snow-white") only as the poetry which moves wholly within the human sphere and is wrought out in dramatic detail and imaginative phrase differs from the naïve poetry of the fairy tale. The evil stepmother provides her

“poison” by the aid of a physician; the kindly dwarfs become valiant young hunters, and Schneewittchen’s crystal coffin becomes a woodland bed of flowers and moss lightly sprinkled on the face of the seeming dead.

It can hardly be denied that these several elements of story are not quite faultlessly wrought together. The complex mechanism of the plot is lubricated by a free use of happy coincidences and fortuities, and explained by conversations and soliloquies which serve merely to explain it. It is even possible to maintain that the motley contrast of the interwoven motives has here and there infected the characters;—that Cloten, more particularly, as he appears in the council of war, is a person of more distinction than the clownish wooer of Imogen and butt of the court wits. As in all the plays of this latest group, mechanical coherence of plot is treated with apparent nonchalance, even character is displayed rather in detached moments than with that subtle power of exhibiting its gradual evolution or decay which contributes so much to the fascination of *Hamlet* or *Othello* or *Antony and Cleopatra*; but these moments are illuminated with a dramatic vision so intense and a poetry so poignantly beautiful, that the less intrinsic movements of the play sink into a subordination of effect in which their incoherences are lost sight of. In the subject-matter with which they deal we cannot sharply divide the so-called Romances from the Tragedies; they all deal with tragic harms; both *Cymbeline* and *The Winter’s Tale* sound several chords of the theme of *Othello*. But, in the first place, the tragic action is briefer and simpler, less desperate in its outlook, less harrowing in its course; and, in the second, there open out of it vistas of a reposeful and healing seclusion on the one side, of remorse and atonement on the other, which finally converge in scenes of reconciliation and forgiveness.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

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The play is not merely a series of beautiful pictures, or interesting episodes, such as we are accustomed to find in the productions of dramatists of less renown. Here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, everything is subservient to the development of character. From this point of view every scene contributes its share to the dénouement, nor is there any falling off observable in the power of the artist; the master-hand is as discernible in these latest creations as in those of any earlier period. And he has put forth all his strength on the central figure of the drama, the matchless Imogen, to speak of whom is to sing one long pæan of praise, and whose very name is as full of music as her voice. In her is to be found everything that makes woman lovable, and there is no situation in which she is placed which does not reveal some fresh beauty in her character.

EVANS: *Henry Irving Shakespeare.*

In *Cymbeline* we may note what has presented itself in the plays of admitted inferiority, a recurrence of hints of motive and character that are fully worked out in more perfect pieces. This is sometimes an anticipation, but sometimes a memory; and possibly the appearance that Iachimo is a first idea of Iago, and Posthumus the crude conception of the passion of Othello, as *Cymbeline* of the weakness and tyranny of Lear, may be but fallacious. Indeed, the thought has sometimes occurred to me, that Shakespeare indulged himself designedly in this drama in playing with the same motives in less severe combination, and in falling back for relief, after the tension of his great tragic actions, upon the milder harmonies that might be evoked as truly from the self-same themes.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the*
ARVIRAGUS, } *names of Polydore and Cadwal, sup-*
 } *posed sons to Morgan.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces.*

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a physician.*

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain: Rome.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our
bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,
whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10

First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,

I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
 And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think
 So fair an outward and such stuff within
 Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
 Crush him together rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
 But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
 He served with glory and admired success,
 So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
 Died with their swords in hand; for which their
 father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
 Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
 And, in's spring became a harvest: lived in court—

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. i.

Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved :
 A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
 A glass that feated them, and to the graver
 A child that guided dotards ; to his mistress, 50
 For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
 He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago? 61

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
 So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
 The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter, 70
 After the slander of most stepmothers,

Act I. Sc. i.

CYMBELINE

Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
 You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
 Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
 Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
 Always reserved my holy duty—what
 His rage can do on me: you must be gone,
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
 But that there is this jewel in the world
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
 My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. i.

And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: 101
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll
move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*] Re-
main, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you: for my sake wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*]

Act I. Sc. i.

CYMBELINE

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

O thou vile one!

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. i.

Imo. Sir,
 It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :
 You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
 A man worth any woman, overbuys me
 Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad !

Imo. Almost, sir : heaven restore me ! Would I were
 A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
 Our neighbour-shepherd's son !

Cym. Thou foolish thing ! 150

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together : you have done
 Not after our command. Away with her,
 And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience. Peace,
 Dear lady daughter, peace ! Sweet sovereign,
 Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some com-
 fort
 Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
 A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
 Die of this folly ! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*]

Queen. Fie ! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir ! What news ?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha ! 160
 No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
 But that my master rather play'd than fought,
 And had no help of anger : they were parted

Act I. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

By gentlemen at hand.

- Queen.* I am very glad on 't.
- Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?
- Pis.* On his command: he would not suffer me 170
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to
When 't pleased you to employ me.
- Queen.* This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
- Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.
- Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.
- Imo.* About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The same. A public place.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

- First Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice; where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent.
- Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have
I hurt him?

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. ii.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, 10
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel,
if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o'
the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, but he fled forward still,
toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of
your own; but he added to your having; gave
you some ground. 20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have
oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured
how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse
me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true
election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together: she's a good sign, 30
but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest
the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had
been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been
the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Act I. Sc. iii.

CYMBELINE

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

40

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven
And question'dst every sail: if he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others; he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them,
but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. iv.

The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such ; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour ; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, 31
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

*Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain : he
was then of a crescent note ; expected to prove

so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance? 20

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. iv.

noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. 40

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 50

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France. 60

Act I. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINI

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 7

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. 8

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods. 9

Iach. Which the gods have given you!

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. iv.

frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a 100 courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go 110 back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a per- 120 suasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Act I. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's
on the approbation of what I have spoke! 130

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands
so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to
your ring, that, commend me to the court where
your lady is, with no more advantage than the
opportunity of a second conference, and I will
bring from thence that honour of hers which you
imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my
ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it. 140

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you
buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot
preserve it from tainting: but I see you have
some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear
a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would
undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till
your return: let there be covenants drawn be- 150
tween 's; my mistress exceeds in goodness the
hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you
to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no
sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the
dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten
thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond
too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour
as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your 160

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. v.

jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion, 170 and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away from Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray let us 180 follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Act I. Sc. v.

CYMBELINE

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply 21
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work : he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio !
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ; 30

CYMBELINE**Act I. Sc. v.**

Take your own way.

Cor. [Aside] I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [To *Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes. 40
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in
time

She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master ; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depender on a thing that leans,
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
 So much as but to prop him! [*The Queen drops the
 box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up 60
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
 What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such 71
 As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
 Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

A sly and constant knave;
 Not to be shaked: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after, 80
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
 To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio with Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. vi.

Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that hath their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. vi

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir, 50
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.
[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir,
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad,
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries
'O,

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof, 70
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Act I. Sc. vi.

CYMBELINE

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter
 It is a recreation to be by
 And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
 know,
 Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
 Be used more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
 In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
 You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
 Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
 To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
 I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
 Deliver with more openness your answers
 To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do, 90
 I was about to say, enjoy your——But
 It is an office of the gods to venge it,
 Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
 Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
 The remedy then born,—discover to me

CYMBELINE

Act I. Sc. vi.

What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch, 100
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here ; should I, damn'd then,
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
 With labour ; then by-peeping in an eye
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That 's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit 110
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I
 Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
 The beggary of his change, but 'tis your graces
 That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick ! A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120
 Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
 With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield ! with diseased ventures
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff
 As well might poison poison ! Be revenged,

Act I. Sc. vi.

CYMBELINE

Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips. 140

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit 150
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

CYMBELINE**Act I. Sc. vi.**

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot 180
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—

Act I. Sc. vi.

CYMBELINE

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the emperor ;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France : 'tis plate of rare device and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form, their values great ; 190
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage : may it please you
 To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
 And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men : I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night ;
 I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word 200
 By lengthening my return. From Gallia
 I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
 To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
 But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam :
 Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
 To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night :
 I have outstood my time, which is material
 To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
 Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept
 And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome. 210

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

10

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Act II. Sc. i.

CYMBELINE

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

30

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger? 40

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go. 50

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass? a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. II.

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd, 60
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'ld make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[Exit.

Scene II.

*Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace:
a trunk in one corner of it.*

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye! 10

[Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Act II. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch
 But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids 20
 To see the unclosed lights, now canopied
 Under those windows, white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
 To note the chamber: I will write all down:
 Such and such pictures; there the window; such
 The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
 Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret 40
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iii.

Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turned down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50
[Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

Scene III.

An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble
temper of your lordship. You are most hot and
furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised
to give her music o' mornings; they say it will
penetrate.

10

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so; we 'll try with tongue too: if

Act II. Sc. iii.

CYMBELINE

none will do, let her remain ; but I 'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it : and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings, 20
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise :
 Arise, arise !

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will 30
 consider your music the better : if it do not, it
 is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and
 calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to
 boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late ; for that 's the rea-
 son I was up so early : he cannot choose but take
 this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gra-
 cious mother. 40

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daugh-
 ter ? Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouch-
 safes no notice.

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iii.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself 50
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season ; make denials
Increase your services ; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ; 60
But that 's no fault of his : we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
queen. [*Exeunt all but Cloten.*]

Clo. If she be up, I 'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho !
[*Knocks.*]

Act II. Sc. iii.

CYMBELINE

I know her women are about her: what 70
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
 Can it not do and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave. [Knocks. 80

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleas-
 ure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good? The princess!

[*Exit Lady.*

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. 90

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give

CYMBELINE**Act II. Sc. iii.**

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 100
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal : and learn now for all 110
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 120

Act II. Sc. iii.

CYMBELINE

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls
 On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot ;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base 130
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues to be styled
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
 To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 139
 Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

Clo. ' His garment!' Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. ' His garment!'

Imo. I am spirited with a fool,
 Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
 Search for a jewel that too casually
 Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iv.

Of any king's in Europe! I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: 150
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clo. You have abused me:

'His meanest garment!'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be revenged:

'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.* 160]

Scene IV.

Rome. Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Act II. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
 O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10
 Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
 Will do's commission throughly: and I think
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
 Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
 The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
 Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
 Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
 Now mingled with their courages, will make known
 To their approvers they are people such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made 30
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

CYMBELINE**Act II. Sc. iv.**

And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must, 50
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand

Act II. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour gains or loses
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
 To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
 Being so near the truth as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
 I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
 You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
 You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
 Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
 Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
 Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian bathing; never saw I figures

CYMBELINE

Act II. Sc. iv.

So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Showing the bracelet.
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir,—I thank her—that: 100
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me
And said she prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Act II. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
 [Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
 Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
 Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
 love,
 Where there's another man: the vows of women
 Of no more bondage be to where they are made III
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
 O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
 And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
 It may be probable she lost it, or
 Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
 Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;
 And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
 Render to me some corporal sign about her
 More evident than this; for this was stol'n. 120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
 She would not lose it: her attendants are
 All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal it!
 And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus
 dearly,
 There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient: 130
 This is not strong enough to be believed
 Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;

CYMBELINE**Act II. Sc. iv.**

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't; i' the court; before
Her father. I'll do something— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won: 150
Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
 And that most venerable man which I
 Did call my father, was I know not where
 When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
 her
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
 Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion 20
 That tends to vice in man but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. i.

Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still 30
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Act III. Sc. i.

CYMBELINE

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors, together with
 The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of con-
 quest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of 'Came, and saw, and overcame': with shame—
 The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping—
 Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point— 30
 O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
 and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars:
 other of them may have crooked noses, but to
 owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard 40
 as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have
 a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay
 tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with
 a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. i.

pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more
tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Cl. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;

Act III. Sc. ii.

CYMBELIN

Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek
us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in
our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it,
it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you; and there's
an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome.' [Exit

Scene II.

Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. ii.

Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love and truth and vows which I
 Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity
 So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] ‘Do’t:
 the letter
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity.’ O damn’d paper!
 Black as the ink that’s on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look’st 21
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
 O, learn’d indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars as I his characters;
 He ’ld lay the future open. You good gods,
 Let what is here contain’d relish of love, 30
 Of my lord’s health, of his content, yet not
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
 Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love: of his content,
 All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
 And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid’s tables. Good news, gods!

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, 40
 should he take me in his dominion, could not be
 so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures,
 would even renew me with your eyes. Take
 notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven:
 what your own love will out of this advise you,
 follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that
 remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
 love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me 51
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st
 O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick,—
 Love's counsellor should fill the pores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60
 To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
 To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
 Why should excuse be born or ere begot!
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis.

One score 'twixt sun and sun, 70

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iii.

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, 80
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows
you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Act III. Sc. iii.

CYMBELINE

Gui.

Hail, heaven!

Arv.

Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill! 10
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know
not

What air 's from home. Haply this life is best
If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv.

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iii.

The rain and wind beat dark December, how
 In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey, 40
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel.

How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
 I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the
 search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
 With Roman swords, and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one
 night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
 I was confederate with the Romans; so
 Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
 Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid 71
 More pious debts to heaven than in all
 The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
 This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
 The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-
 leys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to the king; 80
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine: and though train'd up
 thus meanly
 I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
 Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on 's neck,' even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iv.

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused!
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*]

Scene IV.

Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,

Act III. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

Smile to 't before ; if wintry, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy
tongue

May take of some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
the strumpet in my bed ; the testimonies whereof
lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak sur-
mises ; but from proof as strong as my grief,
and as certain as I expect my revenge. That
part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith
be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let
thine own hands take away her life : I shall give
thee opportunity at Milford-Haven : she hath
my letter for the purpose : where, if thou fear to 30
strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou
art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to
me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. iv.

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, 50
Thy favour 's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, 60
Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st
him,

A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 70
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,

Act III. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;— 80
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no de-
fence;—

Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are be-
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up 90
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And made me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory,
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business

CYMBELINE**Act III. Sc. iv.**

I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, 110
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. No so, neither: 120
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

Act III. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 130
What shall I do the while? where abide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's vol-
ume 140
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet

YMBOLINE**Act III. Sc. iv.**

Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

mo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure!

Is. Well then, here 's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage ; 160
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. 170
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you, in their serving
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you ; for he 's honourable,

Act III. Sc. v.

CYMBELINE

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail 181
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to; and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 191
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene V.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. v.

To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office; . 10
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

Act III. Sc. v.

CYMBELINE

The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen.

Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes, 40
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym.

Where is she, sir? How

Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten.

Please you, sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen.

My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
court 50

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym.

Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,

YMBELINE

Act III. Sc. v.

I have not seen these two days.

Queen.

Go, look after.

[Exit Cloten.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
 He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown 61
 To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
 To death or to dishonour; and my end
 Can make good use of either: she being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Clot.

'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
 Dare come about him.

Queen.

[Aside] All the better: may

This night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit.]

Clot.

I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal, 70
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
 Disdaining me and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
 That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be revenged upon her. For when fools
 Shall—

80

Act III. Sc. v.

CYMBELINE

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she
miss'd? 90
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see 't. I will pursue her 100
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

CYMBELINE

Act III. Sc. v.

Clo.

Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O
Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I 110 should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the 120 course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit 130 hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon:—even

there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment I of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. I

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow I it! Come, and be true. [*Ex*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,

And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
 You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
 Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*]

Scene VI.

Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:

I have tired myself; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
 Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told
 me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
 A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
 Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this?
 Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here!

Act III. Sc. vi.

CYMBELINE

If any thing that 's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I 'll enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [*Exit, to the cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match : 30
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
 Will make what 's homely savoury : weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we 'll browse on
 that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay ; come not in.
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought

CYMBELINE**Act III. Sc. vi.**

To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good
 troth,
 I have stol'n nought: nor would not, though I had
 found
 Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my
 meat:
 I would have left it on the board so soon 51
 As I had made my meal, and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
 I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort 71
 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:

Act III. Sc. vi.

CYMBELINE

And such a welcome as I 'ld give to him
 After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
 If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
 Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
 Been less, and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be, 80
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
 [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by
 That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I 'ld change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.
 Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, 91
 We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less wel-
 come.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet,
if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his
garments serve me! Why should his mistress,

who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;

We 'll come to you after hunting.

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Arv. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting ; I 'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well ;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me I
Cannot amend me : society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I 'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ! how ! how !

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why 20
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'ld say
' My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself. loved before me.—

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprovest report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]

Gui. I could not stir him:

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!

We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots

In characters;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick, 50

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me: I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.]

Clo. Soft! What are you 70
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base, 80
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather : he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What 's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, 89
I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't : not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise :

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.* 100

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arv. None in the world : you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
 Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute
 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
 I wish my brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
 Of roaring terrors : for defect of judgement
 Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse ;
 There was no money in 't : not Hercules
 Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none :
 Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's head,
 Son to the queen, after his own report ;

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore, 120
 With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
 Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they
 grow.
 And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
 But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
 Protects not us: then why should we be tender
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
 Play judge and executioner, all himself,
 For we do fear the law? What company
 Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130

Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
 He must have some attendants. Though his humour
 Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
 Absolute madness could so far have raved,
 To bring him here alone: although perhaps
 It may be heard at court that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make some stronger head; the which he hear-
 ing—

As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
 He 'ld fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,

CYMBELINE**Act IV. Sc. ii.**

My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek 151
Behind our rock, and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would re-
venges, 159
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st 170
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
 As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
 For his return. [*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st
 mother 190

It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
 Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad?

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

*Re-enter Arviragus with Imogen, as dead, bearing her
in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack 220
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that 230
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that 'Euriphile' must be 'Fidele.'

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee: 240
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have; 280
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies : come lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more :
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.

Come on, away : apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again :

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is
the way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far
thither?

'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—

I have gone all night : faith, I 'll lie down and sleep—

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
[Seeing the body of Cloten.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream;
 For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300
 Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good
 faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagined, felt.
 A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310
 The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face—
 Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320
 Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me!
 where 's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart
 And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELIN

'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 3
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
 [*Falls on the bo*

*Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a
 Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 3
 Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardne
 Makes our hopes fair. Command our present nu
 bers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir
 What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpos

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision—
 I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy south to this part of the west, 3

CYMBELINE

Act IV. Sc. ii.

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
 Unless my sins abuse my divination—
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
 Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How! a page!
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one, 360
 Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded. Who is this
 Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
 A very valiant Briton and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 370
 There is no more such masters: I may wander
 From east to occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
 Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
 Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do

Act IV. Sc. ii.

CYMBELIN

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
grave
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exe*

Scene III.

A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her.

[Exit an Attendant.

A fever with the absence of her son ;
 A madness, of which her life 's in danger. Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
 So needful for this present : it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure and 10
 Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will : but, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-
 ness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing he was here :
 I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[To Pisanio] We 'll slip you for a season ; but our
 jealousy

Act IV. Sc. iii.

CYMBELINE

Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready: 30
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[Exeunt all but Pisanio.]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain 40
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]

Scene IV.

Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render 11
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,

Act IV. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : what thing is it that I never
Did see man die ! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison !
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I : amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you. boys !

Act V. Sc. ii.

CYMBELINE

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, Imogen, and the Roman army; from the other side, the British army; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeeble me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iii.

This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.* 10

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken;
then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. }
Arv. } Stand, stand, and fight!

*Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they
rescue Cymbeline and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius,
Iachimo, and Imogen.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling to
 Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one, I warrant ; who deserved
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane
 He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
 The country base than to commit such slaughter ; 20
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
 Made good the passage ; cried to those that fled,
 ' Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand ;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in frown : stand, stand ! ' These
 three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
 For three performers are the file when all 30
 The rest do nothing,—with this word ' Stand, stand, ' 3
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd
 coward

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iii.

But by example,—O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!—'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon 40
 A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: and now our
 cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need: having found the back-door
 open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
 Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
 O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
 'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend; 60
 For if he'll do as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhyme.

Act V. Sc. iii.

CYMBELINE

Lord.

Farewell; you're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!

To-day how many would have given their honours

To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,

And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find
him:

For being now a favourer to the Briton,

No more a Briton, I have resumed again

The part I came in: fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death: 80

On either side I come to spend my breath,

Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave the affront with them.

First Cap.

So 'tis reported:

But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's th

Post. A Roman;

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iv.

Who had not now been drooping here if seconds 90
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present Pos-
thumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a
Gaoler: then exeunt omnes.*

Scene IV.

A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks
upon you:

So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art
fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods,
give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease ;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desired more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me than my all.
 I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
 On their abatement : that 's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life take mine ; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
 You rather mine, being yours : and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I 'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient matron his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them : then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 21
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iv.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending nature's law:
 Whose father then—as men report
 Thou orphans' father art— 40
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserved the praise o' the world, 50
 As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel,
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
 To be exiled, and thrown
 From Leonati seat, and cast 60
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,

Act V. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany ?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

CYMBELINE**Act V. Sc. iv.**

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours. 100
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine: 110
And so away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Act V. Sc. iv.

CYMBELINE

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120
His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and
begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air, and when 140
from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

CYMBELINE

Act V. Sc. iv.

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which 150
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more pay-
ments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are 160
often the sadness of parting, as the procuring
of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat,
depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that
you have paid too much, and sorry that you are
paid too much; purse and brain both empty, the
brain the heavier for being too light, the purse
too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this con-
tradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity
of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice:
you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of 170
what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your
neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the
acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
toothache: but a man that were to sleep your
sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I
think he would change places with his officer;

for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go. 180

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as 190 wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I 'll be hanged then. 200

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt all but First Gaoler.*]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there

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were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I 210
speak against my present profit, but my wish
hath a preferment in 't. [Exit.

Scene V.

Cymbeline's tent.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus*] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates. 20

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too? How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 4
And, but she spoke in dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

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With such integrity, she did confess
 Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
 But that her flight prevented it, she had
 Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
 Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
 For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, 50
 Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
 By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
 When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
 Her son into the adoption of the crown:
 But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60
 Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Ladies. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
 Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
 That thought her like her seeming; it had been
 vicious
 To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter
 That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other Roman
 Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that

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CYMBELINE

The Britons have razed out, though with the loss 70
 Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
 That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
 So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
 Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have
 threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth 80
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
 Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
 Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
 Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,

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The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak, 110
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?

Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another 120

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Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.

Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on.
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step
you forth; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived

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'Twi'x sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter? what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will 151
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurst
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Pos-
thumus,—

What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly, 160
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthu-
mus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one 171
That had a royal lover, took his hint,

And not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
 He was as calm as virtue—he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
 made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
 Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
 And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it 190
 Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court; where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with similar proof enough 200
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown

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With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
 O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
 Methinks I see him now—

Post. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
 Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple 220
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help! 229
 Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How came these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life, but in short time

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All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] Though you did love this youth,
I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket; which directed him 28c
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he enforced from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour: what became of him
 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
 I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
 I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
 Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 29

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
 And am right glad he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 3c
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
 This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself, and hath

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More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms
alone;

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three: 310
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence: 320
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

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Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
 Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
 Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
 These two young gentlemen, that call me father
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
 And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
 Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
 Itself, and all my treason: that I suffer'd
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
 For such and so they are—these twenty years
 Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, 340
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I moved her to't,
 Having received the punishment before
 For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heavens 350
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service that you three have done is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:

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If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd 360
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It is a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be, 370
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved,

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Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with

I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances, 390

From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold
thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

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Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becomed this place and graced
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
 Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
 Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess
 That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
 The power that I have on you is to spare you;
 The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd! 420
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
 Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
 As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
 Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
 Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
 Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
 Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
 Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
 This label on my bosom; whose containing 430
 Is so from sense in hardness, that I can

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Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meanin

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, 4 then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuo
daughter,

Which we call 'mollis aer'; and 'mollis aer'
We term it 'mulier': which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle, 4

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the most majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;

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My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar 460
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle, 470
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely eagle.
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.
Set on there ! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*]

Glossary.

Abode; "desire my man's a.,"
i.e. bid my servant to stay; I.
vi. 53.
Absolute, absolutely certain,
positive; IV. ii. 106.
Abuse, deceive; I. vi. 131; IV.
ii. 351.
Abused, deceived; I. iv. 120;
III. iv. 105.
Act, action, operation; I. v. 22.
Action, state, course; V. iv.
150.
Adjourn'd, deferred; V. iv. 78.
Admiration, wonder, astonish-
ment; I. iv. 5; I. vi. 38.
—, veneration and wonder;
IV. ii. 232.
Adorer, idolator; I. iv. 72.
Adventure, run the risk; III.
iv. 156.
Adventured, dared, ventured;
I. vi. 172.
Advice; "best a.," deliberate
consideration; I. i. 156.
Afear'd, afraid; IV. ii. 94.
Affected, loved; V. v. 38.
Affiance, fidelity; I. vi. 163.
Affirmation; "bloody a.,"
"sealing the truth with his
blood"; I. iv. 62.
Affront; "gave the a.," con-
fronted the enemy; V. iii. 87.
—, confront; IV. iii. 29.
Afric, Africa; I. i. 167.
After, afterwards; I. v. 80; I.
vi. 50; II. iii. 18.

After, according to; IV. ii. 334.
After-eye, look after; I. iii. 16.
Air's from, air there is away
from; III. iii. 29.
Albeit, although; II. iii. 60.
Allow'd, acknowledged; III.
iii. 17.
Amazed, confused; IV. iii. 28.
Amend, make better; V. v. 216.
Ancient, old, aged; V. iii. 15.
Andirons, irons at the side of
the fire-place; II. iv. 88.



From an Italian specimen formerly in
the palace of Count Balcaneone.

CYMBELINE

Annoy, harm; IV. iii. 34.
Answer, punishment; IV. iv. 13.
—, return, retaliation; V. iii. 79.
—, correspond to; IV. ii. 192.
Answer'd him, done like him; V. iii. 1.
Ape, mimic, imitator; II. ii. 31.
Apparent, plain, evident; II. iv. 56.
Apprehension, conception; IV. ii. 110.
Approbation, attestation; I. iv. 130.
Approve, prove; IV. ii. 380; V. v. 245.
Approvers; "their a.," those who make trial of their courage; II. iv. 25.
Arabian bird, the phoenix; I. vi. 17.
Arm, take up into the arms; IV. ii. 400.
Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. ii. 26.
As, for; I. vi. 130.
—, like; II. iv. 84.
—, as if; IV. ii. 50; V. ii. 16; V. iv. 116.
Assumed, put on; V. v. 319.
At, on; III. iv. 193.
Atone, reconcile; I. iv. 41.
Attemptable, open to temptation; I. iv. 63.
Attended, listened to; I. vi. 142.
Attending, doing service; III. iii. 22.
—, awaiting; V. iv. 38.
Averring, alleging; V. v. 203.
Avoid! begone! away! I. i. 125.

