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THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ANNALS OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

Accurately printed from the Text of the corrected Copy left by the late
GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

WITH
A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS,
FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS OF
HENRY FUSELI, Esq. R. A. PROFESSOR OF PAINTING:

AND A SELECTION
OF EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL NOTES,

From the most eminent Commentators;

A History of the Stage, a Life of Shakspeare, &c.

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A.M.

A NEW EDITION.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

CONTAINING
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MACBETH.
KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. PART I.

LONDON:

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COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

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VOL. IV.

B

* COMEDY OF ERRORS.] Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument hereafter quoted is as follows:

- “ Two twinne borne sonnes a Sicill marchant had,
- “ Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other ;
- “ The first his father lost, a little lad ;
- “ The grandsire namde the latter like his brother :
- “ This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke
- “ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
- “ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
- “ That citizens there take him for the same,
- “ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
- “ Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Decker’s *Satiromastix*, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us:

“ In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction.”

STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakspeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner’s translation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Érotés* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line, or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects “ this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions.” But I much doubt whether any of these “ long hobbling verses ” have the honour of proceeding from his pen: and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is, if any inference can

be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of style, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy, though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three Parts of *King Henry VI.* as I think a late editor (*O si sic omnia!*) has satisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *King Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvas-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays (except *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager, for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedy," as entitled to a situation among the "*six plays on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure,*" &c. of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1598. MALONE,

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholus of Ephesus, } *Twin brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholus of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia, but*
 } *unknown to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin brothers, and Attendants*
Dromio of Syracuse, } *on the two Antipholus's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Pinch, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

Luciana, *her Sister.*

Luce, *her Servant.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Goaler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks. —
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort ; when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been im-
 pos'd,

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,¹
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death
 And he (great care of goods at random left)

¹ *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,]* All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged : but it was a general superstition among the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he,) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, [*wrought by nature,*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this passage is much less abstruse than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection*. Ægeon came to Ephesus in search of his son, and tells his story, in order to show that his death was in consequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention.

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon.
We came aboard :
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Fore'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,

Such as sea-faring men provide for storms :
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off
 so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
 And would have rest the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,²
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him :
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,*
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my troubles warrant me they live.

² *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,*] Shakspeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, page 7, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of :

“ My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,

“ Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.”

He himself did the same by the other ; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast. M. MASON.

³ *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,*] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely.*

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,⁴
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse,
and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

⁴ — wend,] i. e. go. An obsolete word.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit* *DRO. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain,⁵ sir ; that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
 I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterwards consort you till bed-time ;
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
 And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit* *Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own con-
 tent,
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
 So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

⁵ A trusty villain,] i. e. servant.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o'Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' erupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.⁶
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

⁶ — *I shall be post indeed;*

For she will score your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning, concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader.

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are
out of season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. E. To me, sir ? why you gave no gold to
me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave ; have done your
foolishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner ;

My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,⁷

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.—

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave,
hast thou ?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix ;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,

And prays, that you will lie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

⁷ ——— that merry sconce of yours,] Sconce is head.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit. DRO. E.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught⁸ of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;⁹
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:¹
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A publick place.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

⁸ — o'er-raught—] That is, *over-reached*.

⁹ *They say, this town is full of cozenage;* This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ἑφεστια ἢ λεξιφασμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and ἑφεστια γεγραμματα, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

¹ — liberties of sin:] By *liberties of sin*, Shakspeare perhaps means *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity.

A man is master of his liberty :

Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come : If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be
more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with
woe.²

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where ?³

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

² *Adr.* *There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.*

Luc. *Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound? Or perhaps the meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. Mr. M. Mason inclines to *leashed*.

³ — start some other where?] I suspect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?*

Adr. Patience, unmoy'd, no marvel though she
pause ;⁴

They can be meek, that have no other cause.⁵

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience⁶ would'st relieve me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd⁷ patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and
that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? know'st
thou his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine
ear ; Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not
feel his meaning ?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that
I could scarce understand them.⁸

⁴ ——— *though she pause ;*] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.

⁵ *They can be meek, that have no other cause.*] That is, who
have no cause to be otherwise.

⁶ *With urging helpless patience —*] By exhorting me to pa-
tience, which affords no help.

⁷ ——— *fool-begg'd —*] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd pa-*
tience, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that
your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you
as a *fool*, and beg the guardianship of your fortune.

⁸ ——— *that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could
scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to
have been a favourite with Shakspeare.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-
mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure,
he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him
home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten
home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other
beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master
home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with
me,⁹

⁹ *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon

That like a football you do spurn me thus?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hi-
 ther:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.¹

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it;
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures:² My decayed fair³
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.⁴

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dis-
 pense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
 Would that alone alone he would detain,

the word *round*, which signifies *spherical*, applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action* spoken of his mistress.

¹ — *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather.

² *Of my defeatures:*] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification.

³ — *My decayed fair* —] *Fair* for *fairness*.

⁴ — *poor I am but his stale,*] i. e. his *pretence*.

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
 That others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.⁵
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation, and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

⁵ *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
 That others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.]*

The sense is this;
 "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often
touching will wear even gold; just so the greatest character,
 though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the
 repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." WARBURTON.

My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a
word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour
since.

Dr. S. I did not see you since you sent me
hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's re-
ceipt;

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the
teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. *[Beating him.]*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your
jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.⁶
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,⁷
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use

⁶ *And make a common of my serious hours.]* i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are thence called commons.

⁷ ——— *know my aspect,]* i. e. study my countenance.

these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too;^s or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

^s — and insconce it too;] A *sconce* was a petty fortification.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?⁹

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.¹

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he

⁹ — by fine and recovery?] This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

¹ — falsing.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to false. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us² yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I called, being strange to me,
That undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall³
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,

² — wafts us —] i. e. beckons us.

³ — may'st thou fall —] 'To fall' is here a verb active.

Without addition, or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
 not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
 As strange unto your town as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd
 with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Pro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from
 him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
 woman?

What is the course and drift of your compáct ?

Dro. S. I, sir ? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,⁴
But wrong not that wrong with a more con-
tempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine ;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss ;⁵
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me for
her theme :

What, was I married to her in my dream ?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

⁴ — you are from me exempt,] Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated, parted* ; yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. M. MASON.

⁵ — idle moss ;] That is, moss that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us blaek and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you⁶ of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

⁶ *And shrive you*—] That is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks.

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your
pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse
us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:

Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,

To see the making of her carkanet,⁷

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain, that would face me down

He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house:—

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show:

⁷ ——— *carikanet,*] Seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck.

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
 were ink,
 Your own handwriting would tell you what I
 think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
 I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
 pass,
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an
 ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray
 God, our cheer
 May answer my good will, and your good welcome
 here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
 welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
 fish,
 A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
 dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
 churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's
 nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a
 merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more spar-
 ing guest.
 But though my cates be mean, take them in good
 part;
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better
 heart.
 But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us
 in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
 Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,⁸ malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!⁹

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch :

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

Ant. E. Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?¹

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

⁸ *Mome,*] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken. From hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. HAWKINS.

⁹ ——— *patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-coloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age.

¹ ——— *I owe?*] i. e. I own, am owner of.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio,
who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When?
can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us
in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was
blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks
in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that
keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with
unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have
come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the
door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.²

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

² — *we shall part with neither.*] Mr. Tyrwhitt says, that, in our old language, *to part*, signified *to have part*. But *part* does not signify *to share* or *divide*, but *to depart* or *go away*; and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either.

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir, O, let it not be so ;

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,³—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.⁴

Be rul'd by me ; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner :
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it ;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead :
For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

³ *Once this,*] *Once this,* may mean, *once for all, at once.*

⁴ — *the doors are made against you.*] To make the door is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door.*

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in
 quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth,⁵ mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
 Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain: by this, I know, 'tis made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere; to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour
 hence.

Ant. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some
 expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruate?

⁵ *And, in despite of mirth,]* Though mirth has withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry.

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more
 kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blind-
 ness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit,⁶ that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,⁷
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
 I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show
 not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit.

⁶ *Being compact of credit,*] Means, being made altogether of credulity.

⁷ ——— *vain,*] Is light of tongue, not veracious. JOHNSON.

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit,
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid,⁶ with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
 Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;⁹ how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
 being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will
 clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
 night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

⁶ ——— sweet mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *siren*.

⁹ *Not mad, but mated*:] I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MASON.

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.¹

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee :
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife :
 Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still ;
 I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit LUC.*

*Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
 DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st
 thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
 am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
 thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and
 besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides
 thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to
 a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
 one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay
 to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:
 not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but

¹ *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven.

that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart,² like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

² Swart,] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted,
making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could
find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in
her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France
and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in
her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embel-
lished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining
their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who
sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her
nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To con-
clude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;
called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her;³
told me what privy marks I had about me, as the
mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the
great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran
from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had
not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she
had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me
turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

³ — assured to her;] i. e. affianced to her.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:⁴
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

⁴ — at the Porcupine:] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. STANBUSH.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromiό stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impόrtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders⁵ for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me⁶ by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

⁵ — want gilders —] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings.

⁶ *Is growing to me* —] i. e. accruing to me.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit* DROMIO.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will : Have you the chain about you ?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ; Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain ;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me ; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye ! now you run this humour out of breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliancee :

Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Myr. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name,
to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why thou pee-
vish sheep,[?]
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

[?] — thou peevish sheep,] *Peevish* is silly.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight :
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave ; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?

Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?^s

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none ; the more my
spite.

^s — *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,⁹

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making,¹ worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;²

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

⁹ — sere,] That is, dry, withered. JOHNSON.

¹ Stigmatical in making,] That is, marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.

² Far from her nest the lapwing, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial—I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. STEEVENS.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment³ hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;⁴

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;⁵

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.⁶

³ — an everlasting garment—] The sergeants, in those days, were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an everlasting garment: and in pursuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the sergeant, in the next scene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is, of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad: "— What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled*?"

⁴ — and narrow lands;] *Lands*, I believe, in the present instance, mean, what we now call *landing-places* at the water-side.

⁵ *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well:*] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chace*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

A hound that draws *dry-foot*, means what is usually called a *blood-hound*, trained to follow men by the scent. The expression occurs in an Irish statute of the 10th of William III. for preservation of the game, which enacts, that all persons licensed for making and training up of setting dogs, shall, in every two years, during the continuance of their licence, be compelled to train up, teach, and make, one or more hounds, to hunt on *dry-foot*. The practice of keeping blood-hounds was long continued in Ireland, and they were found of great use in detecting murderers and robbers. M. MASON.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit* LUCIANA.]

⁶ ——— *poor souls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons.

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had "paid the uttermost farthing." STEEVENS.

An account of the local situation of *HELL* may be found in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83, as the Commons passed through it to *King William and Queen Mary's Coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treasury* was situated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's Reports*, fol. 245, A, where mention is made of "one *Christopher Hole* Secondary del *Treasurie*, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le office del *Clerke del Treasurie* al *HELL*."

This I take to be the *Treasury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Justice*, and which is now kept immediately under the *Court of Exchequer*. The office of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is still there, and tallies for many centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the publick Accounts*, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at *Lincoln's Inn*. These, therefore, belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*. Other rooms are turned into coal-cellars.—There is a pump still standing of excellent water, called *HELL Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt :—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?⁷

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ;
A chain, a chain : do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell : 'tis time, that I were
gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I never
hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a sergent,
a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost
thou reason ?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergent in the
way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it
straight ;

And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister ; I am press'd down with conceit ;⁸

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*E. reunt.*

⁷ — was he arrested on a band ?] A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a neckcloth. On this circumstance the humour of the passage turns.

⁸ — *conceit* ;] i. e. fanciful conception.

SCENE III.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me, some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
 Some offer me commodities to buy:
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
 What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new
 apparelled?⁹

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost
 thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,
 but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes
 in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal;
 he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and
 bid you forsake your liberty.

⁹ — *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?*] The allusion is to Adam, in his state of innocence, going naked; and immediately after the fall, being clothed in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparelled: and, in like manner, the Sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's skin, as the author humourously a little lower calls it. These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.¹

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

¹ — *he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.*] The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. JOHNSON.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the Morris-Pike was used in the Morris-dance. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish-pike*, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's *History of the English Army*. Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phrase—*he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, "he that trusts" is confident in his expectation. Thus, Bacon: Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *set up their REST* upon the battle." Again Clarendon: "they therefore resolved to *set up their REST* upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish." This figure of speech is certainly derived from the military exercise, as that was the only kind of *rest* which was ever *set up*. HENLEY.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me
not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench;
and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*,
that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*.
It is written, they appear to men like angels of light:
light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*,
light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry,
sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.^a

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat,
or bespeak a long spoon.^b

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that
must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me
of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

^a — *We'll mend our dinner here.*] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

^b — *if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long-spoon.*] i. e. "If you do expect spoon-meat, either stay away, or bespeak a long spoon."

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd ;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's
nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone ; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise ; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with
it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain ;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let
us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock : Mistress,
that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself :

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain ;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the door against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away : This course I fittest choose ;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break
away ;

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day ;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
'That I should be attach'd in Ephesus :
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man ; I think, he brings the money.
How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
them all.⁴

Ant. E. But where's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the
rate.

Ant. E. 'To what end did I bid thee hie thee
home ?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir ; and to that end
am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome
you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

⁴ — will pay them all.] i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "He *pays* you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on." STEEVENS.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.⁵ I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH, and Others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

⁵—by my long ears.] He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness lie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizzard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion⁶ with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

⁶ ——— companion —] A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use—fellow. STEEVENS.

Dro. E. Perdy,⁷ your doors were lock'd, and
you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail; taunt,
and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,⁸ she did; the kitchen-vestal⁹
scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from
thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear
witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good, to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to
arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me wit-
ness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is pos-
sess'd;

⁷ *Perdy,*] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*.
Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it.

⁸ *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly*.

⁹ ——— *kitchen-vestal* —] Her charge being like that of the
vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

I know it by their pale and deadly looks :
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in
both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[PINCH and his Assistants blind *ANT. E.* and
DRO. E.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company ;—the fiend is strong
within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man ! how pale and wan he
looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou
gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee :
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
 Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
 Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!¹

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for
 you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost
 thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
 Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they
 talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with
 me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E.
 and DRO. E.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know
 him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he
 owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it
 not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
 Came to my house, and took away my ring,
 (The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
 Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—
 Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
 I long to know the truth hereof at large.

¹ ——— unhappy strumpet!] *Unhappy* is here used in one of
 the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.*]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff² from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*]

² — our stuff —] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the Royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city ;
His word might bear my wealth at any time

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he foreswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly :
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
thee :

Eye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ; he is
mad ;

Some get within him,³ take his sword away :
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take
a house.⁴

This is some priory ;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people ; Wherefore throng you
hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence :
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the
man ?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was ;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

³ — get within him,] i. e. close with him, grapple with him.

⁴ — take a house.] i. e. go into a house. So, we say—a dog
takes the water. STEEVENS.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea :

Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy^s of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was
mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-
ings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

^s — the copy —] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting
copies for boys. STEEVENS.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But moody and dull melancholy,
 (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;) ⁶
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
 forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but myself;
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
 Till I have used the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again: ⁷
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath;
 A charitable duty of my order;
 Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

⁶ (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;) Kinsman means near relation. Many words are used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude.

⁷ — a formal man again:] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [Exit Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death and sorry execution,⁸
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Behheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke attended ; ÆGEON bare-headed ; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess !

⁸ — sorry execution,] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Of sorriest fancies your companions making.”

...*Sorry* had anciently a stronger meaning than at present, and seems to have meant *sorrowful*.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,⁹—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order¹ for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him ;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away ; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them : then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my
wars ;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,

⁹ *At your important letters,*] For *importunate*.

¹ ——— *to take order* —] i. e. *to take measures*.

And bid the lady abbess come to me ;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,² and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of
fire ;

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair :
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :³
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are
here ;

And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,

² *Beaten the maids a-row,*] i. e. successively, one after another.

³ *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjuror;" which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings.

STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

Fools, undoubtedly, were shaved and *nicked* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the Triplicities of Divinity, Philosophie and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. *They are shaven and notched on the head like fooles.*"

MALONE.

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, he gone. [Cry within.]

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing : Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness you That he is borne about invisible :
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here ;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice !

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury !
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she, with harlots⁴ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault : Say, woman, didst thou so ?

⁴ — with harlots —] *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women.

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advis'd⁵ what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: He with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced vil-
lain,

⁵ — *I am advis'd* —] i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration.

A meer anatomy, a mountebank;
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
 A needy, hollow-cy'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
 And, gazing in mine eyes; feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere; outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with
 him;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
 And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
 I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—

You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the
Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that
ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of
her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess
hither;

I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word,

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,
sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you
saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed^s hand,

^s — deformed —] For deforming.