Glossary

Back'd, seated upon the back of; V. v. 427.
Base, a game in which the quickest runner is the winner; V. iii. 20.
Basilisk, the fabulous monster whose look was supposed to strike the beholder with death; II. iv. 107.



Basilisk.
From an illuminated MS. of XIVth cent.

Bate, beat down, deduct; III. ii. 56.
Bay, bark at; V. v. 223.
Beastly, like beasts; III. iii. 40; V. iii. 27.
Becomed, become; V. v. 406.
Behalf; "in the clock's b.," i.e. doing the service of a clock; III. ii. 75.
Belch from, vomit from; III. v. 137.
Bent, cast, look; I. i. 13.
Beseech, I beseech; I. i. 153.
Beseeming, appearance; V. v. 409.
Betid, happened (Folios, "betide"); IV. iii. 40.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

Be what it is; let it be what it may; V. iv. 149.

Beyond nature, which are immortal; V. v. 165.

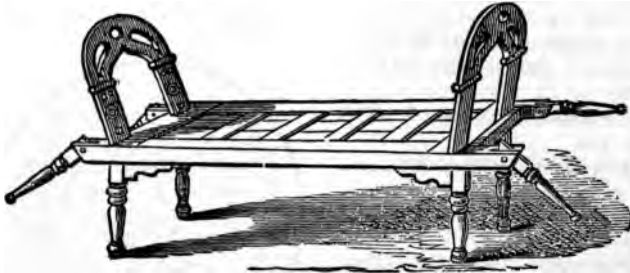
Bier; IV. ii. 22. (See illustration.)

Bring, accompany, escort; I. i. 171.

Brogues, thick shoes; IV. ii. 214.

Bugs, bugbears; V. iii. 51.

But, except, without; V. v. 311.



From an early XVIIth century specimen, till recently preserved at the Church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester.

Bloods, temperaments; I. i. 1.

Bold, sure, confident; II. iv. 2.

Bondage, obligation; II. iv. 111.

Book, tablet; V. iv. 133. (See Notes.)

Boot; "to b.," in addition; I. v. 69; II. iii. 34.

Bore in hand, falsely pretended, abused with false hopes; V. v. 43.

Bow, makes to bow; III. iii. 3. —, stoop in entering; III. iii. 83.

Brain not, do not understand; V. iv. 147.

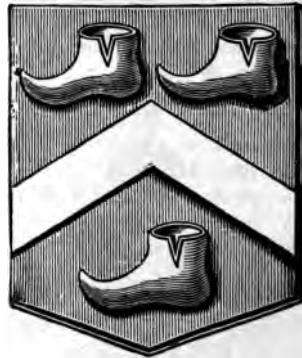
Brands, torches; II. iv. 91.

Bravely, well; II. ii. 15.

Bravery, "state of defiance"; III. i. 18.

Brawns, arms; IV. ii. 311.

Breeding, life; V. iii. 17.



The arms of the old Irish family of Arthure.

By, from; II. iv. 77, 78; III. v. 58.

By-dependances, accessory circumstances; V. v. 390.

CYMBELINE

Glossary

- By-peeping*, looking aside, side-long glances (Johnson conj., adopted by Steevens, 1773, "lye peeping"; Collier MS., "bo-peeping"; Keightley, "bide peeping"; etc., etc.); I. vi. 108.
- Calves'-guts*, fiddle-strings; II. iii. 32.
- Capon*, perhaps used quibblingly for "cap on," i.e. "with a coxcomb"; II. i. 25.
- Carl*, churl, peasant; V. ii. 4.
- Carriage*; "your c.," carrying you off; III. iv. 190.
- Cased*, covered; V. iii. 22.
- Cave*, live in a cave; IV. ii. 138.
- Cave-keeper*, one who lives in a cave; IV. ii. 298.
- Century*, hundred; IV. ii. 391.
- Certainty*, certain results; IV. iv. 27.
- Chaffless*, without chaff; I. vi. 178.
- Chance*, event, circumstance; V. v. 391.
- Change you*, do you change colour; I. vi. 11.
- Characters*, handwriting; III. ii. 28.
- , letters; IV. ii. 49.
- Charge*, burden, take hold of; III. iv. 44.
- Charm'd*, made invulnerable; V. iii. 68.
- Charming*, having magical, protecting power; I. iii. 35.
- ; "more c.," i.e. charming more, bewitching others more; V. iii. 32.
- Check*, reproof; III. iii. 22.
- Cinque-spotted*, with five spots; II. ii. 38.
- Circumstances*, details, particulars; II. iv. 62.
- Citizen*, cockney-bred, effeminate; IV. ii. 8.
- Civil*, civilized; III. vi. 23.
- Clean*, altogether; III. vi. 20.
- Clipp'd*, surrounded, encircled; II. iii. 139.
- Clipp'd about*, embraced; V. v. 451.
- Close*, secret; III. v. 85.
- Closet*, private chamber; I. v. 84.
- Cloth*, dress, livery; II. iii. 128.
- Clotpoll*, head; IV. ii. 184.
- Clouted brogues*, hob-nailed boots; IV. ii. 214.
- Cloys*, strokes with his claws; V. iv. 118.
- Cognizance*, visible token; II. iv. 127.
- Collection of*, inference from; V. v. 432.
- Colour*; "against all c.," contrary to all appearance of right; III. i. 51.
- Colours*; "under her c.," i.e. "under her banner, by her influence"; I. iv. 20.
- Comfort*, happiness, joy; V. v. 403.
- Common-kissing*, kissing anything and everything; III. iv. 166.
- Companion*, fellow (used contemptuously); II. i. 28.
- Company*, accompany; V. v. 408.
- Comparative for*, comparing with; II. iii. 133.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

Conclusions, experiments; I. v. 18.
Condition, character; V. v. 165
Conduct, escort, safe-conduct; III. v. 8.
Confections, composition of drugs; I. v. 15; V. v. 246.
Confident; "three thousand c.,"

Convince, overcome; I. iv. 101.
Cordial, reviving to the spirits; I. v. 64.
Counterchange, exchange; V. v. 396.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in calculations; V. iv. 174.



From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespear*.

with the confidence of three thousand; V. iii. 29.
Confiners, borderers; IV. ii. 337.
Confounded, destroyed; I. iv. 53.
Consequence, succession; II. iii. 125.
Consider, pay, reward; II. iii. 31.
 —, take into consideration; V. v. 28.
Constant-qualified, faithful; I. iv. 63.
Construction, interpretation; V. v. 433.
Consummation, end, death; IV. ii. 280.
Containing; "whose c.," the contents of which; V. v. 430.
Content thee, trouble not thyself about it; I. v. 26.
Convey'd, stolen; I. i. 63.

Crack'd, blustered, bragged; V. v. 177.
 —, broken; V. v. 207.
Crare, skiff, a small vessel



From an illuminated MS. XVth cent.

(Simpson's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, "care"; Warburton, adopted by

CYMBELINE

Theobald, "*carrack*"; Ham-
mer, "*carack*"; IV. ii. 205.
Crescent, increasing, growing;
I. iv. 2.
Crop, harvest, produce; I. vi.
33.
Curb'd, restrained; II. iii. 124.
Curious, careful; I. vi. 191.
Cutter, sculptor; II. iv. 83.
Cydnus, a river in Cilicia; II.
iv. 71.
Cytherea, Venus; II. ii. 14.

Damm'd, stopped up; V. iii. 11.
Dark, mean, obscure; III. iv.
147.
Dear, deeply felt; V. v. 345.
Debitor and creditor, account
book; V. iv. 171.
Decay, destroy; I. v. 56.
Defect; "d. of judgement," *i.e.*
"the defective use of judge-
ment" (Ingleby); IV. ii. 111.
Definite, resolute; I. vi. 43.
Delicate, alluring; (?) ingen-
ious, artful; V. v. 47.
Delighted, delightful; V. iv.
102.
Depend, impend, remain in sus-
pense; IV. iii. 23.
Depending, resting, leaning; II.
iv. 91.
Desperate; "upon a d. bed,"
dangerously ill; IV. iii. 6.
Despite; "in my d.," in defiance
of me; IV. i. 16.
Die the death, die a violent
death; IV. ii. 96.
Differing multitudes, wavering
multitudes, fickle mobs; III.
vi. 86.

Glossary

Discover, disclose, confess; I.
vi. 98; III. v. 95.
Disedged, surfeited; III. iv. 96.
Dismission, rejection, dismiss-
al; II. iii. 56.
Doom'd, decided; V. v. 420.
Doubting, suspecting that; I. vi.
95.
Drawn, tapped, emptied; V. iv.
168.
Drawn to head, gathered to-
gether, levied; III. v. 25.
Drug-damn'd, detested for its
drugs and poisons; III. iv. 15.

Earnest, money paid before-
hand as a pledge; I. v. 65.
Elder, elder-tree; IV. ii. 59.
Elder, *i.e.* later, of more recent
date; V. i. 14.
Elected, chosen; III. iv. 112.
Election, choice; I. ii. 30.
Empery, empire; I. vi. 120.
Enchafed, enraged; IV. ii. 174.
Encounter, meet; I. iii. 32.
—, meet with; I. vi. 112.
Ended, died; V. v. 30.
Enforce, force, compel; IV. iii.
11.
Enforced, forced; IV. i. 19.
Enlargement, liberty; II. iii.
125.
Entertain, take into service;
IV. ii. 394.
Estate, state, condition; V. v.
74.
Even, keep pace with, profit by;
III. iv. 184.
—, just; III. vi. 16.
Event, issue, result; III. v. 14.
Ever, ever ready; I. iv. 38.
Exhibition, allowance; I. vi. 122.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

- Exorciser*, conjurer; IV. ii. 276.
Extend; "to e. him," i.e. to increase his reputation; I. iv. 21.
 —; "I do e. him within himself," i.e. I praise him not more, but even less, than he deserves; I. i. 25.
Extremity, cruelty; III. iv. 17.
- Fail*, fault, offence (Upton conj. "fall"); III. iv. 66.
Fairies, evil fairies; II. ii. 9.
Fall'n-off, revolted; III. vii. 6.
False, turn false; II. iii. 73.
Fan, winnow, test; I. vi. 177.
Fangled, gaudily ornamented; V. iv. 134.
Far; "speak him f.," praise him highly (Folios 3, 4, "fair"); I. i. 24.
Fast, fasted (Folios 2, 3, 4, "feast"; Hanmer, "fasting"; etc.); IV. ii. 347.
Fatherly, in a fatherly way; II. iii. 38.
Favour, beauty, charm; I. vi. 42.
Favour, external appearance; IV. ii. 104.
 —, countenance; V. v. 93.
Fear, fear for; I. iv. 104.
Fear'd, mixed with fear (Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Knight, "sear'd"; Hudson, "sere"; Elze. conj. "dear"; etc., etc.); II. iv. 6.
Fearful, full of fear; III. iv. 45.
Feat, dexterous, neat; V. v. 88.
Feated, fashioned (Rowe, "featur'd"; Johnson, "feared"); I. i. 49.
- Feature*, shape, exterior; V. v. 163.
Fell, cruel; IV. ii. 109.
Fellows, equals in rank; III. iv. 93.
Feodary, accomplice; III. ii. 21.
Fetch, take, I. i. 81.
Fetch in, take, capture; IV. ii. 141.
Fit, ready; III. iv. 171.
Fitment, equipment; V. v. 409.
Fits, befits; III. v. 22.
Fitted, prepared; V. v. 55.
Fitting, befitting, becoming; V. v. 98.
Foot, kick; III. v. 149.
For, as for; II. iii. 116; V. iii. 80.
 —, fit for, only worthy of; II. iii. 127.
 —, because; III. iv. 54; IV. ii. 129.
 —, for want of; III. vi. 17.
For all, once for all; II. iii. 110.
Fore-end, earlier part; III. iii. 73.
Forespent, previously bestowed; II. iii. 63.
Forestall, deprive; III. v. 69.
Fore-thinking, fore-seeing, anticipating; III. iv. 171.
Forfeiters, those who forfeit their bonds; III. ii. 38.
Forfend, forbid; V. v. 287.
Forlorn, lost, not to be found; V. v. 405.
Foundations, "quibbling between fixed places and charitable institutions" (Schmidt); III. vi. 7.
Fragments, scraps, remnants of food; V. iii. 44.

CYMBELINE

Frame to, conform; II. iii. 50.
Franchise, free exercise; III. i. 57.
Franklin, yeoman; III. ii. 79.
Fraught, burden; I. i. 126.
Freeness, generosity; V. v. 421.
Fretted, ornamented, embossed; II. iv. 88.
Friend, lover; I. iv. 72.
 —; “to fr.,” for my friend; I. iv. 112.
Friendly, in a friendly manner; V. v. 481.
Frighted, affrighted, frightened; II. iii. 144.
From, away from; I. iv. 17.
 —, far from; V. v. 431.
Full hearted, full of courage and confidence; V. iii. 7.
Fumes, delusions; IV. ii. 301.
Furnaces, gives forth like a furnace; I. vi. 66.

Gain; “g. his colour,” i.e. “to restore him to health”; IV. ii. 167.
Gallowses, gallows; V. iv. 210.
Gan, began; V. iii. 37.
Geck, dupe; V. iv. 67.
Gentle, of gentle birth; IV. ii. 39.
Giglot, false, wanton; III. i. 31.
Gins, begins; II. iii. 22.
Give me leave, pardon me; V. v. 149.
Given out, reported, made out; V. v. 312.
Go back, succumb, give way; I. iv. 110.
Go before, excel; V. ii. 8.
Go even, accord; I. iv. 46.

Glossary

Gordian knot, the celebrated knot untied by Alexander; II. ii. 34.
Great court, important court business; III. v. 50.
Great morning, broad day; IV. ii. 61.
Guise, practice; V. i. 32.
Gyves, fetters; V. iv. 14.

Habits, garments; V. i. 30.
Hand-fast, marriage engagement; I. v. 78.
Hangings, hanging fruit; III. iii. 63.
Haply, perhaps; III. iii. 29; IV. i. 21.
Happy, skilful, gifted; III. iv. 177.
Harder, too hard; III. iv. 164.
Hardiment, boldness, bravery; V. iv. 75.
Hardiness, hardihood, bravery; III. vi. 22.
Hardness, hardship, want; III. vi. 21.
Have at it, I’ll tell my story; V. v. 315.
Have with you! Take me with you! IV. iv. 50.
Having, possessions; I. ii. 19.
Haviour, behaviour; III. iv. 9.
Head, armed force; IV. ii. 139.
Heaved to head, raised to my lips; V. v. 157.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam; IV. ii. 313.
Herblets, small herbs; IV. ii. 287.
Hie thee, hasten; II. iii. 142.
Hilding, mean wretch; II. iii. 127.

Glossary

Hind, boor, serf; V. iii. 77.
Hold, fastness; III. vi. 18.
Holp, did help, V. v. 422.
Home, thoroughly; III. v. 92.
Horse-hairs, fiddle-bow; II. iii. 32.
How much, however much; IV. ii. 17.
Hunt, game taken in the chase; III. vi. 90.

Ignorant, silly, inexperienced; III. i. 27.

Imperceiuerant, dull of perception (Folios, "*imperseuerant*")—probably the correct reading; Hanmer, "*ill-perseuerant*"; IV. i. 15.

Imperious, imperial; IV. ii. 35.

Importance, import, occasion; I. iv. 44.

Importantly, with matters of such importance; IV. iv. 19.

In, into; III. vi. 64.

Incivil, uncivil; V. v. 292.

Injurious, malicious, unjust; III. i. 48.

Injurious, insulting, insolent; IV. ii. 86.

Instruct, inform; IV. ii. 360.

Insultment, insult; III. v. 145.

Into, unto; I. vi. 167.

Irregulous, lawless, unprincipled; IV. ii. 315.

Is, is in existence; I. iv. 79.

Issues, deeds, actions; II. i. 50.

It, its; III. iv. 160.

Jack, a small bowl at which the players aimed in the game of bowls; "to kiss the jack" is to have touched the jack,

and to be in excellent position; II. i. 2.

Jack-slave, lowborn fellow (a term of contempt); II. i. 21.

Jay, a loose woman (a term of reproach); III. iv. 51.

Jealousy, suspicion; IV. iii. 22.

Jet, strut; III. iii. 5.

Join; "j. his honour," i.e. "gave his noble aid"; I. i. 29.

Journal, diurnal, daily; IV. ii. 10.

Jove's-bird, the Roman eagle; IV. ii. 348. (See illustration.)



From a coin of Domitian.

Jovial; "our J. star" (in the old astrology, Jupiter was "the joyfulest star, and of the happiest augury of all," hence propitious, kindly); V. iv. 105.

Jovial, Jove-like; IV. ii. 311.

Joy'd, rejoiced; V. v. 424.

Jump, risk; V. iv. 186.

Justicer, judge; V. v. 214.

Keep house, stay at home; III. iii. 1.

CYMBELINE

Glossary

- Ken*; "within a k.," within sight; III. vi. 6.
- Kitchen-trulls*, kitchen-maids; V. v. 177.
- Knowing*, knowledge; I. iv. 30; II. iii. 101.
- Known together*, been acquainted with each other; I. iv. 36.
- Label*, tablet; V. v. 430.
- Laboursome*, elaborate; III. iv. 167.
- Lady*; "my good l.," (?) friend; used ironically; II. iii. 157.
- Laming*, crippling; V. v. 163.
- Lapp'd*, wrapped, enfolded; V. v. 360.
- Late*, lately; I. i. 6; II. ii. 44.
- Laud we*, let us praise; V. v. 476.
- Lay*, wager; I. iv. 154.
- Lay the leaven on*, corrupt and deprave; III. iv. 64.
- Lean'd unto*, bowed to, submitted to; I. i. 78.
- Leans*, is about to fall; I. v. 58.
- Learn'd*, taught; I. v. 12.
- Leave*; "by l.," with your permission; V. v. 315.
- , leave off, cease, I. iv. 106.
- Left*, left off; I. iii. 15.
- , left off reading; II. ii. 4.
- Less*; "without l.," without more, with less (probably to be explained as a double negative); I. iv. 23.
- Let blood*, let suffer, perish; IV. ii. 168.
- Liegers*, ambassadors (Folios, "Leidgers"); I. v. 80.
- Like*, equal; I. i. 21; V. v. 75.
- , the same; IV. ii. 237.
- , likely; II. iv. 16.
- , equally; III. iii. 41.
- Limb-meal*, limb from limb; II. iv. 147.
- Line*, fill with gold; II. iii. 71.
- Long of*, through, owing to; V. v. 271.
- Looks us*, seems to us; III. v. 32.
- Lucina*, the goddess of childbirth; V. iv. 43.
- Lud's town*, the old name of London; III. i. 32.
- Madded*, maddened; IV. ii. 313.
- Madding*, maddening, making mad; II. ii. 37.
- Made finish*, put an end to; V. v. 412.
- Makes*, produces, causes; I. vi. 38.
- Martial*, resembling Mars; IV. ii. 310.
- Mary-buds*, marigolds; II. iii. 25.
- Match*, arrangement; III. vi. 30.
- Matter*, business; IV. iii. 28.
- Mean affairs*, ordinary affairs; III. ii. 52.
- Means*; "your m.," as to your means; III. iv. 180.
- Mercurial*; "foot m.," i.e. "light and nimble like that of Mercury"; IV. ii. 310.
- Mere*, utter; IV. i. 92.
- Merc*, only; V. v. 334.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

Mineral, poison; V. v. 50.
Minion, darling, favourite; II. iii. 45.
Misery; "noble m.," miserable nobility; V. iii. 64.
Moe, more; III. i. 36.
Moiety, half; I. iv. 114.
Mortal, deadly, fatal; I. iv. 43.
Motion, impulse; II. v. 20.
Motives; "your three m.," the motives of you three; V. v. 388.
Move, induce; I. i. 103.
Moved, incited, instigated; V. v. 342.
Mows, grimaces, wry faces; I. vi. 41.
Mulier (fancifully derived from "mollis aer"); V. v. 447.
Mutest, most silent; I. vi. 116.
Naught, wicked; V. v. 271.
Neat-herd, keeper of cattle; I. i. 149.
Nice, capricious; II. v. 26.
Niceness, coyness; III. iv. 158.
Nonpareil, paragon; II. v. 8.
North, north-wind; I. iii. 36.
Note, reputation; I. iv. 2.
 —, list; (?) "prescription, receipt"; I. v. 2.
 —, eminence; II. iii. 126.
 —, notice, attention; IV. iii. 44.
 —; "our n.," taking notice of us; IV. iv. 20.
 —, take note, notice; II. ii. 24.
Nothing, not at all; I. iv. 103.
Nothing-gift, gift of no value; III. vi. 86.

Now, just now; V. iii. 74.
Number'd, abundantly provided; I. vi. 36.
Occasions; "over his o.," (?) = "in regard to what was required"; according to some, "beyond what was required"; V. v. 87.
'Ods pittikins, a petty oath; IV. ii. 293.
O'ergrown, overgrown with hair and beard; IV. iv. 33.
Of, with; I. vi. 150.
 —, on; II. iii. 118; IV. iv. 48.
 —, by; II. iii. 137; III. vi. 55; IV. iv. 22; V. v. 346.
 —, over; IV. i. 23.
 —, about, in praise of; V. v. 177.
Offer'd; "o. mercy," (?) pardon granted (but coming too late); I. iii. 4.
On, of; I. v. 75; III. iv. 43; IV. ii. 198.
On's, of us (Folio 1, "one's"; Steevens, "of us"; Vaughan conj. "o'us"); V. v. 311.
On't, of it; I. i. 164; V. ii. 3.
Open'd, disclosed; V. v. 58.
Operate, to set to work, to be active; V. v. 197.
Or, before; II. iv. 14.
Orbs, orbits; V. v. 371.
Order'd; "more o." better regulated and disciplined; II. iv. 21.
Orderly, proper; II. iii. 51.
Ordinance, what is ordained; IV. ii. 145.
Or ere, before; III. ii. 67.
 —, rather than; V. iii. 50.

CYMBELINE

Glossary

Out-peer, excel; III. vi. 87.
Outsell, exceed in value; II. iv. 102.
Outsells, outvalues, is superior to; III. v. 74.
Outstood, overstayed; I. vi. 207.
Outward, external appearance; I. i. 23.
Overbuys, pays too dear a price; I. i. 146.
Owe, own, III. i. 38.

Packing, running off; (?) plotting; III. v. 80.
Paid, punished; IV. ii. 246.
Paled in, surrounded; III. i. 19.
Pandar, accomplice; III. iv. 32.
Pang'd, pained; III. iv. 98.
Pantler, keeper of the pantry; II. iii. 128.
Paragon, pattern, model; III. vi. 44.
Part; "for mine own p.," for myself; V. v. 313.
Parted, departed; III. vi. 52.
Partisan, halberd; IV. ii. 399.
Parts, endowments; III. v. 71.
Passable, affording free passage; I. ii. 10.
Passage, occurrence; III. iv. 94.
Peculiar, own particular, private; V. v. 83.
Peevish, foolish; I. vi. 54.
Penetrate, touch; II. iii. 14.
Penitent, repentant; V. iv. 10.
Perfect; "I am p.," I am perfectly well aware, I well know; III. i. 73.
 —, perfectly well aware; IV. ii. 118.

Perforce, by force; III. i. 72.
Pervert, averted; II. iv. 151.
Pinch, pain, pang; I. i. 130.
Pleaseth, if it please; I. v. 5.
Point; "at p.," on the point of; III. i. 30; III. vi. 17.
Point forth, indicate; V. v. 454.
Post, hasten; V. v. 192.
Posting, hurrying; III. iv. 38.
Postures, shapes, forms; V. v. 165.
Powers, armed forces; III. v. 24.
Practice, plot, stratagem; V. v. 199.
Prefer, recommend; II. iii. 50; IV. ii. 386.
 —, promote; V. v. 326.
Preferment, promotion; V. iv. 212.
Pregnant, evident; IV. ii. 325.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 142.
Pretty, fair, advantageous; III. iv. 150.
Prides, (?) ostentatious attire; II. v. 25.
Priest, priestess; I. vi. 133.
Prince, play the prince; III. iii. 85.
Prize, value (Hanmer, "price"; Vaughan, "peize"); III. vi. 77.
Probation, proof; V. v. 362.
Profess myself, proclaim myself (by the exuberance of my praise); I. iv. 71.
Prone, eager, ready; V. iv. 204.
Proof, experience; I. vi. 70; III. iii. 27.
Proper, handsome; III. iv. 64.

Glossary

Proper, own; IV. ii. 97.
Prunes, arranges his plumage with his bill; V. iv. 118.
Pudency, modesty; II. v. 11.
Put on, incite to, instigate; V. i. 9.
Puttock, kite; I. i. 140.

Quarrelous, quarrelsome; III. iv. 162.
Quarter'd fires, camp fires; IV. iv. 18.
Quench, become cool; I. v. 47.
Question, put to the trial, *i.e.* fight a duel; II. iv. 52.

Ramps, leaps; I. vi. 134.
Rangers, nymphs; II. iii. 73.
Rank, rankness (used quibblingly); II. i. 16.
Raps, transports; I. vi. 51.
Rare, overpowering, exquisite; I. i. 135.
Ravening, devouring greedily; I. vi. 49.
Razed out, erased (Folios, "rac'd out"); V. v. 70.
Right, truly; III. v. 3.
Ripely, speedily; III. v. 22.
Ready, *i.e.* dressed for going out, ready dressed (taken quibblingly in the more ordinary sense in the reply); II. iii. 85.
Reason of, argue about, talk about; IV. ii. 14.
Reck, care; IV. ii. 154.
Recoil, degenerate; I. vi. 128.
Reft'st, didst deprive (Folios, "refts"); III. iii. 103.
Relation, hearsay, report; II. iv. 86.