Have written strange defeatures⁶ in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir ? but I am sure, I do not ; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice ! O, times extremity !
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?⁷
Though now this grained face⁸ of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up ;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted : but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,

Can witness with me that it is not so ;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

⁶ — *strange defeatures* —] *Defeatures* are certainly neither more nor less than *features* ; as *demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says *Ægeon*, hath placed *new and strange features* in my face ; i. e. given it quite a different appearance : no wonder therefore thou dost not know me. RITSON.

⁷ — *my feeble key of untun'd cares?*] i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

⁸ — *this grained face* —] i. e. furrowed, like the *grain of wood*.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive
me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidaminum, he, and I,
And the twin, Dromio; all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidaminum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story
right :⁹

'These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
'These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou can'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is
which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most
famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, here sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you.

⁹ *Why, here begins his morning story right :*] "The morning story" is what Ægeon tells the duke in the first scene of this play.

And Dromio my man did bring them me :
 I see, we still did meet each other's man,
 And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
 And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for
 my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the
 pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
 And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
 And all that are assembled in this place,
 That by this sympathized one day's error
 Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
 And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
 Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,
 My heavy burdens are delivered :—
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the calendars of their nativity,
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
 After so long grief, such nativity!¹

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan,
 Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
 shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
 embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
 Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
 Dromio:

¹ *After so long grief, such nativity!*] She has just said, that to her, her sons were not born till now. STEEVENS.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADR. and LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother :

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior : till
then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus :

We came into the world, like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*²

² On a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as *Benedick* says) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are informed by *Aulus Gellius*, *Lib. III. cap. 3*, some plays were absolutely ascribed to *Plautus*, which in truth had only been (*retractatæ et expolitæ*) retouched and polished by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

The long dogrel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two *Dromios*, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed, by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to some of their inferior characters; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of*

the Shrew, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." MALONE.

MACBETH.*

* MACBETH.] In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of the military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Supplement to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's *Extracts*, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magick, and having promised *χάρις ὀπλιῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεσθῆναι*, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instance of the empress Placida, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter.

Δεικνύτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἑσθίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διὰ τινος μαγικῆς,
καὶ ὀπλίτας δὲ αἴρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσῃ ἰσχυταίας δυνάμει καὶ ἰδέσθαι.
*Let him then proceed to show him the opposite armics horses fly-
ing by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and
every power and form of magick.* Whether St. Chrysostom be-
lieved that such performances were really to be seen in a day of
battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopt-
ing the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such
notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were
not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the
Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only
as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action
was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian,
and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of
witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time
of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of
Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual
sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in
which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred
to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much
celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England,
not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but
had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of
evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by
them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punish-
ing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the
Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was,
soon after his succession, reprinted at London; and as the ready
way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations,
the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who
desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the
doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as
the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opi-
nions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but
this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credu-
lity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the
parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law,
by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall
use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit;
2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or
reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose;
3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,
—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be em-
ployed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or
enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed,
wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body;

6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakspeare's magick may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramattick enjoyments; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606.

MAI ONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, *King of Scotland* :

Malcolm, }
Donalbain, } *his Sons.*

Macbeth, }
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

Macduff, }
Lenox, }
Rosse, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces* :

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!¹

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:²

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*]

¹ — Graymalkin! To understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad, which in the north is called *paddock*.

² *Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*] I believe the meaning is, that to us, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.* JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it,

Sol. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,³
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;⁴
And fortune, on his damned quarrel⁵ smiling,

³ — to that, &c.] i. e. in addition to that.

⁴ Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied:] *Kernes and Gallowglasses* are light and heavy armed foot, “Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt armâ quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos *Kernos* vocant, nec non securæ & lorice ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos *Galloglassios* appellant.” *Waræi Antiq. Iliber.* cap. vi.

⁵ And fortune, on his damned quarrel—] *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for the occasion of a quarrel, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed’s account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the Prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had a just quarrel to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. JOHNSON;

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,
 Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion⁶
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
 come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels:
 But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
 As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,

⁶ *As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion—*] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a direct reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norwegian invasion.*

I cannot tell :

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds ;

They smack of honour both :—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes ! So should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norway banners flout the sky,⁷

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict :

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,⁸

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit : And, to conclude,

The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now

⁷ — flout the sky,] The banners may be poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky. The sense of the passage, however, collectively taken, is this: *Where the triumphant flutter of the Norway standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.*

⁸ Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,] This passage may be added to the many others, which show how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. *Lapp'd in proof*, is, defended by armour of proof.

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,⁹
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
 ceive

Our bosom interest :—Go, pronounce his death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
 won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. *Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
 And mounch'd and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—

Give me, quoth I :

*Aroint thee, witch!*¹ the rump-fed ronyon² cries.

⁹ ——— *Saint Colmes' inch,*] *Colmes' inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba*.

¹ *Aroint thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, be gone. POPE.

² ——— *the rump-fed ronyon* —] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals. *Ronyon* means scabby or swamy woman. Fr. *rogneur*.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card.³
 I will drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:⁴
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
 Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,⁵
 Posters of the sea and land,

³ — *the shipman's card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age.

⁴ *He shall live a man forbid:*] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. To *bid* is originally *to pray*. As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

⁵ *The weird sisters, hand in hand,*] These weird sisters, were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit.*

Thus do go about, about ;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine :
 Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
 That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
 And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you aught
 That man may question ? You seem to understand
 me,

Hæ viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skullda : per aëra et maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos ; et cædes in potestate habent. Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three* ; and calls them,

Posters of the sea and land ;

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions ; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches ; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them ; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this. WARBURTON.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critic might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna, Rota, et Skullda*, but also *Scogula, Hilda, Gondula*, and *Geirosogula*. *Bartholinus* adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cupbearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance of their forms* ; and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakspeare*.

STEVENS.

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can ;—What are you ?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis !⁶

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane
of Cawdor !⁷

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king
hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start ; and seem to
fear

Things that do sound so fair ?—I the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,⁸ or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having,¹ and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal ;² to me you speak not :
If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say, which grain will grow, and which will not ;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail !

2 *Witch.* Hail !

3 *Witch.* Hail !

⁶ — *thane of Glamis*.] The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the Earl of Strathmore.

⁷ — *thane of Cawdor*.] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder Castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining.

⁸ *Are ye fantastical*.] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON.

¹ *Of noble having*.] *Having* is estate, possession, fortune.

² *That he seems rapt withal*.] *Rapt* is rapturously affected, *extra se raptus*.

1 *Witch*. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch*. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch*. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

1 *Witch*. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more :

By Sinel's death,³ I know, I am thane of Glamis ;

But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman ; and, to be king,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence ? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetick greeting ?—Speak, I charge you. [Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them : Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air : and what seem'd corporal, melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about ?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,⁴

That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

³ By Sinel's death,] The father of Macbeth.

⁴ ——— eaten of the insane root,] The *insane root* is the root which makes insane, and which the commentators have not discovered.

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,⁵
In viewing o'er the rest o'the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norway ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,⁶
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes.

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was

⁵ *His wonders and his praises do contend,*

Which should be thine, or his: &c.] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

⁶ — *As thick as tale,]* Meaning, that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can travel with the *post*.

Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,⁷
 Might yet enkindle you⁸ unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,⁹
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting¹
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

⁷ — *trusted home,*] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on, or perhaps we should read *thrusted home*.

⁸ *Might yet enkindle you* —] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek.

⁹ *Two truths are told, &c.*] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction.

¹ *This supernatural soliciting* —] *Soliciting* for information.

WAREBURTON.

Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*.

JOHNSON

Whose horrid image doth unfit my hair,
 And make my seated² heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man,³ that function
 Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
 But what is not.⁴

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
 may crown me,
 Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
 Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
 mould,
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.⁵

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your lei-
 sure.

Macb. Give me your favour:⁶—my dull brain
 was wrought

² ——— seated —] i. e. fixed, firmly placed.

³ ——— single state of man,] Dr. Johnson says, that the *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. But Mr. Steevens thinks that the *single state* of Macbeth may signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind.

⁴ ——— function

*Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
 But what is not.]* All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNSON.

⁵ Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.] i. e. time and occasion will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

⁶ ——— favour:] i. e. indulgence, pardon.

With things forgotten.⁷ Kind gentlemen, your
 pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
 Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
 BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
 Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die: who did report,
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
 Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life
 Became him, like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
 To find the mind's construction in the face:⁸

⁷ — my dull brain was wrought

[*With things forgotten.*] My head was worked, agitated, put
 into commotion.

⁸ [*To find the mind's construction in the face.*] Dr. Johnson
 seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place in

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.⁹—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known,
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon

the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning is—*We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* MALONE.

⁹ — full of growing.] Is, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth.

Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
 The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
 Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,¹
 And bind us further to you.

Macb. 'The rest is labour, which is not us'd for
 you :

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
 The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
 So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. 'The prince of Cumberland !²—That is a
 step,
 On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
 [Aside.

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
 Let not light see my black and deep desires :
 The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so va-
 liant ;

And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
 It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

¹ — hence to Inverness,] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at Inverness, are yet standing. STEEVENS.

² *The prince of Cumberland!*] The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

SCENE V.

Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king,³ who all-hailed me, Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness ; that thou mightest not lose the ducs of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd :—Yet do I fear thy nature ;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way : Thou would'st be great ;
 Art not without ambition ; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly,
 That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
 And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'd'st have, great
 Glamis,
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have
 it :*

³ — missives *from the king,*] .i. e. messengers.

*And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.* Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid⁴ doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is
coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,⁵
[*Exit Attendant.*]

⁴ — the golden round,

Which fate and metaphysical aid —] The crown to which fate
destines thee, and which preternatural agents endeavour to bestow
upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*.

Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means
something *supernatural*, seems, in our author's time, to have had
no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655,
Metaphysicks are thus explained; "Supernatural arts."

⁵ — *The raven himself is hoarse,*] The following is, in my
opinion, the sense of this passage:

Give him tending; the news he brings are worth the speed that
made him lose his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—
the raven himself is spent, is hoarse by croaking this very message,
the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.

Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet *unsex'd*) was likelier to be
deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed
thought that the message and the prophecy (though equally secrets

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts,⁶ unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;⁷
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee⁸ in the dunnest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife⁹ see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy
 Cawdor!

to the messenger and the raven) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other's note. Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes. FUSELI.

⁶ — *mortal thoughts*,] This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly, or destructive designs*.

⁷ — *remorse*;] *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies pity.

⁸ *And pall thee* —] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*.

To *pall*, however, in the present instance, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) may simply mean—to *wrap*, to *invest*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *That my keen knife* —] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a *sword or dagger*.

¹ *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare has supported the character of Lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level

MACBETH.

10F

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters;²—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:³
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, 'or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

² *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*

May read, &c.] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion.

³ *To alter favour ever is to fear:] Favour is—look, countenance.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat;⁴ the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage,⁵ but this bird hath made

⁴ *This castle hath a pleasant seat;*] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.— This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life. SIR J. REYNOLDS.

⁵ — *coigne of vantage,*] Convenient corner.

His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where
 they
 Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
 Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
 The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
 How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.⁶

Lady M. All our service
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poor and single business, to contend
 Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
 Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
 We rest your hermits.⁷

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose

⁶ *The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you, How you shall bid God yield us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.] This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer:*

Marks of respect, importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers or thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved.—To bid is here used in the Saxon sense—to pray. STEEVENS.

⁷ *We rest your hermits.] Hermits, for beadsmen.*

To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
 To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever⁹
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
 compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand :
 Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,⁹ and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
 'twere well
 It were done quickly : If the assassination¹

Your servants ever, &c.] The sense is :—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable, whenever you please to call us to our audit ; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.*

⁹ *Enter—*a Sewer,] A sewer was an officer so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Assecour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place.

¹ — *If the assassination, &c.]* Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear ; I have never found the readers of Shakespeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus :

“ If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek,² hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only

would then be best *to do it quickly*: if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* would secure *its surcease*, if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here in this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example. JOHNSON.

² *Hath borne his faculties so meek,*] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c.

Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.—How now, what news?

*Enter Lady*³ *MACBETH.*

Lady M. He has almost supp'd? Why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this busi-
ness:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,

³ *Enter Lady* —] The arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

*I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.*

This topick, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan; another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem;⁴
 Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?⁵

Macb. Pr'ythec, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
 That made you break this enterprize to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
 How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
 Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady M. We fail!

⁴ —— *Would'st thou have that*

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem;] Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, "I dare not," to controul your noble ambition, which cries out, "I would?" STEEVENS.

⁵ *Like the poor cat i' the adage?]* The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:*

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*"

But screw your courage to the sticking place,⁶
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,⁷
 That memory, the warder of the brain,⁸
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason⁹
 A limbeck only :¹ When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
 His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell.²

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

⁶ *But screw your courage to the sticking-place,*] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking-place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object ; as in driving piles, &c.

⁷ *Will I with wine and wassel so convince,* &c.] To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower*, or *subdue*. What was anciently called *was-haile*, (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year ; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix, daughter of Hengist, used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-heil* ; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*. Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English ; but *wassel* is sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *the warder of the brain* —] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel.

⁹ — *the receipt of reason,*] i. e. the receptacle.

¹ *A limbeck only :*] The *limbeck* is the vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory ; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain.

² — *who shall bear the guilt*

Of our great quell?] *Quell* is murder, *manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which *murderers* is now used.

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*³

³ Till this instant the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes)

“—when once our grace we have forgot,

“Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—”

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEVENS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.⁴ *The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,⁵

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!⁶—Give me my sword;—

⁴ *Scene I.*] The place is not marked in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shows: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *There's husbandry in heaven,*] *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.*

⁶ — *Merciful powers! &c.*] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:⁷
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up⁸
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.⁹

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when
'tis,¹

⁷ *Sent forth great largess to your offices:*] *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largess to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *shut up* —] *To shut up*, is to conclude.

⁹ *Being unprepar'd, &c.*] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily defective, and we only had it in our power to show the King our willingness to serve him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our acts.

¹ *If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,*] *Consent* for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!

[*Exit BANQUO.*

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,²
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON.

Mr. Malone thinks we should read *content*, and strengthens his opinion by various quotations.

² *And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,]* Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft*, or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it.

Nature seems dead,³ and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
 pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
 design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
 earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.⁴—Whiles I threat, he
 lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.⁵
 [A bell rings.]

³ — Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead,] That is, over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased. This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico*:

“ All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
 “ The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
 “ The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 “ And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.
 “ Even lust and envy sleep!”

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

⁴ *And take the present horror from the time,*

Which now suits with it.] i. e. lest the noise from the stones

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it;
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.⁶—My husband?

take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

⁵ — *Whiles I threat he lives;*

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.] Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme. Nor is this the only place in which Shakespeare has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl-scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;

As they had seen me,⁷ with these hangman's hands.

⁶ — *Had he not resembled*

My father as he slept, I had done't.] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

⁷ *As they had seen me,*] i. e. *as if.*

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no
more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,⁸
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;*

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the
house:

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!⁹*

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

⁸ — *the ravell'd sleeve of care,*] *Sleeve* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver.

⁹ *Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!*] This triple menace, accommodated to the different titles of Macbeth, is too quaint to be received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind. Introduce the adjuncts of a modern nobleman in the same manner, and the fault of the passage will become yet more conspicuous; as for instance—

*Norfolk hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Surrey
Shall sleep no more, Howard shall sleep no more!*

They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers : The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt,

Macb. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]
Whence is that knocking ?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine
eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash his blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,¹
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then ? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] **Hark !**
more knocking :

¹ *The multitudinous seas incarnardine,*] To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. By *multitudinous*, the poet is supposed to mean seas of every denomination : or, the seas which swarm with inhabitants : or, perhaps alludes to the multitude of waves. The commentators are not agreed on this point.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know
myself. [*Knock.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would
thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turn-
ing the key.² [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock:
Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a
farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of
plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about
you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name?
'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in
both the scales against either scale; who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not
equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there?
'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for
stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor;
here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this
place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no
further: I had thought to have let in some of all
professions, that go the primrose way to the ever-

² — he should have old turning the key.] i. e. frequent, more than enough.

lasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:³ and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke.

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

³ — till the second cock:] Cockerowing, i. e. as Mr. Malone thinks, till three o'clock.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.⁴ [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.⁵

Len. The night has been unruly : Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air ; strange screams of
death ;

And prophecy, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor
heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

⁴ For 'tis my limited service.] *Limited*, for appointed.

⁵ He does:—he did appoint it so.] The words—he does—are omitted by Pope, Theobald, Hammer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakspeare designed Macbeth to shelter himself under an immediate falshood, till a sudden recollection of guilt restrained his confidence, and unguardedly disposed him to qualify his assertion; as he well knew the King's journey was effectually prevented by his death.

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*

Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
'The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal.

O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;⁶

⁶ ——— Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;] It is not improbable that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimula-

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore:⁷ Who could re-
 frain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
 Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
 May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
 Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
 The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure,⁸ let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,

tion, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. Yet some of these metaphors are to be found in old plays. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Unmannerly breech'd with gore.*] According to Mr. Steevens the expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts*, or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms; but Dr. Farmer says that the sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner,—sheath'd with blood*, and has given an example where *sheaths* are called *breeches*.