CYMBELINE

Remain, remainder, rest; III. i. 87.
Remainders; "the good r. of the court," *i.e.* "the court which now gets rid of my unworthiness" (used ironically); I. i. 129.
Remembrancer of her, he who reminds her; I. v. 77.
Render, rendering an account; IV. iv. 11.
 —, surrender; V. iv. 17.
 —, relate, tell; V. v. 135.
Repented, regretted; V. v. 59.
Report; "suffer the r.," may be told; I. iv. 58.
 —, fame; III. iii. 57.
Resty, torpid; III. vi. 34.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 40.
Revolt, inconstancy; I. vi. 112.
Revolts, revolters, deserters; IV. iv. 6.
Rock, rocky eminence; "such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck" (Ingleby); V. v. 262.
Romish, Roman; I. vi. 152.
Ruddock, robin redbreast (Folios, "Raddocke"); IV. ii. 224.
Runagate, renegade; I. vi. 137.

Safe, sound; IV. ii. 131.
Sample, example; I. i. 48.
Saucy, insolent; I. vi. 151.
Saving reverence, asking pardon; IV. i. 5.
Sayest thou? what do you say? II. i. 26.
Scorn, mockery; V. iv. 125.

CYMBELINE

Glossary

- Scriptures*, writings (with perhaps a suggestion of its ordinary meaning); III. iv. 83.
- Sear up*, probably due to a blending of (i.) "sear" = dry up, with (ii.) "sear" = "cere," i.e. seal, cover with wax, as linen is dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud (cp. "cerement," "cere cloth"); I. i. 116.
- Search'd*, searched for; V. v. 11.
- Season*, time; IV. iii. 22.
- Seasons comfort*, i.e. "gives happiness its proper zest"; I. vi. 9.
- See*, i.e. see each other; I. i. 124.
- Seek through*, pursue; IV. ii. 160.
- Seem* "still s." = ever put on an appearance; I. i. 3.
- Seeming*, external appearance; V. v. 65.
- , appearance of fact; "this hath some s.," this seems well founded; V. v. 452.
- Self*, same; I. vi. 122.
- Self-figured*, self-contracted, formed by themselves (Theobald conj., adopted by Warburton, "self-finger'd"); II. iii. 123.
- Senseless*, unconscious; II. iii. 57.
- Senseless of*, insensible to; I. i. 135.
- Serving*; "in their s.," employing, using them; III. iv. 173.
- Set on*, forward, march on; V. v. 484.
- Sets*, which sets; I. vi. 170.
- Set up*, incite; III. iv. 90.
- Severally*, each in his own way; V. v. 397.
- Shaked*, shaken; I. v. 76.
- Shall*, will; III. iv. 131.
- Shame*, shyness, modesty; V. iii. 22.
- Shameless - desperate*, shamelessly desperate; V. v. 58.
- Sharded*, protected by scaly wing-cases; III. iii. 20.
- Shes*, women; I. iii. 29.
- Shop*, store; V. v. 166.
- Short*, take from, impair; I. vi. 200.
- Shot*, tavern reckoning, score; V. iv. 158.
- Show*, deceitful appearance; V. v. 54.
- Shows*, appearances; V. v. 428.
- 'Shrew me*, i.e. beshrew me; a mild oath; II. iii. 146.
- Shrine*, image; V. v. 164.
- Silly*, simple; V. iii. 86.
- Simular*, false, counterfeited; V. v. 200.
- Single oppositions*, single combats; (?) "when compared as to particular accomplishments" (Schmidt); IV. i. 15.
- Sinks*, makes to sink; V. v. 413.
- Simon*, who persuaded the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse filled with armed men; III. iv. 61.
- Sir*, man; I. vi. 160.
- Sirrah*, a form of address to an inferior; III. v. 80.
- Slight in sufferance*, careless in permitting it; III. v. 35.

Glossary

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- Slip you*, let you go free; IV. iii. 22.
- Sluttry*, the practice of a slut; I. vi. 44.
- Snuff*, a candle that has been snuffed; I. vi. 87.
- So*, it is well; II. iii. 15.
- Solace*, take delight; I. vi. 86.
- Soldier to*, enlisted to; (?) equal to; III. iv. 186.
- So like you*, if it please you; II. iii. 58.
- Something*, somewhat; I. i. 86; I. iv. 116.
- Sometime*, sometimes; II. iii. 76.
- , once; V. v. 333.
- Sorer*, more grievous, more evil; III. vi. 13.
- South-fog*; "the S. rot him"; it was supposed that the south wind was charged with all noxious vapours and diseases; II. iii. 135.
- Spectacles*, organs of vision; I. vi. 37.
- Speed*; "how you shall s.," how you will fare; V. iv. 190.
- Sprightly*, of good cheer, in god spirits; III. vi. 75.
- Sprited*, haunted; II. iii. 143.
- Spritely*, spirit-like, ghostly; V. v. 428.
- Spurs*, shoots of the root of a tree; IV. ii. 58.
- Staggers*, giddiness, reeling; V. v. 233.
- Stand*, "station of huntsmen waiting for game"; II. iii. 74.
- Stand*, withstand; V. iii. 60.
- Stand'st so*, dost stand up so; III. v. 56.
- Starve*, die of cold; I. iv. 176.
- States*, "persons of highest rank"; III. iv. 39.
- Statist*, statesman, politician; II. iv. 16.
- Still*, continually; II. v. 30.
- , always; V. v. 250.
- Story*, i.e. the subject of the embroidery on the tapestry; II. ii. 27.
- Story him*, give an account of him; I. iv. 34.
- Straight-pight*, straight fixed, erect; V. v. 164.
- Strain*, impulse, motive; III. iv. 95.
- , stock, race; IV. ii. 24.
- Strait*, straight; V. iii. 7.
- Strange*, foreign, a foreigner; I. vi. 54.
- Stricter*, more restricted, less exacting; V. iv. 17.
- Stride a limit*, overpass the bound; III. iii. 35.
- Strow*, strew; IV. ii. 287.
- Suit*, clothe; V. i. 23.
- Supplyant*, auxiliary; III. vii. 14.
- Supplyment*, continuance of supply (Pope, "supply"); III. iv. 182.
- Sur-addition*, surname; I. i. 33.
- Swathing clothes*; I. i. 59. (See illustration.)
- Sweet*, sweet-heart (Collier MS., "suite"); I. v. 80.
- Swerve*, go astray, mistake; V. iv. 129.

CYMBELINE



From a brass in Rougham Church,
Norfolk.

Syenna, the ruler of Syenna; IV. ii. 341.

Synod, assembly of the gods; V. iv. 89.

Tables, tablets; III. ii. 39.

Take, take pay; III. vi. 24.

Take in, make to yield, overcome; III. ii. 9.

—, conquer, overcome; IV. ii. 121.

Take me up, take me to task; II. i. 4.

Talents; "beyond all t.," exceeding any sum; I. vi. 80.

Tanlings, those tanned by the sun; IV. iv. 29.

Targes, targets; "t. of proof," targets of tested metal (Folio 4, "*Targets*"; Pope, "*shields*"; Capell, "*targets*"); V. v. 5.

Taste, feel, experience; V. v. 403.

Glossary

Tasting of, experiencing, feeling; V. v. 308.

Temper, mix; V. v. 250.

Tender; "t. of our present," tendering of our present gift; I. vi. 208.

Tender of, sensitive to; III. v. 40.

Tent, probe; III. iv. 118.

That, for that, because; III. v. 71.

—, since that; III. vii. 4.

—, that which; IV. ii. 125; V. iv. 135.

—, so that; V. iii. 11; V. iv. 45.

Thereto, in addition thereto; IV. iv. 33.

Thick, fast, quickly; III. ii. 58.

This, this is (S. Walker conj. "*this*"); II. ii. 50.

Threat, threaten; IV. ii. 127.

Throughfare, thoroughfare; I. ii. 11.

Thoroughly, thoroughly; II. iv. 12; III. vi. 36.

Thunder-stone, thunder bolt; IV. ii. 271.

Time, age; I. i. 43.

Tinct, colour; II. ii. 23.

Tirest on, preyest upon (as a hawk); III. iv. 97.

Titan, the god of the Sun; III. iv. 166.

Title, name; I. iv. 93.

To, as to; I. iv. 101.

—, compared to; III. ii. 10.

—, is to be compared to; III. iii. 26.

—, in addition to; IV. ii. 333.

Tomboys, hoydens; I. vi. 122.

Tongue, speak; V. iv. 147.

Glossary

CYMBELINE

- Touch*, feeling, emotion; I. i. 135.
- Toys*, trifles; IV. ii. 193.
- Trims*, dress, apparel, III. iv. 167.
- Trip me*, refute me, give me the lie; V. v. 35.
- Troth*, the truth; V. v. 274.
- Trow*, I wonder; I. vi. 47.
- True*, honest; II. iii. 75.
- Truer*, more honest man; I. v. 43.
- Tune*, voice; V. v. 238.
- Twinn'd*, indistinguishably similar; I. vi. 35.
- Unbent*; "to be u.," to unbend thy bow; III. iv. 111.
- Undergo*, undertake, perform; I. iv. 148; III. v. 110.
- Undertake*, give satisfaction; II. i. 27.
- Unparagon'd*, matchless; I. iv. 84; II. ii. 17.
- Unpaved*, castrated; II. iii. 33.
- Unprizable*, invaluable; I. iv. 96.
- Unspeaking sots*, blockheads wanting power of speech; V. v. 178.
- Untwine*, cease to twine; IV. ii. 59.
- Up*, put up; II. iv. 97.
- Up-cast*, a throw directed straight up; II. i. 2.
- Use*; "their u.," they use us; IV. iv. 7.
- Utterance*; "at u.," at all hazards; III. i. 73.
- Valuation*, value; IV. iv. 49.
- Vantage*, opportunity; I. iii. 24. —, advantage; V. v. 198.
- Vantages*, favourable opportunity; II. iii. 49.
- Venge*, avenge; I. vi. 92.
- Verbal*, wordy, verbose; II. iii. 110.
- Very Cloten*, Cloten himself; IV. ii. 107.
- View*; "full of v.," full of promise; III. iv. 150.
- Wage*, wager; I. iv. 139.
- Waggish*, roguish; III. iv. 160.
- Waked*, awoke; V. v. 429.
- Walk*, withdraw, walk aside; I. i. 176; V. v. 119.
- Wanton*, one brought up in luxury; IV. ii. 8.
- Warrant*, pledge; I. iv. 61.
- Watch*; "in w.," awake; III. iv. 43.
- Watching*, keeping awake for; II. iv. 68.
- Way*; "this w.," by acting in this way; IV. iv. 4.
- Weeds*, garments; V. i. 23.
- Well encounter'd*, well met; III. vi. 66.
- Wench-like*, womanish; IV. ii. 230.
- Went before*, excelled; I. iv. 75.
- What*, what a thing; IV. i. 16.
- When as*, when (Dyce, "whenas"); V. iv. 138; V. v. 435.
- Which*, who; II. iii. 111.
- Whiles*, while; I. v. 1.
- Who*, whom; V. v. 27.
- Whom*, which; III. i. 53.
- Windows*, eyelids; II. ii. 22.

CYMBELINE

Glossary

Wink, shut their eyes; V. iv. 191.

Winking, having the eyes shut; II. iii. 25.

—, blind; II. iv. 89.

Winter-ground, protect from inclement weather of the winter (Collier MS., "*winter-guard*"; Bailey conj. "*winter-fend*"; Elze, "*wind around*"); IV. ii. 229.

With, by; II. iii. 143; V. iii. 33.

Woodman, huntsman; III. vi. 28.

Worms, serpents; III. iv. 37.

Would so, would have done so; V. v. 189.

Wrings, writhes; III. vi. 79.

Write against, denounce; II. v. 32.

Wrying, swerving; V. i. 5.

You're best, you had better; III. ii. 79.



British megalith.

CYMBELINE

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 3. '*does the king*'; Tyrwhitt's conjecture; Folios, '*do's the kings*'; Hanmer, '*do the king's*.'

I. i. 133. '*A year's age*'; this reading seems weak; one expects some stronger expression. Warburton, adopted by Theobald, '*a yare [i.e. speedy] age*'; Hanmer, '*many A year's age*'; Nicholson, '*more than Thy years' age*'; etc., etc.

I. iii. 9. '*make me with this eye or ear*'; Folios, '*his*' for '*this*'.

I. iv. 21. '*are wonderfully to*'; Warburton conj. '*aids wonderfully to*'; Capell conj. '*are wonderful to*'; Eccles, '*and wonderfully do*'.

I. iv. 77-78. '*could not but*'; Malone's emendation, of Folios, '*could not*'.

I. iv. 118. '*herein too*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*heerein to*'; Grant White, '*herein-to*' Anon. conj., '*hereunto*'; Vaughan conj. '*herein, so*'.

I. iv. 141. '*afraid*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*a Friend*'; Becket conj. '*affied*'; Jackson conj. '*affanc'd*'; Collier MS., '*afeard*'; Ingleby conj. '*her friend*'.

I. v. 68. '*chance thou changest on*'; so Folios; Rowe reads '*chance thou chancest on*'; Theobald, '*change thou chancest on*'.

I. vi. 25. '*trust—*'; Boswell's reading; Folios, '*trust*'; Hanmer, '*truest*'; Rann, '*truest*'; Thirlby conj. '*trusty*'.

I. vi. 36. '*number'd*, (?) = '*rich in numbers*'; Theobald, '*un-number'd*'; Warburton, '*humbld*'; Farmer conj. '*umber'd*'; Jackson conj. '*member'd*'; Theobald's excellent emendation has much to commend it.

I. vi. 45. '*desire vomit emptiness*'; Johnson explained these difficult words as follows:—"Desire, when it approached *sluttry*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but seized with a fit of loathing, would *vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though being unfed, it had no object." Pope, '*desire vomit ev'n*'

emptiness'; Capell, '*desire vomit to emptiness*'; Hudson, '*desire vomit from emptiness*.'

I. vi. 109. '*unlustrous*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*illustrious*'; Ingleby, '*ill-lustrous*.'

II. ii. 49. '*bare the raven's eye*'; Theobald's conj., adopted by Steevens; Folios, '*bear the Rauens eye*.'

II. iii. 27. '*With every thing that pretty is*'; Hanmer (unnecessarily, for the sake of the rhyme), '*With all the things that pretty bin*'; Warburton, '*With everything that pretty bin*.'

II. iii. 32. '*vice*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*voyce*.'

II. iii. 51. '*soliciting*'; the reading of Collier (ed. 2); Folio 1 reads '*solicity*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*solicits*'; Pope, '*solicits*.'

II. iii. 105. '*Are not*'; Warburton's conjecture, adopted by Theobald, '*cure not*'; but no change is necessary.

III. i. 20. '*rocks*'; Seward conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios, '*Oakes*.'

III. i. 54. '*We do*', these words are part of Cymbeline's speech in Folios; Collier MS. assigns them to Cloten, and the arrangement has been generally adopted.

III. iii. 2. '*Stoop*'; Hanmer's emendation of Folios, '*Sleepe*.'

III. iii. 6. '*turbons*'; Folio 1, '*Turbonds*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Turbands*.'

III. iii. 23. '*bauble*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Babe*'; Hanmer, '*bribe*'; the latter suggestion has been accepted by many modern editors; Brae, '*badge*', i.e. decoration, ribbon.

III. iii. 34. '*prison for*'; Pope's emendation of Folio 1, '*Prison, or*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Prison or*'; Anon conj. and Vaughan conj., '*prison of*.'

III. iii. 83. '*I the cave wherein they bow*'; Warburton's emendation; Folios, '*I th' Cave, whereon the Bowe*'; Rowe, '*I th' cave, where on the bow*'; Pope, '*Here in the cave, wherein*'; Theobald, '*I th' cave, there, on the brow*', etc.

III. iv. 52. '*Whose mother was her painting*', i.e. 'who owed her beauty to her painted face'; or, perhaps 'whose painted face was the sum of her woman-like qualities'; according to others, 'whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade.'

III. iv. 81. '*afore't*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*a-foot*.'

III. iv. 104. '*I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first*'; Hanmer's emendation; Folios read '*I'll wake mine eye-balles first*'; Rowe, '*I'll break mine eye-balls first*'; Johnson conj., adopted by Ingleby, '*I'll wake mine eye-balls out first*'; Collier MS., '*I'll crack mine eye-balls first*.'

Notes

CYMBELINE

III. iv. 135. Vaughn proposed '*With that harsh noble—noble simply in nothing*'; Spence, '*trash noble*' (i.e. base coin); Elze, '*that ignoble*,' etc.

III. iv. 138. '*Where then?*' perhaps these words should be assigned to Pisanio.

III. iv. 177. '*Which you'll make him know*' Hanmer's reading; Folios read '*Which will make him know*'; Theobald, '*Which will make him so.*'

III. v. 44. '*loud'st of noise*'; Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, '*lowd of noise*'; Rowe, '*loudest noise.*'

III. v. 72. Possibly, as explained by Johnson, these words are to be explained as meaning, '*than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind*'; Hanmer, '*than any lady winning from each one.*'

III. vi. 71. Perhaps we should read with Hanmer, '*I'd bid*'; i.e. '*I'd bid for you and make up my mind to have you.*'

III. vii. 9. '*commends*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios, '*commands*' (perhaps = '*commands to be given*').

IV. ii. 132. '*humour*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*honor.*'

IV. ii. 168. '*parish*'; Hanmer, '*marish*'; Garrick's version, '*river*'; Becket conj. '*parage.*'

IV. ii. 224. '*The ruddock*,' etc.; the kindly service of the Robin

Redbreast is often referred to in Elizabethan literature, e.g.

*Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charitie.*

Drayton, *The Owl*.

It is worth while noting that the story of *The Babes in the Wood* was dramatised as early as 1600 in Yarrington's "*Two Lamentable Tragedies.*"

IV. iii. 36. '*I heard no letter*,' i.e. (?) '*I've not had a line*'; Hanmer reads '*I've had*'; Capell, '*I have had*'; Mason conj., and Warburton conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), '*I had.*'

V. i. 15. '*dread it, to the doers' thrift*'; perhaps this means that *the guilty benefit by their dread, for their dread makes them re-*



From an early copy of the ballad of
The Babes in the Wood.

pent, and repentance brings them salvation. Theobald suggested 'dreaded . . . thrift'; but the text, though somewhat difficult, may be correct.

V. iii. 26. 'that,' i.e. 'that death.'

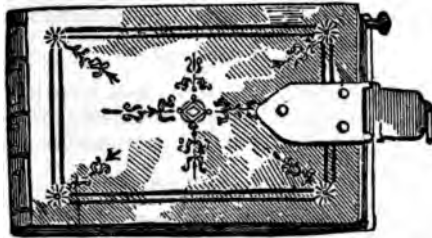
V. iii. 43. 'they'; Theobald's correction of Folios, 'the'; i.e. 'retracing as slaves the strides they made as victors.'

V. iii. 53. 'Nay, do not wonder'; Theobald reads 'Nay, do but wonder'; Staunton conj. 'Ay, do but wonder'; "Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach that wonder was all he was made for" (Johnson).

V. iv. 113. 'Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.' Cp. the accompanying drawing.

V. iv. 133.

*'A book? O rare one!
Be not . . . a garment
Nobler than that it covers.'*



From a specimen of the late XVIth century.

V. v. 54. 'and in time'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'yes and in time'; S. Walker conj. 'and in due time.' etc.

Notes

CYMBELINE

V. v. 263. The stage-direction first inserted by Hanmer. It explains the meaning of the lines, gets rid of a long series of unnecessary emendations.

V. v. 305. 'scar'; 'had ever s. for,' i.e. had ever received a scar for; Folios 1, 2, 'scarre'; Collier conj. 'sense'; Singer (ed. 2), 'score' Bailey conj. 'soar.'

V. v. 378. 'When ye'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, 'When we'; Capell, 'When you.'

V. v. 382. 'fierce,' disordered; (?) vehement, rapid; Collier conj. 'forc'd'; Bailey conj. 'brief.'

V. v. 384. 'distinction should be rich in,' i.e. "Ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative" (Steevens).

V. v. 392. 'our long interrogatories'; Tyrwhitt conj., adopted by Malone; Folios, 'our long Interrogatories.'

CYMBELINE

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

25-27. *I do extend*, etc.—The meaning is, my praise, however extreme it may appear, is less than the truth warrants: I rather stop short of his merits than go the full length of them.

31. Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and the son of Lud. On the death of Lud, his younger brother, Cassibelan, took the throne, to the exclusion of the lineal heir. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first invasion, but was vanquished on their second, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, his nephew Tenantius was established on the throne. Some authorities tell us that he quietly paid the tribute stipulated by his usurping uncle; others, that he refused it, and warred with the Romans; which latter account is the one taken for true by the Poet.

Scene II.

30, 31. *she's a good sign*, etc.—To understand the force of this, it should be remembered that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath.

Scene IV.

[*Enter . . . a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*] "It has been observed," says Verplanck, "that the behaviour of the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who are stated to be present during this animated scene, is in humorous accordance with the apathy and taciturnity usually attributed to their countrymen. Neither the Don nor Mynheer utters a syllable. 'What was Imogen to them, or they to Imogen,' that they should speak of her?" White says "their

mere presence has a dramatic value, as indicating the mixed company of travellers in which this scene takes place."

16, 17. *a great deal from the matter*:—That is, makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

141. *afraid, . . . wiser*:—That is, you are the wiser in fearing to have your wife put to the proof. To screw Posthumus up to the sticking-point, the villain here imputes his backwardness to a distrust of his wife, and so brings his confidence in her over to the side of the wager and trial. The original reads, *a friend* instead of *afraid*. The latter word was suggested by Warburton, and adopted by Theobald. It is not altogether easy to get at the meaning of *a friend* in such a connection: besides, Posthumus has just professed himself "her adorer, *not her friend*." And the change is further approved by what Iachimo says just after: "But, I see, you have some religion in you, that *you fear*"; that is, evidently, fear to have your wife's honour attempted, lest it should give way. It need scarce be said, that to such a man as Iachimo religion and superstition are synonymous terms.

Scene V.

33, 34. *I do not like her*, etc.:—This soliloquy is pronounced by Johnson to be "very inartificial," and he declares that Cornelius makes "a long speech to tell himself what himself knows." The speech might deserve such censure, were it not intended for the audience, to relieve their anxiety at mischievous ingredients being left in the hands of the Queen. It is no less useful to prepare us for the seeming return of Imogen from death to life.

84. *The violets, cowslips, . . . my closet*:—Upon this passage Clarke has the following: "The art with which the Poet and dramatist has placed these words in the mouth of this queen miscreant is worthy of remark. He makes her use these beautiful and innocent products of earth as mere cloaks to her wickedness; she concocts 'perfumes' and 'confections' from them as a veil to the 'drugs' and 'poisonous compounds' which she collects for the fellest purposes. It enhances the effect of her guilt, her thus forcing these sweet blossoms to become accomplices in her vile schemes; and we loathe her the more for her surrounding her unhallowed self with their loveliness. Observe, too, how skillfully Shakespeare has made this evil woman order her ladies to '*gather these flowers*'—how she desires that they shall be borne

to her *closet*—her laboratory; not gathering or caring for them herself; not caring for the touch, and scent, and sight of these gentle things—that all good people instinctively love, and cherish, and caress. How different is the Poet's treatment of the subject, where he makes the virtuous Friar Laurence rise with the dawn, *himself* to gather the 'precious-juiced flowers,' 'ere the sun advance his burning eye'; and dilating with fond enthusiasm on their 'many virtues excellent,' and philosophizing on their varied qualities and purposes!"

Scene VI.

99. *What both you spur and stop*:—The information which you seem to press forward and yet withhold. The allusion is to horsemanship. So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "She was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably *spurred*, but so *short-reined*, as he cannot stirre forward."

210. Concerning the art with which the character of Imogen is worked out, especially in her interview with Iachimo, White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, has these just and well-put thoughts: "The firm, undallying chastity of Imogen is indicated with unsurpassable tact and skill in this Scene. She is slow to understand Iachimo; but the moment he makes his proposition plainly, before a word of anger or surprise passes her lips, she calls for the faithful servant of her lord, to remove him who has insulted her and his friend's honour. Then her indignation bursts from her; but again and again she interrupts its flow with *What, ho, Pisanio!* She holds no question with him who made such a proposition to her; enters into no dispute of why or wherefore: she seeks nothing but the instantaneous removal of the man who has dared to attempt her chastity. Not only does she refuse all consideration of the right or wrong of the proposition, but the mere proposal changes, on the moment, all previous relations between her and the proposer, although they were established by her husband himself. It is not until her pure soul, as quick to believe good as it was slow to imagine evil, is quieted by the entire withdrawal of Iachimo's advances, and the assignment of a comprehensible though not excusable reason for them, that she ceases to call for him who is in some sort the representative of her husband. An exquisite touch of the master's hand occurs in a single pronoun in the succeeding speech of Imogen. Born a princess, she has given herself to Posthumus, a nameless man, as freely as if she

were a peasant's daughter; and she is remarkable, with all her dignity, for her unassuming deportment: but the insult of Iachimo stings her into pride, and, for the first and only time, she takes her state, and speaks of herself in the plural number. She says, *to expound his beastly mind to us.*"

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*Cloten.*] The character of Cloten was for a long time thought to be out of nature and monstrous. But Miss Seward declared him the exact prototype of a man she once knew: "The unmeaning frown of the countenance; the shuffling gait; the burst of speaking; the bustling insignificance; the fever-and-ague fits of valour; the froward techiness; the unprincipled malice; and, what is most curious, the occasional gleams of good sense amid the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain, and which, in Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity of character;—but in the sometime Captain C——n I saw the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."

Scene II.

13. *rushes*:—It was customary in Shakespeare's time to strew floors with rushes; and the Poet, with the license of his art, speaks as though the same custom had obtained in Rome.

22, 23. *windows . . . tinct*:—The *eyelids* are the *windows* of the eyes. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. i. 100, 101: "Thy eyes' *windows* fall, like death, when he shuts up the day of life." And in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:

Her two *blue windows* faintly she up-heaveth."

This passage is an exact description of the eyelid of a fair beauty, which is white, laced with veins of blue. By *azure* is understood not a dark blue, but a tinct or effusion of a blue colour—the *blue of heaven's own tinct*. Drayton seems to have had this passage in his mind:—

"And these sweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,

Wherewith she seems the white *skin* to have lac'd."

45. *The tale of Tereus*:—*Tereus and Progne* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576. The story is related in Ovid, *Metamorphes*, l. vi., and by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*.

48. *dragons of the night*:—The task of drawing the chariot of Night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 379: "Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast."

51. The inexpressible purity and delicacy of this Scene have been often commended and cannot be overpraised. The imagery all shows "of heaven's own tinct," as though by some secret sympathy it had caught the very life and quality of the subject. Its richness and rareness enchant the senses; but the enchantment is wrought so entirely through the imagination, that the senses are at the same time purified and, as it were, turned into soul in the contemplation. The description of Imogen would almost engage our respect upon the describer, but that we already know Iachimo to be one of those passionless minds in which gross thoughts are most apt to lodge; and that the unaccustomed awe of virtue, which Imogen struck into him at their first interview, only chastises down his tendencies to gross-thoughtedness while in her presence. Thus his delicacy of speech only goes to heighten our impression of Imogen's character inasmuch as it seems to come, not from him, but from her *through* him; and as something that must be divine indeed, not to be strangled in passing through such a medium.

Scene III.

20. A similar figure occurs in *Paradise Lost*, v. 197: "Ye birds, that singing up to heaven-gate ascend, bear on your wings and in your notes His praise." And Shakespeare, in *Sonnet XXIX*:—

"Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

Divers other poets, from Chaucer downwards, have the same figure. The whole song may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*:—

"Who is't now we hear?
None but the *lark* so shrill and clear:

Now at *heaven's gate* she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;
 Hark! how the jolly cuckoos sing
 Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring."

57. *Senseless!*—"The cunning queen," observes Clarke, "uses this word with the signification of unconscious; her obtuse son affrontedly disclaims it, as signifying stupid, devoid of sense. The angry susceptibility and techiness of ignorance, just sufficiently aware of its own incapacity to be perpetually afraid that it is found out and insulted by others, blended with the stolid conceit that invariably accompanies this inadequate self-knowledge, are all admirably delineated in Cloten: he is a dolt striving to pass for an accomplished prince, a vulgar boor fancying himself, and desirous of being taken for, a thorough gentleman."

91. [*Imogen.*] Mrs. Jameson has this comment of clear insight and analysis: "Cloten is odious; but we must not overlook the peculiar fitness and propriety of his character, in connection with that of Imogen. He is precisely the kind of man who would be most intolerable to such a woman. He is a fool—so is Slender, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek: but the folly of Cloten is not only ridiculous, but hateful; it arises not so much from a want of understanding as a total want of heart; it is the perversion of sentiment, rather than the deficiency of intellect; he has occasional gleams of sense, but never a touch of feeling. Imogen describes herself not only as 'sprited with a fool,' but as 'frighted and anger'd worse.' No other fool but Cloten—a compound of the booby and the villain—could excite in such a mind as Imogen's the same mixture of terror, contempt, and abhorrence. The stupid, obstinate malignity of Cloten and the wicked machinations of the queen justify whatever might need excuse in the conduct of Imogen—as her concealed marriage and her flight from her father's court—and serve to call out several of the most beautiful and striking parts of her character: particularly that decision and vivacity of temper which in her harmonize so beautifully with exceeding delicacy, sweetness, and submission."

131-134. *thou wert dignified enough*, etc.:—If you were to be dignified only in comparison to your virtues, the under hangman's place is too good for you.

Scene IV.

76. *the true life on't was*:—"Iachimo's language," says Johnson, "is such as a skilful villain would naturally use; a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art."

125. *All sworn*:—It was anciently the custom for the servants of great families (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entrance into office.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

30-33. *The famed Cassibelan*, etc.:—The Poet has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. Holinshed says, "The same historie also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cæsar stroke at him. But Nennius died, within 15 daies after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæsar's hand; although after he was hurt he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes."

34-38. *Come*, etc.:—The pith and shrewdness of this ungeared and loose-screwed genius here go right to the mark, although they go off out of time.

60-62. *the first of Britain*, etc.:—Here the Poet follows Holinshed: "Mulmutius, the son of Cloten, got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and, after his father's decease, began to reign over the whole monarchy of Britain, in the year of the world 3529. He made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws. After he had established his land, he ordained him, by the advice of his lords, a crown of gold, and caused himself with great solemnity to be crowned. And because he was the first that bore a crown here in Britain, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britain, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

70-77. The main points of this speech are thus set forth in Holinshed: "Kymbeline was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man, as some write, was brought

up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. But here is to be noted that, although our histories do affirm that Kymbeline lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the Empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus, being otherwise occupied, was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom, at length, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France. But, here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom we now call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue these rebels, near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession; and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain."

Scene II.

50-73. *O, for a horse . . . slow*:—Mrs. Jameson quotes these lines, and remarks thus upon Imogen: "In the eagerness of Imogen to meet her husband there is all a wife's fondness, mixed up with the breathless hurry arising from a sudden and joyful surprise; but nothing of the picturesque eloquence, the ardent, exuberant, Italian imagination of Juliet, who, to gratify her impatience, would have her heralds thoughts; press into her service the nimble-pinioned doves, and wind-swift Cupids—change the course of nature, and lash the steeds of Phæbus to the west. Imogen only thinks 'one score of miles, 'twixt sun and sun,' slow travelling for a lover, and wishes for a horse with wings."

73. *riding wagers*:—This practice was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Fynes Moryson, speaking of his brother's *putting out* money to be paid with interest on his return from Jerusalem, defends it as an honest means of gaining the charges of his journey, especially when "no meane lords, and lords' sonnes, and gen-

tlemen in our court, *put out money upon a horse-race under themselves, yea, upon a journey afoote.*"

Scene III.

21. *full-wing'd eagle*:—The epithet *full-winged*, applied to the eagle, sufficiently marks the contrast of the Poet's imagery; for whilst the bird can soar beyond the reach of human eye, the insect mentioned in the previous line can but just rise above the surface of the earth, and that at the close of day.

35-39. *What should we speak of*, etc.:—Upon these lines Johnson has this fine observation: "This dread of an old age unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind."

78. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*] "The princely brothers in the cave," says Lloyd, "are in a manner common types of natural Britain, divided off and lying separate from the continental world; they are brought up in simplicity but in rudeness, in purity but in inexperience, in safety but in dullness, but their breed and blood declare themselves when their spirits rebel at the seclusion, and prefer to take the noble chances of glory, experience, usefulness, recollections, even though scathed in the trial. Posthumus describes two stages of British progress, undisciplined but daring against Julius Cæsar, now of improved knowledge and skill to aid their valour, but his own example proves his country still a tyro when culture of yesterday is matched with the veteran craft and villainy of centuries. The young princes are rather representatives of the earlier state, but they convey the idea of a fund of healthy vigour in the background to reinforce the failures of first attempts, and by their aspirations they set a mark that declares the country's destiny."

Scene IV.

3. *as I have now*:—That is, have now longed to see Posthumus. It would seem something fitter to Imogen's state of mind to read: "Ne'er long'd *his* mother so to see *him* first." Nevertheless, the sense is clear enough. Daniel changed to "as I do now," wherein some editors have followed him.

54. *richer than to hang by the walls*:—That is, too rich to be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. Clothes were not formerly, as at present, kept in drawers, or given away as soon as time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the purpose; and, though such as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. It is said that when Queen Elizabeth died she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her. Steevens once saw one of those repositories at an ancient mansion in Suffolk, which had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

139-143. *Hath Britain all the sun*, etc.:—"It seems probable," says Knight, "that here, as also on a similar occasion in *Richard II.*, Shakespeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*: 'Nature hath given to no man a country, no more than she hath house, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him banished that had the sun, air, water, and earth, that he had before: where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sun and the same moon shined: whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'"

162. *quarrelous as the weasel*:—Weasels were formerly kept in houses, instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. The Poet no doubt speaks from observation; while a youth he would have frequent opportunities to ascertain their disposition.

166. *common-kissing Titan*:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "And beautiful might have been, if they had not suffered greedy Phœbus over often and hard to kisse them."

180, 181. *Your means abroad*, etc.:—As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

Scene V.

69. *This night forestall*, etc.:—That is, may his grief this night prevent him, by an unexpected and premature death, from ever seeing another day.

101. *Or this, or perish*:—Meaning, probably, I must either practise this deceit upon Cloten or perish by his fury." Johnson thought the words should be given to Cloten.

Scene VI.

1-27. "Exquisitely feminine throughout," says Clarke, "is this speech. Its confession of limb-weary fatigue, of faintness from exhaustion, its moral strength amid physical weakness, its tender epithet for the husband whose cruel injustice is felt none the less deeply for the irremovable love she still cherishes for him, its timid hesitation in calling for help, its vague thought of defence in *best draw my sword*, its avowal of greater dread at the very sight of the sword than the sword-drawer can hope to inspire by use of the weapon, together with the final softly smiling, half self-pitying exclamation, half aspiration for divine aid, are all intensely true to the mingled mental courage and bodily delicacy of such a woman as Imogen, who is the very embodiment of supreme womanhood."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

15. *imperceivable*:—Cloten is a very notable instance of a man or a thing, with not merely a loose screw in the gearing, but with all the screws loose. His character reminds us of nothing so much as the description of Desborough in *Woodstock*: "His limbs seemed to act upon different and contradictory principles. They were not, as the play says, in a concatenation accordingly: the right hand moved as if it were on bad terms with the left, and the legs showed an inclination to foot it in different and opposite directions." Precisely so it is with Cloten's mind. There are the materials of a man in him, but they are not made up: his whole being seems a mass of unhingement, disorder, and jumble, full of unaccountable jerks and twitches: the several parts of him hold no mutual intercourse or intelligence, but appear set at incurable odds one with another, each having a will and a way of its own, so that no two of them can pull or strike together. Hence the excruciating, though at the same time laughable, unfitness of all that he does, and most that he speaks. He has indeed a reasonable gift of practical shrewdness, is not without frequent flashes of strong and ready sense; yet even these, through his overweening self-importance of rank and place, only serve to invest him all the more with the air of a conceited, blustering, con-

sequential booby. Rendered ludicrous by whatsoever is best in him, and rendered frightful by whatsoever is not ludicrous; savage in feeling, awkward in person, absurd in manners; he is of course just the last man that any lady of sense or sensibility could be brought to endure. His calling Imogen an *impercewerant thing* for not appreciating his superiority to Posthumus in the qualities that invite a lady's respect and affection, aptly illustrates the refined irony with which the character is drawn.

Scene II.

73, 74. *answering a slave*, etc.:—That is, answering one who called me a slave.

118. *I am perfect what*:—I know perfectly what I have done.

198. *made so much on*:—Mrs. Radcliffe, as quoted by Verplanck, here says: "No master ever knew how to touch the accordant springs of sympathy by small circumstances like our own Shakespeare. In *Cymbeline*, for instance, how finely such circumstances are made use of to awaken, at once, solemn expectation and tenderness, and, by recalling the softened remembrance of a sorrow long past, to prepare the mind to melt at one that was approaching; mingling at the same time, by means of a mysterious occurrence, a slight tremor of awe with our pity! Thus, when Belarius and Arviragus return to the cave where they had left the unhappy and worn-out Imogen to repose, while they are yet standing before it, and Arviragus—speaking of her with tenderest pity as 'poor sick Fidele'—goes out to inquire for her, solemn music is heard from the cave, sounded by that harp of which Guiderius says, 'Since the death of my dearest mother it did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents.' Immediately, Arviragus enters with Fidele senseless in his arms. Tears alone can speak the touching simplicity of the whole scene."

215-218. *Why, he but sleeps*, etc.:—John Webster's *Vittoria Corombona* has a very noble passage which may have been suggested by this in the text:—

"O thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy corse,
While horror waits on princes."

CYMBELINE

Notes

224-229. *the ruddock*, etc. :—The old writers often sweeten their lines with the tender reverences here ascribed to the *redbreast*. The beautiful superstition is thus spoken of in Thomas Johnson's *Cornucopia*, 1596: "The robin redbreast, if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse; and some thinke that if the body should remain unburied he would cover the whole body also." Webster has the following choice lines, being part of the dirge sung by Cornelia for young Marcello, in the play quoted in the preceding note :—

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady grove they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men."

Drayton, also, has it, evidently in imitation of Shakespeare :—

"Covering with *moss* the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast *teacheth* charity."

But perhaps the most touching use of it is in the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*, which is too well known to need quoting here.

258 *et seq.* [*Song.*] Here is Collins's imitation of this song :—

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
 Or, midst the chase, on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell—

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
 For thee the tear be truly shed;
 Beloved till life can charm no more,
 And mourned till pity's self be dead."

"There is nothing to us more striking," says Knight, "than the contrast which is presented between the free natural lyric sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele and the elegant poem which some have thought so much more beautiful. The one is perfectly in keeping with all that precedes and all that follows; the other is entirely out of harmony with its associations. 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb' is the dirge of *Collins* over Fidele; 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' is Fidele's proper funeral song by her bold *brothers*."

280. *Quiet consummation have*:—Probably the best comment on this is furnished by the closing prayer in the Church Burial Service: "That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect *consummation* and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory."

White, in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, handles these verses rather unceremoniously, calling them "stiff, formal, artificial rhymes, worthy only of a verse-crazed cit affecting the pastorals." And he adds: "The lines are the production of some clumsy prentice of the Muse." Hudson confesses that, possibly more from long association than from judgement, the lines *feel* to him very much at home where they are, seem to relish of the soil in which they are represented as growing, and fall in so accordantly with the spirit of the persons and the occasion, that he can discover no savour of "affecting the pastorals" in them. Still Hudson does not think that they were written by Shakespeare. Staunton says: "There is something so strikingly inferior, both in the thoughts and expression of the concluding couplet to each stanza in this song, that we may fairly set them down as additions from the same hand which furnished the contemptible *Masque* or *Vision* that deforms the last Act."

377-379. *If I do lie*, etc.:—"Into the mouth of the pure-souled *Imogen*," observes Clarke, "Shakespeare has characteristically

put this shrinking from the necessity for untruth, and the appeal to Heaven for divine forgiveness for her reluctantly committed error. He has depicted the same aversion to falsehood in the innocent and royal-natured Perdita; while he has made even the princely Florizel condescend to misstatements for the sake of needful concealment. Thus clearly does the man and poet Shakespeare denote his genuine perception and appreciation of the sacredness of truth, at the very time that the dramatic Shakespeare allows of equivocation as a necessary part of dramatic disguise."

Scene IV.

6. *revolts*:—So in *King John*, V. ii. 151: "And you degenerate, you ingrate *revolts*."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene III.

14 *et seq.*:—In the passage beginning, *Close by the battle*, etc., the Poet availed himself of an incident of Scottish history, which he found in Holinshed: "There was, near the place of the battle, a long lane, fenced on both sides with ditches and walls made of turf, through the which the Scots that fled were beaten down by the enemies on heaps. Here Hay, with his sons, supposing they might best stay the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them back whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe, but down they went all such as came within their reach; wherewith divers hardy personages cried unto their fellows to return back unto the battle."

68. *charm'd*:—Men were supposed to be rendered invulnerable in battle by *charms*. So in Chapman's *Homer*, *Iliad*, Book iv.: "Turne head, ye well-rode peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride; they are not *charm'd* against your points of steele." And Macbeth (V. viii. 11, 12 of the tragedy), when he comes to the last mortal encounter with Macduff, says to him, referring to the weird incantations, "Let fall thy blade on *vulnerable* crests; I bear a *charmed* life."

74-76. *being now a favourer*, etc.:—That is, being but now a favourer to the Briton, I am a Briton no longer; I have resumed

the part I came in, that of a Roman soldier, in which character I shall find a certain death.

94. [*Enter Cymbeline, etc.*] This stage direction presents us with a piece of what the Poet elsewhere calls "inexplicable dumb show." It is hard to conceive what business such a thing should have here, unless it were to tickle the eyes of the groundlings; and in wishing it away, we may well be assured that it is not Shakespeare's, but was foisted in by the players.

Scene IV.

1, 2. The Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.

14, 15. *I cannot . . . constrain'd*:—That is, in *gyves*, or *fetters*, which are *desired by me* more than *I am constrained to wear them*. The change of subject between *desired* and *constrain'd* makes the passage obscure. So in the next sentence we have another of those elliptical expressions so frequent in this play, where brevity is gained at the cost of perspicuity. Posthumus is representing his conscience as fettered or imprisoned by guilt, and penitence as the key that is to free it. To purchase this freedom, he is willing to repent, even to the laying down of his life. He is supplicating the gods and begging that mercy may remit whatsoever is due over and above his life, which is all he can pay: though this be not a sufficient ransom, yet if it be the *main part* of it, he prays them to be content with it, and not exact the rest.

30. From the stage direction preceding this line to the reëntrance of the Gaolers, after line 151, we find matter which it is practically impossible to attribute to Shakespeare. The more common opinion is, that the interlude was foisted in by the players, in order to catch the interest of vulgar wonder. That such things were sometimes done, is indeed beyond question. It may also be observed that, if this whole section be omitted, there will appear no gap in the play, unless in the allowing of Posthumus some space for sleep; the origin of the tablet being, for aught we can see, as well explained without the apparition as with it. Still there is room for the opinion that the matter was worked in by the Poet from an older drama either written by himself in his youth, or found among the stock-copies of the theatre. For, though the tablet be as well accounted for without the apparition *as with it*, in what Posthumus afterwards says of it, yet the for-

mer is itself as absurd as anything in the latter, and as much below the style of the rest of the play. Nevertheless, the contents of the tablet are so worked into the dialogue as to make the tablet itself an inseparable item of the drama. The most likely conclusion, then, seems to be, that the Poet found the matter already in popular favour on the stage, and so worked it in with his own "noble stuff," for purposes too obvious to need remarking upon.

Scene V.

88. *So feat*, etc.:—Upon the tribute in this passage paid to Imogen, Clarke has the following observations: "This gentle adaptation of herself and her womanly accomplishments to her assumed office of page crowns the perfection of Imogen's character. Her power, too, of attracting and attaching all who come near her—her father, who loves her in spite of the harshness he has shown her under the influence of his fiendish queen; her husband, who has been her 'playfellow' when a boy, and her lover in manhood, even after her supposed death; her faithful servant, Pisanio; her brothers, who know her but as a poor, homeless boy; Belarius, whose sympathy for the sick youth makes the way forth seem tedious; and Lucius, who pleads for the gentle lad's life with so earnest a warmth, while bearing so affectionate a testimony to his qualities as a page—this power of hers speaks indirectly, but indisputably, in testimony of her bewitching nature."

319. *Assumed this age*:—Referring to the different appearance which he now makes in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.

334, 335. *Your pleasure*, etc.:—Belarius means, "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I was accused of, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only."

352-354. *Thou weep'st*, etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate."

388. *your three motives*:—The motives of you three. So in *Romeo and Juliet*; II. iii. 51, "both our remedies" means "the remedy for us both."

435-442. *When as*, etc.:—Coleridge remarks upon this strange "label" as follows: "It is not easy to conjecture why Shakespeare should have introduced this ludicrous scroll, which answers

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no one purpose, either propulsive or explicatory, unless as a joke on etymology." Collier thinks "it is very possible that the scroll and the vision were parts of an older play."

459. *My peace we will begin* :—"It should apparently be," says Hudson in his earlier note, "'*By* peace we will begin,'" and he so has it in the later Harvard Edition. "The Soothsayer," continues Hudson, "says that the label promised to Britain 'peace and plenty.' To which Cymbeline replies, 'We will begin *with peace* to fulfil the prophecy.'"

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Questions on Cymbeline.

1. When was the play probably written?
2. Mention passages that are of doubtful authenticity.
3. What parts of the play were derived from Holinshed? What from Boccaccio?
4. State some facts which indicate that Shakespeare had in mind the fairy tale of "Little Snow-white" in constructing the story of Imogen.

ACT FIRST.

5. In the opening speech of the First Gentleman what is indicated concerning the character of the king and his power over his court?
6. In what fundamental traits are Lear and Cordelia suggested by Cymbeline and Imogen?
7. State the positions in relation to each other in which we find the principal actors of the story at the opening of the play. What is gained by having these facts presented by an observer like the First Gentleman and not allowing them to be given piecemeal by the participators in the action? Does this method foreshadow complexity of plot?
8. Show the Queen's purpose in allowing the interview between Posthumus and Imogen.
9. What does Posthumus say of his loyalty? How do the ring and the bracelet enter as elements of the plot?
10. Where does Imogen show some traces of barbaric spirit?
11. In Sc. ii. are the asides of the Second Lord necessary to point the imbecility of Cloten? What effect of "atmosphere," so to speak, do they produce?
12. What time has elapsed before Sc. iii.? What secondary though important character does it introduce?
13. Though Posthumus does not lay the wager, which would be too great a strain for our sympathies, yet how does he provoke Iachimo into proposing it? How is the bargain concluded? Why

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does Shakespeare introduce two characters—the Dutchman and the Spaniard—in Sc. iv., and give them nothing to say?

14. How in Sc. v. is the cruel nature of the Queen shown? Is there indication here that the poisons she gives to Pisanio were intended for any other but him?

15. Comment on the lofty moral feeling of Imogen as exhibited during Iachimo's attempt upon her chastity? Compare her conduct here with Isabella's under similar circumstances in *Measure for Measure*. What is seen in Imogen's readiness to forgive? From a previous knowledge of Iachimo does the spectator suspect the real facts at the bottom of the trunk intrigue?

ACT SECOND.

16. Sc. ii. of Act I. and Sc. i. of Act II. present Cloten, but keep him outside the action of the play; what evidently is the dramatic purpose?

17. In Sc. ii. what indications of religious feeling does Imogen give before retiring?

18. What qualities of imagination does Iachimo show in the bedchamber scene? What was the tale of Tereus? How does this touch suggest the story of Paola and Francesca in *The Divine Comedy*?

19. How is the vulgarity of Cloten shown (Sc. iii.) in contrast with the song the musicians sing to Imogen?

20. What is effected by the entrance of Cymbeline and the Queen upon the scene of Cloten's wooing of Imogen? Does Cloten anywhere but here speak in verse or in elevated language? What does Shakespeare wish to imply by this means?

21. Explain the psychology of a nature such as Cloten, who seeks to gain his ends by vilifying another rather than by presenting the best in himself.

22. What taunt of Imogen touches his vanity? How does Cloten show stupidity in failing to see an opportunity for revenge presented before his eyes?

23. How was Iachimo's description of Imogen's bedchamber foreshadowed? What is the effect of the details given here that were omitted in his enumeration while in the chamber? How nearly contemporaneous would be the scene of the picture of *Cleopatra on the Cydnus*?

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24. Does Posthumus seem to yield too readily to belief in Imogen's guilt? How does he show his religious nature? What is the purpose of the dramatist in withholding the element of proof that would carry most conviction until after Posthumus had shown himself persuaded?

25. Is there any purpose in Sc. v. beyond exhibiting the emotional condition of Posthumus? What course is he meditating?

ACT THIRD.

26. Explain the relations of Britain and Rome previous to the time indicated in Sc. i. How has this scene with Caius Lucius been prepared for? Comment on the degeneracy of the king as exhibited here.

27. What command does Posthumus lay upon Pisanio? Why was his purpose not made known by Posthumus himself when he was last upon the stage? Compare Pisanio with other link-persons in Shakespeare's plays and show how he is something more than a mediary.

28. Comment on the imaginative quality of Imogen's mind. Compare her speech in Sc. ii. with Juliet's (*Romeo and Juliet*, III. ii.) beginning, *Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds*. Which possesses more imagination? Do these two speeches convey a feeling of the difference between the English and Italian tempers?

29. What preparation has been made for Sc. iii.? What does it reveal necessary to a full understanding of the plot? What does it, in turn, foreshadow?

30. Shakespeare again reverts to his favourite device of showing in contrast the life of courts with the life of the country. Develop the following suggestions: the effect of nature upon exiles from the court as seen in *The Tempest*, *As You Like It*, and *Cymbeline*; the effect of a rural or a natural life upon the high-born, as seen in *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, and *Cymbeline*.

31. What is the immediate effect upon Imogen of the matter contained in Posthumus's letter? To what does she attribute his defection?

32. How does this scene exhibit her intellectual qualities?

33. What does she say about self-slaughter? Compare her in this with Hamlet.

34. What is Imogen's state of mind as shown in line 116 *et seq.*? Compare her with Hermione under a similar charge.

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35. Imagine Helena in this situation; how would she have borne herself?
36. How does Pisanio provide a solution? In what way is he an agent for the irony of fate?
37. How in Sc. v. does the Queen reveal the passion that actuates her to crime? Compare her with Lady Macbeth.
38. What information does Cloten get concerning the flight of Imogen? Does he inform Cymbeline and the Queen? What dramatic use is made of his neglect?
39. What low revenge does he plan?
40. Point out the speech in Sc. vi. that marks the climax of the play. Show how it also foreshadows the dénouement.

ACT FOURTH.

41. How does Cloten compare with Posthumus in physical form? What was Shakespeare's purpose in showing Cloten with such disparity between mind and body? Contrast him in this respect with Caliban. How are his voice and manner of speaking described?
42. How long may we imagine Imogen to have lived with Belarius and her two brothers in the cave? What differences do you see in the characters of Guiderius and Arviragus?
43. What device leaves the stage clear (Sc. ii.) for Guiderius and Cloten? How is it fitting that Guiderius should be the slayer of Cloten? How does the younger brother comment on the act?
44. Show how fatalism is illustrated in deed as well as professed in words by the three cave-men in the exigency of Cloten's death.
45. In the apparent death of Imogen we see a situation which has pivotal relations to nearly all the principal characters. Indicate these relations to the Queen, to Pisanio, to Guiderius and Arviragus, to Posthumus, Cloten, and Lucius.
46. The audience being aware that Imogen is not dead, how are the obsequies managed so as to escape the ridiculous? Compare the philosophy of the song with that of Hamlet's soliloquy. Is there dramatic fitness between this song and the singers? What is suggested by the antiphonal form?
47. In what plight does Sc. iii. present Cymbeline? Why is this Scene devoted almost entirely to him, who has been a rather passive agent in the action hitherto? Does the state of Cymbeline arouse pity?

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48. Does the action of the play pass out of the range of human agency, as is suggested by Pisanio in the last line of Sc. iii.?

49. In what way does Sc. iv. show that the natural instincts of man are bound at some time to become too strong for the restraints of superficial culture?

ACT FIFTH.

50. How long a time has elapsed since Posthumus was last seen? What view does he still hold of Imogen? What determination does he take as to his future?