⁸ *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*

That suffer in exposure,] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air.* It is possible that, in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
 In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
 Of treasonous malice.⁹

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness.
 And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do ? Let's not consort with
 them :

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
 Which the false man does easy : I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
 There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
 The nearer bloody.¹

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
 Hath not yet lighted ;² and our safest way
 Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,

⁹ *In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight*

Of treasonous malice.] Pretence is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God ; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its further designs that have not yet come to light. STEEVENS.

¹ — the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer ; for he was the nearest in blood to the twb princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

² *This murderous shaft that's shot,*

Hath not yet lighted ;] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect ; or, the end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained.

But shift away : There's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time, I have seen
 Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore
 night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Al, good father,
 Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp
 Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange
 and certain,)
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
 eyes,
 That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
 duff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?³

Macd. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gaint nature still :

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means !—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill ;⁴

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there ;
—adieu !——

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Rosse. Father, farewell.

³ ——— *they pretend?*] i. e. *intend*, or *design*.

⁴ ——— *Colmes-kill* ;] Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his *Tour*. It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying-place*.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon
us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of
foot ;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[*Exit. BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—*Exit. Atten.*]

To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus :—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature⁵
 Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he
 dares;
 And, to⁶ that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none, but he
 Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bad them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd⁷ my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,⁸
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!⁹—Who's
 there?—

⁵ ——— royalty of nature—] *Royalty*, in the present instance, signifies *nobleness*, *supreme excellence*.

⁶ ——— to —] i. e. in addition to.

⁷ For Banquo's issue have I fil'd —] i. e. defiled.

⁸ ——— the common enemy of man,] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy.

⁹ ——— come, fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance!] This passage will be best

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand;¹ how cross'd; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might,

To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.*

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,

explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi à l'outrance.* A challenge, or a combat à l'outrance, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *pass'd in probation with you.*

How you were borne in hand; &c.] Pass'd in probation is, perhaps, only a bulky phrase, employed to signify—proved.—To bear in hand is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,²
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.*

We are men, my liege,

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
 Shoughs,³ water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleft
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file⁴
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.*

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

² — *Are you so gospell'd,*] Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of protestantism. JOHNSON.

³ *Shoughs,*] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciscæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

⁴ — *the valued file* —] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice. *The valued file* is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it: *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued file of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.*

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody dis-
tance,⁵

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends⁶ that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons,

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us,

1 *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't;⁷ for't must be done to-night,

⁵ — in such bloody distance,] By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*.

⁶ For certain friends —] *For*, in the present instance, signifies *because of*.

⁷ Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't;] i. e. in ancient language, "acquaint

And something from the palace; always thought,
 That I require a clearness:⁸ And with him,
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
 I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
 It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
 leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content:
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

yourselfes" with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation.—*You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselfes*.

⁸ — *always thought,*

That I require a clearness:] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies⁹ your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd¹ the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.² Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence,³ both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

⁹ — sorriest fancies—] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile.

¹ — scotch'd—] i. e. cut slightly.

² *In restless ecstasy.*] *Ecstasy*, for madness, or agony.

³ *Present him eminence,*] i. e. do him the highest honours.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.⁴

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons,

The shard-borne beetle,⁵ with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,⁶
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ ——— *nature's copy's not eterne.*] The *copy*, the *lease* by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The shard-borne beetle,*] The *shard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings*.

⁶ ——— *Come, seeling night,*] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry.

SCENE III.

The same. A Park or Lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated⁷ traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,⁸
Already are i'the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

⁷ — lated —] i. e. belated, benighted.

⁸ — the note of expectation,] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.*

Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;

Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE and *Servant* escape.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.*

Was't not the way?⁹

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords.

Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,

* Fleance, &c. *escape.*] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward*. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

⁹ *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery; or, perhaps, to effect our purpose.

And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state;¹ but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut throats: Yet
he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound
in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

¹ *Our hostess keeps her state; &c.*] i. e. continues in her chair
of state at the head of the table.

With twenty trenched gashes² on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-
morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,³
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?
[The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

² — trenched gashes —] *Trencher*, to cut. Fr.

³ — the feast is sold, &c.] The meaning is,—That which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift, it is something that must be paid for.

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that
moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it, never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep
seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought⁴

He will again be well; If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become⁵

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

⁴ — upon a thought —] i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted.

⁵ — O, these flaws, and starts,

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become, &c.] Flaws are sudden gusts. Impostors to true fear, mean impostors when compared with true fear. Such is the force of the preposition to in this place.

Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fye, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;⁶
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
'To those that know me. Come, love and health to
all;
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill
full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,⁷

⁶ *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;*] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes*; or rather that state of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure.

⁷ ——— *to all, and him, we thirst,*] We *thirst*, perhaps, means we desire to drink.

And all to all.⁸

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit⁹ thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?¹ You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,²

⁸ *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all; such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.*

⁹ *If trembling I inhibit—*] i. e. forbid.

¹ *Can such things be,*

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder?] The meaning is, can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us?

² — *You make me strange*

Even to the disposition that I owe,] Mr. Steevens explains

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;

Augurs, and understood relations,³ have

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person,
At our great bidding?⁴

these words thus:—*You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words, —*You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours, on the trial, is found to exceed it.*

³ *Augurs, and understood relations, &c.*] Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he,) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, of which the modern *mag* is the abbreviation.

⁴ *How say'st thou, &c.*] i. e. *What do you think of this circum-*

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.⁵

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.⁶

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

stance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What do you infer from thence? What is your opinion of the matter? The circumstance on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *be scann'd.*] To *scan* is to examine nicely.

⁶ *You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*] i. e. you stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require.

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are, Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare To trade and traffick with Macbeth, In riddles, and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done, Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: Get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i'the morning; thither he Will come to know his destiny. Your vessels, and your spells, provide, Your charms, and every thing beside: I am for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal-fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon: Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vaporous drop profound;

7 — *vaporous drop profound*;] This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to have shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment.

I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
 And that, distill'd by magick slights,^a
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
 And you all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*
 Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
 1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste : she'll soon be
 back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
 thoughts,
 Which can interpret further : only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne : The gracious
 Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late ;
 Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance
 kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !

^a — slights,] Arts ; subtle practices.

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep:
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well: and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's son under his key,
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should
 find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
 fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord.

The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;²
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,¹
 All which we pine for now: And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king,² that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

² *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;*] The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives.

¹ — and receive free honours,] *Free* may be either honours freely bestowed, not purchased by crimes; or honours without slavery, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

² — the king,] i. e. Macbeth.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England. and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A dark Cave. In the middle a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries :³—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

³ Harper cries :] *Harper* may be a mis-spelling, or misprint for *harpy*. The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,⁴
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;⁵
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;⁶
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;⁷
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,⁸
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

⁴ — *maw, and gulf,*] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*.

⁵ — *ravin'd salt-sea shark;*] *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey.

⁶ *Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;*] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece or a slice*.

⁷ *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;*] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

So solicitous, indeed, were our neighbours, the French, (from whom most of our prejudices, as well as customs, are derived,) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military sport of the quintain, their soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,*] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*.

All Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i'the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags ?

What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How'er you come to know it,) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches : though the yesty waves :⁹
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,¹ and trees blown
down ;

⁹ — yesty waves —] That is, foaming, or frothy waves.

¹ Though bladed corn be lodg'd,] Corn, prostrated by the wind,

Though castles topple² on their warders' heads ;
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the trea-
 sure

Of nature's germins³ tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our masters' ?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
 Thyself, and office, deftly⁴ show.

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*⁵

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

in modern language, is said to be *lay'd* ; but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning.

² *Though castles topple* —] *Topple* is used for *tumble*.

³ *Of nature's germins* —] *Germins* are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr.

⁴ — deftly —] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. *Deft* is a North Country word.

⁵ *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
Thou hast harp'd⁶ my fear aright:—But one word
more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a Child crowned, with
a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

⁶ *Thou hast harp'd*—] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string.

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest ;⁷ bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise⁸ is this?
[Hautboys.

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in
order; the last with a Glass in his Hand; BANQUO
following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

⁷ *Who can impress the forest ;]* i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed.

⁸ — *what noise —]* *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often literally synonymous for *music*.

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start,
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?⁹

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:¹

Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo² smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,³

And show the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antique round:

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this per-
nicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

⁹ — to the crack of doom?] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense.

¹ *That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:*] This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo.

² — the blood-bolter'd Banquo—] To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*.

³ — cheer we up his sprights,] i. e. spirits.

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line.* No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

* *That trace his line.*] i. e. follow, succeed in it.

L. Macd. He had none :
His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch :⁵ for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself : But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season.⁶ I dare not speak much fur-
ther :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ;⁷ when we hold rumour⁸
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

⁵ ——— *natural touch* :] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The fits o'the season.*] What is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture.

⁷ ——— *when we are traitors,*
And do not know ourselves ;] When we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt ; when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*.

⁸ ——— *when we hold rumour* —] i. e. believe rumour.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:

I take my leave at once. [*Exit ROSSE.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for
a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet
i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and
lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for

there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.⁹ I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,

Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified, Where such as thou may'st find him.

⁹ — in your state of honour I am perfect.] i. e. I am perfectly acquainted with your rank of honour.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying murder,*
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:¹ Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,² I will.

¹ *Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom:*] The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution.

² — to friend, i. e. to befriend.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but
 something
 You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom³
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
 To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal.

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
 In an imperial charge.⁴ But 'crave your pardon;
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
 Though all things foul⁵ would wear the brows of
 grace,
 Yet grace must still look so.

Macd.

I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find
 my doubts.

Why in that rawness⁶ left you wife, and child,
 (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
 Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

³ ——— *and wisdom* —] That is, and 'tis wisdom.

⁴ *A good and virtuous nature may recoil,*

In an imperial charge.] A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Though all things foul, &c.*] This is not very clear. The meaning, perhaps, is this:—*My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON.

⁶ *Why in that rawness*—] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel.

Great tyranny lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs,

Thy title is affeer'd!⁷—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

⁷ Thy title is affeer'd!] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd.

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink,
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust;⁸ and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,⁹
With other graces weigh'd.

⁸ — grows with more pernicious root

Than summer-seeding lust;] The allusion is to plants: and the sense is,—“Avarice is a perennial weed: it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays.” BLACKSTONE.

⁹ *All these are portable,*] *Portable*, i. e. bearable.

Mal. But I have none: 'The king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
'These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste:¹ But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

¹ From over-credulous haste:] From over-hasty credulity.

I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth:
 Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
 once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
 I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces²
 The great assay of art; but at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given in his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
 A most miraculous work in this good king:
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

² ——— *convinces* —] i. e. overpowers, subdues.

Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;³
 Hanging a golden stamp⁴ about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.⁵

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : Good God, betimes re-
 move

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,

³ *The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;*] Dr. Percy, in his notes on *The Northumberland Household Book*, says, "that our ancient kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected the cure of the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion, however, the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake, by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets.

⁴ — a golden stamp, &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*, of the value of ten shillings.

⁵ *My countryman ; but yet I know him not.*] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STELVENS.

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the
air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No ; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; How
goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.⁶

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,⁷
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,⁸
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

⁶ — should not latch them.] To latch any thing, is to lay hold of it.

⁷ — fee-grief.] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. It must be allowed that, in both the foregoing instances, the Attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the Poet.

⁸ Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,] Quarry is a term used both in hunting and falconry. In both sports it means the game after it is killed.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty
ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?⁹

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look
on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I
am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle
heaven,
Cut short all intermission;¹ front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

⁹ *At one fell swoop?*] Swoop is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry.

¹ *Cut short all intermission;*] i. e. all pause, all intervening time.

Heaven forgive him too!²

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,³ I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her

² ———— if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!] That is, if he escape my vengeance, let him escape that of Heaven also.

³ Since his majesty went into the field,] This is one of Shakespeare's oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers.

walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!⁴—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard?

⁴ — *Hell is murky!*] *Murky* is *dark*. Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes,) had just said, *Hell is murky*, i. e.) hell is a dismal place

What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.⁵

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir,

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at

to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

⁵ — you mar all with this starting.] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady MACBETH.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physi-
cian.—

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated,⁶ and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Country near Dusinane.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATH-
NESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.⁷

Ang. Near Birnam wood

⁶ *My mind she has mated,*] i. e. *amated*, dismayed.

⁷ *Excite the mortified man,*] i. e. *a religious, an ascetic.*

Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who, knows, if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file Of all the gentry ; there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths,⁸ that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies : Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands ; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ; Those he commands, move only in command, Nothing in love : now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil, and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself, for being there ?⁹

Cath. Well, march on, To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd : Meet we the medicin¹ of the sickly weal : And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,

⁸ — unrough youths,] i. e. smooth-faced, unbearded.

⁹ When all that is within him does condemn Itself, for being there?] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation.

¹ — the medicin —] i. e. physician.

To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly
all;

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:

*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.*—Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt,² nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!³
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

² *Shall never sagg with doubt,*] To sag, or swag, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload.

³ —— *loon!*] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow.

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick
 at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life⁴

Is fall'n into the sear,⁵ the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
 Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was re-
 ported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
 hack'd

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

⁴ *I have liv'd long enough: my way of life, &c.]* As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written:

—— *my May of life.*

I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.

The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

This opinion, however, has been ably controverted by some of the commentators.

⁵ —— *the sear.]* *Sear* is dry.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;⁶
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :—

Come, sir, despatch :—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land,⁷ find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou
of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

⁶ skirr the country round ;] To skirr, signifies to scour, to ride hastily.

⁷ ——— cast

The water of my land,] To cast the water was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTETH,
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers,
marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,

That will with due decision make us know
 What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
 Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :⁸
 Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEY-
 TON, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
 walls ;
 The cry is still, *They come* : Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
 Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
 Were they not fore'd with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that
 noise ? [A cry within, of Women.]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair⁹
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
 As life were in't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
 Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter ;

⁸ ——— arbitrate :] i. e. determine.

⁹ ——— fell of hair—] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is
shin.

There would have been a time for such a word.—
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
 I shall report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave !

[*Striking him.*]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till famine cling thee :¹ if thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
 I pull in resolution ; and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane* ;—and now a wood

¹ *Till famine cling thee :*] *Cling* in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up.

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o'the world were now undone.—
 Ring the alarum bell :—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, old
 SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their Army, with
 Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
 throw down,
 And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Sir.

Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
 all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
'That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy
face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
 I sheathe again undecided. There thou should'st be;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruided.² Let me find him, fortune!
 And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Sir. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
 render'd:
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.

Sir. Enter, sir, the castle.
 [Exit. Alarum.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
 die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,

² *Seems bruided;*] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise.

My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air³
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Maed. Despair thy charm
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Maeduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;⁴
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Maed. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet ' will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Maeduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

³ *As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air*—] That is, air which cannot be cut.

⁴ — palter with us in a double sense;] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions.

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siz. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siz. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siz. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siz. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siz. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head on a Pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

'The usurper's cursed head: the time is free :
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,⁵
 That speak my salutation in their minds ;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
 Hail, king of Scotland !

All. King of Scotland, hail!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time.
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-
 men,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen ;
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life ;—This, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place :
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

⁵ — *thy kingdom's pearl,*] *Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament.

⁶ This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action ; but it has no nice discriminations of character ; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described ; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested ; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

* * The following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The first and second of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the second Act, in a scene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other song, which is sung in the third Act, the first words (*Come away*) are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuscript in the collection of Major Pearson. Whether this song was written by Shakspeare, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy cannot now be ascertained. MALONE.

ACT II.

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

- 1 *Witch*. Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?
 2 *Witch*. Long ago, long ago:
 Above twelve glasses since have run.
 3 *Witch*. Ill deeds are seldom slow;
 Nor single: following crimes on former wait:
 The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
 Many more murders must this one ensue,
 As if in death were propagation too.
 2 *Witch*. He will—
 1 *Witch*. He shall—
 3 *Witch*. He must spill much more blood;
 And become worse, to make his title good.
 1 *Witch*. Now let's dance.
 2 *Witch*. Agreed.
 3 *Witch*. Agreed.
 4 *Witch*. Agreed.
Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
 When cattle die, about we go;
 What then, when monarchs perish, should we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
 We gain more life by Duncan's death.
 Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
 Having no musick but our mew:

Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
 Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
 To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
 Where still the mill-clack does keep time.
 Sometimes about an hollow tree,
 Around, around, around dance we:
 Thither the chirping cricket comes,
 And beetle, singing drowsy hums:
 Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
 To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
 And when with none of those we meet,
 We dance to the echoes of our feet.
 At the night-raven's dismal voice,
 Whilst others tremble, we rejoice;
 And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
 To the echoes from an hollow hill.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE V. HECATE and the Three WITCHES.

MUSICK AND SONG.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!*Hec.* Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.[*Within.*] *Come away, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!*Hec.* I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
 With all the speed I may.

Where's Strolling?