51. Does Posthumus recognize Iachimo in Sc. ii.? If so, why does he leave him after overcoming him with arms?

52. What does the compunction of Iachimo foreshadow?

53. What is effected by suggesting the scene in action that is so vigorously described by Posthumus in Sc. iii.?

54. How is Fortune again shown to act in the preservation of Posthumus in battle? How did Posthumus secure his own arrest?

55. How is remorse shown in Posthumus? What atonement does he propose making?

56. Who appear in dumb show? What do they rehearse? What does Jove speak in reply? Does the show assist in any way in the resolution of the plot?

57. Compare the speeches of the Gaoler with that of the Porter in *Macbeth*, the Gravediggers of *Hamlet*, and comment on the quality of humour in the first.

58. Of whom do Cymbeline and Belarius speak at the beginning of Sc. v.?

59. What dramatic necessity requires the announcement of the Queen's death early in this Scene?

60. Compare the manner of her death with that of the death of Lady Macbeth.

61. By what stages does the action lead to the revelation of the identity of Imogen?

62. How has the Poet prepared the mind of the spectator to look sympathetically upon Iachimo when detection forces his confession?

63. How does the control of events return once more into the hands of Pisanio?

64. What brings about the discovery of the identity of Guiderius and of Arviragus?

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65. To what does the story of Imogen and Posthumus subordinate itself in the last Act?

66. What is the office in the plot of the oracle and its interpretation by the Soothsayer?

67. Why is this play named *Cymbeline*, considering the fact that the king takes so small a part in the action? What is the underlying idea of the plot based upon the relations sustained by Cymbeline to Posthumus, Imogen, Belarius, and indirectly to Guiderius and Arviragus?

68. This play is full of religious and moral ideas. Do you think of any other play of Shakespeare's in which the characters seem so much actuated by professed principles instead of inherent moral forces?

69. What forms of religious observance are referred to in this play?

70. Point out passages that contain ideas traceable to the religion of ancient Rome; to the Druidism of early Britain; to Christianity. Where are there suggestions of Calvinistic theology?

71. Has Shakespeare made any play more intricate or more perfect in construction? Comment especially on the ingenuity with which he has worked out the dénouement.

72. Is this play deficient in humour? Is Cloten a character of comedy? Does the play suffer for want of comic relief?

73. Do you call the play a tragedy? What inherent necessity stands in the way of the Queen and Cloten sharing in the general pardon afforded in the last Act?

74. Wherein resides the charm of Imogen? Do you agree with Swinburne that "the woman above all Shakespeare's women is Imogen"?

75. What method is largely employed in the delineation of the character of Posthumus?

76. In the character of Pisanio does Shakespeare once and for all dispose of the charge that he held the people of the middle classes in contempt?

The Life of Timon of Athens.

:
or
le





SECOND SERVANT:

"and his poor self . . .
"Walks, like contempt, alone"

TIMON OF ATHENS Act IV Scene 2.

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

Preface.

The First Edition. "*Timon of Athens*" was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; it occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 in the division of "Tragedies" (pages 81 and 82 being numbered twice over). "*The Actors' Names*" are given on the next page, a blank page follows, and then comes the play of *Julius Cæsar*, beginning a new sheet, marked *kk* instead of *ii*, and numbered 109. It is noteworthy that "*Troilus and Cressida*" would just have filled the space of pages 80-108, and judging from the fact that its second and third pages are numbered 79* and 80, one may perhaps safely assume that *Timon* took its place in the Folio (*vide* Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*). The text is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the famous crux "*Vllorxa*" (III. iv. 112) may be regarded as typical of the many errors, resulting from carelessness or other causes.

The Authorship of the Play. The doubtful authorship of a great part of the play accounts, in all probability, for the unsatisfactory state of the text; it is now generally agreed that "*Timon*" contains a good deal of non-Shakespearean alloy. The following pieces do not stand the test:—Act I. Sc. i. 189—end of the scene (? 249-265; 283-294); the whole of Sc. ii.; Act II. Sc. ii. 45-124;

* Be it observed that the first page of *Timon* is really 78, not 80; the mistake was due to the numbering of the last page of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was marked 79 instead of 77.

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Act III., except Sc. vi. 92-109; Act. IV. Sc. ii. 30-50, (?) iii. 292-360, 402-415, 456-544; Act V. (?) Sc. i. 1-59; ii.; iii. Various attempts have been made to extract the ore from this "mineral of metals base," and, purged from grosser stuff, "Shakespeare's *Timon*" was issued by the *New Shakespeare Society* in the year 1874, embodying the labours of Mr. Fleay (*vide also Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 187-208).*

Various theories have been advanced as to the composition of *Timon*:—(i.) that Shakespeare worked over an older drama, the remains of which are still to be found in the inferior portions of the play;† (ii.) that Shakespeare and another author collaborated; (iii.) that the play left unfinished by Shakespeare was hastily and carelessly completed by some playwright either (*a*) for stage-purposes, or (*b*) for insertion in the First Folio; (iv.) that the editors of the Folio could only obtain the parts of the principal actors, and the deficiencies had to be supplied from an earlier *Timon*,‡ or by some second-rate

* "The play is, in its present state, unique among Shakespeare's for its languid, wearisome want of action. This renders it one of the least read of all his works. But this fault is entirely due to the passages which I assign to the second writer, not one of which adds anything to the development of the plot, for they are in every instance mere expansions of facts mentioned in the genuine parts of the play."

† The Cambridge Editors seem to hold the view:—"The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse." Farmer first suggested this explanation; Knight followed Farmer, maintaining that "*Timon* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play," etc.

‡ Elze, Delius, and others assign the earlier *Timon* to George Wilkins (*cp.* Preface to *Pericles*); Fleay believes "that Cyril Tourneur was the only person connected with the King's Com-

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dramatist; (v.) that the combination of (i.) and (iii.) best satisfies all the difficulties.

The Fifth Act of the play gives, *me judice*, the best clue to the solution of the problem. It certainly produces the impression of having been left roughly sketched by Shakespeare, whose touch is manifest in the more important speeches, especially those belonging to the character of Timon; but while the Third Scene is clearly not Shakespeare's, the four-lined epitaph in the Fourth Scene, the Shakespearian portion, combines two inconsistent couplets, and the combination could not have been intended by Shakespeare, though both were naturally in the rough unfinished MS.; the poet had evidently not made up his mind which of the two epitaphs to use, whether Timon's own, or that which, "commonly rehearsed," was not his "but was made by the poet Callimachus."*

In all probability Shakespeare's unfinished MS., company at this time who could have written the other part" of the play. All this is mere supposition.

* In order that the reader should understand the weight of this piece of evidence, he should compare Act V. Sc. iv. ll. 70-73 with its original in North's *Plutarch (Life of Antonius)*:—"He (Timon) died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the seaside. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

*"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft;
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches
left!"*

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

*"Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill: but pass, and stay not here thy gait."*

(The substitution of "*wicked caitiffs*" for "*wicked wretches*" suggests a comparison with Paynter's version of the epitaph, beginning "*My wretched caitif days,*" etc.). It is not likely that lines 3, 4 in the previous Scene (V. iii.) are intended for Timon's epitaph, though at first sight the rhyming couplet gives that impres-

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taining the main parts of the play already written out, with the general plan merely outlined, was worked up after Shakespeare's death into the play we possess; it cannot be finally determined whether this elaboration was undertaken for stage-representation, or for the purpose of fitting it for a place in the First Folio, when the Editors had resolved to change the position of *Troilus and Cressida*.* Perhaps the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished.

There is no definite evidence of an older play on the subject that could have been the original of Shakespeare's,† nor are the inferior portions strikingly suggestive of the style of the old-fashioned productions superseded by Shakespeare's revisions or recasts. The MS. play entitled "*Timon*," written about the year 1600, edited for the *Shakespeare Society* by Dyce in 1842, was intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience, and there is not the least evidence that it was ever seen by Shakespeare.‡

sion (*vide* Note). The speech is weak enough as it is without adding to it the crowning absurdity of making the soldier first read the epitaph, and then proceed to take the character in wax, because he cannot read it.

* Dr. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1874) adduced what he considered "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play":—"in old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage-properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue." He points out some of these directions in the present play as printed in the Folio; but his case, from this point of view, does not seem strong.

† There seems to be no foundation for Mr. Simpson's statement that "a *Timon* was, at the date of the *Satiromastix*, in the possession of Shakespeare's Company" (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, p. 252).

‡ Malone pointed out that there is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by *Timon* to his flatterers. Instead

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Source of the Plot. A passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (in North's *Plutarch*) containing a short account of Timon may have attracted Shakespeare to the subject of the play. Shakespeare was also acquainted with Paynter's story of Timon, in "*the Palace of Pleasure.*" Other versions of the story are to be found in Elizabethan literature (*e.g.* the account of Timon in Richard Barckley's *Felicity of Man*). "Critic Timon" is already referred to by Shakespeare in his early play of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

An interesting comparison might be instituted between the present play and Lucian's *Dialogue on Timon*; it seems almost certain that directly or indirectly the Dialogue has exercised considerable influence on the conception of the drama, though we know of no English or French version of Lucian's work that Shakespeare could have used; perhaps the other author of the play possessed the Greek he lacked.

Date of Composition. Some of the problems connected with the composition of *Timon* have already been indicated. Internal evidence of style is alone available for fixing the date of Shakespeare's parts of the play. Æsthetic and metrical considerations would place it after *Hamlet*—(Coleridge describes it as an "after-vibration of Hamlet," but the vibration is rather too harsh and jarring)—and before the opening of Shakespeare's last period, *i.e.* about the same time as *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Lear*; Shakespeare's satirical drama must belong to the period when, "as the stern censurer of mankind," he reached his greatest tragic height; it makes one happy to think that the pity and terror of tragedy had more attractions for

of *warm water*, he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. The likeness is easily accounted for by identity of source. The last line of the Third Act, with its mention of "*stones*," is noteworthy, seeing that in the play Timon throws the water in the faces of the guests and nothing is said about his pelting them with stones. The stage-direction is not found in the Folios.

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him' than the stern severity of bitter satire; he probably found the theme uncongenial and cast it aside:—

*“No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad and in their badness reign.”*

(Sonnet cxxi.)

Duration of Action. The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one long interval:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. Day 2, Act II. Sc. i., ii.; Act III. Sc. i.-iii. Day 3, Act III. Sc. iv.-vi.; Act IV. Sc. i., ii. Interval. Day 4, Act IV. Sc. iii. Day 5, Act V. Sc. i., ii. Day 6, Act V. Sc. iii., iv.



“On his grave-stone this insculpture” (V. iv. 67).

From the Elgin Marbles.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The lavish generosity of Timon, a great lord of Athens, draws to him a throng of sycophants and hangers-on who profit by his careless extravagance. With his frank, cordial nature he does not suspect their true mission, but esteems them all his friends. They flatter him assiduously, and he showers gifts upon them or does them various good services. He gives a costly banquet at which the favours are precious stones. The reckless waste is a matter of much concern to his steward, who foresees speedy impoverishment.

II. Presently Timon's creditors begin to suspect his true financial state and press him greatly with bills. The steward at last succeeds in acquainting his master with his bankrupt condition. Timon is thunderstruck, but consoles himself with the thought that he can draw upon all the men to whom he has been liberal in time past. He therefore despatches his servants to request from them loans.

III. The false friends desert him in his hour of need; nor will they advance him money. Instead they make specious excuses and even go so far as to importune him in turn for certain sums. Timon's eyes are opened to their ingratitude and unworthiness. To express his contempt he gives a final feast, at which nothing is set forth but warm water. While uttering the bitterest reproaches he dashes the water in their faces, and ends by throwing

the dishes at them and driving them out of the banqueting-room.

IV. Timon now abjures the society of all mankind, and seeks refuge in a cave in the woods outside the city, where he subsists upon the roots of the earth. In digging them he discovers a hidden treasure of gold, but takes no pleasure in it, for it brings him only heavy recollections of his folly. He bestows a portion of the gold upon Alcibiades, a former friend of his who honestly desires to aid him, and who is now marching against Athens to humiliate that city for its unjust banishment of him. Though Timon wishes Alcibiades success, it is not because he is reconciled with him, but because he desires the punishment of Athens. The only man whom the misanthrope will acknowledge to be honest is his faithful steward, who seeks him out and remains true to him in adversity. Upon him Timon bestows a liberal gift of the treasure, enjoining him never to come within his sight again.

V. The near approach of Alcibiades to Athens causes the senators to bethink themselves of the neglected Timon. They visit him in the forest to pray his aid, promising a restoration of fortune and honour. But Timon greets their advances with taunts and curses. They return bootless to the city, which they are shortly after forced to surrender to Alcibiades. While the conqueror is singling out his own and Timon's enemies for punishment, he receives word that Timon is dead within his forest cave.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses*.

II.

Timon.

It marks an approach to hardness and formalism in Shakespeare's conception of character that his Timon is inadequately summed up in the label he adopts: "I am

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Comments

Misanthropos, and hate mankind." Lear is on the whole his nearest Shakespearean analogue. The sting of ingratitude is the common provocation of both; and in both its maddening effect is enhanced by naïve ignorance of men and equally naïve exaggeration of their own claims. Both are simple natures, finely gifted, but quite without subtlety and penetration; a single shock throws them off their balance. But Lear is testy, self-indulgent, arrogant and exacting from the first; while Timon is quixotically generous, and thinks his honour concerned to give more than is asked, and to repay tenfold what he receives. Lear's most imperious ethical instinct is that of the primitive Northern tribe—the duty of children to parent; Timon's is that of the philosophic schools and society of Athens—the duty of friend to friend. . . . In the Athens of Timon this noble communism is as dead as the duty of children in the heart of Regan. His disillusion, as terrible as Lear's, and far nearer, in kind, to common experience, is far less real, and is worked out with gravely diminished dramatic resource. His monologues, close packed, knotty with phrase, but unbroken in their sombre monotony, take the place of the wonderfully varied and modulated temper of Lear. His anger pursues its way like a torrent without pause or change. It is more penetrated than Lear's with the hunger for moral retribution, and the discovery of the gold puts the instrument of it in his grasp—the

damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Of Timon's series of vindictive encounters before his cave, little but the idea is probably ultimately due to Lucian. The poet may be foreshadowed in Gnathonides, the envoys of repentant Athens in Demeas. But Flavius, the one honest man, is Shakespeare's characteristic creation, and in Apemantus and Alcibiades he adapted to the

scheme of Lucian the suggestive hints of Plutarch. In Plutarch both figure only as the companions of Timon's misanthropic days, the one his fellow cynic, the other his destined avenger upon Athens. Shakespeare introduced both into the picture of Timon's prodigal festivities. The misanthrope by nature was thus set in sharp contrast with the misanthrope by disillusion, and the ground was laid for their encounter in the second part (IV. iii. 198 *et seq.*) with its profoundly imagined discrimination between the set hatred grounded in habit and creed and that kindled by fresh conviction, the misanthropy which is a form of intellectual self-indulgence, and that which is goaded with poignant memories.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Timon and Shakespeare.

With few exceptions, those portions of the play in which Timon is the speaker can have come from no other hand than that of Shakspeare. If such conjectures were allowed to possess any worth, one might venture to assert that by the time this play was written, Shakspeare had mastered the impulses within himself to mere rage against the evil that is in the world. The impression which the play leaves is that of Shakspeare's sanity. He could now so fully and fearlessly enter into Timon's mood, because he was now past all danger of Timon's malady. He had now learned to strive with evil and to subdue it; he had now learned to forgive. And therefore he could dare to utter that wrath against mankind to which he had assuredly been tempted, but to which he had never wholly yielded.

It would seem that about this period Shakspeare's mind was much occupied with the questions, In what temper are we to receive the injuries inflicted upon us by our fellow men? How are we to bear ourselves towards

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those that wrong us? How shall we secure our inward being from chaos amid the evils of the world? How shall we attain to the most just and noble attitude of soul in which life and the injuries of life may be confronted? Now, here in Timon we see one way in which a man may make his response to the injuries of life; he may turn upon the world with a fruitless and suicidal rage. Shakspeare was interested in the history of Timon, not merely as a dramatic study, and not merely for the sake of moral edification, but because he recognized in the Athenian misanthrope one whom he had known, an intimate acquaintance, the Timon of Shakspeare's own breast. Shall we hesitate to admit that there was such a Timon in the breast of Shakspeare? We are accustomed to speak of Shakspeare's gentleness and Shakspeare's tolerance so foolishly that we find it easier to conceive of Shakspeare as indulgent towards baseness and wickedness than as feeling measureless rage and indignation against them—rage and indignation which would sometimes flash beyond their bounds and strike at the whole wicked race of man. And it is certain that Shakspeare's delight in human character, his quick and penetrating sympathy with almost every variety of man, saved him from any persistent injustice towards the world. But it can hardly be doubted that the creator of Hamlet, of Lear, of Timon, saw clearly, and felt deeply, that there is a darker side to the world and to the soul of man.

The Shakspeare invariably bright, gentle, and genial is the Shakspeare of a myth. The man actually discoverable behind the plays was a man tempted to passionate extremes, but of strenuous will, and whose highest self pronounced in favor of sanity. Therefore he resolved that he would set to rights his material life, and he did so. And, again, he resolved that he would bring into harmony with the highest facts and laws of the world his spiritual being, and that in his own high fashion he accomplished also. The plays impress us as a long study of self-control—of self-control at one with self-surrender to the

highest facts and laws of human life. Shakspeare set about attaining self-mastery, not of the petty, pedantic kind, which can be dictated by a director or described in a manual, but large, powerful, luminous, and calm; and by sustained effort he succeeded in attaining this in the end. It is impossible to conceive that Shakspeare should have traversed life, and felt its insufficiencies and injuries and griefs, without incurring Timon's temptation—the temptation to fierce and barren resentment.

DOWDEN: *Shakspeare*.

IV.

Alcibiades.

The whole conduct of Alcibiades forms a complete parallel to that of Coriolanus, and here again the connection between the two plays is obvious. Shakespeare found a brief account of the mutual relations of Timon and Alcibiades in North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, together with a description of Timon's goodwill towards the general on account of the calamities that he foresaw he would bring upon the Athenians. The name of Alcibiades would not recall to Shakespeare, as it does to us, the most glorious period of Greek culture, and such names as Pericles, Aristophanes, and Plato—he generally gives Latin names to his Greeks, such as Lucius, Flavius, Servilius, etc.; nor did it represent to him the unrivalled subtlety, charm, instability, and reckless extravagance of the man. He would read Plutarch's comparison of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, in which the Greek and Roman generals are considered homogeneous, and for Shakespeare Alcibiades was merely the soldier and commander; on that account he let him occupy much the same relation to Timon that Fortinbras did to Hamlet.

Where Timon merely hates, Alcibiades seizes his weapons; and when Timon curses indiscriminately, Alcibiades punishes severely but deliberately. He does not

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tear down the city walls and put every tenth citizen to the sword, as he is invited to do; he only seeks vengeance on his personal enemies and those whom he considers guilty.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

Apemantus.

The character of Apemantus seems designed, in part, on purpose to illustrate the difference between the intense hearty misanthropy of Timon and the low vulgar cynicism of an outworn profligate or superannuated debauchee. For in Apemantus we have a specimen of the cynic proper, who finds his pastime in a sort of scowling buffoonery and malignant slang; at first setting himself to practise the arts of a snarling scorner of men, because this feeds his distempered conceit; and then by dint of such exercise gradually working himself up into a corresponding passion. For it is easy to see that the cynicism which now forms his character originated in sheer affectation. Timon justly despises the sincere cant of one who thus drives contempt of mankind as a trade; for he knows it to be the offspring of disappointed vanity, seeking to indemnify its own baseness by making reprisals on others. He sees that Apemantus never had in himself a single touch of the goodness, the alleged want of which he so much delights to bark at; and that his superiority to the common passions of men is all because he has not virtue enough left to vicious.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Flavius.

An exception to this general picture of selfish depravity is found in the old and honest steward Flavius, to whom Timon pays a full tribute of tenderness. *Shakespeare*

was unwilling to draw a picture "*ugly all over with hypocrisy.*" He owed this character to the good-natured solicitations of his Muse. His mind might well have been said to be the "sphere of humanity."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to this friendship of semblance and falsehood, stands the true and warm affection of Timon's household, especially that of his steward Flavius, whom Timon declares the only honest man. In an over-civilized, morally corrupt state, where the senators are usurers, where the people abandon themselves to luxury and gluttony, and banish the more virtuous or leave them to perish from neglect, and where the army, accompanied by courtesans, takes up arms against its own country, the little of virtue and morality that is left takes refuge in the lowest orders.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VII.

Blankness of Feature.

The want of individualisation of numerous persons in the play, named and unnamed, is a cause of apparent inferiority and infirmity; the forms of shabbiness are varied among the false friends, but not appropriated. Shabby tricks to save their money, and shabby means of obtaining it, do not suffice alone to mark out one mean man from another by absolute and necessary indication. Certainly it may be said that this blankness has some propriety in marking the herd as a herd; and accordingly, the omission of the names of individual friends at the last banquet of warm and steaming water, is quite consistent with the rest; but the play in which blankness of feature is so largely required or admissible, will lose in dignity, though it must be admitted that some of the *scenes thus carried on between generic rather than indi-*

vidual personations—for instance, the opening dialogue of the Poet and the Painter, have all the appearance of being, from the first word to the last, entirely Shakespeare's.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Non-Shakespearian Elements.

We must now, with a view to defining the non-Shakespearian elements of the play, devote some attention to its dual authorship. In the first act it is particularly the prose dialogues between Apemantus and others which seem unworthy of Shakespeare. The repartee is laconic but laboured—not always witty, though invariably bitter and disdainful. The style somewhat resembles that of the colloquies between Diogenes and Alexander in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*. The first of Apemantus's conversations might have been written by Shakespeare—it seems to have some sort of continuity with the utterances of Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*—but the second has every appearance of being either an interpolation by a strange hand, or a scene which Shakespeare had forgotten to score out. Flavius's monologue (I. ii.) never came from Shakespeare's pen in this form. Its marked contrast to the rest shows that it might be the outcome of notes taken by some blundering shorthand writer among the audience.

The long conversation, in the second act, between Apemantus, the Fool, Caphis, and various servants, was, in all probability written by an alien hand. It contains nothing but idle chatter devised to amuse the gallery, and it introduces characters who seem about to take some standing in the play, but who vanish immediately, leaving no trace. A Page comes with messages and letters from the mistress of a brothel, to which the Fool appears to belong, but we are told nothing of the contents of these letters, whose addresses the bearer is unable to read.

In the third act there is much that is feeble and irrelevant, together with an aimless unrest which incessantly pervades the stage. It is not until the banquet scene towards the end of the act that Shakespeare makes his presence felt in the storm which bursts from Timon's lips. The powerful fourth act displays Shakespeare at his best and strongest; there is very little here which could be attributed to alien sources. I cannot understand the decision with which English critics (including a poet like Tennyson) have condemned as spurious Flavius's monologue at the close of the second scene. Its drift is that of the speech in the following scene, in which he expresses the whole spirit of the play in one line: "What viler things upon the earth than friends!" Although there is evidently some confusion in the third scene (for example, the intimation of the Poet's and Painter's appearance long before they really arrive), I cannot agree with Fleay that Shakespeare had no share in the passage contained between the lines, "Where liest o' nights, Timon?" and "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive."

One speech in particular betrays the master-hand. It is that in which Timon expresses the wish that Apemantus's desire to become a beast among beasts may be fulfilled:—

"If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee: and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner."

There is as much knowledge of life here as in a concentrated essence of all Lafontaine's fables.

The last scenes of the fifth act were evidently never revised by Shakespeare. It is a comical incongruity that makes the soldier who, we are expressly told, is *unable to read, capable of distinguishing Timon's tomb, and even*

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of having the forethought to take a wax impression of the words. There is also an amalgamation of the two contradictory inscriptions, of which the first tells us that the dead man wishes to remain nameless and unknown, while the last two lines begin with the declaration, "Here lie I, Timon." Notwithstanding the shocking condition of the text, the repeatedly occurring confusion of the action, and the evident marks of an alien hand, Shakespeare's leading idea and dominant purpose is never for a moment obscured. Much in *Timon* reminds us of *King Lear*, the injudiciously distributed benefits and the ingratitude of their recipients are the same, but in the former the bitterness and virulence are tenfold greater, and the genius incontestably less. Lear is supported in his misfortunes by the brave and manly Kent, the faithful Fool, that truest of all true hearts, Cordelia, her husband, the valiant King of France. There is but one who remains faithful to Timon, a servant, which in those days meant a slave, whose self-sacrificing devotion forces his master, sorely against his will, to except one man from his universal vituperation. In his own class he does not meet with a single honestly devoted heart, either man's or woman's; he has no daughter, as Lear; no mother, as Coriolanus; no friend, not one.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Consensus of Critics.

Timon of Athens, of all the works of Shakspeare, possesses most the character of satire: a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. The story is very simply treated, and is definitely divided into large masses: in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and around him the throng of suitors of

every description; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need; in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude — the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are not less different; Timon frets himself to death, Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by force. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; in his discontent he is a madman: he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts that he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoritical seclusion.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

Timon of Athens is one of Shakspeare's most remarkable pieces, and in many respects is a problem that has given editors, interpreters, and critics much to puzzle their brains with, which has nevertheless not, by any means, as yet been satisfactorily solved. In the first place the representation suffers from a striking want of equality; some portions have evidently been worked out with pleasure and care, others, on the contrary, have been so carelessly

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thrown off, and connected in so loose and disjointed a manner, that they are not only wanting in strict coherence, but even contradictions have crept in. It is much the same as regards the delineation of the characters; several of the personages, especially Timon himself, are described minutely and thoroughly in Shakespeare's usual masterly style, others are mere sketches drawn with a few touches, and other again, mere representatives of whole classes of men. Lastly, similar contradictions pervade the diction: by the side of lines which, in structure, rhythm, and linguistic character entirely resemble the treatment of the blank verse of Shakespeare's later pieces, we find a loose and careless prose, unconnected, bounding transitions from the one form of language to the other, passages of which it cannot be determined whether they are intended to be verse or prose; we also find rhyming couplets in places where Shakespeare does not generally employ them.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The play is one of the less celebrated and less attractive among Shakespeare's works. The theme itself is not the most enticing, and its treatment must be pronounced to be in many respects unsatisfactory. The inequality of the execution will be acknowledged by every careful reader. Some parts are wrought out with great skill and completeness; others are hastily and rudely sketched, while certain necessary links seem to be omitted altogether. The versification is often a mystery, and the prose frequently appears to be written with exceeding carelessness. But the main characteristic of the play is the dark colouring in which it portrays social life. Its speech is steeped in bitterness; it contains the most vindictive utterances against mankind to be found in Shakespeare. A noble, generous character is victimized to the last degree, and driven forward to suicide. Unselfishness apparently becomes tragic in a selfish world. Still, the other side is not neglected; this very unselfishness is

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seen to be at bottom selfish. Timon is guilty, and has to take the consequence of his deed. He turns misanthrope, full of vehement sarcasm and red-hot imprecation. The latter part of the play, in particular, is a bath of gall.

SNIDER: *The Shakespearian Drama.*

The play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship. In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but, having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

Timon of Athens always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakespear. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design. It is the only play of our author in which spleen is the predominant feeling of the mind. It is as much a satire as a play: and contains some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived, both in the snarling, captious answers of the cynic Apemantus, and in the impassioned and more terrible imprecations of Timon.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

**The Life of
Timon of Athens.**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *flattering lords.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*

FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An Old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *servants to Timon.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, } *servants to Timon's creditors and to the*
TITUS, } *Lords.*
HORTENSIUS, }
And others, }

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*
TIMANDRA, }

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

The Life of
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Athens. A hall in Timon's house.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others,
at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you 're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that 's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
MAGIC of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10
To an untirable and continue goodnes:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense
have praised the vile,

Act I. Sc. i.

THE LIFE OF

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace 30
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man! 40

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. i.

Pain. Look, moe!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. 50

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down 60
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her; 70

Act I. Sc. i.

THE LIFE OF

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

P'oet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, 80
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

P'oet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
A thousand moral paintings I can show, 90
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from Ven-
tidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants
following.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. i.

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: and I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father. 110

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further? 120

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got :
 The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine
 Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,
 Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
 Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
 His honesty rewards him in itself ; 130
 It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young and apt :
 Our own precedent passions do instruct us
 What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To *Lucilius*] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord ; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
 I call the gods to witness, I will choose
 Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
 And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
 If she be mated with an equal husband ? 140

Old Ath. Three talents on the present ; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long :
 To build his fortune I will strain a little,
 For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
 What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
 And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
 Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. Mine hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. i.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work, 160
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ! dispraise ?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give : but you well
know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners, 170
Are prized by their masters : believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common tongue,

Act I. Sc. i.

THE LIFE OF

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st
them not. 181

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going? 190

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and
yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, 200
if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. i.

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit. 210

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where 220
thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That 's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is
worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were
a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord
with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself? 230

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art
not thou a merchant?

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. i.

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools. 260

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee
hence! 270

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man. 280

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

First Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit. 20

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. ii.

Apem.

No;

You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but
yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a
table by himself; for he does neither affect 30
company, nor is he fit for 't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:

I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a
number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not!
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in 40
one man's blood; and all the madness is, he
cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that sits
next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest
man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were
a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 50
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Act I. Sc. ii.

THE LIFE OF

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds: 60
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no self;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't: 70
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, 80
then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. ii.

lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket, within.]

Tim. What means that trump?

Act I. Sc. ii.

THE LIFE OF

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies
most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
which bears that office, to signify their pleasures. 120

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*]

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. *Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women. 132
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves?

IMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. ii.

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friends' gift? 141
 I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*he Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;
 and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon,
 and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two
 to the hautboys, and cease.*

im. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device:
 I am to thank you for 't. 150

irst Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

pem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not
 hold taking, I doubt me.

im. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

ll Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.]

im. Flavius!

lav. My lord?

im. The little casket bring me hither.

lav. Yes, my lord. *[Aside]* More jewels yet!
 There is no crossing him in 's humour; 160
 Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—
 When all 's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. *[Exit.]*

Act I. Sc. ii.

THE LIFE OF

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you: look you, my good
lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much 170

As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,

Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word;
it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee: 180
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertain-
ment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

IMON OF ATHENS

Act I. Sc. ii.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Im. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

lav. [Aside] What will this come to? He commands us to provide and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good: His promises fly so beyond his state That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes 200 For every word: he is so kind that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forced out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

im. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

ec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will 210 receive it.

Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

im. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

Act I. Sc. ii.

THE LIFE OF

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no
man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I
weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I'll 220
tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field. 230

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*]

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums 240
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act II. Sc. i.

I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what needs these feasts, 250 pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [Exit.]

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.]

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty mœ
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: no porter at his gate, 10

Act II. Sc. i.

THE LIFE OF

But rather one that smiles and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho !
 Caphis, I say !

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
 Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
 With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
 ‘Commend me to your master’—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
 But must not break my back to heal his*finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. ‘I go, sir!’ Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting,
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money? 10

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharged!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord. 20

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
 To the succession of new days this month :
 My master is awaked by great occasion
 To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
 That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
 In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
 I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,— 30

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays your speedy
 payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
 and past .

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
 Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

I 'll wait upon you instantly. 40

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither : pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
 With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
 And the detention of long-since-due debts,
 Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business :
 Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
 That I may make his lordship understand
 Wherefore you are not paid.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act II. Sc. ii.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.* 50

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back already. 60

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen? 70

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus? 80

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd. 90

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act II. Sc. ii.

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore- 110
master and a knave; which notwithstanding,
thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a
lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a
philosopher, with two stones more than 's arti-
ficial one: he is very often like a knight; and,
generally, in all shapes that man goes up and
down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit 120
walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and
woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. 130

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
 Perchance some single vantages you took,
 When my indisposition put you back;
 And that unaptness made your minister,
 Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
 At many times I brought in my accounts, 140
 Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
 And say, you found them in mine honesty.
 When for some trifling present you have bid me
 Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
 Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
 To hold your hand more close: I did endure
 Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
 Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
 And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
 Though you hear now, too late!—yet now 's a
 time— 150
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues: the future comes apace:
 What shall defend the interim? and at length
 How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath, 160
 How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

TIMON OF ATHENS**Act II. Sc. ii**

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more. 170

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; 180
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these

Act II. Sc. ii.

THE LIFE OF

Shall I try friends : you shall perceive how you 190
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there ! Flaminius ! Servilius !

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord ? my lord ?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally : you to Lord
Lucius : to Lord Lucullus you : I hunted with
his honour to-day : you to Sempronius : commend
me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say, that
my occasions have found time to use 'em to-
ward a supply of money : let the request be 200
fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus ? hum !

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true ? can 't be ? 210

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis pity :—

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act II. Sc. ii.

And so, intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
 With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
 They froze me into silence:

Tim. You gods, reward them! 220
 Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
 Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
 [*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee,
 be not sad;
 Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius
 lately
 Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd 230
 Into a great estate: when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from
 me;
 Bid him suppose some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That
 had, give 't these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is
 bounty's foe; 239
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius ; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 10

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir : and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 2

Lucul. La, la, la, la ! ' nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. i.

would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't. 30

Re-entèr Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [To *Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. 40
[*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible that the world should so much differ, And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, 51
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing back the money.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
 Let molten coin be thy damnation,
 Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion! this slave, 60
 Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon 't!
 And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
 nature
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. [Exit.

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. ii.

extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents. 20

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend. 30

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents. 40

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him? 50

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;

And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran.

Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can tell him 70

His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in

My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

TIMON OF ATHENS**Act III. Sc. iii.**

And kept his credit with his purse;
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
 And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
 He does deny him, in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars. 80

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
 I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart: but, I perceive, 90
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
 For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

A room in Sempronius's house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Act III. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him: 10
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made
man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I
cannot think but in the end the villanies of man 30
will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives
to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be
wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal
would set whole realms on fire:

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. iv.

Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master. 40
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[Exit.]

Scene IV.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius:

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Act III. Sc. iv.

THE LIFE OF

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, 20

For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes:

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. 30

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by
the sum

Your master's confidence was above mine;

Else, surely, his had equall'd.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. iv.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.* 40

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twas sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? 50
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you; [*Exit.*
For you serve knaves.

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered 60
worship mutter?

Act III. Sc. iv.

THE LIFE OF

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health and keeps his chamber. 70

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick: And if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? 81
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. iv.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

90

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What's yours?—
and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! 100

[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
caps at their money: these debts may well be
called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves. Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

110

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I 'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene V.

The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it ; the fault 's
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

First Sen. Now, captain ?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues :
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe : 20

TIMON OF ATHENS**Act III. Sc. v.**

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born : 30
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear :
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, 40
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
 But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety ;
 But who is man that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! His service done
 At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that ?

Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies :
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;
 He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin
 That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner :
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him : in that beastly fury 70
 He had been known to commit outrages
 And cherish factions : 'tis inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war
 My lords, if not for any parts in him—
 Though his right arm might purchase his own time
 And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his and join 'em both :
 And, for I know your reverend ages love
 Security, I'll pawn my victories, all 80

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. v.

My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

90

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell
our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
 It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*]

Scene VI.

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers
 Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.*

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honour-
 able lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when
 we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him
 as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his
 new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an
 earnest inviting, which many my near occasions 10
 did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me
 beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my im-
 portunate business, but he would not hear my
 excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of
 me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I under-
 stand how all things go.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. vi.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he
have borrowed of you? 20

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how
fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your
lordship. 30

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more
willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such
summer-birds are men,—Gentlemen, our dinner
will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears
with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly
o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your
lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ay, my good friend, what cheer? 40

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick
of shame, that, when your lordship this other
day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
[*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all
together.

Act III. Sc. vi.

THE LIFE OF

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you. 50

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season
can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble 60
feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall
be in all places alike. Make not a city feast
of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree
upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require 70
our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society
with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make
yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest
your deities be despised. Lend to each man
enough, that one need not lend to another; for,
were your godheads to borrow of men, men
would forsake the gods. Make the meat be be-
loved more than the man that gives it. Let no
assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: 80

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act III. Sc. vi.

if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean? 90

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last ;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*]

Live loathed, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! 101
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou :—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Wherewith a villain's not a welcome guest.

Act IV. Sc. i.

THE LIFE OF

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords! 110

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th'
other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.
Did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown. 120

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day
stones. [Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. i.

And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants,
steal! 10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

Act IV. Sc. ii.

THE LIFE OF

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40
Amen. [Exit.

Scene II.

Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
 Why, this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee and approbation
 With senators on the bench: this is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed, again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a
 drum? Thou 'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

*Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner;
 Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

Act IV. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, 50
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 59
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion. 70

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound
thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

TIMON OF ATHENS**Act IV. Sc. iii.**

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world 80
Voiced so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still : they love thee not that use thee ;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble ?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well :
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap— 101

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens ?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd !

Act IV. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim.

That by killing of villains

Thou wast born to conquer my country.
 Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison
 In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one: 110
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
 He is an'usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the
 babe

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
 Think it a bastard whom the oracle 120
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
 Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
 Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast
 thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant : you are not oathable ;
 Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you ; spare your oaths,
 I 'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ; 141
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats : yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore
 still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
 A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold : what then ?
 Believe 't that we 'll do any thing for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh
 And not believes himself : down with the nose,
 Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate
 ruffians bald ; 160

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you : plague all ;
 That your activity may defeat and quell

Act IV. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

The source of all erection. There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades,*
Phrynia, and Timandra.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue, 181
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above 191
 Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!—
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog, 200
 Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
 Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
 By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
 Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
 To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself, 220
 A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
 That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements exposed, 230
 Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
 O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou 240
 Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again,
 Were thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

The one is filling still, never complete,
 The other at high wish: best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.
 Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250
 With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
 In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate
 men?
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 271
 Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
 To some she beggar and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!

Act IV. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. 280

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest; 290

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

TIMON. OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, 300
but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast
in thy guilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee
for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st
none, but art despised for the contrary. There's
a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What 310
man didst thou ever know unthrift that was be-
loved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to
keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things 320
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the
world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion
of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee
t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox
would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion 330
would suspect thee, when peradventure thou

wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts. 350

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus. 360

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! 370

Choler dost kill me that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon't. 380

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear
divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, 390

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Act IV. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

Think thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I 'll say thou hast gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am
quit.

Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder: the mere want of gold, and the
falling-from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he
care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he
covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it? 410

Sec. Ban. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. 421
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con 430
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: 440
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,

Act IV. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go, 451
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profes-
sion by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he
thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our
mystery. 460

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there
is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made! 470
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act IV. Sc. iii.

Tim. Away! what are thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? 480

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot
thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 491
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward.
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. 500
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise; 510
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
 For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late: 520
 You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
 That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
 My most honour'd lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me by making rich yourself. 530

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
 But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,
 Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
 Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
 What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted
 woods,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act V. Sc. i.

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! 540
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The woods. Before Timon's cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them
from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? does the rumour
hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiadés reports it; Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched
poor straggling soldiers with great quantity:
'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try
for his friends.

10

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in
Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves
to him in this supposed distress of his: it will
show honestly in us, and is very likely to load
our purposes with what they travail for, if it

Act V. Sc. i.

THE LIFE OF

be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I 20
will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent
that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'
the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: per-
formance is ever the duller for his act; and, but
in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the
deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise
is most courtly and fashionable: performance is
a kind of will or testament which argues a great 30
sickness in his judgement that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*]

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not
paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided
for him: it must be a personating of himself; a
satire against the softness of prosperity, with a
discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow
youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in
thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own 40
faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for
thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act V. Sc. i.

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple 51
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, 60

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better. 70

You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Act V. Sc. i.

THE LIFE OF

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore 81
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault: 90
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You 'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured 100
That he 's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act V. Sc. i.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company :
Each man apart, all single and alone, 110
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where'thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack ! there's gold ; you came for gold, ye slaves :
[*To Painter*] You have work for me, there 's payment :
hence !
[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that :
Out, rascal dogs !

[Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.]

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;
For he is set so only to himself 120
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians 131
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget 141
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act V. Sc. i.

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
 Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 160
 And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority : so soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,— 170

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir ; thus :
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, man-brain'd war ;
 Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
 And let him take 't at worst ; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer : for myself,
 There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
 It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
 Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
 thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them; 200
 And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
 I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends, 210

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act V. Sc. ii.

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[Retires to his cave.]

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us, 230
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises

Act V. Sc. iii.

THE LIFE OF

Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends : this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare :
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast read this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.* 10

Scene IV.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more': now breathless wrong 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means: 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours

Were not erected by their hands from whom
 You have received your griefs: nor are they such
 That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
 For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
 Who were the motives that you first went out;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread: 30
 By decimation and a tithed death—
 If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
 And by the hazard of the spotted die
 Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
 For those that were, it is not square to take,
 On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
 Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended: like a shepherd
 Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
 Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
 Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,

TIMON OF ATHENS

Act V. Sc. iv.

Or any token of thine honour else, 50
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
 [*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads*]
 'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
 Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
 caitiffs left! 71
 Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
 Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here
 thy gait.'

Act V. Sc. iv.

THE LIFE OF

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory 80
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Glossary.

Abhor himself, make himself abhorred (Hanmer, "make himself abhorr'd"); I. i. 60.

Aches (dissyllabic); I. i. 247.

Advance, promote, raise to honour; I. ii. 171.

Affect, like, desire; I. ii. 219.

Allow'd, trusted, invested by public authority (Warburton, "Hallow'd"); V. i. 165.

All to you, "all good wishes to you"; I. ii. 235.

Alteration; "a. of honour," i.e. change to dishonour; IV. iii. 469.

Ample, amply; I. ii. 130.

Apperil, peril; I. ii. 32.

Argument, contents; II. ii. 185. —, subject, theme; III. iii. 20; III. v. 23.

Arms; "travers'd arms," (?) folded arms; according to others, with arms reversed; V. iv. 7.

Artificial, belonging to art, artistic; "a. strife," the strife of art to outdo nature; I. i. 37.

Atone, set at peace, put in accord; V. iv. 58.

Attend, await; III. v. 102.

Attends, awaits; I. ii. 154.

Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 154.

Bans, curses; IV. i. 34.

Beagles, a small sort of dog; used of servile followers; IV. iii. 175.

Bear, bear off; I. i. 131.

Becks, nods; I. ii. 239.

Beggar's dog; II. i. 5. (Cp. illustration.)



From a XVIIth century black-letter ballad.

Behave, govern; III. v. 22.

Beneath, lower, below; I. i. 44.

Best, that which can be most depended upon (S. Walker conj. "last"); III. iii. 36.

Blains, botches; IV. i. 28.

Blood, temper (Johnson conj. "mood"); IV. ii. 38.

Bound, bank, boundary; I. i. 25.

Brain's flow, tears (Hanmer, "brine's flow"); V. iv. 76.

Breath, voice; IV. iii. 249.

Breathe, utter; III. v. 32.

Breathed, trained ("inured to constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied; To breathe a horse is to exercise him for the course"; I. i. 10.

Glossary

Bring, conduct; V. i. 122.
Bruise, crush, destroy; III. v. 4.
Bruit, rumour; V. i. 196.
By, according to; I. i. 171.
By mercy, (?) by your leave; III. v. 55.

Candied, congealed; IV. iii. 226.
Cap, top, principal; IV. iii. 361.
Carper, censurer; IV. iii. 209.
Candle, serve as a candle, refresh; IV. iii. 226.
Ceased, stopped, silenced; II. i. 16.
Character, writing; V. iii. 6.
Charge, commission; III. iv. 25.
Charitable; "ch. title," i.e. title of endearment; I. ii. 90.
Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 221.
Clear, pure; IV. iii. 27.
Close, (?) closely; IV. iii. 391.
Cock; "wasteful c." (v. Note); II. ii. 169.
Cog, deceive; V. i. 98.
Coil, ado, confusion; I. ii. 238.
Cold-moving, distant; II. ii. 219.
Comes off well, i.e. is well done; I. i. 29.
Comfortable, comforting; IV. iii. 499.
Composture, compost; IV. iii. 446.
Compt; "in c.," i.e. for the computation of the interest due (Folios, "in. Come"; Hammer, "in count"; Keightley conj. "in mind"); II. i. 34.
Conception, fruitful; IV. iii. 187.

THE LIFE OF

Condition, (?) art (perhaps "would be well express'd in our c." = "would find a striking parallel in our state," Schmidt); I. i. 77.
Conditions, inclinations (perhaps = "vocations"); IV. iii. 139.
Confectionary, store for sweets; IV. iii. 260.
Confound, destroy IV. iii. 338.
Confounding, causing ruin; IV. i. 20.
 —, ruinous; IV. iii. 395.
Confusion, destruction; IV. iii. 324.
 —, ruin; V. iv. 52.
Con thanks, be thankful; IV. iii. 430.
Continue, continual; I. i. 11.
Contraries, contrarities; IV. i. 20.
Convert, turn; IV. i. 7.
Corinth, a cant name for a brothel; II. ii. 73.
Couch'd; "are c.," lie low, have disappeared; II. ii. 179.
Counterfeit, portrait, likeness; V. i. 83.
Courage, disposition; III. iii. 24.
Crown'd, glorified; II. ii. 188.
Cunning, profession; IV. iii. 209.
Curiosity, scrupulousness, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.

Date-broke, date-broken (Folios, "debt, broken"; Malone, "date-broken"); II. ii. 38.
Dear, used intensively; IV. iii. 385.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Glossary

- Dear*, extreme, desperate; V. i. 231.
- Dearest*, utmost; I. i. 124.
- Dedicated*; "a d. beggar to the air," i.e. a beggar dedicated to the air; IV. ii. 13.
- Deed of saying*, doing what one promises (Pope reads "deed"); V. i. 28.
- Defiled*, used with a play upon "pitch'd" (suggestive of "pitch that doth defile," cp. I *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 415); I. ii. 231.
- Depart*, part; I. i. 253.
- Depraved*, slandered; I. ii. 139.
- Depraves*, slanders; I. ii. 139.
- Deserts*; "all d.," i.e. all kinds of men; I. i. 65.
- Dich*, a corruption of "do it" due to the phrase "d' it ye" (the y palatalising the t); I. ii. 72.
- Discharged*, paid; II. ii. 12.
- Discovery*, disclosing; V. i. 37.
- Disfurnish*, deprive of means; III. ii. 49.
- Dispraise*, disparagement; I. i. 165.
- Dividant*, divided, IV. iii. 5.
- Doit*, the smallest coin; a trifle; I. i. 210.
- Doubt*, fear; I. ii. 153.
- Doubtfully*, ambiguously; IV. iii. 121.
- Draught*, sink; V. i. 105.
- Earnest*, earnest money, a part paid beforehand as a pledge; IV. iii. 47.
- Embossed*, tumid, swollen; V. i. 220.
- Entertain*, use, employ; IV. iii. 497.
- Ever*, always (Rowe's emendation of Folios, "very"); I. ii. 29.
- Exceptless*, making no exception; IV. iii. 503.
- Fail*, offence (Capell's reading; Folios, "fall"; Hanmer, "fault"); V. i. 151.
- Fall*; "at f.," at a low ebb; II. ii. 212.
- Falling-from*, falling off (Pope, "falling off"); IV. iii. 405.
- Fang*, seize with teeth; IV. iii. 23.
- Fate*, evil destiny (Warburton conj. "fault"); III. v. 14.
- Feeders*, parasites; II. ii. 166.
- Fees*, property (Warburton conj. "foes"; Singer, "lees"); III. vi. 82.
- Fellows*, companions; IV. ii. 18.
- Fierce*, excessive; IV. ii. 30.
- Files*, ranks of soldiers; V. ii. 1.
- Flamen*, priest; IV. iii. 155.
- Flood*, sea, ocean; V. i. 219.
- Flush*, in its full vigour; V. iv. 8.
- Fond*, foolish; I. ii. 64.
- For*, because; III. v. 80.
- , of; V. i. 11.
- Forth on*, onward; I. i. 49.
- Fracted*, broken; II. i. 22.
- Fractions*, broken sentences; II. ii. 218.
- Frame*, plan; IV. iii. 262.
- Framed*, moulded, shaped; V. i. 126.
- Frankly*, as frankly, as freely; II. ii. 186.

Glossary

Free, liberal; II. ii. 240.
From, from among; I. ii. 90.
 —, away from; IV. iii. 534.

German, akin; IV. iii. 342.
Girdlest in, dost surround (Folios, "girdles"); IV. i. 2.
Give out, profess to be; I. i. 160.
Glass-faced, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of his patron; I. i. 58.
Good, real; II. ii. 234.
Good even, the common form of salutation after noon; II. ii. 9.
Gorge; "cast the g. at," vomit; IV. iii. 40.
Gramercies, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
Grave, bury; IV. iii. 166.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 14.
Grise, step; IV. iii. 16.
Grows, grows older (Theobald, "goes"); I. i. 3.
Gules, the heraldic term for red; IV. iii. 59.
Gull, properly, an unfledged nestling, here used with play upon this and secondary sense:—*dupe*; II. i. 31.
Gust, taste, relish; III. v. 54.

Habit, exterior; IV. iii. 113.
Half-caps, caps half taken off, slight salutations; II. ii. 219.
Hap, chance, luck; III. ii. 27.
Hard in, hardened to; IV. iii. 269.
Harness, armour; I. ii. 52.
Having, possessions; II. ii. 151.

THE LIFE OF

Heart; "in h.," heartily; *i.e.* I drink to you with all my heart, heartily; (Gould conj. "your health"); I. ii. 53.
Heaven, salvation (here = good advice; according to others, "the pleasure of being flattered"); I. ii. 256.
Hew to, shape by cutting (Daniel conj. "hew out"); V. iv. 46.
Hinge, bend; IV. iii. 211.
His, its; I. i. 31.
Hoar, make rotten; IV. iii. 155.
Hold, continue; II. i. 12.
Hold taking, bear handling; I. ii. 153.
Honesty, liberality, bounty; III. i. 30.
Horrid, dreadful; V. iv. 13.
Hoy-day, hey-day; I. ii. 131.
Humour, caprice (Folios 1, 2, "humors"); III. vi. 115.
Hungerly, hungrily; I. i. 252.
Husbandry, good management, economy; II. ii. 162.
Hyperion, the God of the Sun; IV. iii. 184.

Idle, trifling; I. ii. 154.
 —, foolish; IV. iii. 27.
Importunacy, importunity; II. ii. 42.
Incertain, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
Incontinent, inconstant, unchaste; IV. i. 3.
Infected, diseased (Rowe, "affected"); IV. iii. 202.
Inferr'd, alleged; III. v. 73.
Infinite, (?) numberless (Grant White conj. "infectious"); III. vi. 102.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Glossary

Influence (used in the astrological sense); V. i. 66.

Ingeniously, ingenuously, frankly; II. ii. 228.

Ingrateful, ungrateful; IV. ii. 45.

Innocence (?) want of spirit (perhaps used ironically); I. i. 195.

Intending, pretending; II. ii. 217.

Ira furor brevis est, anger is a brief madness; I. ii. 28.

It, its; V. i. 151.

Keep his house, remain within the house; III. iii. 42.

Lag, lowest class (Folios 1, 2, 3, "legge"; Anon. *ap.* Rann conj. "tag"); III. vi. 84.

Late, lately; II. i. 1.

Lay for, venture for, strive to win; III. v. 115.

Leak'd, leaky; IV. ii. 19.

Leech, physician; V. iv. 84.

Legs, used with play upon (i.) limbs, (ii.) bowing; I. ii. 240.

Length; "at 1," at last; II. ii. 156.

Levell'd, aimed; I. i. 47.

Liberty, licentiousness; IV. i. 25.

Limited, circumscribed, confined within bounds; IV. iii. 433.

Lined, stuffed; IV. i. 14.

Lively, to the life; V. i. 85.

Loaden, loaded, laden; III. v. 50.

Made-up, complete, perfect; V. i. 101.

Make, do; III. v. 46.

Many, many of; III. vi. 10.

Marrow, vigour; V. iv. 9.

Mean; "mean eyes," *i.e.* eyes of inferiors (Theobald conj. "men's"); I. i. 93.

Means, power, wealth; V. iv. 20.

Meddler, used with quibble upon "medlar"; IV. iii. 309.

Medlar, a kind of fruit; IV. iii. 305.

Meed, merit; I. i. 276.

Men, human beings; IV. iii. 534.