2. Here. [*within.*]*Hec.* Where's Puckle?3. Here: [*within.*]

And Hopper too, and Helway too.

We want but you, we want but you:

Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount:

I will but 'noint, &c.

[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,[*A Machine with Malkin in it descends.*]

A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;

And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,

Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come? What news?[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:

Either come, or else refuse.

Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight;[*Hecate places herself in the Machine.*]

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i'the air,
While the moon shines fair;
To sing, to toy, to dance, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over hills, and misty fountains;
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Nor cannons' throat our height can reach. [*Hecate ascends.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

2 *Witch.* But whilst she moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt.*

KING JOHN.*

* KING JOHN.] *The troublesome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. *King John* was reprinted, in two parts, in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play, in its present form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes, when he says there is no mention, in Rowley's works, of any conjunction with Shakspeare. *The Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly, though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken, when he says (Pref. p. 15) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmouton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*; and, when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page. FARMER.

The elder play of *King John* was first published in 1591. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre; and in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.

Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion.

STEEVENS,

A play entitled *The troublesome Raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley.

But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play, in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which, at that time, was not published. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.

THEOBALD.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed, not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the very expressions, throughout the following historical dramas, viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* three parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

"A booke called *The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play upon the same subject. For the original *King John*, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross. STEEVENS.

The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it was printed in 1616.

A book entitled *Richard Cur de Lion* was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John :

*Prince Henry, his Son; afterwards King Henry III.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke
of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.
William Mareshall, Earl of Pembroke.
Geffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary
of England.*

William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury,¹

Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.

Hubert de Burgh, Chamberlain to the King.

*Robert Faulconbridge, Son of Sir Robert Faulcon-
bridge :*

*Philip Faulconbridge, his Half-brother, bastard Son
to King Richard the First.*

James Gurney, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.

Philip, King of France.

Lewis, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's Legate.

Melun, a French Lord.

Chatillon, Ambassador from France to King John.

*Elinor, the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother
of King John.*

Constance, Mother to Arthur.

*Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile,
and Niece to King John.*

*Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to the Bastard and
Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds,
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in
France.*

¹ ——— *Salisbury.*] Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clif-
ford.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.

King John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour,¹ to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

¹ *In my behaviour,*] *In my behaviour* means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. MALONE.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage² of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

² — the manage —] i. e. conduct, administration.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judged by you,
That ere I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,
and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-
bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r³ I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent
us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,⁴
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my fa-
ther;

With that half-face⁵ would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!

³ *But whe'r* —] *Whe'r* for *whether*.

⁴ *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] By a *trick*, in this place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion.

⁵ *With that half-face* —] The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but half the face: the groats of all our Kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above-mentioned, coined groats, and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now.

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father
liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much ;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land ;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,⁶
'That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
'Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
'That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
'This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes,—

⁶ — took it, on his death,] i. e. entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying.

My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no
force,

To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-
bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?⁷

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him ;⁸
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such cel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
goes !⁹

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,¹
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be sir Nob² in any case.

⁷ *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?]* *Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes.

⁸ *And I had his, sir Robert his, like him ;]* This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is—*If I had his shape, sir Robert's—as he has.*

⁹ ——— *my face so thin,*

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes !] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another silver coin ; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown *rose*. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three farthing pieces.

¹ *And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,]* “ *To his shape,*” means, in *addition* to the shape he had been just describing.

Eli. I like thee well ; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year ;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st :

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great ;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.³

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land :—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !—

² I would not be sir Nob —] Sir *Nob* is used contemptuously for Sir Robert.

³ Arise, sir Richard, and Plantagenet.] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II. but it is, as Camden observes, in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II. the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude ; he being always called Henry *Fitz-Empress* ; his son, Richard *Cœur-de-lion* ; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lack-land*. MALONE.

I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth ;
What though ?

Something about, a little from the right,⁴

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night ;

And have is have, however men do catch :

Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy
desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must
speed

For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu ; Good fortune come to
thee !

For thou was got i'the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was ;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—

*Good den,*⁵ *sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow ;—*

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :

For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

⁴ *Something about, a little from the right, &c.*] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the sprightly knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions* in the *night* ; he, to whom the door is shut, must climb the *window*, or leap the *hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me ; for the world never inquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have is to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near the mark*, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Good-den,*] i. e. a good evening.

For your conversion.⁶ Now your traveller,—
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries :⁷—*My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now ;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book :⁸—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command ;*
At your employment ; at your service, sir :—
No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours :*
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :
 For he is but a bastard to the time,⁹
 That doth not smack of observation ;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?

⁶ 'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion.] *Respective*, is *respectful*, *formal*. *Conversion* seems to mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS.

⁷ *My picked man of countries :*] i. e. my *travell'd fop*.

⁸ — like an ABC-book:] An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absey-book*, is a *catechism*.

⁹ For he is but a bastard to the time, &c.] He is accounted but a mean man in the present age.

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where
is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand¹ the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend
boy,

Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a
while?

Gur. Good leave,² good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!³—James,
There's toys abroad;⁴ anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mo-
ther,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

¹ *Colbrand*—] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan.

² *Good leave, &c.*] *Good leave* means a *ready assent*.

³ *Philip?—sparrow!*] A sparrow is called Philip.

⁴ *There's toys abroad; &c.*] i. e. rumours, idle reports.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine ho-
nour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-
like:⁵

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy fa-
ther;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—

Subjécted tribute to commanding love,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

⁵ Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:] Faulcon-
bridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid
drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Per-
seda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly
knight, called Basilisco.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
 Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
 Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave:
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance⁶ hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John;
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
 death,

⁶ *At our importance —] At our importunity.*

The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee
 right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 Tha water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west
 Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
 thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him
 strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
 their swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work ; our cannon shall
 be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town.—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages :⁷—
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

⁷ To cull the plots of best advantages :] i. e. to mark such stations as might over-awe the town.

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I :
His marches are expedient^s to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain :
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,

^s — expedient —] Immediate, expeditious.

Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath⁹ in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums

[Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,
PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to
heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war re-
turn

From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought¹ his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—

⁹ — scath —] Destruction, harm.

¹ — under-wrought —] i. e. underworked, undermined.

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
 This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which died in Geoffrey ; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief² into as huge a volume.
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,
 And this is Geoffrey's : In the name of God,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great com-
 mission, France,
 To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
 thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
 And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping
 son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
 That thou may'st be a queen, and check the
 world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
 Likier in feature to his father Geoffrey,
 Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
 My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,

² ——— *this brief* —] A *brief* is a short writing, abstract, or description.

His father never was so true begot ;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.³

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with
you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.⁴

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's
robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass :—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back ;

Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders
crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our
ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do
straight.

³ — *an if thou wert his mother.*] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land ; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II.

⁴ *One that will play the devil, sir, with you,*

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.] The story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee,
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does,
or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
 The cannon of the law is laid on him,
 Being but the second generation
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
 That he's not only plagued for her sin,
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague⁵
 On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
 And with her plague, her sin; his injury
 Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
 will;
 A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

⁵ *I have but this to say,—*

That he's not only plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sin and her the plague, &c.] The Commentators have laboured hard to make out a meaning in this passage. The following by Mr. Henley seems as satisfactory as any. Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother; but, also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not her immediate, but REMOVED issue—the second generation from her sin-conceiving womb—it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have incidentally befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by her immediate infliction.—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment, but she is preserved alive to her second generation, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin; so that he is plagued on her account, and with her plague, which is, her sin, that is [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the penalty entailed upon it. His injury, or the evil he suffers, her sin brings upon him, and HER injury, or, the evil she inflicts, he suffers from her, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it.

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim⁶
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore, hear
us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;⁷
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime

⁶ *It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim* —] *To cry aim* is borrowed probably from archery, and means to incite notice, or raise attention.

⁷ — *your winking gates*;] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger,

Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,——
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd; vouchsafe a parle:
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears:
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forwearied^s in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us
 both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it;⁹ namely, this young prince:
 And then our arms, like to a muzzied bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;

^s *Forwearied* —] i. e. worn out, Sax.

⁹ *To him that owes it;*] i. e. owns it.

And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruise'd,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure¹ of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
 Though all these English and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's
 subjects ;

For him, and in his right we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let
 me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not : but he that proves the
 king,

To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
 the king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as
 those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

¹ 'Tis not the roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the
 French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall; shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount chevaliers! to
arms!

Bast. St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and
e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [*To AUSTRIA*] with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set
forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To LEWIS*] and at the
other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter
a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,

Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground.
 Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
 bells;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day!
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might
 behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censur'd:²
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
 blows;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
 fronted power:

² — cannot be censur'd;] i. e. cannot be estimated. Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censur'd.

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power;
 ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other,
 King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to
 cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
 of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
 bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire?
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents,¹ fiery-kindled spirits!

¹ *You equal potents,]* *Potents*, for potentates.

Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
King'd of our fears;⁴ until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers⁵
flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,⁶
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down

⁴ *King'd of our fears;*] i. e. ruled by our fears,

⁵ — these scroyles of Angiers —] *Escroulles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows.

⁶ *Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,*] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the seditious.

⁷ *Till their soul-fearing clamours* —] i. e. soul-appalling.

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
 heads,

I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other : and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so :—Say, where will you
 assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From north to
 south ;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

King John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent
to hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Blanch,^s

Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis, the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.

^s — the lady Blanch,] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, King of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Elianor.

This union shall do more than battery can,
 'To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen⁹ than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance; but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,¹
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and inountains, rocks, and
 seas;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs?
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and
 bounce;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
 Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France:
 Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
 match;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

⁹ ——— at this match,

With swifter spleen, &c.] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed.

¹ *Here's a stay,*] Some of the Commentators think that *stay* means a *hinderer*, and others, a *supporter*, or *partizan*.

I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition :
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
 forward first

To speak unto this city : What say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely
 son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd,)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the
 lady's face.

Lerc. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow :
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
 'Till now infixed I beheld myself,
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.²

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

² Drawn in the *fluttering table of her eye.*] Table is picture, or, rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say
you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you
love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,³ Touraine,
Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

³ ——— *Volquessen*,] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Vclocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John.

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well ;—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too ; for, I am well assur'd, That I did so, when I was first assur'd.⁴

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made ; For at saint Mary's chapel, presently, The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.— Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?— I know, she is not ; for this match, made up, Her presence would have interrupted much : Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate⁵ at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made, Will give her sadness very little cure.— Brother of England, how may we content This widow lady ? In her right we came ; Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way, To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all, For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne, And earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town We'll make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ; Some speedy messenger bid her repair To our solemnity :—I trust we shall, If not fill up the measure of her will, Yet in some measure satisfy her so, That we shall stop her exclamation.

⁴ — *I am well assur'd,*

That I did so, when I was first assur'd.] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted.*

⁵ *She is sad and passionate*—] *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a *prey to mournful sensations.*

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:⁶
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled
on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear⁷
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—

Commodity, the bias of the world;⁸
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?

⁶ ——— departed *with a part* :] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous.

⁷ ——— rounded *in the ear* —] i. e. whispered in the ear.

⁸ Commodity *the bias of the world* ;] Commodity is interest.

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm :
 But for⁹ my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary :
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee ! [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married ! gone to swear a
 peace !

False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !
 Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those pro-
 vinces ?

It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again :
 It cannot be ; thou dost but say, 'tis so :
 I trust, I may not trust thee ; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man :
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears ;¹

⁹ *But for* —] i. e. because.

¹ *For I am sick, and capable of fears ;*] i. e. I have a strong
sensibility ; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension.

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
 A woman naturally born to fears ;
 And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds ?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England ! what becomes of
 me ?—

Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert
 grim,
 Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless² stains,

² — *sightless* —] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes.

Lame, foolish, crook'd, swart,³ prodigious,⁴
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content ;
 For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, O !
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave these woes alone, which I alone,
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go
 with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ;⁵ for my grief's so great,

³ — swart,] Swart is brown, inclining to black.

⁴ — prodigious,] That is, portentous, so deformed as to be taken for a foretoken of evil.

⁵ To me, and to the state of my great grief,

Let kings assemble ;] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief, that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief, in Leonato and Lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature ? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by

That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides,⁶ in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd⁷:
But on this day,⁸ let seamen fear no wreck;

despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions.

⁶ — *high tides,*] i. e. solemn seasons.

⁷ — *prodigiously be cross'd:*] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

⁸ *But on this day,*] That is, *except on this day.*

No bargains break, that are not this day made :
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and
 tried,

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a
 war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria !⁹ thou dost shame

⁹ O Lymoges ! O Austria !] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition ; [in 1193] but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges ; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou;

A ramping fool; to brag and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to
me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thy-
self.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
 Can task the free breath¹ of a sacred king?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-
 land,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blasphemè in
 this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
 Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:

¹ *What earthly name to interrogatories,*

Can task the free breath, &c.] i. e. What earthly name, sub-
 joined to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer
 them?

And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretick ;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
 Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
 To my keen curses : for, without my wrong,
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
 curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no
 right,
 Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretick ;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go
 thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France re-
 pent,
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
 limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
 wrongs,

Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts
thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.²

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to
this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to
say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex
thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person
yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:
And the conjunction of our inward souls

² ——— a new untrimmed bride.] i. e. undressed.

Married in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
 And even before this truce, but new before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
 With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings :
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ?³
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so :
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms, be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

3 ——— *this kind regret?*] A *regret* is an exchange of salutation.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our church !
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself :
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done ;⁴
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it :
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept ;
 But thou hast sworn against religion ;
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
 swear'st ;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath : The truth thou art unsure
 'To swear, swear only not to be forsworn ;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear ?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against those giddy loose suggestions :

⁴ Is not *amiss*, when it is *truly done* ;] i. e. *that*, which you have sworn to *do amiss*, is *not amiss*, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all ;) and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin* to do it ; the *truth* is *most done* when you *do it not* : Other parts of this speech have puzzled the commentators, who have, in turn, puzzled their readers.

Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses-light on thee;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd
 men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures⁵ to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive
 may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
 upholds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse,⁶ your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

⁵ — be measures—] The *measures*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time.

⁶ I muse,] i. e. I wonder.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revoult of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance toge-
ther.— [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

Than nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To
arms let's hie! [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with AUSTRIA'S Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes:

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
[*To ELINOR.*]
[*To ARTHUR.*]

Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with
grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*To the Bastard.*] away for
England ; haste before :

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle⁷ shall not drive me
back,

When gold and silver beck's me to come on.
I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit* Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

⁷ Bell, book, and candle—] In an account of the Romish
curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were ex-
tinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,⁸

To give me audience :—If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes ;)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,⁹

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :

But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;

And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On you young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way ;

⁸ — full of gawds,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments.

⁹ — using conceit alone,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought.

And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee?
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember!—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail²
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

¹ *Remember.*] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramattick taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties.

² *of convicted sail*—] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run
so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Constance!

Const. No, I defy³ all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms:
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

³ No, I defy, &c.] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*

And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,⁴
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to
cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.⁵

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses:⁶ O, what love I
note

⁴ *Misery's love, &c.*] Thou, death, who art courted by *Misery* to come to his relief, O come to me.

⁵ ——— modern *invocation.*] i. e. trite, common.

⁶ *Bind up those tresses.*] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I
 do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
*O that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty!*
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,⁷
 There was not such a gracious creature born.⁸
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy; but they only serve to show how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *but yesterday suspire,*] i. e. breathe.

⁸ ——— *a gracious creature born.*] *Gracious,* i. e. graceful.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;

Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort⁹ than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure ! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy :¹

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,

⁹ — had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort—] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

¹ *There's nothing in this, &c.]* The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

On their departure most of all show evil :
 What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you have won it, certainly, you had.
 No, no : when fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange to think how much king John hath
 lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won :
 Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your
 blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit ;
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.
 John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
 That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
 fall ;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
 fall ;

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your
 wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old
 world !

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no custom'd event,
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lex. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's
 life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your ap-
 proach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies : and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot ;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
 Than I have nam'd !—The bastard Faulconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity : If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side ;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent :
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence,

For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lev. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton.² A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

² *Northampton.*] The fact is, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated, in this particular, from the history, and brought king John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned, in some modern editions, as the place, merely because, in the first Act, King John seems to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-
day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bo-
som.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]
Turning despiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth.

And will you?

Hub.

And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would
do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

Re-enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a
deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
 Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
 Though to no use, but still to look on you !
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with
 grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself ;
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
 And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.³
 All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office : only you do lack
 That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
 Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine
 eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this
 while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;

³ — tarre *him on.*] i. e. stimulate, set him on. Supposed to be derived from ταραττω, excito.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me.⁴
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
 crown'd,
 And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
 pleas'd,
 Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
 With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
 pomp,
 To guard⁵ a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light

⁴ — Go closely in with me.] i. e. secretly, privately.

⁵ To guard —] i. e. to fringe, or lace.