Merely, absolutely; IV. i. 32.

Mind, magnanimity; I. ii. 164.

Minion, favourite, darling; IV. iii. 80.

Minute - jacks, time - servers (with perhaps an allusion to "Jacks-of-the-Clock," figures that struck the bell in old clocks); III. vi. 101.

Misanthropos, hater of mankind (Folio 1, "misanthropos"); IV. iii. 53.

Moe, more; I. i. 41.

Monstrous, unnatural; V. i. 91.

Moss'd, overgrown with moss (Folios 1, 2, "moyst"; Folios 3, 4, "moist"); IV. iii. 223.

Motives, authors; V. iv. 27.

Multiplying, increasing; IV. i. 34.

Mysteries, trades, professions; IV. i. 18.

Natural, used probably in double sense (i.) genuine, (ii.) a fool; V. i. 88.

Nature, necessities of nature; IV. iii. 231.

Glossary

THE LIFE OF



Jack o' the clock.

From the specimen formerly at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Near, nearly; I. ii. 179.

Neighbour, neighbouring; IV. iii. 94.

Objects, things presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way; IV. iii. 122.

Occasion, necessity; III. ii. 26.

Occasions, engagements; III. vi. 10.

Offices, apartments where food was prepared; II. ii. 165.

On, at; I. i. 141.

—, in; IV. iii. 101.

Ope, open; V. iv. 47.

Operant, active; IV. iii. 25.

Opulency, opulence, riches; V. i. 38.

Ort, remnant; IV. iii. 400.

Out, without, outside; IV. i. 38.

Outgoes, exceeds; I. i. 273.

Owed; "o. to you," held at your service; I. i. 151.

Pack, be off; V. i. 115.

Page, follow like a page; IV. iii. 224.

Painfully; "thou hast p. discovered"; i.e. thou hast to our distress discovered; V. ii. 1.

Paper, bonds, deeds (Warburton, "*proper*"; Hanmer, "*perpetuum*"; Kinnear conj. "*person*"; Becket conj. "*pauper*"); I. ii. 250.

Part, particular business (S. Walker conj. "*pact*"); V. i. 123.

—, side, part; "in general p.," in the public cause; V. ii. 7.

—, depart; IV. ii. 21.

Particular, personal advantage; IV. iii. 159.

Particularly; "halts not p.," does not stop at particular persons; I. i. 46.

Parts, endowments, qualities; II. ii. 23.

—, virtues; III. v. 76.

Passes, surpasses (Jackson conj. "*surpasses*"); I. i. 12.

Passion, violent emotion; III. i. 59.

Patchery; "botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy"; V. i. 99.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Glossary

Pawn, pledge; I. i. 147.
Perfect; "for ever p.," arrived at the perfection of happiness; I. ii. 86.
Perfection, highest excellence; (? "perfect image"); III. vi. 94.
Perfumes; "diseased p." = "diseased perfumed mistresses"; IV. iii. 207.
Periods, puts an end to; I. i. 99.
Personating, representing; V. i. 35.
Pill, pillage, plunder; IV. i. 12.
Plain-dealing, an allusion to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars"; I. i. 209.
Ports, gates; V. iv. 55.
Prefer, show, lay before; III. v. 34.
Preferr'd, showed, presented; III. iv. 49.
Present; "p. slaves," i.e. immediate slaves (S. Walker conj. "peasant slaves"); I. i. 71.
Presentment; "upon the heels of my p., "as soon as my book has been presented to its patron"; I. i. 27.
Proof, test; II. ii. 164.
 —, resisting power; IV. iii. 124.
Properties, makes the property of; I. i. 57.
Prosperous, favourable; V. i. 186.
Protest, vow; IV. iii. 439.
Purposes, plans, intentions; V. i. 17.
Pursy, "fat and short-winded"; V. iv. 12.

Push, pshaw! (Theobald. "Psha"; Hammer, "Pish"); III. vi. 112.
Quick, living; IV. iii. 44.
Quillets, nice, subtle distinctions; IV. iii. 155.
Quit, rid of you; IV. iii. 400.
Quittance, requital; I. i. 279.
Rag, shabby, beggarly person; IV. iii. 271.
Rampired, barricaded; V. iv. 47.
Rank'd, crowded; I. i. 65.
Rapt, beside myself; V. i. 67.
Rarely, admirably, excellently; IV. iii. 473.
Recoverable, possible to be brought back to a better condition; III. iv. 13.
Regardfully, respectfully; IV. iii. 81.
Remembrance; "better r.," i.e. remembrance of better things; III. vi. 46.
Remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.
Remotion, non-appearance, absence (Grant White conj. "motion"); IV. iii. 344.
Render, statement, confession; V. i. 152.
Render back, give back; IV. i. 9.
Render'd, surrendered, given up; V. iv. 62.
Repugnancy, resistance; III. v. 45.
Requite, repay; IV. iii. 529.
Resort; "her r.," to visit her; I. i. 127.

Glossary

Respect; "in r. of his," in proportion to what he possesses; III. ii. 81.
Respectively, regardfully; III. i. 7.
Restraining, withholding; V. i. 151.
Resumes, assumes; II. ii. 4.
Retentive, restraining; III. iv. 82.
Rother's, ox's (Singer's reading, adopted by Collier; Folios, "*Brothers*"; Rowe, "*beggar's*"; Warburton, "*weather's*"; Farmer conj. "*broader*"; etc.) IV. iii. 12.
Rotten, corrupted; IV. iii. 2.
Round, plain, straight-forward; II. ii. 8.

Sacrificial, full of devotion as to a God; I. i. 81.
Salt, wanton; IV. iii. 85.
Sans, without; IV. iii. 122.
Scope; "conceived to s.," i.e. "imagined, appositely, to the purpose"; (Folios, "*concey'd, to scope*"; Theobald, "*conceiv'd to th' scope*"); I. i. 72.
Secure thy heart, be reassured; II. ii. 183.
Seen; "is my lord s. yet," i.e. to be seen; III. iv. 9.
Semblable, like; IV. iii. 22.
Sequence, succession; "s. of degree"; according to their rank; V. i. 211.
Set; "s. so only to himself," i.e. "wrapt up in self-contemplation"; V. i. 120.

THE LIFE OF

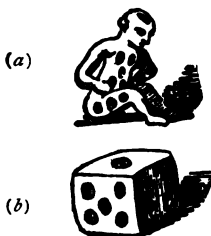
Set him clear, make him appear innocent; III. iii. 31.
Set me on, put me to; II. ii. 164.
Shall's, shall us = shall we; IV. iii. 410.
Signet; II. ii. 208. (Cp. the subjoined facsimiles of antique specimens.)



Sinner, a cause of sin; I. ii. 58.
Smooth'd, flattered; IV. iii. 17.
So, if only; V. iv. 48.
Solidares, small pieces of money; III. i. 46.
Something, somewhat; IV. iii. 55.
Sour, bitter (Rowe's emendation; Folios, "*four*"; S. Walker conj. "*your*"); V. i. 223.
Spilth, spilling; II. ii. 167.
Spirit, anger, wrath; III. v. 102.
Spital-house, hospital; IV. iii. 39.
Spotted die; V. iv. 34. (Cp. illustration.)
Square, suitable; V. iv. 36.
Starve, paralyse (Folio 1, 2, "*sterue*"); I. i. 247.
States, estates; I. i. 67.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Glossary



From specimens found (a) in the neighbourhood of Marseilles and (b) at Herculaneum respectively.

Still, always, continually; II. i. 11; IV. iii. 522.

Stint, stop; V. iv. 83.

Stout, strong; IV. iii. 32.

Strain, race; I. i. 249.

—, quality; IV. iii. 213.

Strait, strict; I. i. 96.

Strange, unacquainted; IV. iii. 56.

Strife, emulation; I. i. 37.

Sufferance, suffering, misery; IV. iii. 268.

Suspect, suspicion; IV. iii. 520.

Swath; "first s.," earliest infancy, swaddling clothes; IV. iii. 252.

Take, make; V. i. 213.

Tendance, persons attending, waiting his pleasure; I. i. 80.

That, would that; IV. iii. 281.

Time's flies, "flies of a season"; III. vi. 100.

Tiring, busy; III. vi. 4.

To; "call to you," i.e. call on you; I. ii. 221.

Told, counted; III. v. 107.

Touch, touchstone; IV. iii. 393.

Touch; "t. the estimate," pay the price at which it is estimated; I. i. 14.

Touch'd, tested with the touchstone; III. iii. 6.

Toward, at hand; III. vi. 60.

Towardly, docile; III. i. 36.

Tract, track; trace; I. i. 50.

Traversed, crossed, folded, (?) reversed; V. iv. 7.

True, honest; IV. iii. 464.

Trump, trumpet; I. ii. 119.

Try, trial; V. i. 10.

Unagreeable, unsuitable; II. ii. 41.

Unbolt, reveal, explain; I. i. 51.

Uncharged, unassailed; V. iv. 55.

Unclew, undo, ruin; I. i. 168.

Unctuous, oily; IV. iii. 195.

Under; "u. praise," by being praised so much (not "*underpraise*" as the jeweller understands it); I. i. 1165.

Under, under pretence of; III. iii. 33.

Undergo, undertake; III. v. 24.

Unmatched, matchless; IV. iii. 524.

Unnoted, (?) imperceptible (perhaps = un-demonstrative); III. v. 21.

Unpeaceable, quarrelsome (Collier MS., "*unappeasable*"); I. i. 269.

Unremoveably, fixedly; V. i. 227.

Untirable, untiring, indefatigable; I. i. 11.

Use, customary; I. i. 279.

Uses, necessities; II. i. 20.

Glossary

THE LIFE OF



Window-bars.

From the "Herodiade" print by Israel Van Mechlin (c. 1500).

Vantages, opportunities; II. ii. 136.

Virtuous, "caused by his virtue"; (?) strong, forcible; III. ii. 45.

Visitations, visits; I. ii. 223.
Voiced, proclaimed; IV. iii. 81.
Void, emit; I. ii. 137.
Votarist, votary; IV. iii. 27.

Wafts, beckons; I. i. 70.
Wappen'd, beaten, worn out, stale; IV. iii. 38.

Wards, bars, bolts; III. iii. 38.
Warm, heated to a moderate degree; IV. iii. 223.

Whittle, small clasp-knife; V. i. 183.

Willing, willingly; III. vi. 32.
Window-bars, cross-bar lacing of the bodice; IV. iii. 116. (Cp. illustration.)

Witch, bewitch; V. i. 158.

Without, outside; V. iv. 39.

Wreakful, revengeful; IV. iii. 229.

Yet, still; IV. ii. 17.

Yield, grant; I. ii. 196.



Enter Apemantus and Fool (Stage Directions, II. ii.).

From a small bronze statuette of Roman workmanship. The arms, when whole, probably displayed some comic gesture.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 21. '*gum, which oozes*'; Johnson's reading; Folios read '*gown, which uses*'; Pope, '*gum which issues*.'

I. i. 24-25. '*flies Each bound it chafes*'; Folios, '*chases*'; Becket conj. '*flies. Eche (bound) it chafes*'; Schmidt, '*chafes with*.'

I. i. 30-31. '*grace Speaks his own standing*'; Johnson conj. '*standing . . . graces or grace Speaks understanding*'; Mason conj. '*Grace speaks its own standing*'; Jackson conj. '*grace Speaks! 'tis on standing*'; Orger conj. '*grace . . . seeming*.'

I. i. 40. '*happy man*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*happy men*.'

I. i. 47. '*sea of wax*'; Bailey conj. '*sweep of taxing*'; Collier MS., '*sea of verse*,' etc.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.

I. i. 87. '*slip*'; Folios, '*sit*'; Delius conj. '*sink*.'

I. i. 129. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."

I. i. 233. '*That I had no angry wit to be a lord*'; Blackstone conj. '*Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord*'; Malone conj. '*That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!*'; Anon. conj., '*That I had no ampler wit than be a lord*'; Warburton, '*That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord*'; Heath conj. '*That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord*,' etc., etc.

I. ii. 45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.

I. ii. 71. '*sin*'; Farmer conj. '*sing*'; Singer conj. '*dine*'; Kinneer conj. '*surfeit*.'

Notes

THE LIFE OF

I. ii. 122-127. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.

I. ii. 129. 'Music, make their welcome'; Pope reads 'Let musick make their welcome'; Capell, 'Musick, make known their welcome.'

I. ii. Direc. 'A mask of ladies as Amazons.' (Cp. illustration.)



From a plate illustrating the Imperial Festivities at Venice, 1560.

II. i. 10. 'And able horses'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, 'An able horse'; Theobald, 'ten able horse'; Jackson conj. 'Ay, able horses'; Collier MS., 'a stable o' horses'; Singer conj. 'Two able horses.'

II. i. 13. 'found his state in safety'; Hanmer's reading; Folios, 'sound . . .'; Capell, 'found . . . on safety'; Capell conj. 'find . . . in safety.'

II. ii. 6. 'Was to be'; Heath conj. 'Was made to be'; Long MS., 'Was'; Mason conj. 'Was formed'; Singer MS., 'Was truly'; Collier MS., 'Was surely.'

II. ii. 75. 'mistress' (so line 107).

II. ii. 149. 'loved lord'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'dear lov'd lord'; S. Walker conj. 'belov'd.'

II. ii. 150. Folios read 'Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The'; Hanmer, 'Though . . . yet now's too late a time'; Collier MS., 'Though . . . yet now's a time too late.'

TIMON OF ATHENS

Notes

II. ii. 169. 'wasteful cock'; Pope reads 'lonely room'; Collier MS., 'wasteful nook'; Jackson conj. 'wakeful cock'; Jervis conj. 'wakeful couch'; Keightley, 'wasteful cock-loft'; Daniel conj. 'wakeful cot'; Jackson's conjecture seems best, 'wakeful cock,' i.e. 'cock-loft,' unless 'cock' = wine-tap.

III. i. 50. 'And we alive that lived'; i.e. in so short a time.

III. i. 55. 'Let molten coin be thy damnation'; cp. the old ballad, "The Dead Man's Song":—

*"And ladles full of melted gold
Were poured down their throats."*

III. i. 59-60. 'slave, Unto his honour,' Steevens' reading; Folios, 'Slave unto his honour'; Pope, 'slave Unto this hour'; Collier MS., 'slave unto his humour'; Staunton, 'slave Unto dishonour'; but the words are probably spoken ironically.

III. ii. 13. 'so many'; changed by Theobald to 'fifty'; so, too, in line 41; but the figures are very doubtful, and 'fifty-five hundred talents,' in line 43, is obviously a mere exaggeration.

III. ii. 25. 'mistook him,' etc., i.e. 'made the mistake and applied to me'; Hanmer, 'o'erlooked'; Warburton, 'mislook'd'; Johnson conj. 'not mistook.'

III. ii. 50. 'for a little part'; Theobald, 'for a little dirt'; Hanmer, 'a little dirt'; Heath conj. 'for a little profit'; Johnson conj. 'for a little park'; Mason conj. 'for a little port'; Jackson conj. 'for a little part'; Bailey conj. 'for a little sport'; Kinneer conj. 'for a little pomp.' Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."

III. ii. 70. 'spirit,' Theobald's correction of Folios, 'sport'; Collier MS., 'port.'

III. ii. 79. 'in respect of his'; Staunton conj. 'this.'

III. iii. 12. 'Thrive, give him over'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'That thriv'd, give him over'; Pope, 'Three give him over?'; Hanmer, 'Tried give him over'; Theobald, 'Thriv'd, give him over?'; Tyrwhitt conj. 'Shriv'd give him over:.'; Johnson conj. 'Thrice give him over,' etc.

III. iii. 14. 'sense'; Collier conj. 'scuse.'

III. iv. 112. 'Sempronius: all:,' so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, 'Sempronius Vllorxa: All'; Folio 2, 'Semprovius: All'; Malone, 'Sempronius: Ullorxa, all'; Grant White suggested that 'Vllorxa' was a misprint for 'Ventidius.'

III. v. 22. 'behave his anger, ere 'twas spent'; Folios, 'behoove

his . . .'; Johnson conj. '*behold his adversary shent*'; Steevens conj. '*behave, ere was his anger spent*'; Becket conj. '*behave; his anger was, 'ere spent*'; Hanmer, '*behave in's . . .*'; Malone conj. '*behave his . . .*'; Collier MS., '*reprove his . . .*,' etc.

III. v. 63. '*I say, my lords, has*'; Pope reads '*I say my lords h'as*'; Folio 1, '*Why say my Lords ha's*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Why I say my lords ha's*'; Folio 4, '*Why, I say my Lords h'as*'; Capell, '*Why, I say, my lords, he has*'; Dyce, '*Why, I say, my lords, has*'; Globe edd., '*I say, my lords, he has*.'

III. v. 102. '*And, not to swell our spirit*,' i.e. 'not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated'; Theobald, '*And note, to swell your spirit*'; Capell, '*And, not to swell your spirit*'; Singer, '*quell*'; Kinnear, '*quail*.'

III. v. 105. '*Only in bone*,' i.e. 'as a mere skeleton'; Staunton conj. '*Only at home*,' or '*Only in doors*'; Ingleby conj. '*only in bed*'; Hudson conj. '*only alone*.'

III. v. 116. '*most lands*'; Warburton, '*most hands*'; Malone conj. '*most lords*'; Mason conj. '*my stains*'; Becket conj. '*most brands*'; Jackson conj. '*most bands*.'

III. vi. 37. '*harshly o' the trumpet's*'; Rowe, '*harshly as o' the Trumpets*'; Steevens (1793), '*harshly on the trumpet's*'; Grant White conj. '*harshly. O, the trumpets*,' etc.

III. vi. 95. '*you with flatteries*'; so Folios; Warburton, '*with your flatteries*'; Keightley, '*by you with flatteries*'; Folio 2 reads '*flatteries*'; S. Walker conj. '*flattery*.'



III. vi. 115, 116. '*He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat*.' The annexed example of a hat with a jewel fashioned like a bird holding in its claws a pearl, is copied from the rare portrait of Thomas Lant, 1587.

IV. i. 21. '*let*,' Hanmer's emendation of Folios, '*yet*.'

IV. ii. 35. '*what state compounds*'; S. Walker conj. '*state comprehends*'; Grant White conj. '*that state compounds*'; Watkiss Lloyd conj. '*whate'er state comprehends*.'

IV. iii. 9. '*deny't*'; Warburton, '*denude*'; Hanmer, '*degrade*'; Heath conj. '*deprive*'; Steevens conj. '*devest*'; Collier MS., '*decline*'; etc.; the indefinite '*it*' refers to the implied noun in '*raise*,' i.e. 'give elevation to.'

IV. iii. 12. '*pasture lards the rother's sides*'; '*rother*', Singer's emendations for Folios '*brothers*.' Folio 1, '*Pastour*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*pastor*'; Farmer and Steevens conj. '*pasterer*': '*lards*'; Rowe's reading, Folio 1, '*Lards*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Lords*.'

IV. iii. 18. '*all is oblique*'; Pope's emendation; Folio 1, '*All's oblique*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Alls obliquy*'; Folio 4, '*All's obliquy*'; Rowe, '*all's obloquy*'; Lettsom conj. '*all, all's oblique*.'

IV. iii. 38. '*wappen'd*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*wapen'd*'; Warburton, '*waped*'; Johnson conj. '*wained*'; Malone conj. '*wapper'd*'; Anon. conj. '*Wapping*'; Steevens conj. '*weeping*'; Seymour conj. '*vapid*'; Staunton conj. '*woe-pin'd*'; Fleay, '*wop-eyed*'; i.e. having waterish eyes (*vide* Glossary).

IV. iii. 106. '*conquer my country*'; Kinnear conj. '*confound my countrymen*'; Hanmer, '*make conquest of my country*'; Capell, '*conquer thy own country*'; S. Walker conj. '*scourge thy country*'; Hudson, '*scourge my country*.'

IV. iii. 116. '*window-bars*'; Johnson conj.; Folios, '*window Barn*'; Pope, '*window-barn*'; Warburton, '*window-lawn*'; Tyrwhitt conj. '*widows's barb*.'

IV. iii. 153. '*spurring*'; Hanmer, '*sparring*'; Long MS., '*spurning*'; Seymour conj. '*springing*'; there is no need to emend the text.

IV. iii. 215. '*bade*'; Folio 1, '*bad*'; Folios, 2, 3, 4, '*bid*.'

IV. iii. 225. '*when*'; S. Walker conj. '*where*.'

IV. iii. 243. '*Outlives uncertain*'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1 reads '*Out-lives: incertaine*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Out-lives: in certaine*'; Hanmer, '*Out-strips uncertain*'; Capell, '*Out-vies uncertain*.'

IV. iii. 254. '*drugs*'; Folios 1, 2, '*drugges*'; Mason conj. '*drudges*'; Collier MS., '*dugs*'; Capell conj. MS. '*dregs*'; '*drugs*' = '*drudges*.'

IV. iii. 283. '*my*'; Rowe's correction of Folios, '*thy*.'

IV. iii. 312. '*after his means*', i.e. '*after his means were gone*.'

IV. iii. 421. '*meat*'; Theobald, '*meet*' (i.e. '*what you ought to be*'); Hanmer, '*men*'; Steevens conj. '*me*', etc.

IV. iii. 422-426. '*Behold, the earth hath roots*', etc.; *cp.* Hall's *Satires*, III. 1 (pub. 1598):—

"Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last,
Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast," etc.

IV. iii. 439. '*villany*'; Rowe's correction of Folios 1, 2, '*vil-laine*.'

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IV. iii. 445. 'moon'; Theobald, 'mounds'; Capell, 'earth'; Tollet conj. 'main.'

IV. iii. 500. 'dangerous nature mild'; Thirlby conj.; Folios, 'wild'; Becket conj. 'nature dangerous-wild'; Jackson conj. 'dolorous nature wild.'

V. i. 47. 'black-corner'd,' i.e. 'hiding things in dark corners'; Hanmer, 'black-corneted'; Warburton conj. 'black-cornette'; Farmer conj. MS. 'black-coroned'; Mason conj. 'black-crowned'; Jackson conj. 'dark-horned'; Singer conj. 'black-curtain'd,' etc.

V. i. 116. 'You have work'; so Folios; Hanmer, 'You have work'd'; Malone, 'You have done work'; Steevens conj. 'You've work'd.'

V. i. 136. 'as a cauterizing'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, 'as a Cantherizing'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'as a Catherizing'; Pope, 'cauterizing'; Capell, 'cancerizing.'

V. i. 147. 'general, gross:': Pope's emendation of Folios, 'generall grosse:': S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, 'general-gross.'

V. i. 213. 'haste'; Pope, 'taste'; Warburton conj. MS. 'tatch'; Collier MS. 'halter.'

V. ii. 7. 'whom,' instead of 'who,' owing to confusion of constructions; Pope, 'Who'; Hanmer, 'And'; Singer, 'When,' etc.

V. ii. 8. 'made a particular force'; Hanmer reads 'had . . . force'; Staunton conj. 'took . . . truce'; Bailey conj. 'had . . . force with,' etc.

V. iii. 3-4. These words are in all probability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change 'read' into 'rear'd.' The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; 'some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so' (*v. Preface*).

V. iv. 28. 'Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess'; Theobald's emendation ('extreme shame for their folly in banishing you hath broke their hearts'); Folio 1 reads '(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'Shame (that they wanted cunning in excesse)'; Johnson conj. 'Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.'

V. iv. 62. 'render'd to your'; the conj. of Chedworth, adopted by Dyce; Folio 1 reads 'remedied to your'; Folios 2, 3, 4, 'remedied by your'; Pope, 'remedied by'; Johnson, 'remedied

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to'; Malone, '*remedy'd, to your*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*remitted to your*.'

V. iv. 79. '*On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead*'; the reading of Folios; Theobald reads '*On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead*'; Hammer, '*On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead*.'

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Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1 et seq. In *Timon*, as in *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare put his own thoughts and feelings into the mouths of the various characters of the play. Falseness and ingratitude are the subjects of the most frequent allusion. They were uppermost in Shakespeare's mind at the time, and the changes are rung upon these vices by the Epicurean and the Cynic, by servants and strangers, before and after the climax. Even the fickle Poet serves as spokesman for the all-prevailing idea; and the Painter is every whit as worthless.

30, 31. This picture, it would seem, is a full-length portrait of Timon, in which the gracefulness of the attitude expresses the habitual standing or carriage of the original.

37. *artificial strife*:—The excellence of an artist was often set forth by representing him as the tutor or the competitor of nature. "The execution of the pencil emulating Nature," says Heath, "displays a life in those touches which is livelier than even life itself." So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis*:—

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed."

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47-50. *no levell'd malice*, etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levell'd* at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."

59. *To Apemantus*:—Ritson thinks that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was as much of a courtier as the other guests.

171. *prized by their masters*:—Johnson explains: "Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held." For the use of *by*, compare *Coriolanus*, III. ii. 52-54:—

"Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you," etc.

180. *When thou art Timon's dog*, etc.:—"That is," explains Rolfe, "till you become a dog, and these knaves become honest—a far-off *morrow* to wait for." Hanmer read "When I am Timon's dog"; and Johnson interpreted the passage thus: "When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation."

185. Here, according to the judgement of most of the latest commentators, begins the anonymous workmanship. Hudson (Harvard ed.) indicates what he regards as the anonymous portions of the play by asterisks placed before the lines. From this indication it appears that Hudson assigns about three-fifths of the play to Shakespeare, including nearly the whole of Act. I. i., all of Act II. i., most of Act II. ii., almost the whole of Act III. vi., all but about thirty lines of Act IV., and all except a dozen lines of Act V. White's interesting opinion may be summarized as follows: Act I. Sc. i., Shakespeare's until the entrance of Apemantus; Sc. ii., not Shakespeare's; Act. II. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., Shakespeare's, except where the Fool appears; Act III. Sc. i., not Shakespeare's, except, perhaps, the last speech; Sc. ii., probably not Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., not Shakespeare's; Sc. v., not Shakespeare's; Sc. vi., mostly not Shakespeare's; Act IV. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., mostly Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., Shakespeare's, "and in his largest style"; Act. V. Sc. i., partly Shakespeare's; Scs. ii. and iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., Shakespeare's beyond question.

195. *for the innocence*:—Rolfe says that "it may be a question

whether this is to be taken literally or ironically." Crosby surmises that "the cynic means that the picture has *no spirit, no expression*; and dog-like he prefers it on that account."