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than
well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness:⁶
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your high-
ness

To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

⁶ *They do confound their skill in covetousness:]* i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
 To sound the purposes⁷ of all their hearts,)
 Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them
 Bend their best studies,) heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument,—
 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
 Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise?⁸
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;
 Which for our goods we do no further ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
 He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his

⁷ *To sound the purposes* —] *To declare, to publish* the desires of all those.

⁸ — *good exercise?*] In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our ætieve, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast ;
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
 thence
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
 hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
 He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
 Before the child himself felt he was sick :
 This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
 me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
 That greatness should so grossly offer it :
 So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
 And find the inheritance of this poor child,
 His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd the breath of all this isle,
 Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
 This must not be thus borne : this will break out
 To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent ;
 There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
 No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a
power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occa-
sion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!⁹—
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

⁹ *How wildly then walks my estate in France!*] i. e. how ill my affairs go in France!—The verb, to walk, is used with great license by old writers,

Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd¹
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet,² that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,

¹ — *I was amaz'd* —] i. e. stunned, confounded.

² *And here's a prophet,*] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. See *Holinshed's Chronicle*, under the year 1213.

I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
 Deliver him to safety,³ and return,
 For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are
 full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
 (With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
 And others more, going to seek the grave
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
 On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
 And thrust thyself into their companies :
 I have a way to win their loves again ;
 Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot
 before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies.
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
 And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
 [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a spritful noble gentle-
 man.—

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
 And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead !

³ *Deliver him to safety,*] That is, *Give him into safe custody.*

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:⁴

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams,
in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet,)⁵

⁴ — *five moons were seen to-night: &c.*] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians. I have met with it no where but in Matthew of Westminster and Polydore Virgil, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or since. GREY.

⁵ — *slippers, (which his nimble haste Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet,)]* Dr. Johnson says, "I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which, in Dr. Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes." But Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones, and the commentators have produced many passages to prove the shoe, boot, &c. were right and left legged.

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattle'd and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not pro-
voke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings,⁶ to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.⁷

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted,⁸ and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,

⁶ *It is the curse of kings, &c.*] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots.

⁷ — *advis'd respect.*] i. e. deliberate consideration.

⁸ *Quoted,*] i. e. observed, distinguished.

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,⁹ or
made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words ;

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
me :

But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And didst in signs again parley with sin ;

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And, consequently, thy rude hand to act

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more !

My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,

⁹ *Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.*] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with a consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words*, would have *struck him dumb* ; nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.

I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,¹
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to
 the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste :
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap
 down :—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—

¹ *The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,*] Nothing can be fals^r than what Hubert here says in his own vindication ; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply ; and it was with difficulty that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. WARBURTON.

There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-
 Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
 Whose private with me,² of the Dauphin's love,
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd³
 lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath disposess'd himself of us;
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
 Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

² *Whose private, &c.*] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters.

³ — *distemper'd* —] i. e. ruffled, out of humour.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
now.⁴

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing* ARTHUR.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you
beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object.
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

⁴ — reason now.] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often
to *argue*, as to *talk*.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand :—
We had a kind of light what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice, and the purpose of the king :—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,⁵
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy
words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I
say ;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

⁵ — a holy vow ;

[*Never to taste the pleasures of the world,*] This is a copy of
the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry.

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;⁵
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out. dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;
Yet, I am none :⁶ Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge ?

Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince !

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse⁷ and innocency.

⁵ — true defence ;] *Honest* defence ; defence in a good cause.

⁶ *Do not prove me so ;*

Yet, I am none :] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you ; I am *hitherto* not a murderer.

⁷ *Like rivers of remorse*—] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what ;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,——

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on ; or would'st thou drown
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.——
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd,^b methinks ; and lose my way

^b *I am amaz'd,*] i. e. *confounded.*

Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up!
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble,⁹ and to part by the teeth
 The unowed interest¹ of proud-swelling state.
 Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
 (As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.²
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCÈNE I. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

⁹ *To tug and scramble,*] *Scamble* and *scramble* have the same meaning.

¹ *The unowed interest* —] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it.

² *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] i. e. *greatness obtained by violence*; or rather, *greatness wrested from its possessor.*

Pand

Take again

[*Giving JOHN the Crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, - 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour

Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up;

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite,³

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war;

And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the pope;

Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit:*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
prophet

Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,

My crown I should give off? Even so I have:

I did suppose, it should be on constraint;

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

³ — a gentle convertite,] A convertite is a convert.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
out,

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did
live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glisten like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage ; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent⁴ to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,

⁴ — the precedent, &c.] i. e. the rough draught of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords.

Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefóre we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken,
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physick of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
 And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a stranger march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)⁵
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,⁶
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
 And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
 Where these two Christian armies might combine

⁵ ——— *the spot of this enforced cause,]* Spot probably means, stain or disgrace.

⁶ ——— *clippeth thee about,]* i. e. *embraceth.*

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!⁷
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
 deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

⁷ *Between compulsion and a brave respect!*] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion, (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*,) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
 And on our actions set the name of right,
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
 The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome :
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
 back ;
 I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
 Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action ? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge ? who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?⁸
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,⁹
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook¹ conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,

⁸ — as *I have bank'd their towns?*] i. e. sailed along the banks of the river.

⁹ — drew *this gallant head of war,*] i. e. assembled it, drew it out into the field.

¹ — *outlook* —] i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity.

The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your
 door,
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;²
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ;³
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
 To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,⁴
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
 And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,⁵
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,

² — take the hatch ;] To take the hatch, is to leap the hatch.
 To take a hedge or a ditch is the hunter's phrase.

³ — in concealed wells ;] Concealed wells are wells in concealed or obscure situations ; viz. in places secured from public notice.

⁴ — of your nation's crow,] i. e. at the crowing of a cock ; gallus meaning both a cock and a Frenchman.

⁵ — his aiery towers,] An aiery is the nest of an eagle.

Their needs to lances,⁶ and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
peace;

We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums being beaten, will cry
out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger
out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ *Their needs to lances,*] i. e. needles.

SCENE III.

The same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so
long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead,⁷ to the
abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard⁸ but even now:
The French fight coldly and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

⁷ — Swinstead,] i. e. Swineshead.

⁸ — Richard —] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*;—and yet the King, a little before, (Act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left
the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and
sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means^s to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,

* He means —] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c.

Retaining but a quantity of life ;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?⁹
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
Why should I then be false ; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night,—whose black contagious
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire ;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,¹
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form

⁹ ——— *even as a form of wax*

Resolveth, &c.] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes, that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, “ that they had devised an *image of wax*, representing the king, which, by their sorcerie, by little and little consumed, intending thereby, in conclusion, to waste and destroy the king’s person.”

¹ ——— *rated treachery,*] i. e. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine*, which your lives must pay.

Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
 flight;
 And happy newness,² that intends old right.
 [*Exeunt, leading off MELUN.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath
 to set;
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own
 ground,
 In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

² — *happy newness, &c.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government.

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter,³ and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe

³ — keep good quarter,] i. e. keep in your allotted posts.

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news
abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:⁴
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and peradventure, may recover.

⁴ *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:]* Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first, who relates it in his *Chronicle*, as a *report*. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty
heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds
belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
here.—

Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sul. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in King
JOHN in a Chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast
off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
 I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,⁵
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my
 tears,
 That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
 Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
 On unreprievable condemned blood.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
 And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
 eye :

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
 And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
 Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
 And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
 And module of confounded royalty.⁶

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
 Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer
 him :

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the washes, all unwarily,
 Devoured by the unexpected flood.⁷

[*The King dies.*]

⁵ — so strait,] i. e. narrow, avaricious; an unusual sense of the word.

⁶ And module of confounded royalty.] i. e. model.

⁷ Were in the washes, all unwarily, &c.] This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended
faiths;

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;⁹
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my kneec,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sul. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
'This England never did, (nor never shall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us
rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.⁹

⁹ *At Worcester must his body be interr'd;]* A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797. STEEVENS.

⁹ The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

KING RICHARD II.*

* THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.] But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the Duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret Castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in Camden's *Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the Earl of Essex, who was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my Lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, Vol. IV. p. 412, of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings, extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiring, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly, however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakspeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*. FARMER.

Bacon elsewhere glances at the same transaction: "And for your comparison with Richard II. I see you follow the example of them that brought him upon the stage, and into print in *Queen Elizabeth's time*." *Works*, Vol. IV. p. 278. The partizans of Essex had, therefore, procured the publication as well as the acting of this play. HOLT WHITE.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it—"exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi secundi; and Lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of that which passed* at the arraignment of Merick and others,) says: "that the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick had procured to be played before them, the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*." But in a more particular account of

the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, Vol. VII. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: "The story of *Henry IV.* being set forth in a play, and in that play, there being set forth the killing of the king upon the stage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *The Play of HENRY IV.* The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve; and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

Augustine Philipps was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouse with *Shakspeare*, in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's HENRY IV.* as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of *Shakspeare* was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the same year. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *Duke of York*; } *Uncles to the*
John of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaster*; } *King.*

Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, *Duke of Hereford*,
Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
*Duke of Aumerle,*¹ *Son to the Duke of York.*

Mowbray, *Duke of Norfolk.*

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. *Earl Berkley.*²

Bushy, }
Bagot, } *Creatures to King Richard.*
Green, }

Earl of Northumberland: Henry Percy, his Son.

*Lord Ross.*³ *Lord Willoughby.* *Lord Fitzwater.*

Bishop of Carlisle. *Abbot of Westminster.*

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

Sir Pierce of Exton. *Sir Stephen Scroop.*

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners,
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.*

SCENE; dispersedly in England and Wales.

¹ *Duke of Aumerle,]* *Aumerle, or Aumale, is the French for what we now call Albemarle, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.*

² *Earl Berkley.] It ought to be Lord Berkley. There was no Earl Berkley till some ages after. STEEVENS.*

³ *Lord Ross.] Now spelt Roos, one of the Duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King RICHARD, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd
Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded
him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that ar-
gument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face
to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

¹ — thy oath and band,] i. e. bond.

The accuser, and the accused, freely speak :—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and
NORFOLK.*

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray:

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my
speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appelland to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;

Too good to be so, and too bad to live;

Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn² sword
may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
 The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this,
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable³
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
 my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,

² ——— *right-drawn* ———] Drawn in a right or just cause.

³ ——— *inhabitable*.] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable*.

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
 charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit us⁴
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove
 it true ;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers ;
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd⁵ employments,
 Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
 That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrived in this land,
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
 spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
 That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death ;
 Suggest⁶ his soon-believing adversaries ;
 And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of
 blood :

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me, for justice, and rough chastisement ;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

⁴ ——— *that can inherit us, &c.*] To *inherit* is no more than to possess, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare.

⁵ ——— *for lewd—*] *Lewd*, in our author, sometimes signifies wicked, and sometimes *idle*.

⁶ Suggest—] i. e. prompt.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,⁷
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and
ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my scepter's awe⁸ I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's
death,——

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd

⁷ — *this slander of his blood,*] i. e. this reproach to his ancestry.

⁸ — *my scepter's awe,*] The reverence due to my scepter.

Your grace's pardon, and, I hope; I had it.
 'This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
 Which in myself I boldly will defend;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by
 me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
 This we prescribe though no physician;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision:
 Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my
 age:—

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there
 is no boot.⁹

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
 foot:

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
 The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
 (Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;

⁹ — no boot.] That is, no use, in delay, or refusal:

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take but
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you
begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul
sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble
wrong,

Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit GAUNT.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to com-
mand:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:

Since we cannot atone you,¹ we shall see
 Justice design² the victor's chivalry.—
 Marshal, command our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's
 Palace.*

*Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of Gloster.*³

Gaunt. Alas! the part⁴ I had in Gloster's blood
 Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lieth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
 Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
 Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
 Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
 Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
 One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;

¹ — atone *you,*] i. e. reconcile you.

² *Justice design* —] i. e. *mark out*.

³ — *Duchess of Gloster.*] The Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of duke Thomas, son of Edward III.

⁴ — *the part* —] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster.

Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
 womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
 breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent^s
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's
 substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and
 defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight,
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,

^s — *thou dost consent, &c.*] i. e. assent.

That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff⁶ recreant to my cousin Hereford!
 Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
 With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth
 where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
 I take my leave before I have begun;
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
 Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
 I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
 And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
 Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where:
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ *A caitiff*—] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal,⁷ and AUMERLE.⁸

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd,
and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his Throne; GAUNT, and several Noblemen, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

⁷ — *Lord Marshal,*] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of Lord Marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present drama. Mowbray duke of Norfolk was the Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the duke of Surrey officiated as Earl Marshal for the day.

⁸ *Aumerle,*] Edward Duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was the eldest son of Edward of Langley Duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry, as High Constable of England.

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms :
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel :

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath ;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate !)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me :

And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

[*He takes his seat.*]

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour ;
preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war ;

And formally according to our law

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard, in his royal lists ?

Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
 And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
 Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
 Except the marshal, and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
 hand,
 And bow my knee before his majesty:
 For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
 And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appelland in all duty greets your high-
 ness,
 And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our
 arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
 Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
 As confident, as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
 My loving lord, [*To Lord Marshal.*] I take my leave
 of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
 Not sick, although I have to do with death;
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I greet
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[To GAUNT.

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,⁹
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque¹
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and
live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and Saint George to
thrive ! [He takes his seat.

Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,

There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :

⁹ — waxen coat,] The object of Bolingbroke's request is, that the temper of his lance's point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax.

HENLEY.

¹ Fall like amazing thunder on the casque—] To amaze, in ancient language, signifies to stun, to confound.

As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,²
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I
cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to
Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A Charge sounded.*]
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder³ down.

² *As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,*] To *jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*.

³ — *hath thrown his warder* —] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
 And both return back to their chairs again :—
 Withdraw with us :—and let the trumpets sound,
 While we return these dukes what we decrec.—

[A long flourish.
To the Combatants.

Draw near
 And list, what with our council we have done.
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspéct
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
 swords ;

[⁴And for we think the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival-hating envy, set you on
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]
 Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;—
 Therefore, we banish you our territories :—
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bolin. Your will be done : This must my comfort be, —

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

⁴ *And for we think the eagle-winged pride, &c.*] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. POPE.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego :
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol or a harp ;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
'Too far in years to be a pupil now ;
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;⁵
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's
light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[Retiring.]

⁵ *compassionate ;*] for *plaintive*.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
 (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,) ⁶
 To keep the oath that we administer :—
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
 Nor never look upon each other's face ;
 Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
 Nor never by advised ⁷ purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy ; ⁸—
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !

⁹ (*Our part, &c.*) It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and Lord Chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative; Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

⁷ ——— *advised*—] i. e. concerted, deliberated.

⁸ *Norfolk, so far, &c.*] Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should show some courtesy to Mowbray ;—and the meaning may be : So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee.

But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;
 And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
 Farewell, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
 Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy grieved heart ; thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years
 Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,
 Return [*To BOLING.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
 Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
 End in a word ; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
 He shortens four years of my son's exile :
 But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
 For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
 Can change their moons, and bring their times
 about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
 Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;
 My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
 And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
 And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :⁹
 Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
 But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
 Thy word is current with him for my death :
 But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

⁹ *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :*] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,¹
 Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave;
 Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, provè in digestion
 sour.

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
 You would have bid me argue like a father:—
 O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
 To smooth his fault I should have been more
 mild:

A partial slander² sought I to avoid,
 And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
 Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
 I was too strict, to make mine own away;
 But you gave leave to mine unwilling tongue,
 Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him
 so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* *K. RICHARD* and *Train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not
 know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
 As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
 words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
 When the tongue's office should be prodigal
 To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

¹ Upon good advice,] Upon great consideration.

² A partial slander—] That is, the reproach of partiality.
 This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so, Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make Will but remember me, what a deal of world I wander from the jewels that I love. Must I not serve a long apprenticeship To foreign passages; and in the end, Having my freedom, boast of nothing else, But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits, Are to a wise man ports and happy havens: Teach thy necessity to reason thus; There is no virtue like necessity. Think not, the king did banish thee; But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit, Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour, And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose, Devouring pestilence hangs in our air, And thou art flying to a fresher clime. Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st. Suppose the singing birds, musicians; The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;³

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more

³ — the *presence strew'd*;] An allusion to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber*.

Than a delightful measure,⁴ or a dance :
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good,
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
 thy way :

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet
 soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,——

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. *A Room in the King's Castle.*

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN ;
AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

⁴ —— measure,] *A measure* was a formal court dance.

⁵ —— yet a trueborn Englishman.] Here the first Act ought to end, that between the first and second Acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second Act begins with a natural con-

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him
so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears
were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east
wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted
with him?

Aum. Farewell:

And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,

versation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the King is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first Act, than between the first Act and the second. JOHNSON.

And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,⁶
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends* ;—
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;—
 Expedient⁷ manage must be made, my liege ;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers⁸—with too great a court,
 And liberal largess,—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enfore'd to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand : If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants ;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord ;
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

⁶ — *the tribute of his supple knee,*] To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying*, (the act of reverence now confined to women,) was anciently practised by men.

⁷ *Expedient* —] i. e. *expeditious*.

⁸ — *for our coffers* —] i. e. *because*.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's
mind;

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT on a Couch; *the Duke of York,*⁹ and
Others standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe
my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth.

York. Vex not thyself, nor strive not with your
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying
men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
pain.

⁹ — *the Duke of York,*] was Edmund, son of Edward III.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
 glose ;
 More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives be-
 fore ;

The setting sun, and musick at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last ;
 Writ in remembrance, more than things long past :
 Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
 My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No ; it is stopp'd with other flattering
 sounds,

As, praises of his state : then, there are found
 Lascivious metres ; to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen :
 Report of fashions in proud Italy ;¹
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limp after, in base imitation.
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 (So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
 'Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.²
 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose ;
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
 lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd :
 And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves :

¹ *Report of fashions in proud Italy ;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors.

² *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding.

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder :

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise ;

This fortress, built by nature for herself,

Against infection, and the hand of war :

This happy breed of men, this little world ;

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands ;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed,³ and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)

Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With inky blots,⁴ and rotten parchment bonds ;⁵

³ *Fear'd by their breed,*] i. e. by means of their breed.

⁴ *With inky blots,*] *Inky blots* are written restrictions.

⁵ ——— *rotten parchment bonds ;*] Alluding to the circumstances of Richard having actually *farm'd* out his royal realm. And it afterwards appears that the person who farmed the realm was the Earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites.

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King RICHARD, and Queen;*⁶ *AUMERLE,*⁷
*BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS,*⁸ *and WIL-*
*LOUGHBY.*⁶

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his
 youth;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more,
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with
 aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
 Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
 The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
 And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

⁶ — *Queen* ;] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death.

⁷ — *Aumerle*,] was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt.

⁸ — *Ross*,] was William Lord *Roos*, (and so should be printed,) of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV.

⁹ — *Willoughby*.] was William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick :

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame ;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.¹

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease ;

¹ *Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.*] *Possess'd*, in this second instance, was probably designed to mean—afflicted with madness occasioned by the internal operation of a *dæmon*.

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
 Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
 And thou——

K. Rich. ——a lunatick lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's
 son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they² to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens
 have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. Beseech your majesty, impute his words

² *Love they —*] That is, *let them love.*

To wayward sickliness and age in him :
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,
 so his:

As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.³

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
 your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
 so!

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth
 he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
 So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,⁴
 But only they, hath privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how
 long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

³ — *Northumberland.*] Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

⁴ — *where no venom else,*] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind.

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
 About his marriage,⁵ nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
 In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman:
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;⁶
 But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends: his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

⁵ *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbrooke*

About his marriage,] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

⁶ *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;]* i. e. when he was of thy age.

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights ;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true !)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attornies-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,⁷
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our
 hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while : My liege, fare-
 well :

What will ensue hereof there's none can tell ;
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire
 straight ;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
 To see this business : To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow ;
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord governor of England,
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—

Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE,
 GREEN, and BAGOT.

⁷ ——— deny his offer'd homage,] That is, refuse to admit the
 homage, by which he is to hold his lands.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good, to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;

But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows :
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over
him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate
king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm :
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not,⁸ but securely perish.⁹

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer ;
And unavoided¹ is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so ; even through the hollow eyes of
death,

I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou
dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus :—I have from Port le Blanc,
a bay

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,

⁸ *And yet we strike not,*] To strike the sails, is, to contract them when there is too much wind.

⁹ ——— *but securely perish.*] We perish with too great confidence in our security.

¹ *And unavoided —*] For *unavoidable*.

That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
 [The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,]
 That late broke from the duke of Exeter,²
 His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,³
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
 Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
 Quoint,——

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
 Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out⁴ our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,⁵
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

² [*The son of Richard Earl of Arundel,*]

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary. STEEVENS.

For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, Mr. Malone is answerable ; it not being found in the old copies.

³ —— *archbishop late of Canterbury,*] Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the Earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and afterwards deprived by the Pope of his see, at the request of the King ; whence he is here called, *late of Canterbury.*

⁴ *Imp out* ——] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk.*

⁵ *gilt,*] i. e. gilding ; superficial display of gold.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be
there. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please my-
self,

I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard : Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspectives,⁶ which, rightly gaz'd upon,

⁶ Like perspectives, &c.] The *perspectives*, here mentioned, were not pictures, but round crystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond ; the concave left uniformly smooth. These crystals—which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases—if placed as here represented, would exhibit the

Show nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Finds shapes of griefs, more than himself to wail ;
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not ; more's
 not seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
 Persuades me, it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
 As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
 lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
 From some fore-father grief ; mine is not so ;
 For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve ;
 'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
 But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
 I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty !—and well met,
 gentlemen,
 I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope,
 he is ;
 For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope ;
 Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd ?

different appearances described by the poet. The word *shadows* is here used, in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. HENLEY.

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,⁷

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true ; and that is
worse,—

The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry
Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-
berland,

And àll the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors ?

Green. We have : whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my
woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

⁷ — might have retir'd his power,] Might have drawn it
back. A French sense.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
O, full of careful business are his looks !——
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :——
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came,
York. He was ?——Why, so !——go all which way it
will !——

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.——
Sirrah,

Get thee to Plashy,⁸ to my sister Gloster ;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.—
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !

⁸ *Get thee to Plashy,*] The lordship of *Plashy*, was a town of the duchess of Gloster's in Essex.

I know not what to do :—I would to God,
 (So my untruth⁹ had not provok'd him to it,)
 The king had cut off my head with my brother's.¹—
 What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
 How shall we do for money for these wars?—
 Come, sister,—cousin, I would say :² pray, pardon
 me.—

Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home, pro-
 vide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know
 How, or which way, to order these affairs,
 Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
 Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
 The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend; the other again,
 Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you :—Go, muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
 I should to Plashy too;—
 But time will not permit :—All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ire-
 land,

⁹ — untruth —] That is, *disloyalty, treachery.*

¹ *The king had cut off my head with my brother's.*] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the King or any one else. The Duke of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smothered between two beds.

² *Come, sister,—cousin, I would say :*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the Queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for
their love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally con-
demn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bo-
lingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and
ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot.

I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company ;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel :

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess :

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here ?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason ?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford ;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there ;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,
boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the
duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ser-
vice,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young ;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;
And, as my fortune ripenis with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals
it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :

And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England.
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time,³
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by
you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy
knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?
But then more why ;⁴—Why have they dar'd to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms ?⁵
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault !

³ — the absent time,] i. e. time of the king's absence.

⁴ But then more why ;] But, to add more questions.

⁵ And ostentation of despised arms ?] The meaning of this probably is—a boastful display of arms which we despise.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;

On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford :

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :⁶

You are my father, for, methinks in you

I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?

If that my cousin king be king of England,

It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,

To rouse his wrongs,⁷ and chase them to the bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,⁸

And yet my letters-patent give me leave :

My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;

And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do ? I am a subject,

And challenge law : Attornies are denied me ;

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To my inheritance of free descent.

⁶ — indifferent eye :] i. e. with an impartial eye.

⁷ To rouse his wrongs,] i. e. the persons who wrong him.

⁸ — to sue my livery here,] A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.⁹

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right :
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own : and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :
But, if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

⁹ It stands *your grace* upon, to do him right.] i. e. it is your interest, it is matter of consequence to you.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet
 I'll pause;
 For I am loath to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
 Things past redress, are now with me past care.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten
 days,
 And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-
 man;
 The king repositeth all his confidence
 In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not
 stay.
 The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,¹
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
 The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
 These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
 Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *The bay-trees, &c.*] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
 Whilst you have fed upon my seignories,
 Dispark'd my parks,² and fell'd my forest woods ;
 From my own windows torn my household coat,³
 Raz'd out my impress,⁴ leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To show the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all
 this,
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd
 over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to
 me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take
 our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them
 despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND and Others, with
 Prisoners.]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house :
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated :
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

² Dispark'd *my parks*,] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure.

³ *From my own windows torn my household coat*,] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house.

⁴ *Raz'd out my impress*, &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
 away ;
 To fight with Glendower and his complices ;
 Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish : Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord : How brooks your grace the
 air,

After late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep for
 joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs
 As a long parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting ;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord ; that Power, that
 made you king,
 Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would,
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse ;
 'The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
 Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou
 not,
 That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;
 But when from under this terrestrial ball,
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,⁵
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
 backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
 So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
 Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

⁵ *He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,*] It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet, whether ancient or modern. STEVENS.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the lord :
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the
 right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace
 so pale ?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand
 men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
 And, till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you
 are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?
 Awake, thou sluggard majesty ! thou sleep'st.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
 Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
 liege,
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open,⁶ and my heart pre-
 par'd;
 The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it, to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
 They break their faith to God, as well as us:
 Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
 The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

⁶ *Mine ear is open, &c.*] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew⁷ against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without re-
demption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
heart!

Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

⁷ *Of double-fatal yew*—] From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :—
 Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands : those whom you
 curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
 And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-
 shire, dead ?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their
 heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his
 power ?

K. Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man
 speak :

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?

Our lands, or lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death ;

And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;

All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court : and there the antick sits,⁸

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene

⁸ — *there the antick sits,*] Here is an allusion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

To mornarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition,⁹ form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends :—Subjécted thus,
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present
 woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
 And so your follies fight against yourself.
 Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
 And fight and die, is death destroying death ;
 Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him ;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Boling-
 broke, I come
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
 An easy task it is to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
 Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
 The state and inclination of the day :
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
 My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

⁹ *Tradition,*] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established, or customary homage*.

I play the torturer, by small and small,
 'To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
 Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
 Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To AUMERLE.*

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
 What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort ' any more.
 Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
 To ear² the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none :—Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence ;—Away,
 From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *I'll hate him everlastingly,*

That bids me be of comfort —] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than those petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.

² *To ear —*] i. e. to plough it.

SCENE III.

Wales. *Before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,³ your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
should,

Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,

³ For taking so the head,] To take the head is, to act without restraint, to take undue liberties.

Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy.

Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; king Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord,

[*To NORTH.*

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,

And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
broke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[*NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the Castle,
with a trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.

Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun,
 From out the fiery portal of the east ;
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.
 Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty ; Alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have
 we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done.

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;—
 Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds, in our behalf,
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;⁴
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the
 king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
 Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones ;
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt ;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,

⁴ — the flower of England's face ;] Dr. Warburton says, by the flower of England's face is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have bloody crowns. The flower of England's face, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression, but Mr. Steevens is of opinion that the flower of England's face, means England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England's soil.

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees ;
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty,
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
 returns ;—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

[*To AUMERLE.*

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle
 words,
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
 swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue
 of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth!^s O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
 Or that I could forget what I have been!
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
 beat,

^s *With words of sooth!]* *Sooth* is sweet as well as true. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth*. JOHNSON.

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

The king shall be contented: Must he lose

The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;

My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;

My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;

My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;

My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff;

My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;

And my large kingdom for a little grave,

A little little grave, an obscure grave:—

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:⁶

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;

And, buried once, why not upon my head?—

Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;

Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some pretty match with shedding tears?

As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves

Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*

Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?

⁶ — on their sovereign's head:] Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetick to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
 Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court⁷ he doth at-
 tend

To speak with you; may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening
 Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*NORTH. retires to BOLING.*

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
 base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
 down king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
 sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:

Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,

And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
 knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,

'Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

⁷ — Base court —] *Bas cour, Fr.*

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*]
although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine
own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,
and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve
to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you'll have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,

The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow; or of joy?

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and Two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.⁸

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

⁸ *Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that publick evils are always presignified by publick pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a
pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate ?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd
Her knots disorder'd,⁹ and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace :—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shel-
ter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh ! what pity
is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden ! We at time of year

⁹ *Her knots disorder'd,*] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other.

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;
 Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself :
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
 down.

1 *Serv.* What, think you then, the king shall be
 depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already ; and depos'd,
 'Tis doubt, he will be : Letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
 Through want of speaking !—Thou, old Adam's
 likeness, [*Coming from her concealment.*
 Set to dress this garden, how dares
 Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?
 What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?
 Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
 Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings ? speak, thou
 wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I,
 To breathe this news : yet, what I say, is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light ;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so :
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no
worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne ; the Lords temporal on the left ; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY,¹ NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot :—

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that
man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring
tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;

¹ — *Surrey,*] Thomas Holland, earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397.

Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it
up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun that shows me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that
day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this
hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as
true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I take the earth to the like, forsworn
Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence
then;

And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is
true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,²

² ——— in this new world,] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey, a few lines above, called him *boy*.

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
 To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust' me with a
 gage,
 That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,
 If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under
 gage,
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
 And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
 To all his land and signories ; when he's return'd,
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
 For Jesu Christ ; in glorious Christian field
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens :
 And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
 To Italy ; and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the
 bosom
 Of good old Abraham !—Lords appellants,
 Your differences shall all rest under gage,
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing soul
 Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
 To the possession of thy royal hand ;

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless³ would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.

³ — *nobless* —] i. e. nobleness; a word now obsolete, but used both by Spenser and Ben Jonson.

O, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the woefullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your
 pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here :—
 My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons'
 suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
 view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.⁴ [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our
 arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer :—
 Little are we beholden to your love, [*To CARLISLE.*
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers
 bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee :—
 Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men :⁵ Were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,

⁴ *his conduct.*] i. e. conductor.

⁵ *The favours, &c.*] *The countenances, the features.*

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand,
 none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.

God save the king! although I be not he;

And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—

To do what service am I sent for thither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—

The resignation of thy state and crown

To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,
 seize the crown;

Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

That owes two buckets filling one another;

The emptier ever dancing⁶ in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water:

That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am, but still my griefs
 are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
 crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my
 cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;⁷

Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:

⁶ *The emptier ever dancing*—] This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket. JOHNSON.

⁷ *My care is—loss of care, by old care done*;] Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to

The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing
be ;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself :—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,

'The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,⁸

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;

My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee !

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days !

What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read
[Offering a paper.

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,

Committed by your person, and your followers,

Against the state and profit of this land ;

say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares* ; for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*, —his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed.* JOHNSON.

⁸ — my balm,] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven:—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort⁹ of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,¹ insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,

⁹ —— a sort —] A pack, a company. WARBURTON.

¹ —— haught,] i. e. haughty.

That I have worn so many winters' out,
 And know not now what name to call myself!
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops!—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly
 good,)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight;
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-
 glass. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth
 come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come
 to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumber-
 land.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
 No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
 Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
 And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[*Dashes the Glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath de-
stroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich.

Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;

And these external manners of lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;

There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling.

Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than
a king :

For, when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your
sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the
Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,²

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, some Lords, and a guard.*

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and AUMERLE.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury³ mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way

² — Conveyers are you all,] To convey is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of stealing, convey the wise it call; and to convey is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. Ye are all, says the deposed prince, jugglers, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king. JOHNSON.

³ To bury —] To conceal, to keep secret.

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,⁴
 To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
 Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
 Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
 My fair rose wither : Yet look up ; behold ;
 That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
 And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
 Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand ;
 Thou map of honour ; thou king Richard's tomb,
 And not king Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
 When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief,⁵ fair woman, do
 not so,

To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
 To think our former state a happy dream ;
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
 Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
 To grim necessity ; and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
 And cloister thee in some religious house :
 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and
 mind

Transform'd, and weaken'd ! Hath Bolingbroke

⁴ *To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,*] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. By—*ill-erected*, perhaps, is meant—erected for bad purposes.

⁵ *Join not with grief,*] Do not thou unite with grief against me ; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
 The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
 And fawn on rage with base humility,
 Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but
 beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
 France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
 As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages, long ago betid:

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,⁶
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And, in compassion, weep the fire out:

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
 chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-
 withal

⁶ ——— to quit their grief,] To retaliate their mournful stories.

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all ;
 And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the
 way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
 That fear, to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an
 end.

Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
 A twofold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;
 And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
 Let me unkiss the oath betwixt thee and me ;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
 Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;
 My wife to France ; from whence, set forth in
 pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas,⁷ or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
 heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with
 me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

⁷ ——— *Hallowmas,*] *All-hallows,* or *all-hallowtide* ; the first of
 November.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.^s
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*E.reunt.*

^s *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.*] The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter YORK, and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,⁹—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

⁹ *With painted imag'ry, had said at once,*] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre,¹ the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save
him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;²
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

¹ *As in a theatre, &c.*] “The painting of this description (says Dryden, in his preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language.

² — Aumerle that was;] The Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were, by an act of Henry's first parliament, deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon.

Duch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets
now,

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not; nor I greatly care
not:

God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of
time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and tri-
umphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a
bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not
show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a Servant.*] Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain. [*Exit Servant.*]

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:

Hence, villain: never more come in my sight.—

[*To the Servant.*]

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?

York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his
horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and other
Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions ;
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
 While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
 prince ;
 And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the
 stews ;

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour ; and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate : yet, through
 both

I see some sparkles of a better hope,
 Which elder days may happily bring forth.
 But who comes here ?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king ?