233. *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*:—In Clarke's opinion, this bears "the interpretation, 'That, being a lord, I should have no angry wit, no faculty for acrimonious satire—such as Apemantus prides himself upon possessing. The sentence also includes the effect of 'that I had given up (Apemantus's) angry wit in order to be a lord.'" "This," adds Rolfe, "is perhaps the best of the attempts to explain the text, but it seems rather forced. If we simply strike out *angry*, we doubtless get the real meaning of the passage. The adjective is almost certainly wrong, but it is difficult to replace it satisfactorily."

Scene II.

12, 13. *If our betters*, etc.:—That is, the faults of rich persons, as the world goes, are thought fair; still they are faults.

22. *confess'd it! hang'd it*:—Perhaps an allusion to a proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged."

35, 36. *I myself would have no power*:—Tyrwhitt explains thus: "I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests."

37, 38. *'twould choke me, for*, etc.:—"I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery." So Johnson interprets.

51. *my windpipe's dangerous notes*:—"The *notes* of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is." Thus Johnson. Of course the *windpipe's notes* are "the sounds or motions made by the throat in drinking." There appears to be, as Steevens observes, a quibble on *windpipe* and *notes*.

109. *Thou weep'st*, etc.:—On this rather obscure passage, Johnson remarks: "The covert sense of Apemantus is, 'what thou lovest, they get.'" Heath's explanation is: "The words *Thou weep'st* do not only refer to the tears then actually shed, but to those future ones for which Timon was laying the foundation; . . . implying a prediction that the excess of drinking to which he was now encouraging his false friends would prove the *source of tears* to him flowing from real regret." Rolfe finds

neither of these interpretations satisfactory, and observes that "perhaps the expression is nothing more than a cynical sneer at the incongruity of making his tears an occasion for their drinking."

111. *like a babe*:—"That is, a weeping babe," says Johnson. Compare Heywood, *Love's Mistress*: "Joyed in his looks, look'd babies in his eyes"; also *The Christian Turned Turk*, 1612: "She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and babies in his eyes."

114. *Much* was a not uncommon ironical expression of denial, contempt, etc.

132. The writer probably borrowed this idea from the Puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583: "*Dauncers thought to be madmen.*" Again: "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice." Once more: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men daunce, ran away, marvelously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad."

133, 134. *Like madness*, etc.:—The glory of this life is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when compared with the frugal repast of a man feeding on oil and roots.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

10. *no porter at his gate*:—Johnson believed that a line after this descriptive of a surly porter has been lost. Staunton conjectured *grim porter*, and so reads Hudson (Harvard ed.).

32. *Which flashes now a phoenix*:—*Which* (for *who*) refers to Timon; according to the common practice of Shakespeare's day.

Scene II.

17. *we'll forth again*:—That is, to hunting; it was then the custom to hunt after dinner as well as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592: "He means this evening in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, hunted in the afternoon.

73, 74. *She's e'en*, etc.:—Alluding to the *scalding* of chickens,

to get the feathers off. And with this is joined a reference to a certain disease and to the *sweating-tub* used for the curing of it; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*."

94. *to Lord Timon's*:—They are already in Timon's house. Here is some blunder hard to explain. In Clarke's opinion the presence-chamber or banqueting-room of Timon is meant.

117, 118. *artificial one*:—Meaning the great object of all alchemical research, the philosopher's stone, in the author's time much talked of.

138. *that unaptness made*, etc.:—The construction is, and you made that unaptness your minister—you made my indisposition serve you.

194-202. *you to Lord Lucius . . . hum!*—Hudson (Harvard ed.) agrees with Fleay in regarding this as non-Shakespearean, and in giving the next speech to a servant. Furnivall, on the contrary, argues that "the Steward, in answer to this request, says that he has already asked the senators; and he gives Timon their answer, that they will not lend the money. Timon, however, does not get angry about their refusal; he merely explains it and excuses it:—

‘These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows.’

Thus the refusal of these old curmudgeons does not affect Timon, does not anger him at all. It is his own personal friends that he relies on, and whose refusal he thinks impossible. Again, if Shakespeare only sent to the senators and Ventidius, he would have left, as the cause of the entire and terrible change in Timon's nature, nothing but the refusal of one false friend, Ventidius; and this, when the refusal is not given in the play, except by reference. I cannot believe that Shakespeare would make the ingratitude of one man the sole cause of Timon's entire change of character. This would not be motive enough; he *must* have refusal and ingratitude from more friends than one; and I therefore believe that Shakespeare wrote these few prose words ordering the servants to go to Lucius and Lucullus (and possibly to Sempronius), as well as the Steward to go, first to the senators, and then—that having been already tried—to Ventidius. It is quite possible that the expander of the play put in the sentence, 'You to Sempronius' (the third friend), for Shakespeare

has not introduced a third servant by name. But this is not certain, as the direction of the Folio is 'Enter three Servants,' and a fourth false friend, and a fourth refusal, help to strengthen the motive for Timon's change of character."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

47. *solidares*:—"I believe," says Steevens, "this coin is from the mint of the Poet." Florio describes an Italian coin called a *solido* as being of the value of a shilling, which may have been the origin of the dramatist's coinage.

67. *His* for *its*, as in I. i. 31.

Scene II.

24-26. *had he mistook him*, etc.:—Lucius means that though it would have been a mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus, yet he could not have denied him.

88. *I would have put my wealth into donation*:—The meaning evidently is, "Though he has never given me anything, I would have regarded my wealth as a gift from him, and returned him the best part of it."

Scene III.

7. *How! have they denied him?*—This speech is given with the verse-like arrangement of lines with which it is printed in the Folio; "but, if it were ever constructed in verse," says White, "only the irreparable wreck remains." Hudson, both in earlier and later editions, prints it, all but the closing couplet, as prose.

31. *set him clear*:—The commentators have had much to say on this passage. According to Warburton it means to "baffle the devil, outdo him at his own weapons." *Him*, of course, refers to *man*. *Crossed*, as Johnson and others have thought, means exempted from evil; and in their view it is the devil who is to be *set clear* of the guilt of tempting man. "Servilius," says Mason, "means to say that the devil did not foresee the advantage that

would arise to himself from thence, when he made man politic: he redeemed himself by it, for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared with them." Steevens gives "the notes of all the commentators," and then declares himself to be "in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil—puzzled, instead of being *set clear* by them." Hudson explains it thus: "In making man *crafty*, or *full of cunning shifts*, the devil overreached or *thwarted* himself; for man is likely to outdo him so far in wickedness as to pluck his laurels from him, and make him seem but a poor devil after all."

Scene IV.

16. *one may reach deep enough*, etc.:—Steevens expounds this as follows: "Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow."

91. *Knock me down with 'em*:—There is here an implied play upon words: *bills* formerly meant, in one use, a weapon. The name was given especially to certain weapons carried by foresters, watchmen, etc.

Scene V.

55. *by mercy*:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "I call Mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just." Malone's interpretation is: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable."

116. *'Tis honour*, etc.:—"That is," explains Heath, "governments are in general so ill administered that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose." Clarke's opinion is that the general means merely to say, "the more war the more glory." But Heath's explanation seems to suit the context better.

Scene VI.

102, 103. *Of man and beast the infinite malady*, etc.:—"I suspect," says White, "that there is corruption here. Why should the *infinite* malady *crust*? Did not Shakespeare write 'the *infectious* malady'? See *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 4:

‘—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o’er; that you may be abhorr’d
Farther than seen, and one *infect* another
Against the wind a mile!’”

123. As Timon has in fact thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and dishes, it is not altogether clear why *stones* should be thus mentioned in this place. The things thrown may, it is true, have had much the same effect as stones, and thus led the speaker to mistake them for such missiles. On the other hand, the common use of stones in such a way may have caused other missiles to be designated by that term. Or the need of something to rhyme with *bones* may have suggested the word. But the most probable explanation is found in an old play on the subject, in which Timon invites his false friends to a feast, but, instead of warm water, sets before them stones painted to look like artichokes, which he afterwards throws at them, and drives them out. The date of this play is not fully ascertained, but the play is supposed to have been written before Shakespeare's.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Timon is unable to accept his sorrow, and hold his nature strenuously under command until it can adjust itself to the altered state of things. He flings himself from an airy, unreal philanthropy into passionate hatred of men. He is a revolter from humanity. He foams at the mouth with imprecation. He shakes off the dust of Athens from his feet, and strives to maintain himself in isolation, the one protester in the world against the cruelty and selfishness and baseness of the race.

Scene II.

8-II. *As we do turn . . . away*:—Mason, very speciously, as White thinks, suggested that we should transpose *from* and *to* in this sentence, and read—

“As we do turn our backs
To our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars *from* his buried fortunes
Slink all away.”

“Undoubtedly,” says White, “when we leave the graves of our friends, we turn our backs *to* or on them, and Timon’s parasites did slink away *from* his fallen fortunes. But this sentence is written in a freer style than perhaps would be permissible nowadays. Here *turn our backs* is used as the equivalent of *go away*; and the conduct of Timon’s familiars is spoken of in *its relation* to his buried fortunes.” Hudson adopts Mason’s transposition.

Scene III.

3-8. *Twinn'd brothers . . . nature*:—Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.

30, 31. Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus.

32. This alludes to a practice ascribed to some nurses of brutally drawing away the pillow from under the heads of the dying to hasten their departure.

63, 64. *the rot returns*, etc.:—This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. “I will not,” says Timon, “take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee.” In this scene we trace the dramatist’s reading to Plutarch’s *Alcibiades*, North’s translation; there being no mention made of the courtesans in either of the sources whence the other materials of the play were drawn. Thus in Plutarch: “Now was Alcibiades in a certaine village of Phrygia with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he dreamed one night that he had put on his concubines apparell, and how she had dressed his head, frizeled his haire, and painted his face, as he had bene a woman; and the voice goeth, this vision was but a litle before his death. Those that were sent to kill him durst not enter the house where he was, but set it on fire round about. Alcibiades, spying the fire, got such apparell and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to put it out; and so, casting his cloke about his left arme, tooke his naked sword in his other hand, and ranne out of the house, himselfe not once touched with the fire, saving his clothes were a litle singed. These murtherers, so soone as they spied him, drew backe, and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come neere him, to stand and fight with *him*; but *afarre* off they bestowed so many arrowes and darts on

him, that they killed him there. Now, when they had left him, Timandra went and took his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had and buried him as honourably as she could."

133. Brandes says: "Compare this scene with the latter part of Plutarch's *Alcibiades*, to which Shakespeare had referred, and see what the Poet's acrimony has made of Timandra, the faithful mistress who follows Alcibiades to Phrygia. They are together when his murderess sets fire to the house, and it is Timandra who enshrouds his body in the most costly material she possesses, and gives him as splendid a funeral as her isolated position can secure."

133, 134. *Enough to make . . . bawd*:—That is, "enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."

144, 145. *thatch your poor thin roofs*, etc.:—The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us "were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris," seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World My Masters*, 1608, the custom is decried as unnatural: "To wear periwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf*:—

"And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean;
To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

151 *et seq.* Brandes says: "They shout to him for more gold; they will 'do anything for gold.' Timon answers them in words which Shakespeare, for all the pathos of his youth, has never surpassed, words whose frenzied scathing has never been equalled."

177-179. *Common mother*, etc.:—This image would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimamma.

183. *crisp*:—This epithet probably has about the same meaning here as that conveyed by *the curl'd clouds* in *The Tempest*, I. ii. 192. In Milton's *Comus*, 984, we find "the *crisp'd* shades and bowers," apparently referring to the curling tendrils or leaves of vines.

252 *et seq.* "There is in this speech," says Johnson, "a sullen

haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach is natural and graceful. There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence: 'God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you that knoweth what it is you now enjoy, and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*'"

263-266. *as leaves*, etc.:—Somewhat of the same imagery is found in the LXXIII. *Sonnet* of Shakespeare:—

“ That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.”

275, 276. *If thou hadst not . . . flatterer*:—Johnson says: “Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble.”

531. *Thou singly honest man*:—Wilkes finds in Timon's praise of Flavius “the second instance, only, out of twenty-nine plays, in which a man of less rank than a noble, or a knight, is spoken of with approbation and respect. The first instance is that of

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old Adam in *As You Like It*. It is worthy of observation, however, that one of the characters, at the opening of the next Act, reports that Timon had given to his steward *a mighty sum*. And here it should be remarked that the stewards of great lords and millionaires, like Timon, were often of exceedingly good families, as we see by the steward of Goneril in *King Lear*, who is almost a cabinet minister."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter Poet and Painter.*] The Poet and Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. But Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if he and the audience knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

208 *et seq.* This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market-place.

Scene III.

3. *Timon is dead*:—The scholiast of Aristophanes has the story that Timon died from the mortification of a limb, broken by an accident in the country, and lacking the contemned attendance of a surgeon.

Scene IV.

[*Alcibiades.*] Although possessed of none of the potential nobleness of Timon, Alcibiades has one faculty—that of perceiving such things as lie within the range of his limited observation. He does not see the whole world, but he sees the positive limited half of it rightly in the main. He is less than Timon, and yet greater; for Timon miserably fails through want of the one gift which Alcibiades has. In like manner, Hamlet failed for want

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of the gift which Fortinbras possessed; and yet Hamlet's was beyond all measure a larger and rarer soul than that of the Prince of Norway. Alcibiades has, at least, not been living in a dream; he lays hold of the positive and coarser pleasures of life, and endures its positive, limited pains, definite misfortunes which lie within appreciable bounds. No absolute, ideal anguish like that of Timon can overwhelm him.

70-73. *Here lies*, etc.:—What is here given as one epitaph is really a combination of two, as may be seen by consulting North's *Plutarch*. The reader will of course observe the inconsistency between the two couplets, the first saying, "Seek not my name"; the second, "Here lie I, Timon." How the two got thus thrown together, it were vain to speculate: possibly the dramatist was in doubt which to choose, and so copied them both, and then neglected to erase the one which he meant to reject. In *The Palace of Pleasure* the epitaph is given thus:—

"My wretched catife dayes expired now and past,
My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,
In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:
My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."

TIMON OF ATHENS

Questions on *Timon of Athens*.

1. To what period of the Poet's career is *Timon of Athens* assigned? With what other plays is it associated in the time scheme?
2. What has been said by critics about the doubtful authorship of parts? What parts are assigned to Shakespeare? Who have been suggested as co-authors?
3. From what sources were the materials of the play probably derived?
4. Is it recorded that *Timon of Athens* was ever played upon the stage in Shakespeare's era? Do you see any reason that makes it unsuitable for a stage-play?

ACT FIRST.

5. Interpret the meaning of the expression concerning the world, in line 3, *It wears, sir, as it grows*.
6. What does the opening Scene convey of the atmosphere in which the life of Timon is passed?
7. Give some estimate of the character of the Poet as indicated by his account of his art beginning line 20.
8. What standard of excellence is assumed for the judging of the art of printing in the conversation of the Poet and the Painter?
9. How does the Poet describe the people who surround Timon? What does he say of Apemantus? What is foreshadowed by the allegory that he draws for the Painter? How is the Painter himself affected by the recital?
10. Show what the Ventidius episode contributes to the plot. Comment on the naturalism of the subsequent colloquy with the Old Athenian concerning the marriage of his daughter.
11. Show the dramatic purpose in introducing Apemantus at this stage of the play. What is there in this colloquy from line 184 onward that has led to its condemnation as the work of Shakespeare? From previous hints is it not likely that Shakespeare designed the character?
12. In Sc. ii. what does Timon say about the return of gifts?

Questions

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13. How does Apemantus reveal himself in the grace he offers to the gods?

14. Does Timon's speech upon *friendship* show him to be a bad observer of men?

15. Does the generosity of Timon strike you as fulsome? Is this impression conveyed aside from the fact that the speech of Flavius soon apprises us of his approaching bankruptcy?

16. What has Act I. established as the underlying idea of the plot? What are the positive elements of Timon's character? Do they win admiration? Does the Act fail to present certain elements concerning him that might aid in a higher appreciation?

ACT SECOND.

17. Show the turn in the tide indicated by the Senator's speeches in Sc. i. How is prudence here weighed against friendship, marking a sharp contrast with parts of the first Act?

18. For what does Flavius's speech at the opening of Sc. ii. prepare? How does Flavius prove himself a resourceful servant? What dramatic expedient is served by his manner of disposing of the servants of Timon's creditors?

19. Why are lines 45-126 judged non-Shakespearian?

20. What is Timon's proposal when he hears that his treasury is exhausted? How does he extenuate his past conduct? Upon what does he place reliance?

21. To what does Timon refer in line 204 when he speaks of the Senators, *of whom, even to the state's best health*, he has deserved a hearing?

22. What is the state of Ventidius's fortune when Timon applies to him for aid?

ACT THIRD.

23. How does Flaminius, Timon's servant, fare at the house of Lucullus? How does he reflect upon the ingratitude of Lucullus?

24. What type of man is portrayed in Lucius in Sc. ii.?

25. Is there any ironic intention in the words of the First Stranger; or do you interpret his words as a sincere utterance *like those of Flaminius* at the close of the first Scene?

26. *What is the excuse made by Sempronius?*

TIMON OF ATHENS

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27. How is Timon affected in body and in mind by the treatment of his false friends? What does he finally determine upon?

28. Does the episode which is brought out in Sc. v. seem to invalidate the unity of the play? Would the case be improved by naming *the friend* for whom Alcibiades pleads?

29. Is there not a subtle harmony between the case of Timon in his present distress and that of the man under condemnation by the Senate? Is the unity which at first sight seemed destroyed in respect of this episode partially, at least, restored?

30. What does the Senate visit upon Alcibiades for his persistent pleading? How is this later inwrought into the texture of the story?

31. Sc. vi. is said to be of undoubted Shakespearian authorship. What qualities differentiate it from the rest of the Act?

32. Who were present at Timon's last banquet? Would a lesser dramatist have brought Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius, and Ventidius again upon the stage? Why did not Shakespeare?

33. How does he address them when they sit at the table?

34. Compare the breaking up of assembly with the similar device in the play scene of *Hamlet*.

35. With what final words does Timon quit the scene?

ACT FOURTH.

36. Mention some elements of the picture of human society that Timon draws in his imprecations upon Athens. Are these the words of a sane man? Is a man sane who is possessed by so powerful a passion?

37. How does he compare mankind and the beasts? What does he implore of the gods?

38. What is the purpose of Sc. ii.? Mention some un-Shakespearian qualities of Flavius's speech beginning with line 30.

39. What things are the object of Timon's curse in the opening of Sc. iii.? Does he include himself in his general disdain of humanity? Upon what does he subsist?

40. What does he find in digging in the earth? How does he describe the power of money?

41. How is Alcibiades accompanied upon his entrance? Does Timon recognize him? Why does Timon say, *I do wish thou wert a dog, that I might love thee something?*

42. What does Timon name himself? What does he now say

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or imply concerning friendship? When, in his opinion, did he suffer miseries?

43. Against Athens, how has Alcibiades arrayed himself? What injunctions concerning Athens does Timon lay upon him? Notice how at the mention of pity by Alcibiades, Timon turns his invective mainly against pity as a possible accompaniment of war.

44. What attitude to Alcibiades personally does Timon persist in? What is his attitude towards the women who accompany Alcibiades?

45. Indicate the attitude of the dramatist towards women by the way these two curry profit out of Timon's misanthropy?

46. How in line 176 does Timon define his malady?

47. Is Nature included in the curses Timon heaps upon mankind, and if so to what extent is she exonerated?

48. Show the dramatic purpose in bringing Timon and Apemantus together. How do you contrast their respective views of human society?

49. With what arguments does Apemantus try to persuade Timon of the folly of his present course? What is there in Timon that makes such a life as Apemantus recommends impossible?

50. In lines 239 *et seq.* how does Apemantus read Timon? What degree of truth is there in his words?

51. How does Timon retort upon Apemantus? Is there truth in his analysis?

52. Does either man compel admiration?

53. When does Timon resolve to die?

54. How does he apostrophize *gold* in lines beginning with 385?

55. How does Timon meet the Banditti who come out to rob him? What warrant from nature's laws does he give them for practising theft? Compare this view of nature with that of a modern author, Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay called *Pulvis et Umbra*.

56. What effect have Timon's words upon the Banditti?

57. How is the cause of Timon's misanthropy again sounded in the words of Flavius?

58. In what way does the unselfishness of Flavius cause Timon to modify his new creed? How does Flavius again point out the weakness of Timon?

59. With what admonitions does Timon accompany his gift of *gold to Flavius*? In this is he consistent?

ACT FIFTH.

60. Does the scene between Timon and the Poet and Painter suggest Hamlet's dialogue with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the method employed in leading them into self-conviction?

61. Who are the last visitors to Timon and by whom are they sent? What inducements are used to persuade Timon to return to Athens? What has led the Senate to make this request? What has the play revealed of Timon's past history to warrant this confidence in him?

62. Indicate the immediate effect upon him of the words of the Senators.

63. In the speech beginning line 171 does Timon show a genuine pity for mankind, assuming his point of view as a just and righteous one? In other words does Shakespeare prove the case of misanthropy as a legitimate moral view-point?

64. Does Timon in his latest speeches reach a pitch of pessimism that seems to involve more than mankind in his arraignment for the evils, to use his words, *that nature's fragile vessel doth sustain in life's uncertain voyage*? Is there ever a hint that men are helpless in the hands of malevolent deities?

65. What is effected by Scenes ii. and iii.?

66. What charges does Alcibiades bring against Athens in Sc. iv.? How do the Senators exonerate Athens and the present inhabitants from blame for that which Alcibiades is bringing punishment? Upon whom do they allow punishment to fall?

67. From whence did Shakespeare derive the epitaph of Timon? Of the two couplets which do you consider the more appropriate?

68. What humour is there in the comment of Alcibiades upon Timon's choice of a resting-place? What sublimity in the fact itself?

69. How does this Scene present a justification of Timon?

70. The hero of a drama should commend himself to the intellectual approbation if not to the moral affections. Does Timon fulfil either of these demands? Show in what way this is effected, if you decide affirmatively. Has Shakespeare ever before set himself so difficult a problem?

71. Does religion or philosophy set any approval upon misanthropy? Is it a legitimate *motif* for dramatic art? Has any

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other of the world's great dramatists treated the *motif*? If so, has it been treated in the spirit of tragedy or comedy?

72. Does the present day development of philosophic thought make it any longer possible to treat misanthropy as a tragic *motif*?

73. Comment on Shakespeare's spiritual state at the time of writing this play. What characters save the play from inculcating absolute pessimism? In what ways do they furnish the reaction from the dominant implications?

74. Support by citation from the play the following criticism by Lloyd: "He speaks and curses in spleen and sarcasm rather than malevolently, and the natural tendency of his suggestions of mischief is from their tone rather to awaken shame and self-mistrust in the vicious than to stimulate to vice, and some notes of lamentation and remonstrance are audible amidst and above his angry complaints."

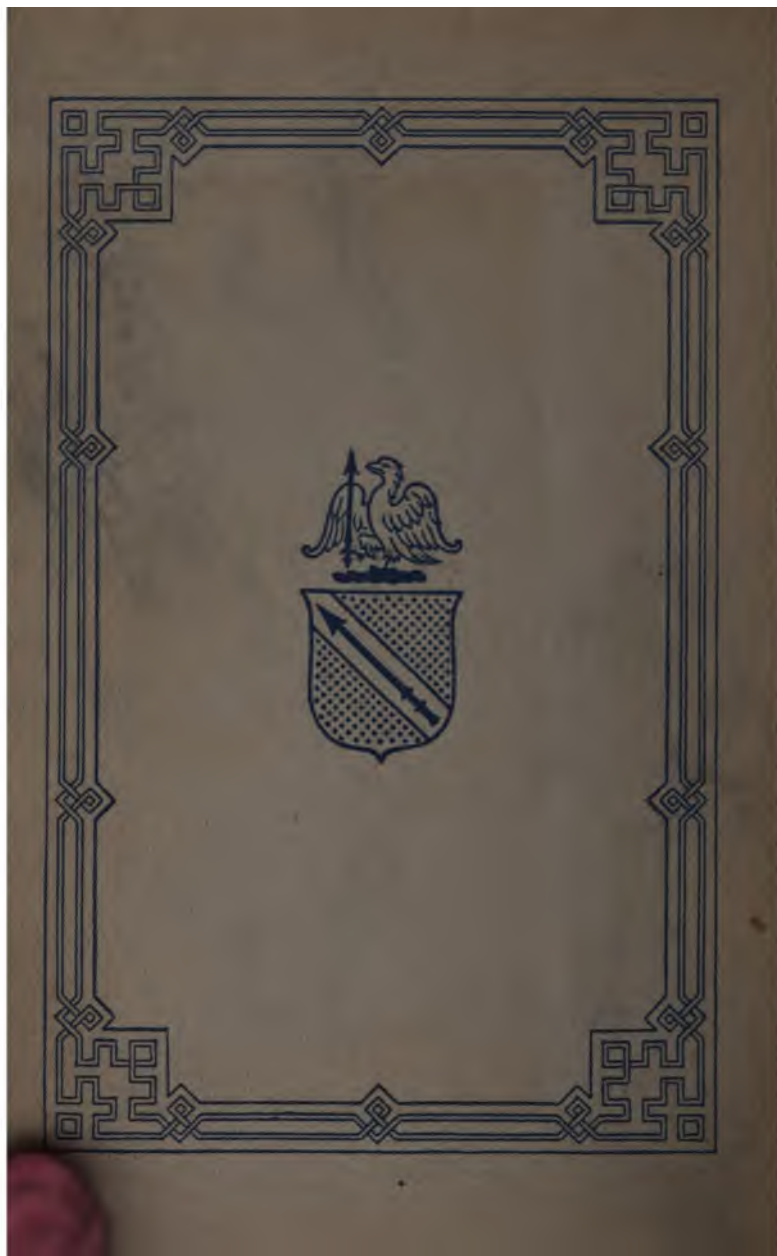
75. Show the similarity and contrast between Coriolanus and Timon.

76. In what way is Apemantus related to Thersites?

77. Mention some passages of poetry that may be said to possess sublimity and show their dramatic fitness.

78. Had Shakespeare bidden the world farewell with this play what would be assumed as to his knowledge and experience of life? What evidence have we that he attained to higher spiritual levels?





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