Boling. What means
 Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your
 majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
 alone.— [*Exeunt PERCY and Lords.*

What is the matter with our cousin now ?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
 [*Kneels.*

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
 Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the
key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[AUMERLE locks the door.

York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look to thy-
self;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-
hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE opens the door.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
past:

I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer, immaculate,³ and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.⁴

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's
sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this
eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious
thing,

And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*.⁵—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

³ *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.*] *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent.

⁴ — digressing son.] deviating from what is right.

⁵ — *The Beggar and the King.*] *The King and the Beggar* seems to have been an interlude or song, well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make
here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle
liege. [Kneels.]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers; I bend my
knee. [Kneels.]

York. Against them both, my true joints bended
be. [Kneels.]

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
 Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
 No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez moy.*⁶

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
 Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
 That set'st the word itself against the word !—
 Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land ;
 The chopping French we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
 That, hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
 Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
 Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
 I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,⁷—and
 the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
 Good uncle, help to order several powers

⁶ — *pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON.

⁷ *But for our trusty brother-in-law,*] The brother-in-law, was John Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon (own brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke.

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are :
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu :
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son ;—I pray God make
thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
he spake ?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he : he spake
it twice,

And urg'd it twice together ; did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on
me ;

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart ;

Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may
compare

This prison, where I live, unto the world :
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
 My soul, the father : and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world ;⁸
 In humours, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word :⁹
 As thus,—*Come, little ones* ; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
 That many have, and others must sit there :
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;

⁸ — *people this little world* ;] i. e. his own frame ;—“ the state of man ;” which in our author's *Julius Cæsar* is said to be “ like to a little kingdom.”

⁹ — *the word itself*
Against the word ;] By the *word*, probably, is meant, the *holy word*.

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am : Then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;
 Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing :—But, whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—Musick do I hear ? [*Musick.*
 Ha, ha ! keep time :—How sour sweet musick is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
 So is it in the musick of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his num'bring clock :
 My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,¹
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,

¹ *For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock :*

*My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch, &c.]* It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time ; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the King, in his comparison, severally alludes ; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward-watch, to which the King compares his eyes ; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, (to use an expression of Milton,) *minute drops* : his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point :—his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'the clock.²
 This musick mads me, let it sound no more ;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
 In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.³

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer ;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,
 With much ado, at length have gotten leave
 To look upon my sometimes master's face.⁴
 O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
 In London streets, that coronation day,
 When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;
 That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle
 friend,
 How went he under him ?

² — *his Jack o'the clock.*] That is, I strike for him. One of these automatons is alluded to in *King Richard III.*

³ *Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.*] i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a *brooch* which is now no longer worn.

⁴ — *sometimes master's face.*] *Sometimes* was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted.

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
 Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down,
 (Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
 Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?
 Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
 Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
 Was born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
 And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
 Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.⁵

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.
 [To the Groom.]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not ; sir Pierce of Exton, who

Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper,
Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this rude assault ?

⁵ — by jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words.

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—EXTON, thy fierce

hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own

land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with
Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,

Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;

But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all hap-
piness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :
 The manner of their taking may appear
 At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy
 pains ;
 And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
 The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely ;
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of West-
 minster,
 With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
 But here is Carlisle living to abide
 Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
 Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
 Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.⁶

⁶ This play is extracted from the *Chronicle* of Holinshead, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the Bishop of Carlisle, in defence of King Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson, who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson; and, if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, showed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakspeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it. MALONE.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.*



* KING HENRY IV. PART I.] The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl of Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holy-rood day, (the 14th of September,) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen,) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wise. Again, by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece supposed to have been its original, see *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramattick histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by King Henry in the last Act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597.

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.

Henry, *Prince of Wales,* } *Sons to the King.*
Prince John of Lancaster,¹ }

Earl of Westmoreland, } *Friends to the King.*
Sir Walter Blunt, }

Thomas Percy, *Earl of Worcester.*

Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland.*

Henry Percy, *surnamed Hotspur, his Son.*

Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of March.*

Scroop, *Archbishop of York.*

Archibald, *Earl of Douglas.*

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto. Bardolph.

Lady Percy, Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

Mrs. Quickly, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

[*Prince John of Lancaster.*] The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the *first* part of this play, though in the *second* he has fallen into the same error. *King Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons, (till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester,*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Lancaster,* &c. and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford,*) is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER, BLUNT, and others.

K. Her. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils¹
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnyes² of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise our flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,

¹ *Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils—*] That is,
let us soften peace to rest awhile without disturbance, that she
may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON.

² *No more the thirsty Erinnyes—*] The fury of discord.

March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go ;
 Therefore we meet not now :³—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.⁴

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits⁵ of the charge set down
 But yesternight : when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered :
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

³ *Therefore we meet not now :*] i. e. not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition.

⁴ ——— *this dear expedience.*] For *expedition*.

⁵ *And many limits—*] *Limits* for *estimates* ; or perhaps, *outlines, rough sketches, or calculations*.

K. Hen. It seems then, that the tidings of this
broil
Brake off our business for the Holy land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,⁶
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil⁷
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood,⁸ did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas ; and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil ?

⁶ — Archibald,] Archibald Douglas, earl Douglas.

⁷ Stain'd with the variation of each soil—] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner: "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to stand stained with travel."

⁸ Balk'd in their own blood,] Either bath'd, or piled together in a heap.

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland

Should be the father of so blest a son:

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;

Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts:—What think you,
coz',

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,⁹

Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,

I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Wor-
cester,

Malevolent to you in all aspécts;¹

Which makes him prune himself,² and bristle up

⁹ — *the prisoners,*] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure.

¹ *Malevolent to you in all aspécts;*] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.

² *Which makes him prune himself,*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same.

The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:

But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done.

Than out of anger can be uttered.³

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HENRY Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of
old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st
truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the
time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack,
and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of
bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and
the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame
colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st
be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for
we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven
stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandring
knight so fair.* And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when

³ *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine."

thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chase mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by;⁴ and spent with crying—bring in:⁵ now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?⁶

⁴ —— got with swearing—lay by;] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. To *lay by*, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail to become stationary.

⁵ —— and spent with crying—bring in:] i. e. more wine.

⁶ *And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*] To understand the propriety of the Prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'y-thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I, O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?⁷

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the

when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the Prince asks in return whether *it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench*.

⁷ *For obtaining of suits?*] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender.

hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat,⁸ or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.⁹

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare,¹ or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?²

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration:³ and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better

⁸ — a gib cat,] A *gib cat* means, *old cat*, or perhaps an *he cat*.

⁹ — *Lincolnshire bagpipe.*] By the *drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe*, is meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native musicians of that waterish county. In the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire, the noisy frogs are still humorously denominated "the Boston waits."

¹ — a hare,] The Egyptians in their Hieroglyphicks expressed a melancholy man by a *hare* sitting in her form.

² — *the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, that a broad ditch, called *Deep-ditch*, formerly parted the Hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water?

³ — *damnable iteration;*] i. e. a wicked trick of *citation or recitation*.

than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.³ O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? 'This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and

³ — have set a match.] i. e. made an appointment.

traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night at Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.⁴

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallown summer!⁵ [*Exit* FALSTAFF.]

⁴ ——— if thou darest not stand, &c.] Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone: Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,⁶ to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how

⁵ — All-hallown summer!] *All-hallows*, is *All-hallown-tide*, or *All-saints'* day, which is the first of November. Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions.

⁶ — for the nonce,] *For the nonce* is an expression in daily use amongst the common people in Suffolk, to signify *on purpose*; for the turn.

thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof⁷ of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* POINS.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come.
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;⁸
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

⁷ — reproof —] *Reproof* is *confutation*.

⁸ — shall I falsify men's hopes;] *To falsify hope* is to exceed hope, to give much where men hoped for little.

This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake.

SCENE III.

The same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;⁹
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger

And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier¹ of a servant brow.

⁹ *I will from henceforth rather be myself,*

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition.

¹ *The moody frontier* —] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*.

You have good leave² to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit* WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak. [To NORTH.]

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,³ which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :⁴—and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmaunerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

² *You have good leave*—] i. e. our ready assent.

³ *A pouncet-box,*] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion : the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name ; from *poisoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave.

⁴ *Took it in snuff :*] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,⁵
 Out of my grief⁶ and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
 mark !)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd good my
 lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
 But with proviso, and exception,—
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

⁵ To be so pester'd with a popinjay,] i. e. a parrot.

⁶ — grief—] i. e. pain.

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower ;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,⁷
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 'To ransome home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war ;—To prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those-mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment⁸ with great Glendower :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
 drink,⁹

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head¹ in the hollow bank
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

⁷ — and indent with fears,] i. e. bargain and article with fears.

⁸ — hardiment —] An obsolete word, signifying hardiness, bravery, stoutness. Spenser is frequent in his use of it.

⁹ — three times did they drink,] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of Sir Philip Sydney ; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY.

¹ — his crisp head —] Crisp is curled.

Never did bare and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
 belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower ;
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son :—
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them :—I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause
 awhile ;

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?
 'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
 mad: [To WORCESTER.]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
 And when I urg'd the ransome once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale:
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,²
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not pro-
 claim'd,
 By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
 And then it was, when the unhappy king
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
 Upon his Irish expedition;
 From whence he, intercepted, did return
 To be depos'd, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
 wide mouth
 Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
 Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man;
 And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo;
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
 O, pardon me; that I descend so low,
 To show the line, and the predicament.

² — an eye of death,] That is, an eye menacing death.

Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power,
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker,³ Bolingbroke?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again :
 Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd⁴ contempt,
 Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes to you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,——

War. Peace, cousin, say no more;
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or
 swim :—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

³ —— *this canker, Bolingbroke?*] The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the Cynosbaton.

⁴ —— *disdain'd* —] For *disdainful*.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, 't were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!⁵

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,⁶
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

⁵ *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!*] A coat is said to be *fac'd*, when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua-makers still use the word. *Half-fac'd fellowship* is then "partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the show of dignities and honours." JOHNSON.

⁶ —— *a world of figures here,*] *Figures* mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination.

Wor. Hear you,
Cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales,⁷—

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place ?—
A plague upon't !—it is in Gloucestershire ;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept ;
His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*
And,—*gentle Harry Percy,*—and, *kind cousin,*—
O, the devil take such cozeners !—God forgive
me !—

⁷ *And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a Swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used.

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers rea-
sons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[To NORTHUMBERLAND.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,⁸
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st
slip.⁹

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot:—

And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

⁸ *I speak not this in estimation,]* *Estimation* for conjecture.

⁹ ——— *let'st slip.]* To *let slip*, is to loose the greyhound.

To save our heads by raising of a head :¹
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
 The king will always think him in our debt ;²
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
 And see already, how he doth begin
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin,³ farewell ;—No further go in this,
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
 I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer ;
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
 (As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive,
 I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,
 Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
 [*Exeunt.*

¹ — by raising of a head:] A head is a body of forces.

² The king will always, &c.] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied.

³ Cousin,] This was a common address in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain⁴ is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,⁵ put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.⁶

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank⁷ here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots:⁸ this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

⁴ — Charles' wain —] *Charles's wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churles wain* (Sax. *ceopl*, a countryman.)

⁵ — Cut's saddle,] *Cut* is the name of a horse in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and, probably, a common one.

⁶ — out of all cess.] i. e. *out of all measure*: the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy.

⁷ — as dank —] i. e. wet, rotten.

⁸ — bots:] Are worms in the stomach of a horse.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.⁹

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*¹

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pry'thee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pry'thee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London.

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

⁹ — *breeds fleas like a loach.*] i. e. as a loach breeds. The *loach* is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific, that it is seldom found without spawn in it.

¹ — *Gadshill.*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed.

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.³

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin³ in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks,⁴ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou wor-

² *At hand. quoth pick-purse.*] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved.

³ ——— *franklin* —] is a little gentleman, perhaps an opulent freeholder.

Fortescue, says the editor of *The Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 202, (de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *pater familias*—*magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed with (but after) the *miles* and *armiger*; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *valecti*; though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman, in voce *Franklein*, quotes the following passage from Trivet's *French Chronicle*. (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) "Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. marescallus Angliæ, apres la mort de son pere esposa la fille de un *Franchelyn* apelee Alice." The historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the *Franklein*. REED.

⁴ ——— *saint Nicholas' clerks,*] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*.

ship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans⁵ that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,⁶ no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers;⁷ such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray:⁸ And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored

⁵ ——— *other Trojans* —] *Trojan* had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a *thief*.

⁶ *I am joined with no foot land-rakers, &c.*] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long staff sixpenny strikers*, —no fellows that infest the road with long staves, and knock men down for six-pence. *None of these mad mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms*, —none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *burgomasters, and great oneyers*;] Perhaps public accountants. Some read *moneyers, or bankers*.

⁸ ——— *such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink, &c.*] Perhaps the meaning may be, —Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink; (to which they are sufficiently well inclined;) and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray.

her.⁹ We steal as in a castle,¹ cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,² we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,³ as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

⁹ *She will, she will; justice hath liquored her.*] A satire on chicanery in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it.

¹ — *as in a castle,*] Perhaps Shakspeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of castles, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws.

² — *we have the receipt of fern-seed,*] The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their senses, believed that fern bore no seed. Our ancestors imagined that this plant produced seed which was invisible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, founded on the fantastick doctrine of signatures, they concluded that they who possessed the secret of wearing this seed about them would become invisible.

³ — *purchase,*] anciently the cant term for stolen goods.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek POINS.*]

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire⁴ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stoney-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

⁴ — *four foot by the squire* —] Dr. Warburton extracts humour out of this expression, but Dr. Johnson and the other commentators think that *by the squire* means no more than *by a rule*.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt^s me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

^s ——— to colt —] Is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is *unhorse*.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,⁶ say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied⁷ knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;⁸ I would, your store were

⁶ — *dole*,] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*.

⁷ — *gorbellied*—] i. e. fat and corpulent.

⁸ — *ye fat chuffs*:] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people.

here! On, bacons, on? What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FALS. &c. driving the Travellers out.

Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men:⁹ Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week,¹ laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other:
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

⁹ — the true men:] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*.

¹ — argument for a week,] *Argument* is subject matter for conversation or a drama.

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter.*²

—*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;—*Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already?

² *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks,³ of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents'⁴ of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

³ *Of basilisks,*] A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind.

⁴ *And all the currents—*] i. e. the *occurrences*. In old language *occurrent* was used instead of *occurrence*.

Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream :
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath . . .
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are
 these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet
 gone ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the
 sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
 Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*⁵—
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horse,
 My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
 A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
 As you are toss'd with. In faith,
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
 I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
 About his title; and hath sent for you,
 To line his enterprize: But if you go——

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
 Directly to this question that I ask.

⁵ — *esperance!*] this was the motto of the Percy family.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
'To play with mammets,⁸ and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horse back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady.

It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁸ ——— mammets,] Puppets.

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,⁷ a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now in my hand by an under-skinker;⁸ one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence, and You are welcome;* with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir!*

⁷ — *Corinthian,*] A wench. A cant expression, common in old plays.

⁸ — *under-skinker;*] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is *one that serves drink at table*.

Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon; or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pry'thee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a president.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

Enter FRANCIS.⁹

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate,¹ Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

⁹ *Enter Francis.] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the Prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON.*

¹ *Look down into the Pomegranate,] To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom.*

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin,² crystal button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter,³ smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard⁴ is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

² *Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, &c.*] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. JOHNSON.

³ — *caddis-garter,*] *Caddis* was worsted galloon. MALONE.

⁴ — *brown bastard* —] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The Prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door, shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with Wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,⁵ the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—

⁵ — *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours;—I am not yet of Percy's mind;* that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the talk of a soldier. JOHNSON.

Fye upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry, says she, how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo⁶ says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,⁷ and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

⁶ — *Rivo,*] This was perhaps the cant of the English taverns

⁷ — *nether-stocks,*] *Nether-stocks* are stockings.

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. *[He drinks.]*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, If I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or

less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.⁸

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal⁹ green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,¹—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st

⁸ *Fal.* *Their points being broken,*—

Poins. *Down fell their hose.*] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies *the sharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*.

⁹ — *Kendal*—] *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dyeing them with several bright colours. *Kendal green* was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntington and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood.

¹ — *tallow-keech*,] A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now.

not see thy hand? come tell us your reason; What sayest thou to to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that

made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion; and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,² and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

² ——— there is a nobleman——Give him as much as will make him a royal man,] perhaps here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was, in cant language, called a nobleman: in this sense the Prince catches the word, and bids the landlady give him as much as will make him a royal man, that is, a real, or royal man, and send him away. The royal went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. and 8d.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you; Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fye!

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack³ eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,³ and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore: 'Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.⁴

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.⁵

³ — taken with the manner,] *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify *taken in the fact*.

⁴ *Hot livers, and cold purses.*] That is, *drunkenness and poverty*. To drink was, in the language of those times, to heat the liver.

⁵ *Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter,] The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *choler*.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast?⁶ How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,⁷—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower,

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horse-back up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol⁸ kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it,

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

⁶ — *bombast?*] Is the stuffing of clothes.

⁷ — *upon the cross of a Welsh hook,*] A *Welsh hook* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind.

⁸ — *pistol*] Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. But Beaumont and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In *The Humourous Lieutenant*, they have equipped Demetrius Poliorcetes, one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running ?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo ! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps⁹ more : Worcester is stolen away to-night ; thy father's beard is turned white with the news ; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.¹

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true ; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard ? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? Art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith ; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

⁹ — *blue-caps* —] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue-bonnets*.

¹ — *you may buy land, &c.*] In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the King regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state,² this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.³

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses'⁴ vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.⁵

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.⁶—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou

² — This chair shall be my state,] A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it.

³ — this cushion my crown.] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions.

⁴ — king Cambyses' —] The banter is here upon a play called, *A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia.* By Thomas Preston. [1570.] THEOBALD.

⁵ — my leg.] That is, my obeisance to my father.

⁶ — tickle-brain.] This appears to have been the nick-name of some strong liquor.

spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile,⁷ the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*,⁸ and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I re-

⁷ ——— *though the camomile, &c.*] This whole speech is supremely comick. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that “though Bedlam be in the road to Hogsden, it is out of the way to promotion.” JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *a micher;*] i. e. truant; A *micher*, means a lurking thief distinguished for one more daring.

member me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker,⁹ or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch¹ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack,² that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox³ with the pudding in his

⁹ ——— *rabbet-sucker, &c.*] Is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *bolting-hutch* —] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolled*. STEEVENS.

² ——— *that huge bombard of sack,*] A *bombard* is a barrel.

³ ——— *Manningtree ox* —] *Manningtree* in Essex, and the

belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years! Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? whercin villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you;⁴ Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharoah's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

neighbourhood of it, are famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, probably, roasted there on an occasion of publick festivity, or exposed for money to publick show.

* — take me with you;] That is, go no faster than I can follow. Let me know your meaning.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily*.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;⁵—the

⁵ — *hide thee behind the arras*;] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet sacrifices something to the scenery. If Falstaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON.

When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. STEEVENS.

rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; *
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these
men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

* *The man, I do assure you, is not here;*] Every reader must regret that Shakspeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish Prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance.

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.⁷ The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ — I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.] i. e. It will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and*
GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction^s full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glen. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his check looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;⁹ and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was
born.

^s — induction —] That is, entrance; beginning.

⁹ *Of burning cressets;*] A *cresset* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower: from the French word *croisette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth
did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens
on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature¹ oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples² down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again,—that at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;

And all the courses of my life do show,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,——

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

¹ *Diseased nature* —] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariouſness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON.

² —— and topples down —] To *topple* is to *tumble*.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better
Welsh:—

I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him
mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to com-
mand

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
made head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather
too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide
our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you

The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
 Which being sealed interchangeably,
 (A business that this night may execute,)
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
 And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
 To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
 Within that space, [*To GLEND.*] you may have
 drawn together
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
 lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
 From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;
 For there will be a world of water shed,
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,³ north from Burton
 here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :
 See, how this river comes me cranking in,
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.⁴
 I'll have the current in this place damn'd up ;
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
 In a new channel, fair and evenly :
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it
 doth.

³ *Methinks, my moiety,*] The division is here into three parts,
 —A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age,
 as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts.

⁴ ——— *cantle out.*] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing.

Mort. Yea,

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Hor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here,

And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot.

Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot.

Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot.

Let me not understand you then,

Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
For I was train'd up in the English court :⁵
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue⁶ a helpful ornament ;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart ;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick⁷ turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;

⁵ For I was train'd up in the English court :] The real name of Owen Glendower was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple.

⁶ — the tongue —] The English language.

⁷ — a brazen canstick turn'd,] The word *candlestick*, which destroys the harmony of the line, is written *canstick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608 ; and so it was pronounced. Heywood, and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner.

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by
night:

I'll haste the writer,⁸ and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fye, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,⁹
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,—
go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,

⁸ *I'll haste the writer,*] He means the writer of the articles.

⁹ ——— *of the moldwarp and the ant,*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against King Henry. The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises.

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments;² valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin!
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,³ and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your
speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

² ——— profited

In strange concealments ;] Skilled in wonderful secrets.

³ ——— opinion,] means here *self-opinion*, or conceit.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my
aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to his daughter in Welsh,*
and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry,
One no persuasion can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling hea-
vens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:⁴
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.⁵

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

⁴ — *a feeling disputation:*] i. e. a contest of sensibility, a reciprocation in which we engage on equal terms.

⁵ [*With ravishing division, to her lute.*] *Divisions* were very uncommon in vocal musick during the time of Shakspeare. BURNBY.

Glend. She bids you
 Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
 Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,⁶
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her
 sing:

By that time will our book,⁷ I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
 And those musicians that shall play to you,
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
 Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
 Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in
 thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and then the
 Musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
 And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
 By'r-lady he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but mu-
 sical; for you are altogether governed by humours.
 Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

⁶ *Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,*] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *our book,*] Our paper of conditions.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh SONG sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.⁸
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards,⁹ and sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

⁸ *As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.*] Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London-wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies.

⁹ ——— *velvet-guards,*] To such as have their clothes adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as
 slow,
 As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
 By this our book's drawn;¹ we'll but seal, and then
 To horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales
 and I,

Must have some conference: But be near at hand,
 For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
 For some displeasing service I have done,
 That in his secret doom, out of my blood
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
 Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
 To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate, and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lew'd, such mean at-
 tempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

* — our book's drawn;] i. e. our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publications.

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,²
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsinongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,
 Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,³
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood:
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

² *Yet such extenuation let me beg, &c.]* The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true. I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakspeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

³ *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,]* Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury, (1403). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of King Henry IV. (1411.) MALONE.

Had still kept loyal to possession ;⁴
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*
 Others would say,—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast ;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,⁵
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : carded his state ;⁶
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns :
 And gave his countenance against his name,⁷
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative :⁸

⁴ — *loyal to possession ;*] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *rash bavin wits,*] *Rash*, is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out.

⁶ — *carded his state ;*] The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The King means, that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal state with capering fools, &c.

⁷ *And gave his countenance, against his name,*] i. e. favoured and encouraged things that were contrary to his dignity and reputation.

⁸ *Of every beardless vain comparative ;*] *Comparative* means

Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :⁹
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey ; and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
 With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight.
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious
 lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh ;
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,

here, one who affects wit, a dealer in comparisons : what Shakspeare calls, somewhere else, a *similie-monger*.

⁹ Enfeoff'd *himself to popularity* :] To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possession.

Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm :
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ ?
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warrior in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great Douglas : ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate¹ against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest² enemy ?
 Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
 To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so ;
 And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !

¹ *Capitulate* —] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles.

² — *dearest* —] *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous.

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with
 it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes ; and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life eanels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak
 of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,³—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
 The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
 A mighty and a fearful head they are,
 If promises be kept on every hand,
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
 For this advertisement is five days old :—
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
 Forward ; on Thursday, we ourselves will march :
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which ac-
 count,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
 Advantage feeds him fat,⁴ while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since

³ Lord Mortimer of Scotland *hath sent word,*] There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland* ; but there was a *Lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the King.

⁴ *Advantage feeds him fat,*] i. e. feeds himself.

this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;⁵ I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral,⁶ thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

⁵ — while I am in some liking;] While I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense in a former play. MALONE.

⁶ — Thou art our admiral, &c.] Decker, in his *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, has the same thought. He is describing the Host of a country inn: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his nose.—The Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stooede a nightes in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles."

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the sun of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet? the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant:

? ——— *dame Partlet* —] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called *dame Portelote*.

the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack,⁸ a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

⁸ ——— *the prince is a Jack,*] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katharine calls her musick-master, in derision, a twangling *Jack*.

Enter Prince HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be⁹ the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

⁹ ——— maid Marian *may be*, &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on. I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay; an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed¹ rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still? —Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.²

¹ — impudent, embossed,] *Embossed* is swoln, puffy.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—
Jack,

Meet me to-morrow i'the Temple-hall:

At two o'clock i'the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive

Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*]

^a — do it with unwashed hands too.] i. e. do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands. Mr. Mason thinks it means, do it without retracting or repenting of it.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy³
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard⁴ him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

³ — I defy;] To *defy* means here to *disdain*.

⁴ But I will beard him.] To *beard* is to *oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner.

Wor. I pry'thee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been
whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth
infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd,⁵ but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing⁶ now;
Because the the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,
'To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
'The very bottom and the soul of hope;

⁵ On any soul remov'd,] On any less near to himself; on any whose interest is remote.

⁶ — no quailing:] To quail is to languish, to sink into dejection.

The very list,⁷ the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains⁸ a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement⁹ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Hor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair¹ of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side²
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:

⁷ *The very list,*] The *list* is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent.

⁸ *Where now remains—*] *Where*, is used here for *whereas*. It is often used with that signification by our author and his contemporaries.

⁹ *A comfort of retirement—*] A support to which we may have recourse.

¹ *The quality and hair—*] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, i. e. against the natural tendency.

² *— we of the offering side —*] The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*: and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections.

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,³
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a
word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,
lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm : What more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrâdes, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind ;

³ *This absence of your father's draws a curtain,*] To draw a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to undraw one has at present.

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;⁴
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses⁵ on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch⁶ the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in
 March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
 O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

⁴ All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind ;

Bated like eagles, &c.] i. e. all dressed like the Prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French, *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight.

⁵ *His cuisses,*] *Cuisses*, French. Armour for the thighs.

⁶ *And witch*—] For bewitch, charm.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us make a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A publick Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced garnet.⁷ I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's

⁷ — souced garnet.] *Souced garnet* is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. A garnet is a fish resembling a piper.

sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:^s and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves⁹ on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen

^s — ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:] An old faced ancient, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *faced* are distinct epithets.

⁹ — gyves on;] i. e. shackles.

from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry :¹ But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack ? how now quilt ?

Fal. What, Hal ? How now, mad wag ? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy ; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too ; but my powers are there already : The king, I can tell you, looks for us all ; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me ; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed ; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack ; Whose fellows are these that come after ?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut ; good enough to toss ;² food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit, as well as better : tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare ; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that : and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste ; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped ?

¹ — of Daintry.] i. e. Daventry.

² — good enough to toss ;] That is, to toss upon a pike.

West. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
feast;
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,³
 That you foresee not what impediments
 Drag back our expedition : Certain horse
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to day ;
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
 That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
 In general, journey-bated, and brought low ;
 The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
 If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt ; And 'would
 to God,

You were of our determination !
 Some of us love you well : and even those some
 Envy your great deserving, and good name ;
 Because you are not of our quality,⁴
 But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
 So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
 You stand against anointed majesty !
 But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs ;⁵ and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace

³ — *such great leading,*] Such conduct, such experience in martial business.

⁴ — *of our quality,*] *Quality*, in our author's time, was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship* or *occupation*.

⁵ — *of your griefs ;*] That is, *grievances*.

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty : If that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
 He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
 You shall have your desires, with interest;
 And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the
 king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father, and my uncle, and myself,
 Did give him that same royalty he wears:
 And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
 My father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery,⁶ and beg his peace;
 With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less⁷ came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—

⁶ *To sue his livery,*] This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir *sued out his livery*.

⁷ *The more and less* —] i. e. the *greater* and the *less*.

Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:⁸
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,
 There without ransome to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 'This head of safety;⁹ and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

⁸ — task'd *the whole state* ;] *Task'd* is here used for *taxed* ; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately.

⁹ *This head of safety* ;] This army, from which I hope for protection.

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and
love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed
brief,¹

With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)²

¹ — sealed brief,] A *brief* is simply a letter.

² — in the first proportion,] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy.

And what with Owen Glendower's absence, thence,
 (Who with them was a rated sinew too,³
 And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,)—
 I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear;
 there's Douglas,

And Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry
 Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath
 drawn

The special head of all the land together;—
 The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
 And many more cor-rivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
 oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
 And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed:
 For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him
 Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

³ — *rated sinew too,*] A *rated sinew* signifies a strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill!⁴ the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;⁵
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;⁶
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
That is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent

⁴ — busky hill!] *Busky* is woody. (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*.

⁵ — to his purposes;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance.

Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :

For mine own part, I could be well content

To entertain the lag-end of my life

With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,

I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.⁶

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house ;

And yet I must remember you, my lord,

We were the first and dearest of your friends.

For you, my staff of office did I break

In Richard's time ; and posted day and night

To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,

When yet you were in place and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,

That brought you home, and boldly did outdare

The dangers of the time : You swore to us,—

And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;

Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :

To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,

It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;

And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—

What with our help ; what with the absent king ;

What with the injuries of a wanton time ;⁷

The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;

And the contrarious winds, that held the king

⁶ *Peace, chewet, peace.*] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noisy, chattering bird, a pie.

⁷ ——— *the injuries of a wanton time;*] i. e. the injuries done by King Richard in the wantonness of prosperity.

So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead,—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand :
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,⁸
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby we stand opposed⁹ by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,¹

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time²

⁸ *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,*] The cuckoo's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse.

⁹ — *we stand opposed, &c.*] We stand in opposition to you.

¹ — *articulated,*] i. e. exhibited in articles.

² — *starving for a time—*] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c.

Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
 This present enterprize set off his head,³—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we ven-
 ture thee,
 Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are misled upon our cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

³ — set off his head,] i. e. taken from his account.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge ;
For, on their answer, will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt King, BLUNT, and Prince JOHN.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to pay
him before his day. What need I be so forward with
him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ;
Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour
prick me off when I come on ? how then ? Can
honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or
take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour
hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is honour ?
A word. What is in that word, honour ? What
is that honour ? Air. A trim reckoning !—Who
hath it ? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel
it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible
then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with
the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer
it :—therefore I'll none of it : Honour is a mere
scutcheon,⁴ and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

⁴ — *Honour is a mere scutcheon,*] The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservers. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions ; and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name.

SCENE II.

*The Rebel Camp.**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir
Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us ;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes :
For treason is but trusted like the fox ;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks ;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
'The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood ;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's ;—we did train him on ;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; *and* Officers *and* Soldiers, *behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.⁵—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before
the king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life,
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,

⁵ ———— *Deliver up*

My lord of Westmoreland.] He was "impawned as a surety
for the safe return" of Worcester.

To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
 Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
 For I profess not talking, only this—
 Let each man do his best: and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now,—Esperance!⁸—Percy!—and set on.—
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that musick let us all embrace:
 For, heaven to earth,⁹ some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

*Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the
 Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT,
 meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
 Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek

⁸ Now,—Esperance!] This was the word of battle on Percy's side, and has always been the motto of the Percy family.

⁹ For, heaven to earth,] i. e. one might wager heaven to earth.

Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
The sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
don thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full
well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd¹ like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marchings in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

¹ Semblably furnish'd, &c.] i. e. in resemblance, alike.

Hot. Up, and away ;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than my own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Pr'ythee, lend thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms,² as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive

² ——— Turk Gregory *never did such deeds in arms,*] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the Emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his History, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one.

thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado³ of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:— Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:— My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

³ — a carbonado of me.] A carbonado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron.

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this ;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

P. John. We breathe too long :—Come, cousin
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-
caster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the
point,

With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy,
Lends mettle to us all. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another King! they grow like Hydras'
heads :

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Hen. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves
at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself about the field ;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee : so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas
Gawsey. [Exit King HENRY.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :
 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
 Nor can one England brook a double reign,
 Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
 To end the one of us ; And 'would to God,
 Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee ;
 And all the budding honours on thy crest
 I'll crop, to make a garland for my head,

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Hal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you
 shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FASTAFF, who
 falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS.
 HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my
 youth :⁴

I better brook the loss of brittle life,
 Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
 They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
 my flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;
 And time, that takes survey of all the world,
 Must have a stop.⁵ O, I could prophesy,

⁴ *O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :*] Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales ; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, " The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown band. MALONE.

But that the earthy and cold hand of death . . .
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.]

P Hen. For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well,
great heart !—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;⁶
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer⁷ to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :—

⁵ — those proud titles thou hast won of me ; &c.] Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts ; but thought, being dependent on life, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. Life, on which thought depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and sport of time ; of time, which with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON.

⁶ — But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;] He covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death.

⁷ — so fat a deer —] There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by ;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : To die is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion ; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead : How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure : yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes HOTSPUR on his back.

Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft ! whom have we here ?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead ?

P. Hen. I did ; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive ? or is it phantasy

That plays upon our eyesight ? I pry'thee, speak ;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears :—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man :⁸ but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy : [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying !—I grant you I was down, and out of breath ; and so was he : but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not, let them, that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh : if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back ;
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great,

⁸ — a double man :] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double.

I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon
too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he
saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to
you

This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomeless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our
power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.



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